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Psycho ChickTM



Caught In The Act



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If you go north,

But not the most
north you can go -

For if you go too
north, you will go
up, over and come
back down once
more -

You will find a place that you may have heard of as
up you did grow.

Snow covers softly there, fires toast to a snuggle, a
fantastical place only found in lore,

Where there is peace and joy and
magic does magically glow!





This is the very
address where
Christmas has taken
root.

There is much hustle and bustle,
this time of year,
into the early morning hours.

But wait!

Look!

Something very wrong is afoot!

Small ladies work as a plump, bigger lady over them towers:

“Do your fat arses want to meet my boot?”

Such scenes of angry the Christmas spirit sours!

“Hurry scurry!”

“Those little bastards expect their Xmas loot!”





What the Xmas Stockings is happening in this place?

No elves? No St Nicholas? Not a trace?

Little ladies making the toys?

What did Mrs Claus say? “Bastards”?

The girls and boys?

Where are the reindeer that
across the world will race?

No peace?

No love?

Just a bully with a scarlet face!

I hear merry making and follow
the noise....

O.M.G!

A rowdy St Nick and the elves!

Alcohol and lewdness their
liver and reputation destroys!





I cannot... Do not! Want
to believe what my eyes
do see!

Is Father Christmas' face
rosy red because he is an
alcoholic?

The elves cavorting,
philandering with such
glee?!

Reindeer sitting – fat and
lazy – how diabolic!

But... but... what of the gifts? The children?
This cannot be!

While the women slave away, the men party and
frolic?





I wanted to stop them with stern sternness
but in stormed them and she!

Oh boy! The partiers were in for a rollick!

“We are tired of your lazy, no good, and two
timing ways!”

“You better come right for Xmas is in a
couple of days!”

“We have had enough, our *PSYCHO CHICK*
now bays!”

If you know what is good for you... you
pigs... will pull finger and heed our psycho
displays!”

Now every man, if he is an inkling of an inkle wise, knows when he has gone a little too far!

They had to quickly throw out their beer and exit the bar!

However, before leaving, the bar maidens were tipped by every lad!

This made their wives even more mad!



The scoundrels brushed it off thinking the women were acting bizarre!

Little did they realize that it their ladies' trust did severely mar!

Mrs Clause especially thought: "I will have to watch Nick's philandering ways just a tad!"

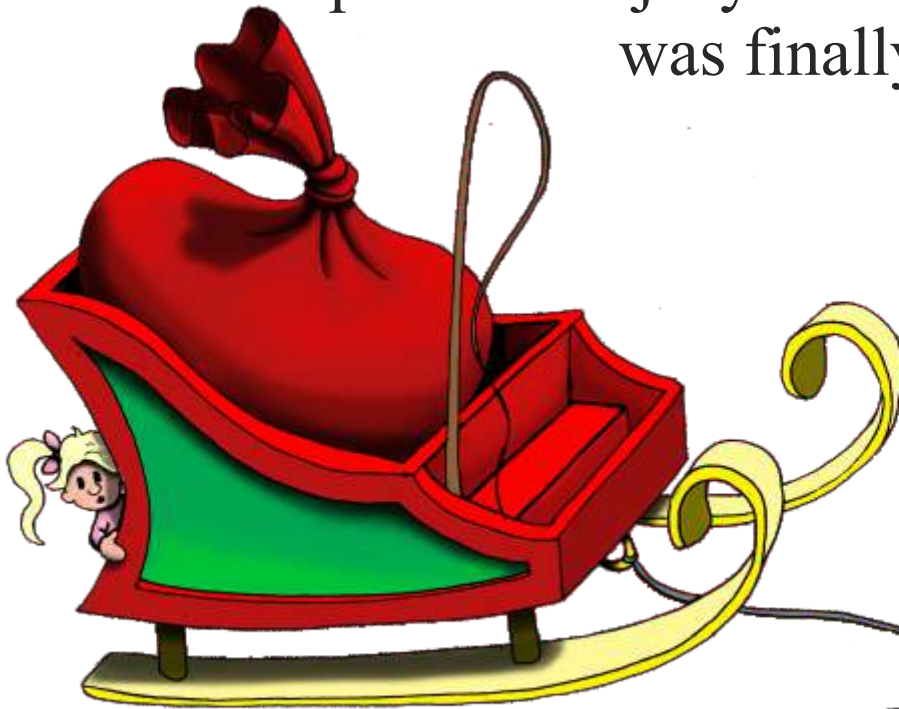
The next few days for these males were a little more than uncomfortably bad!



It is amazing what can be done when you strike someone's heart with fear!

