



# Giddy-up, Jingle Horse



BY  
MICHAEL WATTS

Tithed  
PUBLISHING





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Horse**

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WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND PRINTED  
FOR  
OWEN, THOMAS AND WILLIAM

— — —

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The weather outside was changing,  
There was a cold nip in the air;  
The Jingle Horse knew this meant,  
It was her time to travel there.

Her coat of white gleamed bright,  
She shone and shined for all to see;  
Her eyes reflected the fading light,  
Wide open and excited, she loved being free.

She galloped and strolled around her home,  
The neighbouring highlands watched her in awe;  
The lights sparkled and floated on the family pine;  
They waited for the Jingle House to soar.



The festive times would shortly be here,  
She was ready to play her part;  
Excitedly she paced and waited some more,  
Her journey around the globe would soon start..

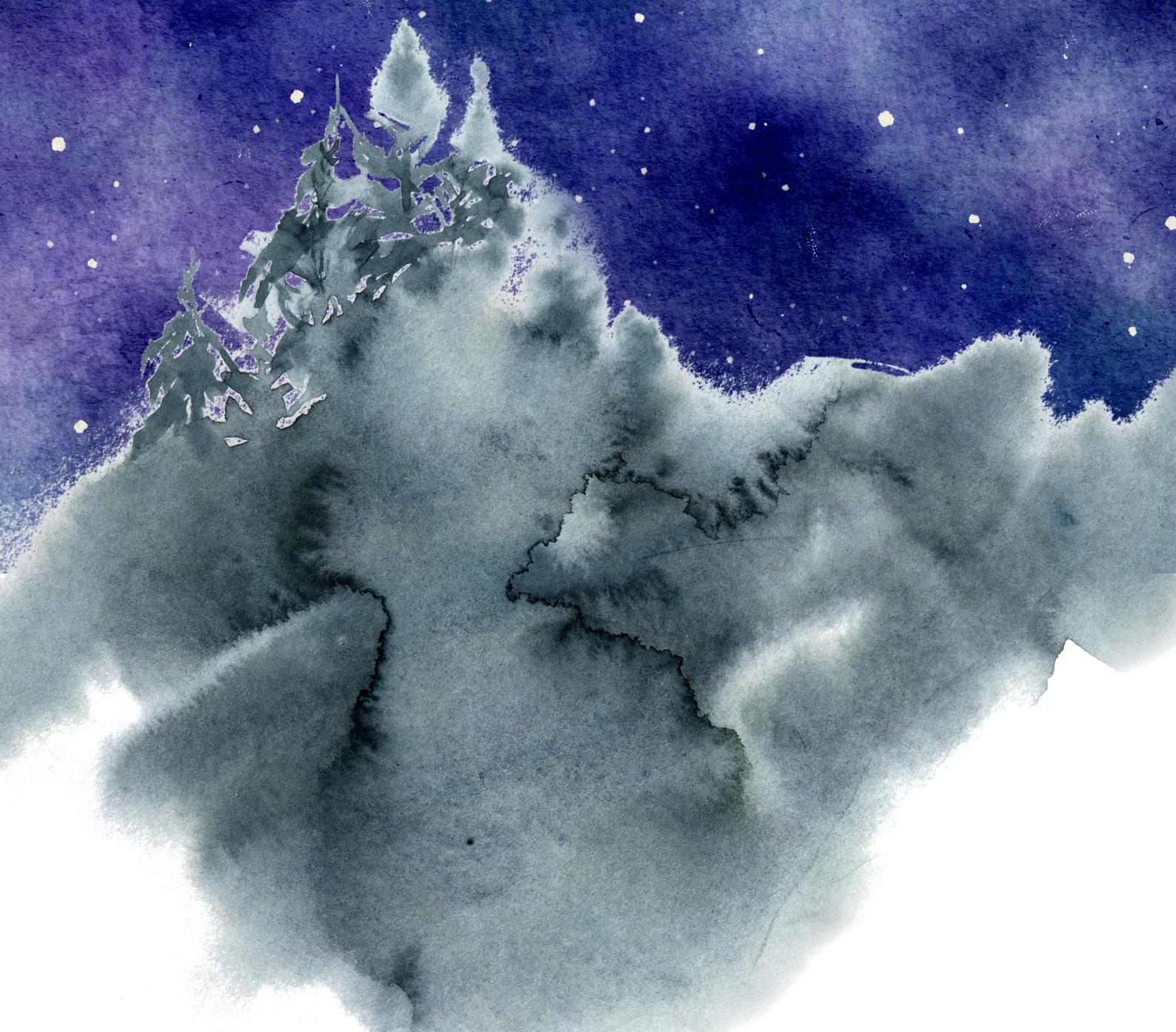


Soon would he come with a jingle and jangle,  
The man in red with a beard of white;  
He would collect her for the most important time,  
The time to join him in that special flight.



