

THE FIREMAN'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Tw'as the night before Christmas, and all through the station
All was quiet except for the snoring dalmation.
The boots had been placed by the bunksides with care
In hopes that the shift change would finally be here.
The lights were turned down and the TV was off.
The rigs had been washed and the floors had been mopped.

Firemen and medics lie nestled in bed
While visions of homelife danced through their heads.
The evening was calm, there was peace in the town
When the fire siren blasted blaring its sound.
And I in my bunkers, my boots and my hat,
Jumped onto the fire engine—Where's the fire at?

Down at the corner of Fifth Street and Oak,
The dispatcher informed us of a house filled with smoke.
Smoke poured from the sides, from up and from down,
Yet up on the roof there was none to be found.
So up to the rooftop we raised up a ladder,
And climbed to the top to see what was the matter.

I came to the chimney and what did I see,
But a guy dressed in red stuck in the chimney past his knees.
Well we tugged and we pulled him until he came out,
Then he winked with his eye and he said with a shout,
These darn newfangled chimneys—they make them too small
For a fellow like me, I'm not skinny at all!

With a twitch of his nose he dashed onto his sleigh,
And called to his reindeer, Away now! Away!
As we rolled up the hoses he flew out of sight,
Saying, God bless all the firemen, and to all a good night!

The Night Before Christmas for Soldiers

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the base

The barracks are sparkling, not a thing out of place.

Leather boots are all spit-shined, slacks are ironed at the seam.

The brass has been polished, reflecting a gleam.

A proud, gallant soldier, not a day over twenty,

Is missing his family and friends, oh so many.

And pondering slightly, his mind starts to wander,

As he starts reminiscing, his feelings get fonder.

He pictures his apron clad mom in the kitchen,

Preparing a great turkey feast with the fixin's.

His dad should be watching his football right now,

And yelling as much as his mom will allow.

But this soldier's been called to a duty so rare

He does his work well, he really does care.

Defending our nation, protecting our rights,

This is the work that he does day and night.

In a voice that was strong, yet so gentle and pure

He whispered, Go to bed now, Santa's coming, all is secure.

And I felt oh so grateful, and I hugged him real tight:

Then I thanked him and said, Merry Christmas, Sir, and good night!

The Night Before Christmas With My New Puppy

Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,

A creature was stirring, but it wasn't a mouse.

I knew right away that it was our new pup,

She thought we were sleeping, and so she got up.

I was in my pajamas; I was starting to snore,

And the puppy got up and she walked out the door.

Then off in the kitchen there arose such a clatter

I rolled out of bed to see what was the matter.

I ran down the hall with my head in a muddle,

And as I reached the kitchen, I stepped in a puddle.

I fell in a sprawl, my legs were not stable.

And on my way down, my nose hit the table.

My head started spinning and when I came to rest

Four tiny dog feet came and stood on my chest.

With a lick and a bark, my pup bounded away

She dashed for the living room, she wanted to play.

And as I tried to grab her, she ran and she ran,

I chased her around, rolled newspaper in hand.

Stop doggie, stop puppy, stop running you mutt!

Just wait 'til I catch you, you fast little pup!

I was covered with sweat from my head to my toes,
My clothes was in tatters, I had blood on my nose.
A bag full of toys, she grabbed it with glee
I leapt out to get her, but instead got the tree.

The ornaments broke as they all hit the floor.
The lights blinked and fizzled, and there was some more!
As I reached for the plug, to turn the bulbs out
And electricity flowed through my body! So I shout!

Smoke encircled my head, round and round like a wreath.
And the dog had my big toe, real tight in her teeth.
Then up from the hall came the sound of two feet,
My Mama, it seemed, was awake from her sleep.

Now you'll get it, Pup! I announced with glee.
Then my puppy walked over and put his head on my knee.
Mom entered the room and in a voice loud and clear
Said Bill, you leave that puppy alone, you hear!

Then my mom got the puppy and gave it a hug.
She cuddled it closely, so warm and so snug.
I exclaimed to myself as they strutted astray,
Santa, leave me no gifts, just take the puppy away!