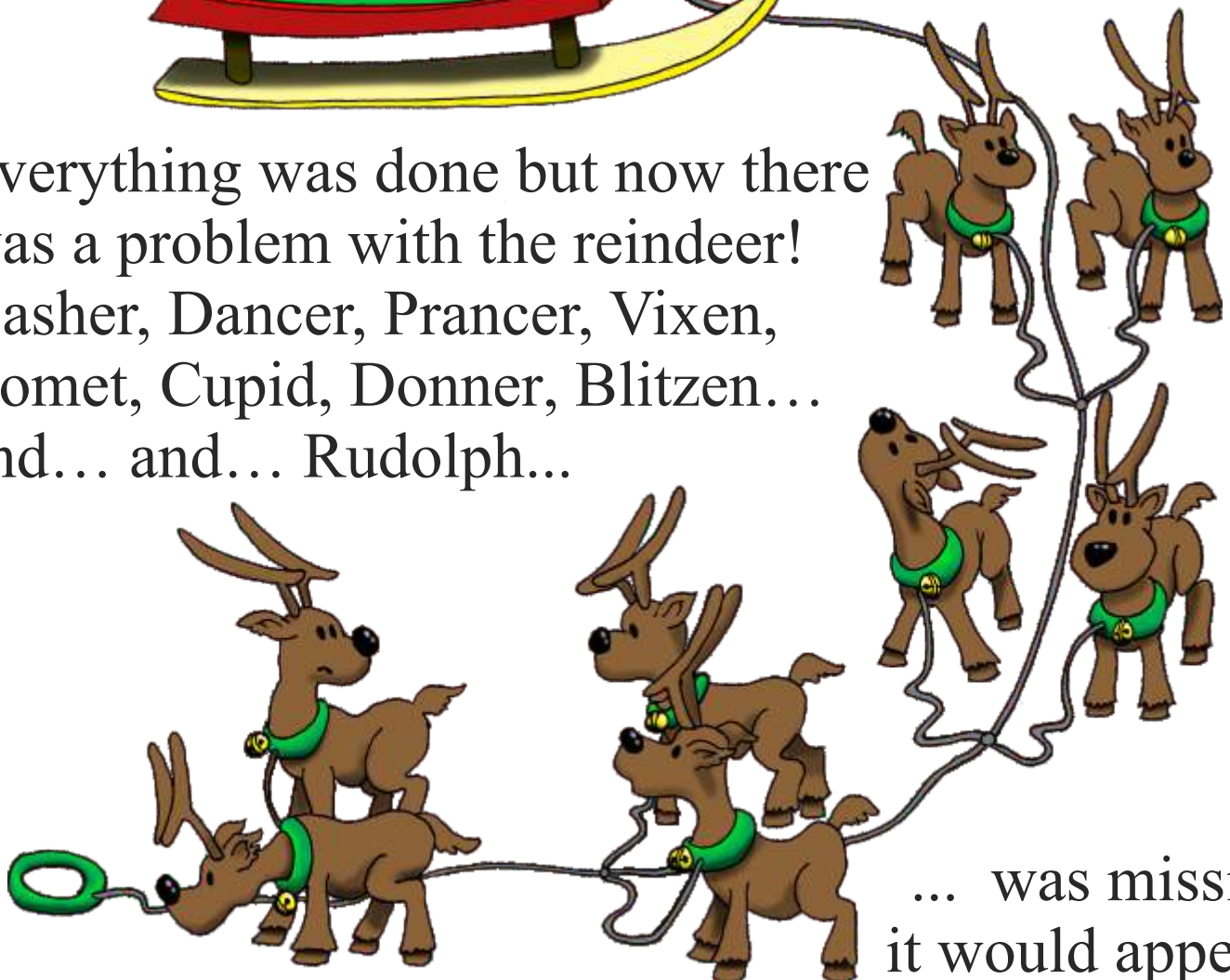
Women can literally throw daggers when with anger at a man they leer!

Work was completed in a jiffy and everything was finally shipshape!



Father Xmas was relieved as he could finally from his fishwife escape!

Everything was done but now there was a problem with the reindeer! Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen... and... and... Rudolph...



... was missing it would appear!

Now before I continue there is a little secret
I must tell you.

Do not be disappointed, deluded or feel
blue.

The reason why Rudolf's nose is so red is
not 'cause of a cold nor 'cause it is too
wettish...

But because he likes to “powder his nose”-

Snort, you may, but each one to their own
fetish!





So up, up, bump and up and away flew St Nick -

With more of a slow wobble, than a speedy gait.

One reindeer short, the others out of shape made
the ride not so slick!

Eventually, painfully, exhaustingly they arrived at
their first house;

Little did they realize that they had a stalker in tow!

