

A Very Third Earth Christmas

By Shay Leona

Chapter 4: Silver Hells

In a dark room, everyone waited for the out of the blue meeting to start. At a long rectangular table sat, Jageena, the evil sorceress, then next to her Gaston Schwenk, the notorious assassin. Then Leanna, the Thundercat lioness sat at one end of the table and then three empty seats next to her, one being in the other end. After several minutes Schwenk sighed and fondled with his rifle strap.

“I really wish HE would hurry up already. I have important things to do.” He complained.

“Oh? And what may that be?” Sin’s rich voice bellowed from the head of the table. Everyone turned their attention to Sinistral who sat back in his big chair at the head of the table casually stroking his goatee.

“It’s about time you showed up!” Jageena scolded.

“HEY! I’m a busy man with a lot of evil things to do!” Sin fired back, “And I really would appreciate it if you could just lose the attitude for a few hours!”

“Well, we all have a life too you know!” the jaguar said crossing her arms.

Sin looked at the two empty chairs next to Leanna and rolled his eyes. “Well I can’t start this meeting because two people decided to take their sweet time getting here!”

The double doors slammed open and a beautiful priestess with long black hair and a long golden dress which accented her skin rushed in along with a man with lengthy lavender hair down to his

boots and incredible wings. He wore nothing but black pants and his metallic and black boots. They both took their seat next to Leanna and Sin looked at them not amused.

“Spark, Zhyan, it’s nice of you two to FINALLY show up.”

“Sorry Sin, Spark decided to change clothes 10 times because she couldn’t decide on what to wear—ow!...HEY!!”

Spark pinched the archangel and glared at him. “What he meant to say was, sorry we’re late.” The priestess said sweetly.

Sin nodded then stood up from his seat. “Ladies, gents and um archangel.... I’m assuming that you already know why I called this evil meeting.”

Leanna gasped and looked around the room, “Woah wait a minute! Why the hell am I here? I’m not evil!”

Everyone looked at each other and simultaneously laughed. Leanna stood up and became irritated, “What! I’m not. I’m a Thundercat and I go by the code of Thundera, Justice, Truth Hon---”.

“Okay enough, we all know that damn code by now.” Sin interrupted, “You don’t have to put on this “I’m all good and honorable” façade, especially if you’ve dated Schwenny here.”

Leanna was appalled, “I can’t believe you are accusing me of such! I would never be with him!” She got up to leave but was thrown back in her chair by a powerful force.

“Leanna, I can read you like a Dr. Seuss book. Plus the coy smile on Schwenk’s face gave it all away.”

Leanna's eyes widened and she glared at Schwenk who was still grinning and winked at her. She crossed her arms and had a look of irritability on her face.

"Now, moving on, I've called his meeting to discuss a huge problem going on right now, this happy holiday called Christmas." The dark lord shuddered.

"And you gathered us here so that we could help you come up with an evil plan to ruin Christmas, right?" The sorceress called back.

"Yes, that's correct." He confirmed.

"Typical...." Jageena sighed and started picking at her claws.

"Jageena, I'm a little ticked at your tone today. I will not tolerate your crude comments."

Before Jageena could answer, a huge gust of wind blew in the room and gong went off that cued a familiar theme song to a certain evil villain. A huge red flash of light crashed and Mumm-ra appeared before everyone's eyes.

"Well Sinistral, it's nice to see that you're having an evil meeting without me!" the demon priest yelled his voice booming.

Sin sighed and rolled his eyes, "Mumm-ra I don't have time for this."

"Why wasn't I invited?" Mumm-ra questioned, hurt.

“Mumm-ra don’t take it personal, it’s just that in this story there can only be one over-the-top super villain, and that’s me, so sorry. You just can’t be in it.”

Mumm-ra nodded, “Oh yeah that’s understandable. I just thought maybe I did something wrong. Sorry, I’ll be on my way to my sarcophagus.” He disappeared, the theme music shutting off abruptly.

Sin shook his head and continued, “Okay now like I was saying. If we are to rid Third Earth of this horrid holiday, we need to come up with a plan to crush this jolly spirit.” Sin looked around the room and noticed all of the women were gazing at Zhyan with googly eyes. Zhyan just sat back and ran a few fingers through his lavender tresses. Sin became disgusted and cleared his throat.

“Um excuse me, what’s all this?” Everyone turned their attention to Sin, “I’m trying to conduct a serious meeting and all you women are just going to sit there and ogle this half naked whelp!”

“Hey watch it!” Zhyan scowled.