The Night Before Christmas

**'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.**

**The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
With no thought that their dog still hadn't been fed.
And mama with her _kerchief and I in my cap,
Knew the dog must be cold, but lay down for a nap.**

**When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away from the window I flew like a flash,
Did the dog break his chain? Was he into the trash?**

**The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But Santa Claus with his eyes full of tears.**

**He unchained the dog, picked it up in his arms,
Last year's Christmas present, now mistreated and harmed.
In a deep, jolly voice he called out the dog's name
And the dog licked his face, despite all his pain.**

**Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch Santa waved his black glove.
Let's find this dog a home where we know he'll be loved.**

**I knew in an instant there'd be no gifts this year,
For Santa had just made one thing very clear.
Some people get dogs for all the wrong reasons.
The gift of a dog is not just for the Season.**

**A dog should be family, and cared for the same,
You don't give a gift, and then put it on a chain.
And so Santa exclaimed as he rode out of sight,
You were given a gift to be loved for all his life!**

The Night Before Christmas for Twins

**Twas the Night Before Christmas, and I'm full of grins,
Not a creature is stirring, not even the twins.**

**Two stockings are hung on the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas will soon see the pair.**

**The twins are both nestled , each snug in bunk-beds,
While visions of Gameboy sets dance thru their heads.
I collapse on the couch, lift my feet from the floor,
And the next thing you know, I'm beginning to snore.**

**When what do I hear but a loud, crashing THUMP!
So I jump to my feet, hit my head, cause a bump.
I look out the window, and to my dismay...
I see eight reindeer clones in my yard with a sleigh.**

**And guiding the sleigh, is a jolly old man
With a giant black tote, a huge grin, and a plan.
He was decked out in scarlet, adorned in white fur,
And his boots had been polished with spit, that's for sure.**

**His bag, it was special, not your ordinary toys.
These were marked, two of each, for twin girls and twin boys.
He shouted his orders like a captain to his crew
Calling out to his reindeer in couplets---that means two.**

Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!

On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!

Go into the house, it's time now to see

If the twins have been good this year. (both Twin A and Twin B)

Then down through the chimney came St. Nick with a leap.

He really was loud. Would the twins stay asleep?

He dodged the strewn toys and he got straight to work,

Placing gifts, filling stockings. Then he turned with a jerk.

Then he said, with a wink and a jolly, quick nod,

Off I go to the next house, it's a family with quads.

Then the twins started stirring, and were soon filled with glee,

As they heard sleigh bells ring and saw gifts 'neath the tree.

They both cracked a smile as they gave me a squeeze

And the love that I felt brought me down to my knees,

So the lesson we learn from a story like this,

Is that twins give us double the joy and the bliss!

'Twas the Night Before Christmas For Teachers

'Twas the night before Christmas when at the North Pole,

St. Nicholas was ready to perform his great role.

His outfit was striking, all clean and well pressed,

From the fur on his hat to the trim on his vest.

Dasher and Dancer and the rest of the crew

Were getting so restless awaiting their cue.

The bells on their reins just shimmered and glowed;

Their coats shone with luster, as they strained at the load.

I think we're all ready, a deep voice announced,

Then Santa jumped into the sleigh with a bounce.

The list, fetch the list, my cherry young elf,

I need to count toys and make sure of myself.

The elf stared at Santa, his face looked quite blank.

The list, he said softly, and his heart about sank.

Why, you have it already, I'm sure that you do.

Look there in your sack, it's hidden from view.

Ho, ho, ho, said St. Nick, this is no time for tricks.

I must get a move on or we'll be in a fix.

A new list my computer can readily print.

Run along, little elf, or better yet, sprint.

The elf stood there trembling, his hopes all but dashed,

As he gently told Santa the computer had crashed.

No, no, no, boomed out St. Nick, that list was checked twice.

It must print or we won't know who's naughty or nice.