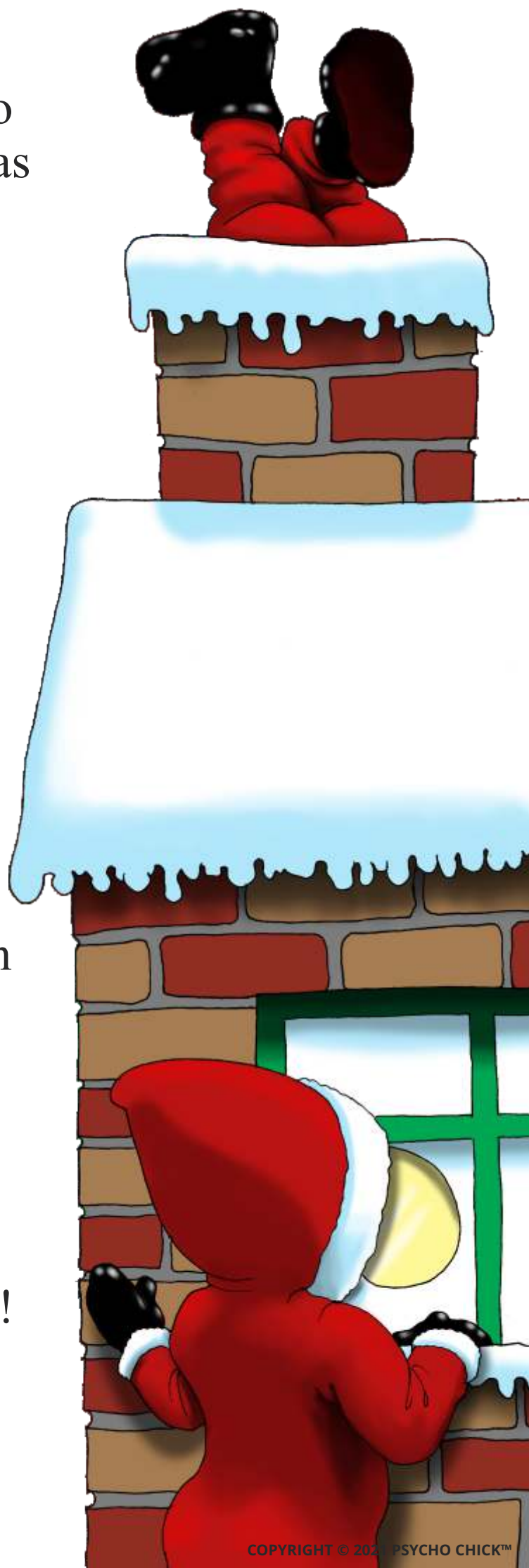
All were concentrating too hard, to notice, on being as quiet as a mouse!

Santa grabbed the first pressie - all pretty with a pink bow

And went down the chimney, not realizing his every move was tracked!

As he got into the sitting room there stood a woman – a girl she was not – Santa could establish that fact!

And at the window, peeping in was Mrs Claus! Trying to catch him in the act!!!



Santa gawked at the woman holding milk and cookies,

She was only attired in a see-through nightie and brookies!

Santa blushed but the ogling ogler ogled just the same, he couldn't speak!



Meanwhile, outside Mrs Claus, now Psycho Chick slinked around to take a better peek.

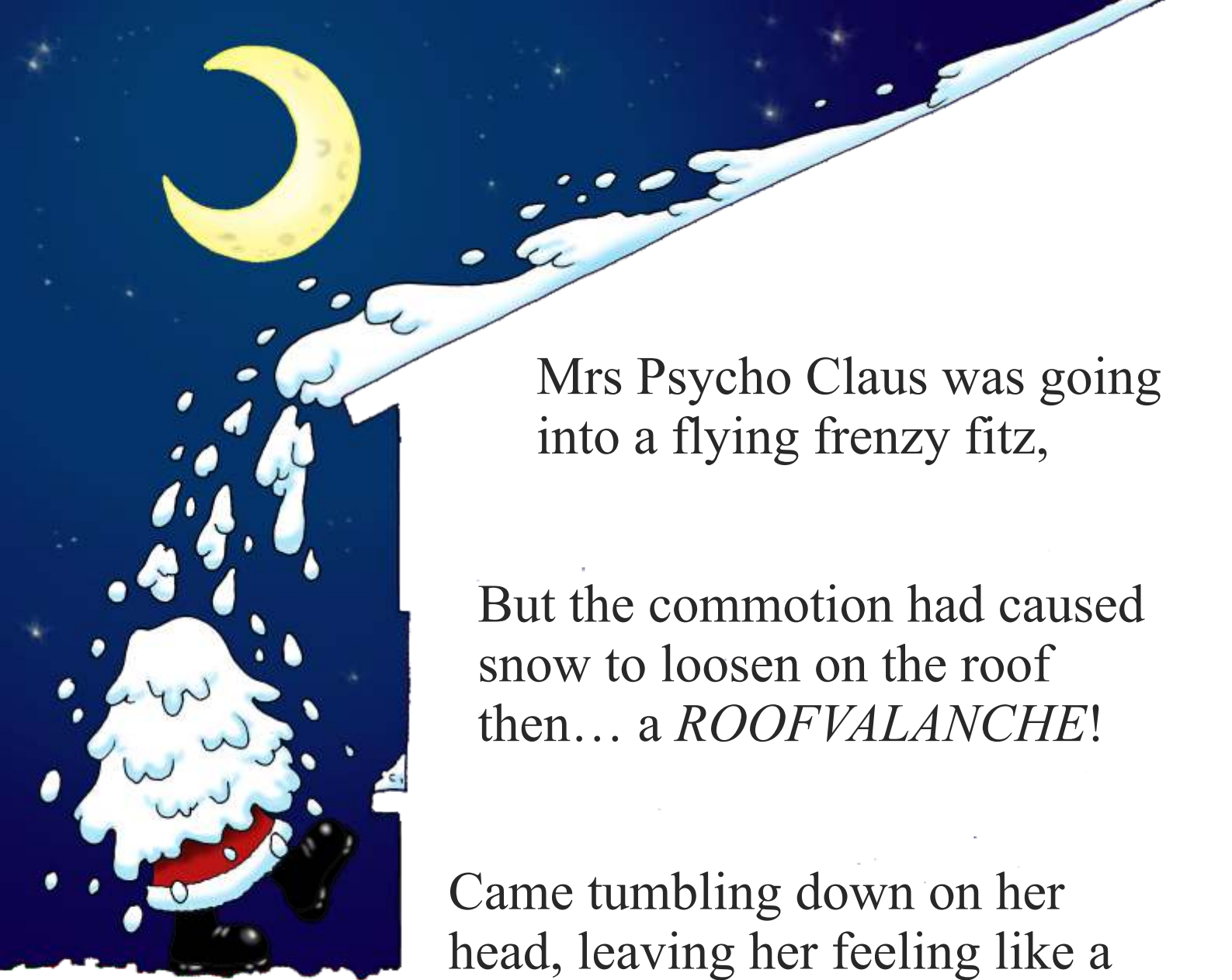
Not knowing what to do, Santa hurriedly moved to give the gift, when his too tight pants rippety **RIPPED!**

