

# The Annual Winter Fair of Elves, Gnomes, and Dwarves

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*By AbyssalEros*

Hello humans. I ... well, I mean, we hope you all have a merry Christmas. Our boss asked me to tell you this year (something) about our own holiday tradition, but that I have no more than a thousand words for it.

I don't really know how I'm supposed to do that.

Anyway, I'll just get started.

While our boss, like every year, buzzes off with his sleigh into the quiet of the night, we finally have some time to ourselves. After all, the work is done. At least for a while. As soon as the boss is back, we'll start again, of course. But until then ...

... the factory premises becomes the scene of a huge get-together. Well, not that we don't have fun during work, but what happens then is on an entirely different level. So really different!

Singing, dancing, and laughing, we all gather in joyous fellowship to celebrate a job well done, with the old frost maidens spitefully thinking that our joyful exuberance is "disgustingly" contagious and would be "polluting" the world with its stench.

All the better, I say! Is it not the very purpose of these days that the world is united in joyful bliss?

May our cheerfulness flow out to the people and inspire them so that they are full of joy these days!

Let's start from where our boss takes off in his sleigh, and we wish each other a good time.

Of course, all the elves, gnomes, and dwarves have already gathered by this time. And thus, the factory grounds are brimming with anticipation. However, to not distract the boss from his important mission, we wait in patient tension until he is out of sight and hearing before we let loose.

First, the dwarves set a deep, rolling tone while gradually all the elves and gnomes join in with their clearer voices. And as soon as the melody seems to echo from the distant mountains, the fires of joy gradually ignite, illuminating and warming the snowy night.

In no time at all, thanks to a busy hustle and bustle, the colorful Christmas factory is transformed into an even more colorful winter fair, above which the lovely smell of all kinds of delicacies spreads and beguiles the senses.

Everywhere is frolicking, feasting, drinking, and ... um... let's say, at some point, you have to find time for a little bit of procreation when you're working all year around.

You can hardly imagine how much is drunk and eaten, sung and danced, frolicked and laughed during this time. Sometimes someone even drinks so much that they don't wake up until the following year. And I don't mean the day after New Year.

Once when Krampus was involved, the dwarves even had to bring in their emergency supplies, and later we had to drag him on rails into the mountains because his snoring not only disturbed Mrs. Santa but made the whole factory grounds shake. The old boy snored there for two years straight, causing regular avalanches of snow. But, gosh, was that year's feast a fun.

By the way, Mrs. Santa always visits her family during this time because she has a similar opinion about our festivities as the old Frostmaidens. After all, they are her distant relatives on her father's side. You surely know that Mrs. Santa is the daughter of Father Frost and Mother Hulda, don't you? Besides, she can't get along with poor Krampus, so she can ensure this way that she'll be able to avoid him should he show up for the festivities.

But even without the presence of Krampus, there is always a lot going on at the annual winter fair, and these days of merriment infuse us with their magic for a whole year.

Note: For those that are curious among you. As it comes mathematically to a probability of thirty-three point three repeating percent, that from the procreations at those times, either an elf, gnome, or dwarf is sired, there is also a probability of under one percent that a so-called Grinch is conceived. Rumor has it that the Frostmaidens have something to do with these cursed offsprings, though nobody sane would murmur that within their earshot and especially not within reach of their icy grips.

*Ouch! Will you please take your frosty hand off my shoulder, Mildred?*