Mrs. Clause stood there smiling and patting young Prancer,

Calm down, my dear husband, cause I have the answer.
Those wonderful people who mold the world's future
Can solve any problems I believe they're called Teacher.
I'll get the word to them from East Coast to West,
They've seen all the kids at their worst and their best.
Just visit the teachers before you proceed
To the homes of the children who expect you this eve.
So Santa Clause, chuckling, sped on his way,
Breaking all records while guiding the sleigh.
To the first teacher's home he went with great haste,
And she told him those secrets with no time to waste.
Mrs. Smith in third grade almost started to yell
When relating to Santa of Mark's Show & Tell.
He'd brought a small box with a wrapper beneath,
Which, when he uncovered, showed his Grandma's false teeth!
But that's fine, St. Nick, she said with a smile,
The children stopped giggling after a while,
And Mark is a good boy; he does well on his tests.
Please make sure you leave him the gifts he requests.
So the Jolly Old Elf went fast on his way,
Learning of kids from what teachers would say.
When he reached Horizon, it sparkled with snow
And the children were sleeping, their their faces aglow.
Mrs. Opal was waiting to tell about Janie, the crier.
It wasn't her fault when she started the fire.
The plug just blew up, made a hole in the wall.

No one was hurt, not Jane's fault at all.
She has always loved Science and told her instructor
That from Santa she wanted a super conductor.
So please grant her wish, for in you she believes,
And a Nobel Prize someday she just might receive.
Santa laughed loudly and nodded his head,
Trying to remember all that was said.
He enjoyed spending time with these teachers so dear;
The love that they had for their kids was quite clear.
The next town he came to was filled with such light
He just couldn't wait to fill stockings that night.
The next teacher, Ms. Garcia, had a twinkle in her eye,
As she told him about Carlos, who made the girls cry.
At seven years of age, Carlos never would miss
Any chance that he had to give each girl a kiss!
But, my dear Santa Clause, don't let that deter you
From giving to Carlos any gift that you want to.
For, you see, Carlos never turns anyone away
When his help is needed anytime of the day.
Jolly Old St. Nick was just about done.
He just couldn't think when he'd had so much fun.
Maybe the list would go missing next year
And more tales of his kids from the teachers he'd hear.
Mrs. Farlow, the last teacher to give a report,
Looked like Santa herself, was a tall, jolly sort.
She said that the children in their little town

Were the best, very best, that could ever be found.
She chortled with Santa and tried to recall
An occasion where someone was sent to the hall,
And then she remembered a few months ago
The problem she'd had with her sweet little Joe.
She was teaching the kids in October about bats
When down on a big whoopee cushion she sat!
The children were howling when Mrs. Farlow said,
I expect a confession or I shall see red.
Little Joe pleaded guilty to the terrible crime
By raising his hand in the quick nick of time.
So Santa, he's honest. I don't blame him a bit;
To stop collapsing from laughter was the hardest thing yet!
When Santa had finished delivering the toys,
He knew not to worry about his girls and boys.
They were all being taught by teachers, who care,
Although life for these teachers was sometimes unfair.
Their skill and their wisdom helped him save the day.
Now Christmas was here, he could go on his way.
Then he called as his reindeer flew up with no fuss,
Merry Christmas, dear teachers, you all get an A+.

Teacher's Night Before Christmas

**'Twas the week before Christmas
and all through the school
Not a pupil was silent, no matter what rule.**

**The children were busy with paper and paste;
The mess that they made with it couldn't be faced.
The teacher half frantic and almost in tears,
Had just settled down to work with her dears,**

**When out in the hall there arose such a clatter
Up sprang the kids to see what was the matter!
Away to the door they all flew like a flash;
The one who was leading went down with a crash.**

**Then what to their wondering eyes did appear
But a green Christmas tree! (To decorate I fear!)
When the teacher saw this, she almost grew sick.
She knew in a moment it must be Old Nick!**

**She ran to the door (all her efforts were vain)
But she shouted, and stamped, and she called them by name;
"Now Tommy! Now Sandy, Now Judy and Harry!
Stop Billy! Stop Robert! Stop Donny and Sherry!**