His pants fell to his ankles and as he stepped forward he trippety **TRIPPED!**

Flying through the air, he thought to get on the list this woman must have been a good girly girl!

Crash! At that very moment, Mrs Psycho Claus looked in – milk, cookies and 2 semi-naked people were in a twirly twirl!!!





Mrs Psycho Claus was going
into a flying frenzy fitz,

But the commotion had caused
snow to loosen on the roof
then... a *ROOFVALANCHE*!

Came tumbling down on her
head, leaving her feeling like a
dumb dorky ditz!

Inside, Santa and the
lady had untangled
themselves-
Not without a quick
kiss for they were
under mistletoe!





The lady explained she was
merely getting a snack
when Santa popped in....

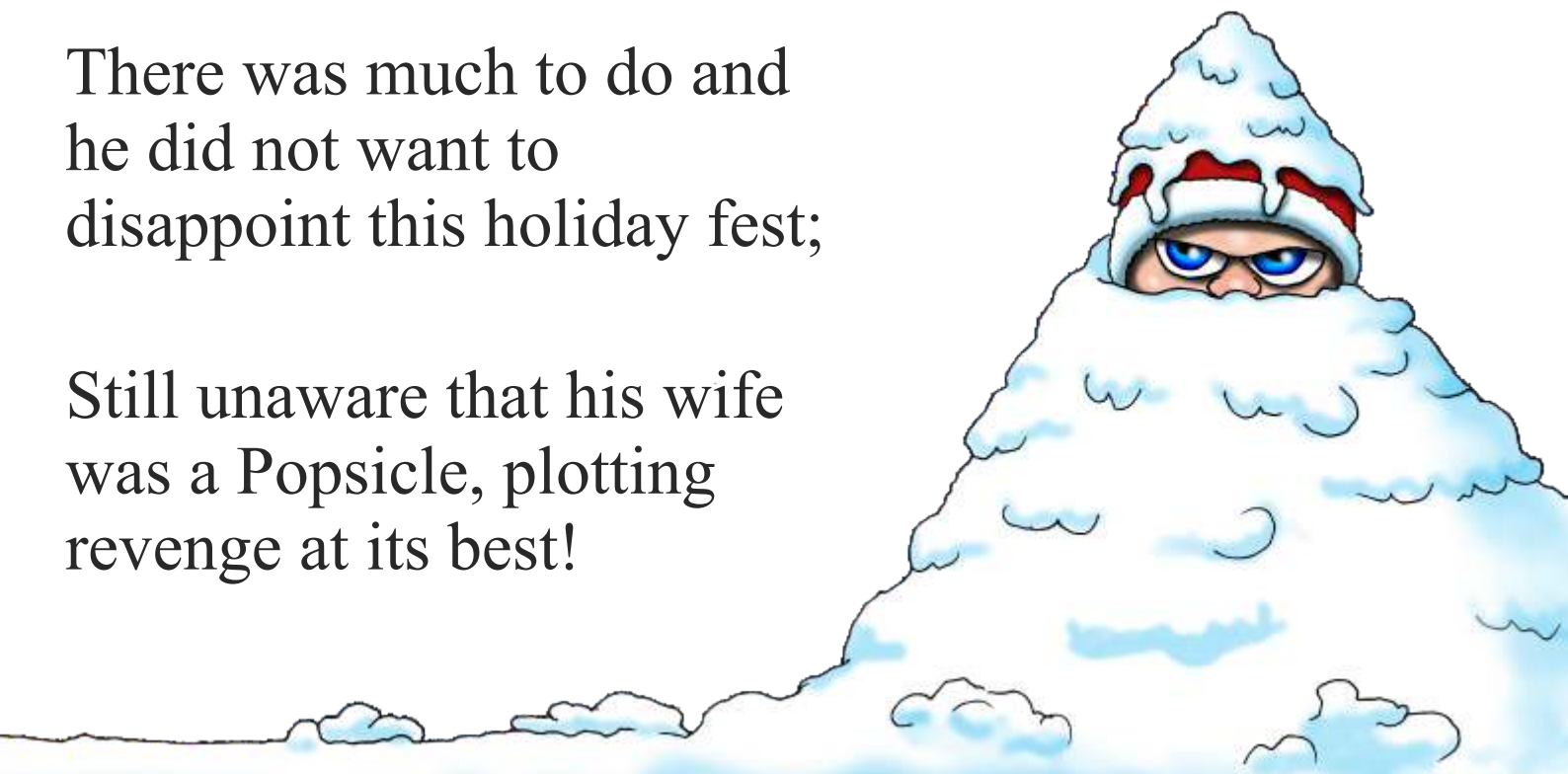
However, Santa was
not listening as he
noticed on her
unmentionables were
written the words: "*Ho
Ho HO!*"

