

Wizmas theme -

"Hello. It's that time of year again. Wizmas time. You know what that means. Time to gather around the eternal flame and get a little more familiar. This is Wizard Seeking Wizard.

CHEMISTRO

Twas the night before wizmas, when all through the sphere,
Not a creature was stirring, except ol' Cupid here. (cawww!)
The letters were sorted on the table with care
From wizards who you will all soon vote to pair
The chair was curled up, snug by the bellows, (snooooooooore)
Dreaming of getting a new set of pillows.
And I in my slippers and pointy cap
Had just settled in for my wizmas eve nap.
When out in the void there rose such a ruckus
That I sprang out of bed, like there was fire on my tuchus.
Quickly I ran to the wall oh so clear,
Unsure what the dickens it was I did hear.
When what to my wizardly eyes did come forward,
But a palanquin chair, hoist by eight demon lords!
And atop the chair, yet under his hat
'Twas where the archmage Saturnalion sat!
As fiery as hell his carriers came
And he bellowed and raved and shouted their names.

SATURNALION

**"Now, Alecto! Now Bu'er! Now Pytho and Stolas!
On Beelzebub, Minos, Azazel, and Bolas!**

CHEMISTRO

To the core of the sphere! To the inside of the ball!
Teleport, teleport, teleport all!"
And with a gleam in their eyes made of pure hate,
Those lords of hell formed themselves into a gate.

SFX

The demon lords form their bodies into one huge gate

CHEMISTRO

And as the air round me curdled like milk
The great giving wizard tore spacetime like silk.

SFX

Spacetime rips and Saturnalion Appears

CHEMISTRO

Dressed as he was in red, green and gold,
His hat shone with light as he drew his wand from its folds.

SFX

Ding!

CHEMISTRO

His beard flowing down, from his chin to his toe
All braided through with bow after bow.
And cross his shoulders, bright fresh holly boughs
With antlers of bone sweeping out from his brows
I thought to myself that the chance had arisen
Now to escape from my crystal prison
But as I leapt up and ran for the portal,
He froze me in place, that wizened immortal.
His wand sparked and spat and wrapped me in ice

SFX

Ice wraps around Chemistro

CHEMISTRO

As he consulted his list of the naughty and nice.

SATURNALION

“Chemistro,”

CHEMISTRO

He said,

SATURNALION

**“While your heart is true
Granting your freedom I cannot do.
Now stay right there and mind your own wizness
While I go about my gift-giving business.”**

CHEMISTRO

In a moment he conjured, straight from the air
Gift after gift, with wizardly flair.
Some crackers for Cupid, some cushions for chair
For me a gold tincture to grow back my hair
And for little booker, my sweet talking tome,
He left a bookmark ‘blazoned with a gnome.

CHEMISTRO (ASIDE)

(Booker is going through a bit of a gnome phase)

CHEMISTRO

Then into my stockings, hung by the fire to dry,
In their pointy toes he stuffed his wizmas supply.
A shimmering robe that goes down to my knees,
A philosopher's stone signed by socrates
And to top it all off something for the home
A brand new chess set made of dragonbone.
Then he walked to my kitchen, making such a clatter
That I could bare hear o'er my toothly chatter
SFX
Chemistros teeth chatter

CHEMISTRO

I saw with my eyes as he unhinged his jaw
And swept cake after cake into his gaping maw.
Then he let out a belch, his hunger sated,
With such sonic force the whole orb vibrated.

SATURNALION

BEEEEELCH

Then back to the rift he had ripped into space
He leapt out through it with wizardly grace.

SFX

Saturnalion leaps out of the portal

CHEMISTRO

Try as I might, my body stayed froze
And I wept a wiz-tear as the gateway did close

SFX

The portal closes behind Saturnalion

CHEMISTRO

Behind the fine fibers of his wizmas cape,
There went my holiday chance of escape.
And there hung, feeling frozen and stupid
Til the next morn I was pecked free by Cupid.
Meanwhile Saturnalion rode at the helm,
Taking his palanquin through the magical realms

Commanding his demons 'cross the aether suspension
Bringing good cheer to wizards in every dimension
As trickster and seer and wise old enchanter
Break bread with warlock and stern necromancer
There are newt tails to fry, and fricasee'd drake
And the unwilling consumption of ten thousand year-old fruit cake
With goodwill to griffins and ogres and trolls
Wizards and witches sing wizmas carols.
While mages' apprentices and knightly squires
Trade wizmas stories by wizmas fires.
At feasts full of food lit by grand candelabras
We say, Merry Wizmas! And Abra Cadabras!

ENDING WIZMAS THEME INSTRUMENTAL

CREDITS

The Night before Wizmas was written by Max Kreisky and Marc Campasano. The wizmas theme was composed by Jake Isenhardt. You can find them on twitter at [jake_isenhardt](#). Special thanks to Katie Newton for the idea and first four lines of this poem. Finally, thank you to our patreon patrons, Jordan Church and Kyra Romanello, whose donations made this special possible. Merry Wizmas, everyone!