**Now get to your places get away from the hall
Now get away! Get away! Get away all!
The office staff brought in some popcorn to string
Then came the Christmas tree (menacing thing).**

**As the tree was brought in there arose a great shout;
The pupils were merrily romping about.
The state they were in could lead to a riot;
The teacher was sure, if allowed, they would try it.**

**Her nerves how they jangled!
Her temples were throbbing!
The rush of her breath sounded almost like sobbing!
The lines of her face were as fixed as a mask;**

**It was plain that she didn't feel up to her task.
She spoke not a word but went straight to her work,
Strung all the popcorn which broke with a jerk.
But at last it was finished, a beautiful tree!**

**Then came the bell and the children were free.
Their shrill little voices soon faded away
And peace was restored at the end of the day.
As she looked at the Christmas tree glistening and tall,
She smiled as she whispered, "*Merry Christmas to All!*"**

La Noche before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas y por toda la casa,
Not a creature was stirring Caramba! Que pasa?
Los niños were all tucked away in their camas,
Some in long underwear, some in pijamas.

While hanging, the medias with mucho cuidado
In hopes that old Santa would feel obligado
To bring all the children, both buenos y malos,
A nice batch of dulces y otros regalos.

Outside in the yard there arose such a grito
That I jumped to my pies like a frightened cabrito.
I ran to the window and looked out afuera,
And who in the world do you think that it era?

Saint Nick in a sleigh and a big red sombrero
Came dashing along like a crazy bombero.
And pulling his sleigh instead of venados
Were eight little burros approaching volados.

I watched as they came and this quaint little hombre
Was shouting and whistling and calling by nombre:
Ay Pancho, ay Pepe, ay Cuco, ay Beto,
Ay Chato, ay Chopo, Macuco, y Nieto!
Then standing erect with his hands on his pecho

**He flew to the top of our very own techo.
With his round little belly like a bowl of jalea,
He struggled to squeeze down our old chiminea.**

**Then huffing and puffing at last in our sala,
With soot smeared all over his real suit de gala,
He filled all the medias with lovely regalos
For none of the niños had been very malos.**

**Then chuckling aloud, seeming muy muy contento,
He turned like a flash and was gone como el viento.
And I heard him exclaim, and this is the verdad,
Merry Christmas to all, y Feliz Navidad!**

Ms. _____'s Friday before Christmas

'Twas the Friday before Christmas, in Ms. _____'s class,

All the grading was final, no more benchmarks to pass.

The children were busy, so much still to do

While _____ and _____ were home with the flu.

_____ and _____ have work up to their nose,

Arranging the desks into six nice straight rows.

_____ and _____ are sweeping the floor,

While _____ and _____ decorate the door.

Ms. _____ had promised the party she gave

To only the students who knew how to behave.

_____ and _____ brought cupcakes they made

While _____ and _____ made sweet lemonade.

_____ turned on a CD with a fun Christmas song

And _____ and _____ started singing along.

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter

They all ran to the door to see what was the matter.

Ms. _____ went crazy and started to yell

"Get back in your seats, it's not time for the bell!"

"Now _____, Now _____, _____ and _____!"

"Stop _____, _____, _____ and _____!"

"Now get to your places, get away from the hall,

Now get away, get away, get away all!"

When in walked a visitor so jolly and quick

We thought for an instant it might be St. Nick.

But his suit wasn't red and his beard wasn't white

And he wasn't too round, he was truly quite slight,

But he had a kind smile and two benevolent elves

Who seemed quite supportive and helpful themselves.

The gifts that they brought us weren't play things or toys

They were wishes for things that will bring our lives joy.

“Do your class work and homework and all that you should

So that you can grow up to be successful and good.”

Those were the wishes given to us from the three,

Mr. Gonzalez, Mr. Patti, and also Mr. B.

And Ms. _____ declared, as the three stood with a grin

“Merry Christmas, dear students, let vacations begin!”