Smiling, Santa continued on his quest,

Maybe it is because "for the 'wicked' there is
no rest,"

There was much to do and
he did not want to
disappoint this holiday fest;

Still unaware that his wife
was a Popsicle, plotting
revenge at its best!





As the observer, I must tell you that Santa is required to make special appearances, he does as duty calls.

This you would have noticed at parties, functions, on television, street corners and shopping malls.

If you doubt that it is the same Santa, I can assure you it is!

I know it is beyond logic and science but the magic used would get your mind in a tiz!



Santa arrived at his next event for photographs to be taken with children while they sat on his lap.

Little did he know that the thawed Mrs Psycho Claus was already there, as she did his schedule map!

She bribed children to drink lots and lots of water and pee themselves on Santa's pants!

Or they could barf, poop, pull his beard, use itchy or sneezy powder or even fire ants!

The children, besides receiving money, thought this was hilarious – what fun!

Mrs Psycho Claus further promised that their names from the naughty list would be magically undone!



Afterward, Santa knew why he didn't have brats of his own!

He hurt, he stank but he didn't know it was actually Mrs Psycho Claus that him did pwn!

He drank almost his entire 1 litre hip flask!

Oh dear how would he his boozy breath mask?

In he stumbled to the next child's party.

The parents raised their eyebrows for he was a bit too jolly and a bit too hearty!



He set down his big red sack....

Hic! He teetered and tottered!

Hic!

Tottered and teetered! And almost fell on his back!

“Ho! Ho! Hic! Ho! I love a *Ho!*” he dug in the bag as he sang;

He started pulling out stuff: “Bang, bang, hic, bag I love her to *BANG!*”

Children were shrieking, crying hysterically and some mothers fainted at the horror!

As Santa looked down he saw what caused the commotion, to his sorrow!