“And what’s with the no shirt? I mean honestly where do you think you are? Chippendale’s?”

Zhyan stood up and crossed his arms, “I think you’re just jealous because all of the attention isn’t on you!”

“PAH! Me? Jealous! That’s preposterous! I’ve got more sex appeal than you’ll ever have!”

“Oh please! You sit there on your high horse pretending to be this suave, charming satanic creature and what not, and the act is getting a bit OLD!”

Sin's eyes glowed with anger and he grabbed his trident, "Listen here Zhy! I have a trident and I am NOT afraid to use it!"

"Ooooooh I'm shaking in my black metallic boots!"

The two men continued to argue back and forth leaving everyone else bewildered. Schwenk shook his head twirling his gun, "Can I just end this now?"

"Typical chauvinistic quarrel." Jageena muttered under her breath.

Spark began rummaging through her purse to find some kind of spell while Leanna leaned back in her chair with a confused expression, "Again, why am I here?"

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Snarf and Snarfer were at the Berbil Village picking out the perfect Christmas tree for Cat's Lair.

"Hey Unc, what do you think about that tree over there! It's huge!"

Snarf glanced at the tree and shook his head, "No it's too tall. I'm getting too old to be climbing the ladders and all that just to decorate a tree, snarf snarf."

Snarfer shrugged and saw the perfect tree. It was not too big, and not too small. It was perfect!

“Hey Uncle Osssss erm um Snarf, look at that one over there!”

Snarf turned around and saw a medium sized tree, which was full and abundant. It was the perfect tree alright! He wobbled over and looked at the price tag and nearly had a heart attack.

“Holy Thundera! That much for this tree! I could buy an abundance of food with that money!”

“Awww come on Uncle Snarf!”

“No way, I am not spending that much on a tree.” He crossed his arms and looked around the selection of trees and beamed, “There we go that’s the perfect tree!” He pointed towards a clearing.

Snarfer squinted to find a tree but only saw a small little bush next to a random polar bear. “Um Uncle I don’t see anything but a polar bear and a puny little bush.”

“That’s not puny little bush nephew, that’s our future Christmas tree.” Snarf answered running towards the dying plant.

“Uh, gee Uncle Snarf, don’t you think that tree is a little bare?”

“No, every tree deserves to have an equal chance to be chosen. Come on help me get this!”

Snarfer shook his head and sighed. He knew the real reason why Snarf wanted to get that particular tree, because he was cheap.

“I don’t think the Thundercats are gonna like this at all.” He thought to himself.

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Cat’s Lair

Lion-o sat in the council room pondering about nothing. He was so deep in thought he didn’t sense someone walking up to him. Suddenly he felt soft hands beginning to massage his stiff shoulders.

“Hello my Lord.” The hybrid purred in his ear, “Oooh a bit tense are we?”

“I don’t know Tara, I just sense that Mumm-ra is up to something!”

“Geez Lion-o you always think that Mumm-ra is up to something!” said a small voice entering the council room.

“Well something’s not right, and I just have a feeling that something evil is behind it.” Tara giggled as Lion-o stood up and walked towards the small snarf, “Did you and Snarf find a tree?”

“uh...hheehheeee Yep, HE sure did! Yes siree bob! I had nothing to do with it, nope!”

“What are you talking about Snarfer...what the...” Lion-o stared in shock as Snarf brought in the tired looking Christmas tree into the council room.

“Here we go guys! The perfect Christmas tree! Snarf snarf, whaddya think?”

Lion-o examined the tree carefully then his eyes lit up, “Oh I get it, this is a joke right?”

“Uh ,no this is the tree we picked out for Cat’s Lair.”

“The tree that YOU picked out unc.” Snarfer clarified not wanting any part of it.

Lion-o rubbed his temples and took a deep breath, “You mean to tell me that out of all the Christmas trees out there you decided to choose THIS PATHETIC, PUNY LITTLE BUSH!!!!!!”

“Yeah and we saved a lot of money too!”

Tara looked at the tree and smiled, “Awww Lion-o, it won’t be too bad. I know just the thing.” She ran off with a flash of yellow light trailing behind her than appeared merely seconds later. She opened her jewelry box and started putting some of her gold necklaces and beads around the tree trying to make it look decent. After she put the finishing touches, she stepped back and nodded with approval and squealed.

“See! It looks.....um....better.” She said unsurely as the tree started leaning to the right.

