

The night before Christmas

It was the night before Christmas, when all through
the house,

Not a machine was beeping, not even a robotic
mouse,

The wish lists layed below the Christmas tree,
In hopes that Santa will bring presents for me.



The children were nestled all snug in their bed,
Whilst dreaming of trips to LA circled in their heads,
Mum in her nighty and dad in his Xmas PJs,
Had settled our brains like my brother TJ.

Horrific crash out on the road,
Ear- hearing noise like a croaking toad,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Opened the window and saw some cash.

With a little old man calling names, I knew that he had came,
He clapped 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 way! Dash away! Dash away all!”

With a sparkle, I heard on the roof,
The dancing and prancing of each little hoof,
As I drew my head, and was turning around,
Santa came down the chimney with a bound.



He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were varnished with ashes and soot,
His eyes – how they glistened! His dimples how merry,
His cheeks were red as roses, his nose like a cherry.



He sprang to his sleigh, to his crew he gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like a down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, before he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”



By Mariam Malik