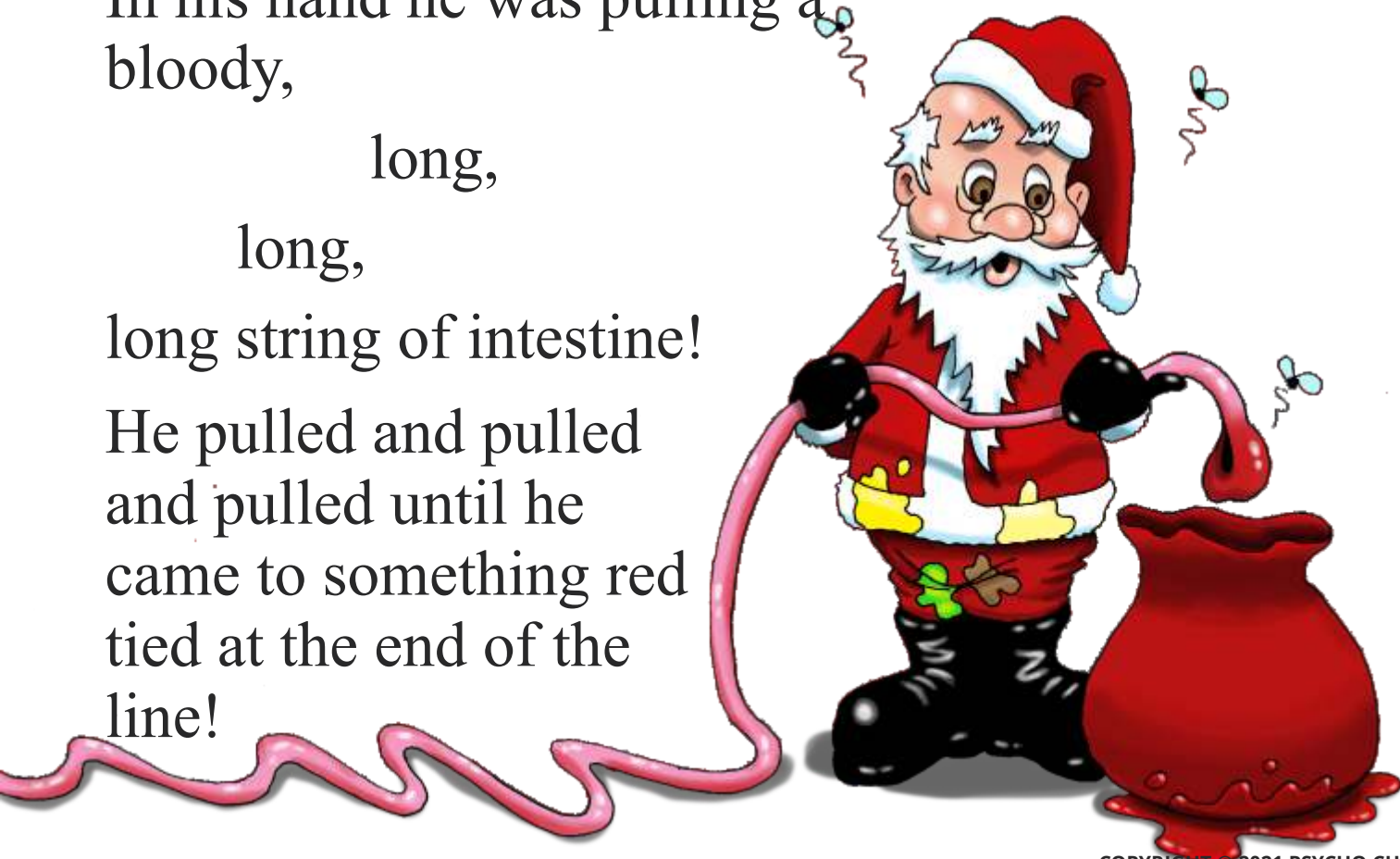
In his hand he was pulling a
bloody,

long,

long,

long string of intestine!

He pulled and pulled
and pulled until he
came to something red
tied at the end of the
line!



O.M.G! It was Rudolf! (You might remember the missing reindeer with the red nose)!

Oh boy! Santa was in trouble for sure and tried to escape on his very tippity toes!

What therapy those poor children will need after this, nobody knows!

But at the door he was stopped by one of the fathers whom dealt him a few angry blows!



Mrs Psycho Claus chuckled when she saw her
scallywag husband black and blue!

She took her hunter's knife and wiped off the
red sticky goo!

Now she would see what Father Christmas
would do!

About her
involvement Santa
still had no clue....

Poor Rudolph!
Santa stumbled
and dragged
himself to go tell
the rest of the
crew.

He was not
feeling so good
too!





When the other reindeer heard the news they shouted out:

“Yippy doo!”



Shocking! But they didn't like Rudolph as he was Santa's pet and even for reindeer his behaviour was taboo!

They piled the distraught Santa in the sleigh along with Rudolph's remains, to be used later, maybe for a fondue or in an Irish stew!

Off they went to have a small wake; the night was still young to make merry ballyhoo!

Maybe they even had time for a trip to Timbuktu!

They could drop off some gifts to avoid getting in too much doo doo.



Unknowing that Mrs Psycho Claus was watching them and her stalking did continue!

Santa's nerves
were
completely
shot!
He was having
a good year –
NOT!



While the other reindeer had for Rudolph and
early, not so mournful wake,
Santa was too sore in any usual merriment even
to partake!

He decided to go across the road to get medical
attention and left the whole carousing reindeer-
caboodle!

In the corner, he did not notice Mrs Psycho Chick
stuffing her face with strudel!

The nurses at the ER were so delighted to see
Santa they even left their late night doodle.

When Mrs Psycho Chick began to spy it appeared
that Santa also with the nurses did canoodle!

Mrs Psycho Claus went into another rage and began profanities to hiss!

I can vouch her anger increased because his wounds and scrapes were getting from the nurses a feel-better kiss!

Mrs Psycho Claus went over the road to some burly bikers on the double,

She told them Father Xmas had called them something that begins with a “P”, ends with a “Y” and sounds like “MEOW”,

This was very untrue but she just wanted to cause trouble!!!

They went into the ER and dragged Santa out... then...

KA-POW!





Eventually the brawl was broken up, everyone was thrown in jail!

The propositions that Santa received nearly made him wail!

But the matter was soon resolved; being Santa he didn't need bail.

It really was time to limp home – the disgraceful bunch!

Mrs Clause was baking some cakes when Santa walked in, you would never have guessed she wanted him to punch!

“So how was the trip, my honey?”

Said in a tone that sounded like the skinning of a live bunny!

Or that sound nails make across a chalkboard!

To miss these clues from his wife, Santa could not really afford!



“I didn’t get all the gifts out...”

Now before you begin to shout....”

Mrs Claus interrupted:
“Don’t worry; I got the ladies, of course, to finish your route!”

