



Christmas Eve

It was Christmas Eve and I was going to bed.
With thoughts of tomorrow flashing in my head.
Ma was already fast asleep
and the children were resting without a peep.
When I was woke with a start by a jolly long shout
and from my nice warm bed I started to set out.
I walked to my window and I looked at the sky and
I saw 8 reindeer and a sleigh wiz by.
I heard a bang and a rush and puff of smoke
Santa stumbled out of the fire - he spoke
"Merry Christmas to one and all
Have a great time and a great ball".

He bent down to eat up the pie
and looked at me and said "hi".
Back up the chimney he went like a flash.
I saw him in the sky but then away he dashed.
I went upstairs and called mum.
I told her my story but she smacked my bum.

A poem by Gabriel Simpson and Dylan Brotherston