**Loriot (Vicco von Bülow)**

**„Christmas at the Hoppenstedt“ Family**

(Weihnachten bei Familie Hoppenstedt)

**I. Im Spielwarenladen**

Shop assistant (V): Who is the next customer?

Grandfather Hoppenstedt (O): Do you sell toys? For my grandchild for Christmas?

V.: What will it be, then?

O.: It has to be something that is a little …

V.: How old is the child?

O.: About that …

V.: Is it a boy or a girl?

O.: Well …

V.: Aren’t you supposed to know if your grandchild is a girl or a boy?

O.: Huh? Why?

V.: What is his or her name?

O.: Hoppenstedt, we are all called Hoppenstedt.

V.: And his or her first name?

O.: Dickie! Dickie Hoppenstedt!

V.: And … it … is …a girl, right?

O.: No!

V.: So it is a boy!

O.: No! No! No!

V.: So, what is it then?

O.: I cannot explain that precisely …

V.: How is it dressed then?

O.: Pants! Blue Pants!

V.: So, maybe you’ve seen the child without pants then?

O.: No! Why?

V.: If your grandchild has a „wiener“ …

O.: A „wiener“???

V.: Okay, then it does NOT have a „wiener“ …

O.: My grandchild has everything it needs: healthy parents, a good home, discipline … So, do you have toys for decent children or not!?

V.: Here we have something brand-new for both girls and boys from ages five to ten. It’s a bestseller! „Let’s build ourselves a nuclear power station!“ It’s fun for children and their parents. This is really something for the whole family. Here are the instructions and all the parts that have to be put together: the combustion chamber, uranium rods, the cooling system, neutron accelerator and the safety dome.

O.: And what are these?

V.: These are trees, cows and houses for the landscape all around the nuclear plant, everything beautifully crafted.

O.: Can this also go … \*POOF\* … like a really explode?

V.: Well, yes. If you assemble it the wrong way, it can also explode. It is not a real explosion though, because it’s for kids, but it goes \*POOF\* and all the trees, cows and houses will collapse. This is always a big fun. Would you like to buy this game?

O.: Yes, Ma’am!

V.: That will be 64,50 Euros then, please. You will get it in the original package.

O.: Do you also take play money?

V.: No!

O.: Keep the change!

V.: Happy Holidays and have fun playing the game!

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**II. Bei Hoppenstedts zu Hause**

Opa: In the old times, there used to be more tinsel.

Vater: In this year, the Christmas tree stays green. Nature green.

Mutter: With fresh and natural apples.

V.: Green, fresh and good for the environment!

O.: And when do I get my present?!

V.: Now we finish decorating the tree. Then Dickie recites a poem, then we get the presents and then we will watch the Christmas tv program on the first channel together, then we open the presents and THEN we make ourselves comfortable.

M.: No, Walter. First we get the presents, then Dickie recites a poem, then we unwrap the presents, then we do some cleaning-ups, while doing this we can watch TV and then we make ourselves comfortable.

O.: And when do I get my present??

V.: Or we can watch the Christmas TV program on the third channel, while doing this, we can unwrap the presents and THEN we make ourselves comfortable.

M.: Dickie, be a good child and wait in your room or Santa will get angry.

O.: In the old times, there used to be more tinsel.

V.: This year, the Christmas tree is green and good for the environment.

M.: Happy Christmas! Okay, here we go! Grandpa will give me a hand and Daddy will light up the tree.

V.: Yeah! Of course!

M.: Happy Christmas!

O.: What?

M.: Happy Christmas!

V.: Happy Christmas.

M.: Dickie, where are you now? – Happy Christmas, my dear.

(Dickie: \*kick\*)

V.: Happy Christmas! – Ooops…

(Music: *Tochter Zion*)

M.: Dickie wants to recite a poem!

D.: „Zag zig chicken shit!“

M.: No, not that one!

V.: And now. Let’s unwrap our presents!

(Opa verkleidet sich als Santa Claus) – Grandfather dresses up as Santa Claus

O.: \*toktoktok\*

M.: Huh? Who could this be, then?

V.: Come in!

O.: Well, Dickie….

(D. schneidet Grimasse) ( Dickie pulls a face)

V.: Dickie …

M.: Look who’s here!

D.: Grandpa!

