

# Christmas Story

1. Event \_\_\_\_\_
2. Location \_\_\_\_\_
3. Animal \_\_\_\_\_
4. Name \_\_\_\_\_
5. Name \_\_\_\_\_
6. Name \_\_\_\_\_

# Christmas Story

It was the night before \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Event</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, when all through the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Location</sup>\_\_\_\_\_

Not a creature was stirring, not even a \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Animal</sup>\_\_\_\_\_.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The \_\_\_\_\_<sup>name</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>name</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ of the new-fallen \_\_\_\_\_<sup>name</sup>\_\_\_\_\_

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But

a miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.