She looked at the moon to tell the time,  
Where was he, he should be here;  
The seconds and the minutes they passed,  
She was soon overcome with fear.

In a cave on a nearby mountain top,  
He sat cold in the darkness of the night;  
Sobbing he felt the festive magic drain,  
Soon the world would wake into light.



By then the girls, boys and all would wake,  
Without a festive gift under their tree;  
The magic would be gone completely then,  
Unless he could get himself free.

Outside Dasher, Dancer and Vixen paced;  
How would the presents be delivered?  
In the deep snow sat Comet and Cupid,  
Whilst Donner and Blitzen stood and shivered.



How would Christmas be saved,  
Without the reindeers and the man in red?  
What could be done this Christmas night,  
With the boys and girls tucked up in bed?

Sitting there he knew what he needed,  
He needed the magic of Christmas time;  
With that he reached into his pocket,  
It was time for the bell to chime.



The bell rang with a jingle and jangle,  
The magic sparkles filled the air;  
Would the bell be heard outside,  
Would the Jingle Horse be there?

She paced and she worried some more;  
How could she help? What she do?  
To the cold wintry air she took,  
On this special she night she flew.

The snow drifted on the breeze,  
The cold air nipped at her nose;  
Just then she felt those magic notes,  
The bell chimes struck her toes.





The magic moved her hooves,  
Her wings changed direction;  
She flew towards the mountain top,  
Then she saw the silvery reflection.

The reflection from the sleigh,  
Reflected in the magic glow;  
“He must be there” she thought,  
As she landed in the deep snow.

"Where is he" she neighed,  
"In the cave there", Vixen nodded;  
"He fell down that crack there"  
She said, as the Jingle Horse prodded.

Then came a voice from below,  
"Jingle Horse, help me please".  
"I'm stuck here, in the dark,  
And the presents are over by the tree".



She galloped to the sleigh  
Where she found the ribbon of blue;  
And she rushed back to the crack,  
And lowered the ribbon down through.



Santa held the ribbon with both hands,  
He climbed upwards bit by bit.  
Without looking down he was climbing,  
And he would not quit.

Santa climbed with all his might,  
The ribbon guiding him through the night.  
The Jingle Horse watched in hopeful cheer,  
Her heart beating fast as he drew near.

At last, with a joyful cry,  
Santa emerged beneath the sky.  
His eyes twinkled with a grateful glow,  
The magic returning with each fresh snow.



"Thank you, dear Jingle Horse, for your help so true,  
Without you, I wouldn't have made it through!"  
With a hearty laugh and a wink of his eye,  
Santa jumped into the sleigh with a jubilant cry.

He tugged the reins, and the reindeer leaped,  
The snow sparkling as they soared so deep.  
The Jingle Horse, with wings so bright,  
Hovered beside them in the starlit night.



"We must hurry!" Santa called with glee,  
"The children are waiting, as you can see!"  
The sleigh shot off, faster than sound,  
The Jingle Horse right by them, spinning around.

Over rooftops, through the chilly sky,  
With twinkling stars that seemed to fly.  
The presents were delivered with love and care,  
Thanks to the magic they'd found up there.



As the final gift was placed under the tree,  
Santa turned to the Jingle Horse, so free.  
"You've saved Christmas, my friend, it's true!  
Now, I have something special for you."

With a wink and a nod, he tossed her a bell,  
It sparkled and chimed with a sweet, warm swell.  
"Whenever you need me, just ring this bell,  
And I'll be there, as sure as the Christmas spell."



The Jingle Horse neighed with joy and pride,  
Her heart aglow, her spirit tied.  
She flew back to her home, up high,  
Under the stars, where the reindeer fly.



The night grew calm, the magic spread,  
As dreams of Christmas filled every bed.  
And though the night had come to an end,  
The Jingle Horse knew she'd always be a friend.

For every Christmas, with its bells and cheer,  
The Jingle Horse would always be near.  
And when the cold winds blew with might,  
She'd be there to keep the magic bright.



- THE END -





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