‘Twas the Night Before New Baby

**‘Twas the night before baby decided to come,
Mom’s belly was big and as tight as a drum.
We’d painted and papered the nursery with care,
In hopes that the new baby soon would be there.**

**We bought a new dresser, some diapers, a bib.
We moved in the rocker and set up the crib.
I picked out a mobile and a special stuffed toy
To give to my sister (but it could be a boy).**

**Mom’s suitcase was ready for the hospital rush,
Packed with some nightgowns, toothpaste, and toothbrush.
All night my poor mother felt pangs in her belly,
“Dad’s calling the doctor. I have to go, Nelly.”**

**Grandma came over; then Dad started the car.
He said, “Thank goodness the doctor’s not far.”
Mom said in a panic, “I’d better hurry!”
With a kiss and a hug they left in a flurry.**

**I played cards with Grandma and watched movies, too.
We made a big banner that said, “We love you.”
My grandma then tucked me all snug in my bed,
While visions of baby names danced in my head.**

**I woke when the phone rang and heard such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed and asked, “What is the matter?”**

Grandma was jumping, her face beaming with joy.

“Tell me! Tell me! Is it a girl or a boy?”

Off to the hospital; it was just a short drive.

The nurse quickly brought us to Room 205.

When what to our wondering eyes should appear,

But a beautiful baby who was finally here.

Those eyes—how they twinkled! Those fat cheeks, how shiny!

The hair was like satin. The nose was so tiny!

The pink pouty mouth was the shape of an “O”.

And I marveled at the size of that weensy big toe.

Mom said, “Come say hello to your new little sister.”

I gave her a bunny, then I hugged and I kissed her.

Dad asked, “Did you pick out any good names?”

Grandma laughed and said, “Forget Robert and James!”

I said, “I like Ann, Sophie, and Josie.

But since she’s so sweet, let’s call her Rosie!”

‘Twas The Night Before Thanksgiving

By Natasha Wing

‘Twas the night before Thanksgiving and all through the nation

Families got ready for the big celebration.

At our house my mom baked three kinds of pies:

Pecan and pumpkin, and apple surprise.

That night we were nestled all snug in our beds,

While visions of turkey legs danced in our heads.

The very next morning—Thanksgiving—yippee!

We got up and watched the parade on TV!

Relatives arrived from near and from far,

By taxi and airplane, by train and by car.

My brother came up the steep basement stairs

Lugging the kids’ table and four folding chairs.

We counted and polished our best silverware,

Then set the two tables with patience and care.

The turkey went in. And as more cousins came,

I laughed and I shouted and called them by name.

“Hi Danny! Hi Donny! Hi Paula and Vickie!

Hi Casey! Hi Cathy! Hi Brenda and Ricky!

Come in from the porch. Step into the hall.

Now come and play, come and play, come and play all!”

So up to my room my cousins they flew.
We played with my toys and computer games, too.
We made Pilgrim hats and funny shoe buckles,
Then put on a skit for my aunts and my uncles.

All were assembled except Uncle Norm,
Who called us to say he was stuck in a storm.
Meanwhile my mother was getting out yams,
Cranberry jelly, and honey-baked hams.

When Mom wasn't looking we stuck olives on fingers,
We said they were puppets and grand opera singers.
While dinner was cooking we played dodgeball outside
Our tummies were growling, "Can we eat yet?" we cried.

The timer then sounded! The turkey was cooked!
Mom opened the oven, she sniffed, and she looked.
When what to our watering mouths should appear,
But a marvelous turkey which caused us to cheer.

It's skin—oh so golden! The drumsticks—so juicy!
The stuffing was fluffy, thanks to my dear Aunt Lucy.
Dad slid out the bird. (It weighed 30 pounds.)
He turned, then he tripped over one of our hounds.

Up in the air the turkey did fly!
Over the string beans and straight for a pie!
My brother and I, we made such a clatter,
As we leapt up and caught the huge bird on a platter.

“All right!” said my Grandpa, “Get on with the carving.

Can’t you see that these people are all really starving?”