“So what happened to you? When are you going to begin about your night to spout?”

Santa sat in deep thought and wondered if he should tell the truth.

His head hurt,
his eye was
swollen upon a
swollen – he
really was one
BIG ache!

The truth
would make
Mrs Claus
act very
uncouth!

What she doesn't
know wouldn't
hurt her; he
would a “white”
lie bake!





“I fell off my sleigh and hit a car!”

That sounds almost believable!

“When the reindeer tripped over the northern star!”

It could happen, you know, Santa was not being entirely deceivable!

“Then why do you smell like booze?”

“It was the smelly smelling salts they did use!”



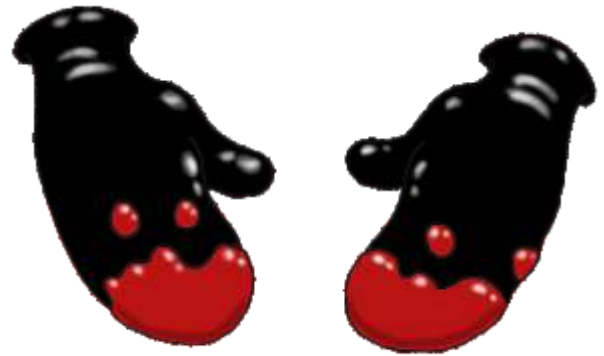


“Why is your pants ripped?”

“Because the paramedics had them snipped!”

“Why is there blood on your hands?”

“I forgot to tell you... I didn't want to distress you... Rudolph took the impact for me! As a HERO he today stands!”



“So why didn't you finish your rounds?”

“Because the paperwork involved in such accidents really astounds!”



“Then pray, do tell me, my dear husband, why do you have so much lipstick on your collar?”

“Erm... Um...
FIDDLESTICKS!!!!...” The last thing I heard was a disturbing holler!!!!



Truthfully my visit to the North I cannot
completely comprehend!

All the lies and deceit, can we really the story of
Christmas defend?

I did learn that if you want a job done well,

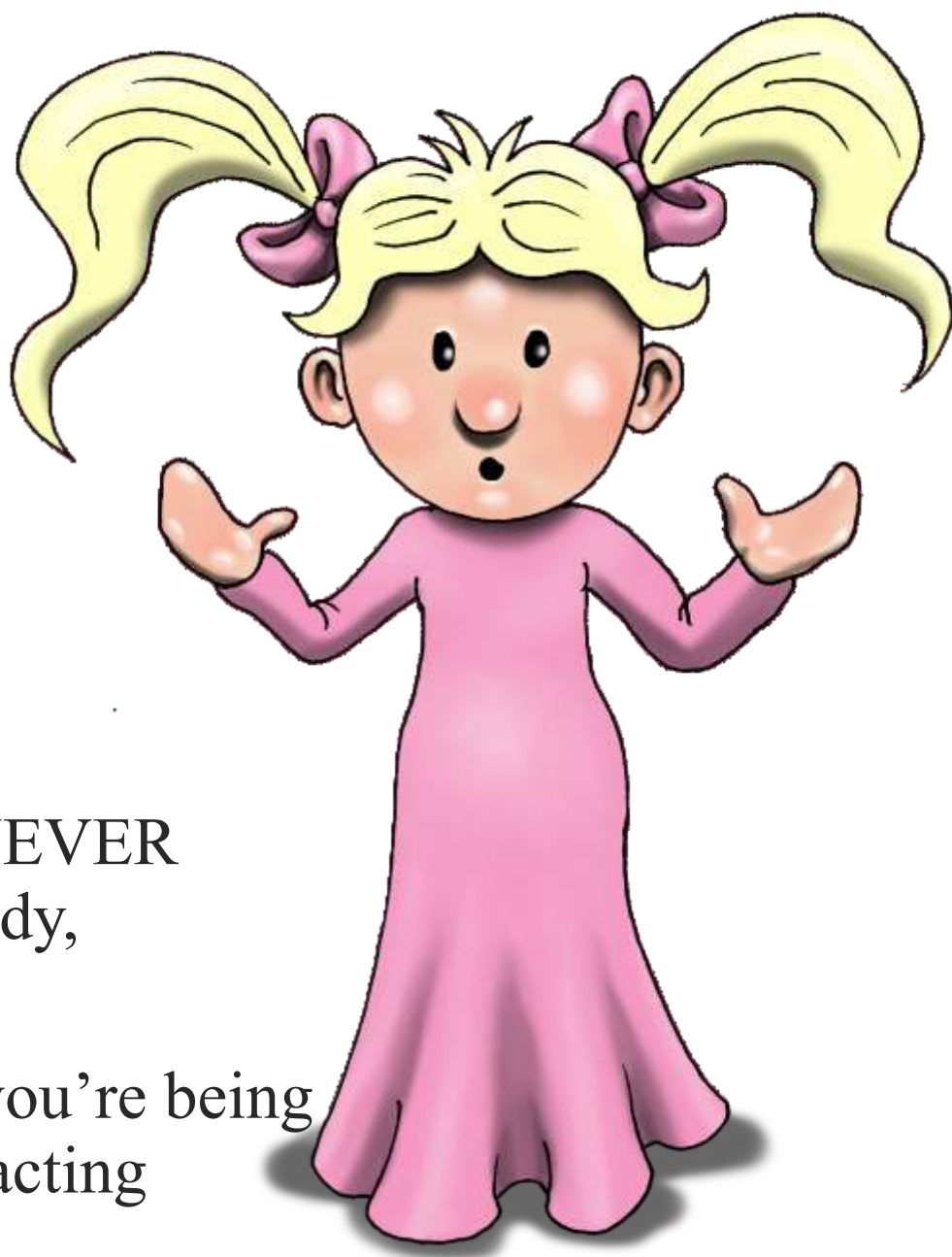
Go to a WOMAN! She in everything will excel!

