



The Night before Christmas

by Tejomayee 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 were left in the kitchen with care,
Waiting to be eaten when Santa came there.

The kids were snoring in there PJs,
Dreaming of fame in Hollywood and LA,
Dad in his slippers and mum in her nighty,
Some of the kids all snug in their onesies.

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

A fat old driver, so lively and small,
I figured it had to be Santa Claus,
More rapid than eagles, the 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!
Dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!”

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



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

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
He laid out the presents and turned his head with a jerk,
Laying his finger aside of his nose,
Giving a nod 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 him shout before he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas and to all a good night!”

