

A Christmas wish
on the

Aurora Borealis



BY
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WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND PRINTED
FOR
OWEN, THOMAS AND WILLIAM

CHRISTMAS 2025



High in his sleigh
on a cold winter night,
Santa sat shivering
with no guiding light.

The sky was all darkness—
no shimmer, no glow,
No spark of the magic
he needed to go.

The reindeer pawed softly
and tried to take flight,
But without Northern Lights,
something wasn't quite right.

They tugged and they fluttered,
but nothing would start—
Their power was missing,
the magic, the heart.

“This feels familiar,” Santa
whispered with fear.

“It happened in ages long
lost to the ear—

When Krampus stole Christmas
and swallowed the sky,
And joy in the world seemed to
wither and die.”

“He must have returned,”

Santa said with a sigh.

“The magic is fading.

The darkness grows nigh.”

He needed the lights that
would sparkle and gleam—
The swirling auroras that
shimmer and stream.

For only their brightness, their
dancing delight,
Could help the reindeer lift the
sleigh into flight.

So Santa sent out a soft,

warming call—

A hum rolling gently past

trees, past them all.

It drifted through snowflakes

with comforting tone,

A message of magic, of hope

being sown.

The elves heard it quickly and
dashed from their doors,
From tree-hollow houses and
snow-covered floors.

With lanterns held high and their
breath in small clouds,
They hurried to Santa in
shimmering crowds.

They gathered around him in
silence and awe.

Something was missing—they
all felt the flaw.

For Santa stood worried, his
sleigh still on ground;
No wonder or light in the sky to
be found.

Santa knelt down and he
whispered a plea:
“Let hearts that believe send
a shimmer to me.

A spark born of kindness, of joy,
and of cheer—
A glimmer of hope for the world
we hold dear.”

Across the whole world, while
asleep in their beds,
Children dreamed gently with
bright, happy heads.

Of snowflakes and cookies, of
reindeer in flight—
Of presents and stockings and
Christmas Eve night.

Their dreams rose like
fireflies lifting from earth—
Small sparks of joy with a
rainbow's worth.

Pink ones and blue ones, green,
gold, and white—
All drifting upward to brighten
the night.

The sparks twirled together,
then soared to the sky—
Growing brighter and
stronger as each drifted by.

They gathered in thousands,
then millions more,
Till magic was swirling from
ceiling to floor.

Then suddenly—BOOM!—in a

colourful dance,

The sky burst alive in a

shimmering trance.

The Northern Lights twisted and

painted the air,

A swirling display beyond all

compare.

The reindeer looked up as

their antlers grew bright;

They sparkled with magic,

with hope and with light.

The sleigh hummed and lifted,

now glowing with might—

The Northern Lights gave it its

power for flight.

“Christmas lives!” Santa
shouted with joy,
His voice full of thunder, his
heart light as a toy.

The sleigh rose above with a
sparkle so true—
The elves cheered and waved as
it whooshed from their view.

But far in the shadows where
cold rivers flow,
Krampus hissed sharply at
the bright, brilliant glow.

The light was too strong for the
darkness he spun;
He slunk back in fear from the
hope it had won.

The ribbons above him
spread wide through the
night,
Protecting the world with
their marvellous light.

No shadow or worry could dim
their bright stay—
The Northern Lights chased all
the darkness away.

Up through the colours the
sleigh soared and swirled,
Flying high over forests and
oceans unfurled.

The reindeer were guided by
each glowing part—
By every believer, by each
hopeful heart.

Santa gazed down at the
world shining bright,
Knowing he wasn't alone on
this night.

For all who believed had helped
lift him above—
Together they'd saved Christmas
with hope and with love.

And so the auroras still
shimmer and gleam,
A lantern of wonder, a
magical stream—

A promise that shines through
each wintery song:
When hope lives within us, no
night stays for long.

- THE END -



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