Chapter 5

A Gift to the Elves

It was a glorious, starry night; the snow shone with a luminous light
reflected from a million stars. They twinkled red like jelly jars
and yellow as a honey comb, and green and blue and orange they shone
upon the waves of fleecy snow, and on the village, far below.

A single Elf looked up, then down, and watched the lights within the town
and watched the cottage, safe inside, where all his brothers did abide.

They laughed when Jingle said, "I hear...I hear a voice, it's faint, but clear."

"The only thing you hear out there," they said, "is wolves, or it's a bear;
a Polar Bear, all white, with teeth—it wants a little Elf to eat."

"No," Jingle said, "my magic ear tells me it's not a thing to fear.
It is a child, I know...I know!" And off he went, through ice and snow.

And so it was that Jingle found, within a snow bank, soft and round
a crystal cradle, on the lip of a ledge where it might slip
at any moment out of sight, lost forever on that night.

Tucked within this magic bed, a tiny child raised up his head
and stretched his arms, open wide, as if to say, "Take me inside
where it is warm and safe, oh please." So Jingle got down on his knees
and took the child into his vest, where it could warm against his chest.

He also pulled the crystal ship behind him as he made the trip
back down the hill and to the town, where he gathered all around
and said, "Find quickly Elf King Kril—for I have brought a miracle."

In less time that it takes to think how fast a Unicorn can blink
the Elf King came, the brothers too, and every Elf in town soon knew
about the child in Jingle's lap. Some thought it was a Human trap—
"They'll say we kidnapped it," some said. Others thought 'twas left for dead.

But most agreed with Jingle's plea—"It's just a miracle, you see."
And miracles, the Elven say, is just the Universe's way
of making magic, only more—it's magic on a giant score.

The King harrumphed, he pondered too; in truth, Kril knew not what to do
with this small child in Human form, except to keep it safe and warm.
Though Humans think the Elves are wild, no Elf would ever harm a child.

But then the King looked in the ship, and did a double backward flip.
"My stars," he cried, "this makes it clear—there is a message written here."

And so there was, from those on Yule who'd used a magic writing tool.
The note explained the child was Love; that those on Yule were thinking of
the plight of Elves on Planet Earth, and that this child would prove his worth.

His looks were Human, that was true, but he had Elven magic too.

So as he grew among themselves, a way he'd find to help the Elves
to gain once more what they had lost, so they could move beyond the frost,
beyond the land of ice and snow, and live again in lands below.

The Elf King didn't think that wise, but then he looked into the eyes
of all the Elves around the child. They saw a baby, small and mild.

They saw no threat to Elven land, and so the King stretched forth his hand
and he decreed: "To Jingle's care, and to his brothers, standing there,
I give this child for them to raise, and once he's through his growing phase
we will decide if Elf or not, or if this be some Human plot.

I charge thee, Jingle, standing there, with Bingle dark and Fingle fair,
and Hingle, Dingle, Pingle too, and also Zingle, even you,
that from this day I do decree that brothers all to this child be.
And since his kinship you now claim, we charge that Kringle is his name.

And so it was this child of Yule, grew up within an Elven school
with family here upon this Earth, giving Love a new rebirth.

And what the Angel had foretold, began to grow at the North Pole:
A Human child with Elven ways, bringing joy to all their days.