Dad spoke not a word but went straight to his work.

He sliced up the turkey, then turned with a jerk.

In front of our house we heard beeps from a horn,

A trucker delivered none other than Norm!

With a wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,

“The party can start now! I made it!” Norm said.

So we all took our places, the food smelled so great.

We started to dig in, but Dad said to wait.

“We’re thankful that everyone is together this year,

In our home, and our hearts, where we hold you so dear.”

Then we ate and we ate, yet last but not least...

The very next day was our “leftovers” feast!

TURKEY DINNER RECIPE

Ingredients to make one turkey:

- two Styrofoam balls
- two or three toothpicks
- two moving eyes
- one beak made from construction paper
- one piece of red string for the “gobble”
- some feathers to stick into the backside of the turkey
- glue and paper towels or napkins

Begin with one styrofoam ball. This will be the turkeys head. Glue on the eyes. Glue on the triangular beak. Glue on the yarn as the “gobble”. Hold each item in order to dry really good before proceeding. Must be dry...

The toothpicks will be the neck of the turkey. Take the two or three toothpicks and poke the body of the turkey. You should have the turkey body with two or three toothpicks in it now. Push the head on top of the toothpicks so that only a little bit of the toothpicks are showing. You should have the head and the body connected now.

Take the feathers and poke into the rear of the turkey making a fan back there.

Set your turkey on the thanksgiving paper plate to dry. Take home as a centerpiece.

Night Before Christmas with Elvis

**'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the shack
I could hear the distinct sound of Grandpappy's hack.
We had just hung our stockings in a jubilant mood
In hopes that dear Elvis would bring us some food.**

**Daddy was nestled all snug in his bed
With coal dust covering his pillow and head.
No wood in the stove, the cold numbed my feet,
To add insult to injury, our shack had no heat.**

**When out on the lawn I heard the grinding of gears
I sprang to my bed almost frightened to tears.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh pulled by a dark green John Deere.**

**With a little old driver a shakin' his pelvis,
I instantly knew that it must be old Elvis.
He was dressed all in sequins from his head to his toes
And the top of his lip curled up to his nose.**

**His hips how they twitched, his gut was gigantic,
When he leaned on the porch rail, I went into a panic.
Huffing and puffing, his head turning red
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread..**

**He sang not a note but went straight to his work
He filled all the stockings then turned with a jerk.
Then twitching his pants, lumbering back to his sleigh
He fired up the tractor and went on his way.**

**But he bid us adieu with his personal touch,
"Merry Christmas to all, and Thank Ya Vera Much!"**

‘Twas the Friday before Christmas

‘Twas the Friday before Christmas, in Ms. Baca’s class,

All the grading was final, no more benchmarks to pass.

The children were busy, so much still to do

While Crystal and Ashlyn are home with the flu.

Victoria and Luis have work up to their nose,

Arranging the desks into six nice straight rows.

Carlos and Shannon are sweeping the floor,

While Delilah and Joshua decorate the door.

Ms. Baca had promised the party she gave

To only the students who knew how to behave.

Ataly and Genesis brought cupcakes they made

While Cheyenne and Jordyn made sweet lemonade.

Josh turned on a CD with a fun Christmas song

And Ramon and Roger started singing along.

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter

They all ran to the door to see what was the matter.

Ms. Baca went crazy and started to yell

“Get back in your seats, it’s not time for the bell!”

“Now Shannon, Now Luis, Vianney and Manuel!”

“Stop Andrew , Alexandra, Victoria and Samuel!”

“Now get to your places, get away from the hall,

Now get away, get away, get away all!”

When in walked a visitor so jolly and quick
We thought for an instant it might be St. Nick.

But his suit wasn't red and his beard wasn't white
And he wasn't too round, he was truly quite slight,
But he had a kind smile and two benevolent elves
Who seemed quite supportive and helpful themselves.

The gifts that they brought us weren't play things or toys
They were wishes for things that will bring our lives joy.
“Do your class work and homework and all that you should
So that you can grow up to be successful and good.”

