

## Demons In Disguise With Diamonds

By Mark Edgemon

It's cold this Christmas Eve atop our wintry world as the snow drifts flurry about in a circular motion upon the icy arctic lair of the great benefactor of children, Mr. Claus (or Satan as he is known by his little green, slave minions). The blue midnight sky lit by the magnificent North Star, shone brightly across the snow-covered landscape, gracing the enchanted castle, which has been home to history's greatest anonymous toy makers.

As we approach the rooftop above the factory beneath, we can hear the sounds of heartfelt laboring from the ones who make that special night happen once a year.

"Okay, okay who did it," the elfin chief screamed. "Who sent Mrs. Claus a gift wrapped bottle of peppermint douche? Was it you, Kaybler?"

The elf nodded, head bowed low. Unexpectedly, a shot rang out which found the little green runt gasping for life in a pool of his own blood and urine.

"Just because his uncle is some famous cookie maker who has hollow tree franchises all across the globe, doesn't cut him any slack up here," the foreman elf defiantly stated with gun in hand.

The elves continued working, tiptoeing over their former colleagues body as they hastened to keep their deadline, occasionally stepping into his puddle of goo.

"Okay, I want no more of this low level crotch thinking. The elves with the lowest productivity will be hanging around the shop this Christmas Eve when Santa delivers his goods, is that understood?" the elfin foreman said in an ultimatum.

"Does that mean hanging around as in goofing off or hanging around as in by our necks?" another trembling worker murmured.

"What in the elfin universe do you think I mean? Do you think that the Great and Powerful Claus is going to give an elfin tool tinkers damn about some elfin little peon elf, who doesn't know his elfin head from a hole in the ground.

"It's time!" the heralding angel proclaimed. "It's Christmas Eve! Make ready the sleigh!"

And with that, the factory maze became a frenzied precision machine loading the magic sleigh with enough gifts and toys for every child on earth. The only thing was...most children would not be receiving gifts this or any other year, especially if they didn't fit Santa's profile. What was secretly known was that Santa planned to take over the world one day through the children who were pliable to his mind control...but that's another story!

Looking upon this seasonal display of forced gift giving to those who rarely appreciate the thought or the effort, the prettiest of Santa's helpers, the Snow Angel, stood in the distance with arms outstretched fulfilling her only purpose for the season, to look beautiful in the glistening snow to all travelers approaching the front entrance to the castle. Every time someone would lie in the snow and spread their arms and legs to make an angel imprint, they were secretly paying homage to this loveliest of beings.

And she was beautiful, breathtaking actually and yet this simple task of illuminating her quite grace and loving spirit did not hold the same interest to her as it did in other season's past.

As Santa's sleigh was preparing to take off, she hid herself amongst his sacks of toys in hopes of providing Christmas cheer to some lost soul who will be passed over this holiday season. And there were many for her to choose from for most of the girls and boys homes that Santa passed in the night went without consideration, especially if they were of an ethnic color or didn't speak English or if they just pissed Santa off for no apparent reason.

Later in the evening, when the toy giver was making a delivery for some rich kids on the affluent side of town, the snow angel had translated herself to the poorer neighborhoods in hopes of finding at least one deserving soul to bless this holiday season.

While gliding by a dingy house with faded paint and an overgrown lawn, she viewed through a house window an old woman sitting in an easy chair, her lights dimly lit, heat on bare minimum, watching the lights from the passing cars dance across her walls. She could not afford Christmas lights and did not have the strength to decorate even if she had them.

The snow angel sensed the woman was in fear and could see it from the expression on her face.

She entered the house, passing through the walls as if they were not even there and stood by the chair where the woman was sitting.

"Oh, how I wish my only son would call me tonight," she said silently as her fears increased being near death. "I'm so afraid! Oh God, help me. I don't want to die alone".

The snow angel was filled with compassion and wept along with the old woman who could not see or hear her presence. The angel gently wrapped her arms around the woman, invisibly, yet her loving touch was felt just the same.

As the angel's grasp grew tighter, the dying woman was encouraged and she began to sing the old refrain, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing..." with a smile that lit up her face. She stood up and sang as if she was singing before God Himself. She had joy, for the first time, in a very long time. After she was finished, she slowly sat back down in her chair and quietly gave up the ghost with a peace of spirit from the knowledge that she was not alone anymore.

As the snow angel was leaving, she blew out a pane of glass in the woman's front window, so the freezing cold temperatures would preserve her body, in case it was a long time before anyone

checked in on her. And then she flew away as she watched neighborhood children making snow angels on the ground.

The End