



HOLIDAY HIGH JINKS

By Cara Bafile

NARRATOR 1:

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Every creature was stirring, even the mouse.
Carefully hung stockings now sailed through the air,
As a dog ran here and a cat jumped there.
The battling pets were being quite bad...
And Mother was mad.

MOTHER:

You're at it again? I can't believe it! Where is your holiday spirit?

NARRATOR 2:

Mother glared at the misbehaving pair and left the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Slinking to their favorite places, Muffin perched on the window seat, and Rascal flopped on the floor near his food.

MUFFIN (cat):

This is just *purr*-fect! Now I can't get to Angela's room and her fluffy comforter. I'll have to sleep here tonight! And it's all your fault!

RASCAL (dog):

That's *ruff*! If you hadn't torn my stocking, I wouldn't have chased you.

MUFFIN:

Well, aren't you *purr*-snickety! Your stocking got caught in my claws.

MOOSE (mouse):

Well, if you ask me, it's looking pretty bl-*eeek* for both of you right now.

MUFFIN and RASCAL:

Who's that? Who's there?

NARRATOR 2:

A mouse peered down from the counter where he had been nibbling leftover cookie crumbs.

MOOSE:

I'm Chris Mouse, but my friends call me "Moose" because of my large *phys-EEK*.

NARRATOR 2:

As Moose puffed up proudly, Muffin and Rascal exchanged a quick glance. Moose might be large for a mouse, but he looked very small -- and very tasty -- to them. Slowly, they began to edge closer.

MUFFIN:

Your friends have *purr*-suaded you that you're big?

MOOSE:

Very big, to hear them *sp-EEK*.

MUFFIN:

How *purr*-ceptive of them. Tell us more.

MOOSE:

I see that your interest is *p-EEK*-ed. That's good, because I have big ideas too. For example, I think cats and dogs should be friends.

RASCAL:

Really? We prefer to *ruff*-house!

MOOSE:

But if you aren't friends, what will you do when the rest of the family is away for the holidays?

MUFFIN:

Our family isn't going away. That's *purr*-fectly ridiculous!

MOOSE:

Do you think so? Look around. There's no milk in the fridge. The dishes are *squ-EEK*-y clean. The gifts are packed, *not* under the tree.

NARRATOR 2:

Moose scampered to the pantry.

MOOSE:

Take a p-*eeek!* There 's even extra food here for you.

MUFFIN:

I thought that was a *purr*-esent!

RASCAL:

I thought they wanted us to eat more *ruff*-age.

MOOSE:

Nope. The signs are clear. The family is going away for the holidays, and you're not invited. What are you going to do about it?

NARRATOR 2:

Faster than the wink of an eye and the nod of a head, the furry trio hatched a plan. To show the family that they shouldn't be left at home, the pets would prove that they were indispensable.

NARRATOR 1:

As Angela gathered her traveling clothes,
Moose danced across her bare little toes.
Angela screamed and jumped on the bed.
While visions of mice teeth danced in her head.
Muffin came at once to save the day,
While Rascal chased the intruder away.
The grateful girl hugged her dear little pet...
And left to find something to read on the jet.

NARRATOR 2:

The threesome gasped in disbelief.

NARRATOR 1:

They had saved the day, but no one cared!
This still wouldn't be a trip that was shared!

RASCAL:

This *ruff*-les my fur!

MUFFIN:

It's *purr*-fectly beastly. How can they leave us home alone?

MOOSE:

Don't give up my friends! I have a new plan. If they won't take you with them, maybe you can get them to stay home.

RASCAL:

That might be *ruff*, but I'm ready.

MUFFIN:

Purr-fectly ready!

MOOSE:

Don't be m-*eeek*! Do your worst!

NARRATOR 2:

The pets acted swiftly to cause an awful mess.

MOOSE:

Muffin, climb up on that ant-*eeek* bureau. Be sure to hold on tight with your long sharp claws!

MUFFIN:

How about some *purr*-fume while I'm up here?...

NARRATOR 2:

...Muffin said as she knocked an open bottle into a suitcase of freshly packed clothes.

NARRATOR 2:

Rascal struck next as he bit into a pillow and tossed it around the room. Feathers drifted like snow.

RASCAL:

I'm a *ruff*-ian! They sure can't leave me alone in the house!

NARRATOR 1:

When Mother and Angela
Saw the mess that was made,
They knew that their trip
Must be delayed.

MOTHER:

I'm sorry, Angela. We can't go see Grandma Pat now.

ANGELA:

I'm so disappointed, Mom. I wanted her to meet Muffin.

MOTHER:

I know. Nick wanted to take Rascal, too. But we can't take such naughty pets to Grandma's house. And we can't leave them home alone either. The trip is cancelled until our pets learn how to behave!

NARRATOR 1:

When the three friends heard the family chat,
They knew their plan had fallen flat.
Now no one would have any holiday fun.
They'd ruined the trip for everyone.

NARRATOR 2:

The three animals hung their heads in shame.

MOOSE:

Blame me, my friends. I shouldn't sp-EEK so recklessly.

RASCAL:

Aw, don't be so *ruff* on yourself. I ruined the pillows!

MUFFIN:

Moose, we've made a big mistake, but we know that your big ideas come from a big heart. We're sorry we ruined the family's trip, but we're happy we gained something more *purr*-manent -- a good friend!