Lion-o looked at Tara then Snarf and shook his head, “Um no, this isn’t going to work. I guess I’ll have Tygra go look for a tree. As picky as he is, he’ll get a good one.” Lion-o took one last annoyed look at the tree, shook his head, and left the council room. Tara pat Snarf on the head with a sympathetic look then followed the disgruntled Lord out the council room.

“Geez uncle Snarf, I hate to say I told you so, but--”

“Don’t you say it!” Snarf warned his nephew.

Snarfer lowered his head and solemnly made his way to the front of the door. When he finally reached the doorway, he turned around and said, “Told you so!” then bolted out of the room, with Snarf chasing after him.

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From an exhausting day of decorating, the bland leopard sat down on her couch and fipped through the TV screen trying to find something to watch. Before she knew it, she had fallen asleep. She dreamed that she was having kissed planted on her neck by a special someone, and then started to realize that it wasn’t a dream at all. She opened her eyes and saw two deep blue eyes staring back at her.

“Aaaaaah!” she did a back flip and took a defensive stance behind her couch.

“Whoa, whoa, Shay honey it’s me, Levin!”

Shay’s posture relaxed once her eyes made out the figure standing before her, but kept the sour expression on her face.

“What are **you** doing here?” she asked icily.

The albino white tiger flipped his long blonde ponytail back and flashed a witty grin, “I’m here to see you baby!” He took a step forward but saw that Shay was not welcoming him.

“Yeah, I haven’t seen you in like 6 months! What’s up with that!?!?”

“Well you know how it is. I travel here, travel there. I just been going places. I’ve missed you tid-bit.”

“Funny that you left after that one night, no note, no phone call, no nothing and now you just pop up unexpectedly like you still damn near own the place.” Shay looked at her front door and put her hand on her hip, “How did you get in anyway? I changed the locks.”

“The front door was unlocked.”

Shay rolled her eyes, “Anyways, what do you want anyway?”

Levin’s eyes softened and he took a few steps closer, “I want us to be together again.”

“We never were together. You acted like you wanted to be with me and then you used me and dropped me like a bad habit!”

“Look I know I should’ve called, but I’ve been going through a lot. Now that I’ve done what I’ve needed to do, I am ready to settle down here on Third Earth, and there’s no place I’d rather be than here, with you.”

Shay stared at him with a blank expression, “You sound like one of those typical Lifetime Movie men who try to act all sincere when in reality, they’re bastards.” She walked over to her front door and swung it open, “Get out!”

“I can’t believe you’re kicking me out!”

“Well believing is seeing, so see your way out please!”

“Whatever happened to that cheery, ‘I love Christmas’ Shay?”

“She’s tired of dealing with vagabonds like you, GET THE HELL OUT!”

She ran over and attempted to push the muscular 6’2 tiger to get him to leave but he wouldn’t budge. Shay grunted with frustration as she continued to try to rid herself from him but he wouldn’t move. He just sat there with a sly grin of amusement why she struggled to get him to leave.

“Levin, I’m warning you get out or I’ll...”

Before she could say anything else Levin picked her up and kissed her passionately on the lips, then pulled away from her. Shay looked up with a hypnotic gaze.

“I promise, I’ll never hurt you again.” He said pulling a strand of hair out of her face, “Now, do you still want me to leave?”

To answer his question the leopard jumped in his arms and kissed him eagerly. She finally went up for air and said, “Does that answer your question?”

“Mmmhmmm.” He kissed her forehead softly and carried her to the bedroom.

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The next morning, the leopard woke up with a huge grin on her face. Her eyes fluttered open and she reached to the right of her bed hugging nothing but sheets. She looked on her pillow and saw a piece of mistletoe with a letter attached to it that read “Tid-Bit” on the front. Out of curiosity and still with a slight smirk, she opened the letter and began to read it.

“Dear Shay, I just wanted to let you know that I am leaving again. Sorry I couldn’t stay, but thanks again for the night of hot sex, later! –Levin”

Shay’s eyes glowed with hatred. She balled up the note and ripped the letter in a screaming rage. “That bastard!!! He did again! And I fell for it AGAIN! His charming, playboy antics worked against my vulnerable good girl qualities. I.....” She looked at the torn up mistletoe then she stared eerily at the wall, expressionless. “Well....I should be mad at nobody but myself. I should’ve known that he would use me. I guess this was just learning experience for me. Yeah, I’ll be fine.” She said to herself in a creepy calm voice.

Even though Shay seemed like she was fine, deep down she wasn’t. The more she tried to convince herself that everything was okay, the worse she became inside. It would only be a matter of time before Shay would finally lose it.