

## The night before Christmas

It was the night before Xmas, Not a machine was beeping not even a robotic mouse. Mince pies and some warm glasses of milk were waiting to be munched and gulped.

The children were snoring all snug in their beds, while visions of iPads in every kind in their little small heads. Mams and dads not thinking of sweets and treats bit thinking about the Xmas meats'.

When out on the lawn there arose such clatter, I jumped from my bed to see what the matter was. Away to the window I pushed up the handle and opened it also with a little handle.



With little old man shouting names, I knew the moment when he came. I knew the moment when he came. He whistled and clapped and called each one by their own name.

And in a twinkling, I heard on the roof a bang of each little hoof. As I drew my head and was turning around there came Father Christmas with a great big bang.

He spoke not a word, but he went straight to work filled all the stockings then turned with a smirk.

He sprang to his sleigh to his team he gave a whistle and they all flew like the down of a thistle happy Christmas to all and have a good night!