Also, another
lesson that
can be learnt:

Rather tell the
truth so you
don't end up
being burnt!

And finally, NEVER
mess with a lady,

Especially if you're being
deceitful and acting
shady!



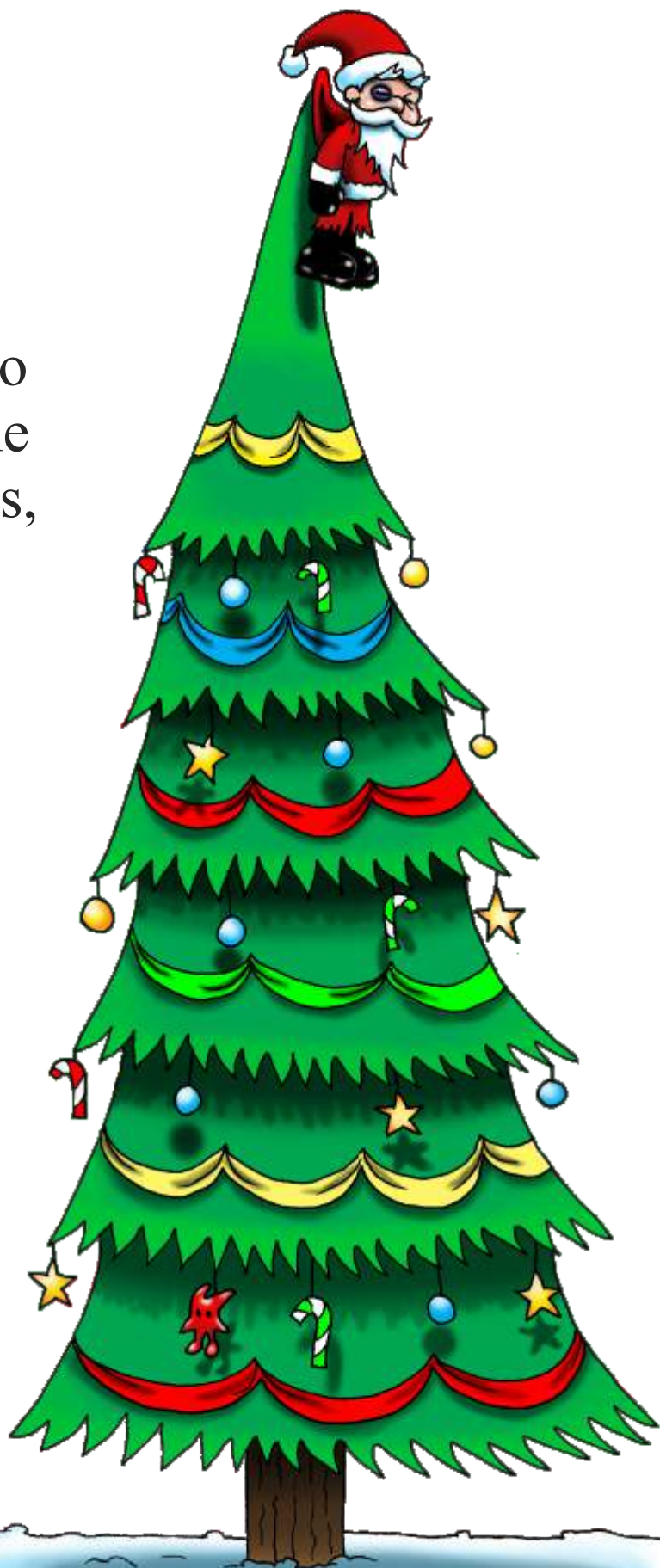
I passed a very big, beautiful Christmas tree and noticed right at the tippy tops –

No star nor angel but the one and only Xmas Pops!

It would seem Mrs Psycho Chick used Santa, with the tinsel and other ornaments, as just another Xmas props!

Well, that is what you get for lying and especially when you're too friendly with the ladies –

YOU GET BUST CHOPS!!!





Seeing all there was to see, I gladly left this
strange but fantastical place,
Where the snow covers softly, fires toast to a
snuggle and there is a very angry lady with a
scarlet face....
I headed north...
For if you go too north, you go up and over and
come back down henceforth....