The Night Before Christmas (Remastered)

On the night before Christmas,

All was still,

Letters to Santa,

Sat on the sill.

No noise could be heard,

But a cold Winter’s breeze,

My fingers were freezing,

So were my knees.

I crept downstairs,

To see if I could,

Turn up the heating,

Thought, *“I really should”.*

When, I heard a scrambling,

Scuffling sound,

And the dashing of hooves,

Pounding the ground.

I hid behind,

The unpainted wall,

My heart was thumping,

I felt oh so small.

A loud thump,

My heart beat faster,

And then the sound,

Of scattering plaster.

I peeked through the crack,

In the old, white door,

I couldn’t see well,

So I opened it more.

And there, to my,

Utter surprise,

Standing right,

Before my eyes,

He was all in red,

And that’s because,

It was him,

SANTA CLAUS!

