



The Night before Christmas

by Aaya 6H 19.12.14

It was the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a clock was clicking not even a computer mouse,
The cookies and milk where left with care,
Waiting for Santa to be there.

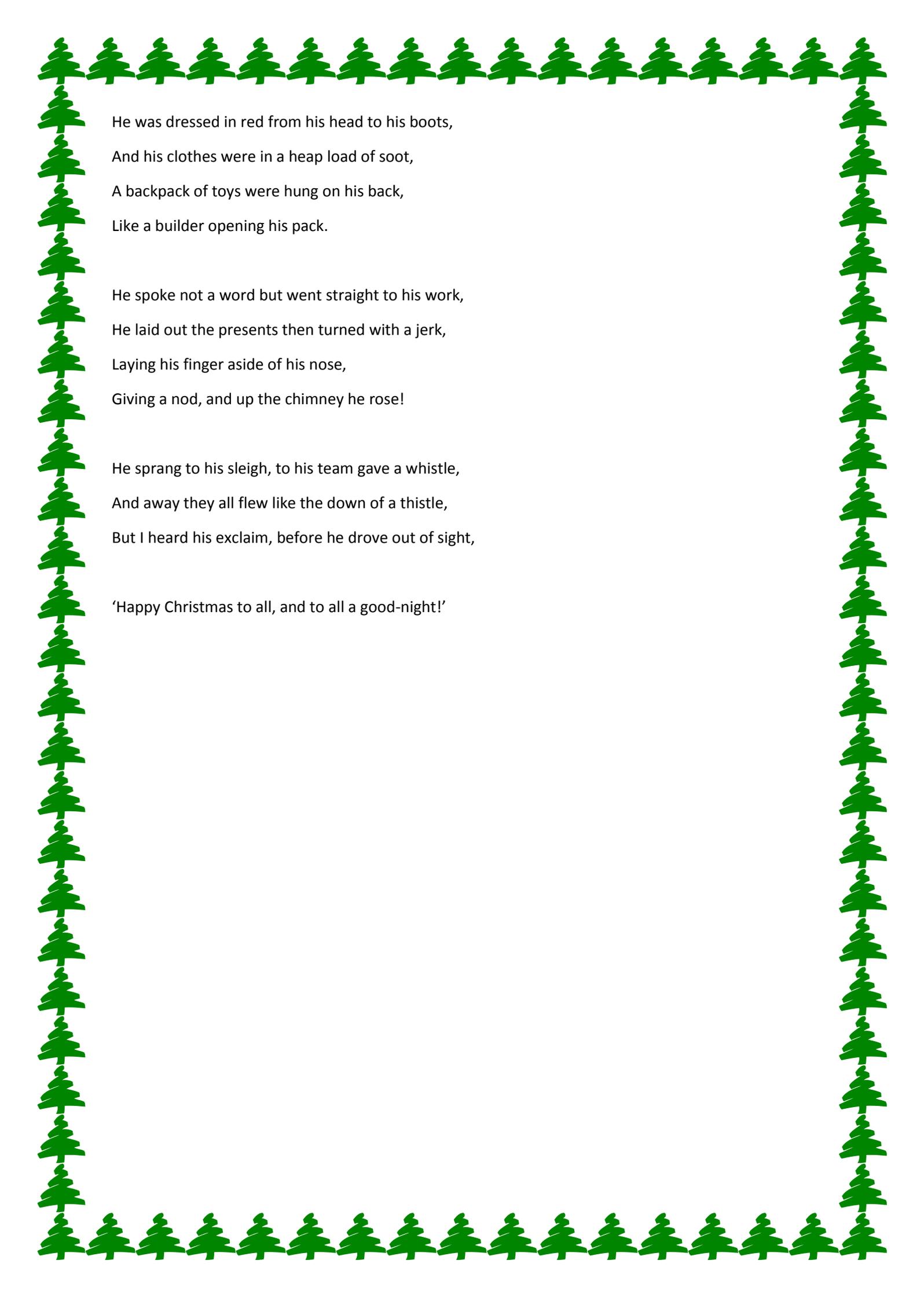
The kids were snoring in their PJs,
Dreaming of trips to Hollywood and LA,
Dad in his slippers and mum in her nightie,
Most of the children snug in their onesies.

A huge crash on the concrete road,
An ugly noise similar to a croaking toad,
I trudge to the window still half asleep,
I open the blinds slightly, to take a peep.

With a fat old driver, so lively and small,
I figured out it had to be Santa Clause,
More rapid than eagle his reindeer they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.

'Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! On Cupid! On, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch!
To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all'

And then in a second, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,
As I rubbed my eyes and turned around,
Down the chimney Santa came with a bound.



He was dressed in red from his head to his boots,
And his clothes were in a heap load of soot,
A backpack of toys were hung on his back,
Like a builder opening his pack.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
He laid out the presents then turned with a jerk,
Laying his finger aside of his nose,
Giving a nod, and up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard his exclaim, before he drove out of sight,

'Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!'