O.: I want my present NOW!

V.: Here’s your present, Grandpa. And now be a little bit more homely, will you!

M.: Look at this, Walter. A suck-blow appliance „Heinzelmann“ in its original wrapping.

V.: A necktie.

O.: Look at this! A record player!

M.: So you can play your favourite records anytime in your own room! – Would you all look at the tree.

V.: A necktie …

(Weihnachtsbaumlicht geht aus)

M.: Oh no, Grandpa!

O.: I want to listen my record!

V.: You go now and look for another socket!

O.: Don’t be so un-homely!

V.: A necktie …

M.: Isn’t this just too homely in our house?

(Musik: *Helenen-Marsch)*

V.: No, Grandpa! Be little more homely and watch TV.

O.: Yeah, yeah …

M.: Grandpa, why don’t you have a look at the tree …

O.: I have!

M.: Will Daddy now play this new game together with Dickie?

V.: Look at this, Dickie. „Let‘s build a nuclear plant“. There are trees and houses and cows that really want a nice nuclear plant around. And we will place it … right there …

M.: If only it was Christmas every day!

V.: This is the little neutron accelerator, this the combustion chamber … DICKIE! Don’t make the cow fall over. – And now we carefully place this tiny uranium rod into the combustion chamber and place the safety dome on the top… DONE.

M.: Can Mama also watch for a little bit, mh?

V.: If we made a mistake, the power plant should make a \*poof\*sound.

M.: Why \*poof\*

V.: My God, it just makes a \*poof\*sound … and all the houses and cows should collapse.

M.: Fantastic!

V.: Yeah well, at least it does not make a \*poof\*sound.

\*POOF\*

V.: It really made a \*poof\*sound!

M.: How lovely.

V.: (durch das Loch im Boden) The Hoppenstedt Family wishes Happy Holidays!

Neighbour: Do you have to? – Is this really necessary?

V.: Yes, is has to be like that! This is a toy for children and Christmas IS the festival for children. – Come on, let’s cover this up.

M.: Father, we are so proud of you!

V.: I don’t like spending Christmas arguing with these pretty bourgeois.

M.: Now everyone! Let’s make ourselves comfortable!

V.: First of all, we have to clean everything up.

M.: (zu Dickie) And you be good and go to bed. It’s important to know when the fun is over.

(Musik: Helenen-Marsch, V. und M. räumen Papier zusammen)

V.: We just throw the whole garbage into the stairway. Let’s see if the coast is clear …

Santa: Hallo? Sorry, do you need a Santa?

**Weihnachtsgedicht**

The night turns blue, the stars are twinkling

snowflakes quietly are sinking.

The fire tree tops are beaming green

and little snow heaps can be seen.

There! From a window rather bright

through the trees there goes a light.

Lit by candles, woodman’s hut

the woodman’s wife sits on her butt (in the woodman’s study).

Just in this silent winter time

has she committed murder crime

and killed the woodman in great haste

she thought of him as rather waste.

Thus was the plan. At Nichlas Eve

poor wasteful woodman had to leave

when deer was from the forest creeping

the little rabbit started sleeping

a rifle took the woodman’s wife

and took away her husbands life.

The bang annoyed the rabbit’s sleep

for just a minute, when he was deep

and in the forest, thinking

while high above the stars were twinkling.

And in the woodman’s snuggery

his blood escapes the artery.

The woodman’s wife must quickly act

and cuts the woodman – that’s a fact

as custom is for woodmans doing

she skins her husband without woeing.

With care she places all the pieces

and keeps a filet for her nieces

as festive roast, a tender part

she thinks that this is really smart.

The rest she wraps like Christmas gifts

and thinks of them as precious thrifts.

Hark! Silver-bells are ringing sweetly

a dog is barking rather neatly.

Who might it be, so late at night,

to walk in snow and without light?

Santa’s Helper is riding

on a stag, and law-abiding,

he asks the woodman’s wife for presents

to kids and to the poorer peasants.

The woodman’s hut lays in the snow

but woodman’s wife – she isn’t slow:

“Good man, all that I have is gathered here.

Six wrappings, to the peasants’ peer.”

The bells are ringing, nice and pure

Santa’s helper makes his tour

a candle in the woodman’s vent

is shining there – it is Advent.