Those were the wishes given to us from the three,
Mr. Gonzalez, Mr. Patti, and also Mr. B.
And Ms. Baca declared, as the three stood with a grin
“Merry Christmas, dear students, let vacations begin!”

‘Twas the Friday Before Christmas

‘Twas the Friday before Christmas and all thru the school

The students were restless, and chaos—the rule.

The Santa’s were hung in the hallways with care

With white, fluffy cotton balls glued on as hair.

The students were buzzing, not one was on task

A boom box was pounding from Ms. _____’s class.

Ms. _____ needed something, a Sprite or some meds

To help with the throbbing inside of her head.

Ms. _____ did reading, Ms. _____ did Math,

Ms. _____ was showing her kids her true wrath

Ms. _____ was figuring out what to do

With all of the paper chains students had glued.

When out in the halls there arose such a clatter

I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter.

Away to the teacher’s lounge I flew in a flash

Tore open the shutters and heard a loud crash

The sun on the breast of the new fallen sand

Gave luster to cars of all colors and brands

When who to my wondering ears should appear

But jolly Mr. Patti on the intercom loud and clear

With a voice just like Santa’s, so lively and quick

He made an announcement I thought was a trick

With a smile, a smirk, and a swift “Ho, ho, ho!”

He said, "Get your paychecks, and hurry and go!"

Teachers flew out the doors like the down of a thistle.

Their cars hit the road like a quick, speeding missile.

"Now Target, now Wal-Mart, now Dillards and Kohls.

On Macys, the Dollar Store, Home Depot and Lowes."

From the steps of the schoolhouse to the stores at the mall

They dashed away, dashed away, dashed away all.

Mr. Bretado ran out yelling, "Teachers please stop!"

Mr. Gonzalez called out for our security cop.

But not a teacher remained in the classrooms or halls

And the students were left bouncing off the four walls

Ms. _____ exclaimed as she drove off with elation,

"Merry Christmas dear teachers...and enjoy your vacation!"

THE NIGHT BEFORE KINDERGARTEN

“Twas the night before kindergarten and as they prepared,

Kids were excited and a little bit scared.

They tossed and they turned about in their beds,

While visions of school supplies danced in their heads.

Erasers and crayons and pencils galore

Were stuffed in their backpacks and set by the door.

Outfits were hung in the closets with care,

Knowing that kindergarten soon would be there.

In the morning it came—school starts today!

Would the teacher be nice? Would they still get to play?

Faces were washed, and teeth were brushed white;

Kids posed for pictures with eyes sparkling bright.

Parents packed snacks, and kids hopped in cars

As if they were boarding a spaceship to Mars.

Some kids brought blankets of their favorite stuffed bear,

In hopes they could nap like they did in day care.

Their parents exclaimed, “You’re big kids—wow!

Let us hold your bears and blankies for now.”

The parents were worried their children would cry

If they left them at school with just a good-bye.

So they told their darlings, “If you want, we can stay

And make sure that everything will be A-okay.”

The teacher then greeted each one with a smile,

And invited the students to stay for a while.

The room was all filled with toys, books, and maps,

But where were the beds for midmorning naps?

**They colored and painted and played Simon Says,
Then tumbled and skipped and stood on their heads.
They sang silly songs from beginning to end.
Within just a minute each kid had a friend.
The children were happy. They loved Miss Sunrise!
It was she who was in for a giant surprise.
When what to her wondering eyes should appear
But sad moms and dads who were holding back tears.
Their noses—so sniffly! Their eyes—red and wet!
This was the saddest good-bye Miss Sunrise had see yet!
She gathered the grown-ups on the magical rug,
Then sent them away after one final hug.
The children all waved from the door of the school.
“Don’t cry, Mom and Dad; kindergarten is cool!”**

The Night Before the Tooth Fairy

By Natasha Wing

‘Twas the night before the Tooth Fairy would come take my tooth,

I’d been so excited ever since it got looth.

My bottom toot was dangling and twisting about.

Tonight was the night. It just had to come out.

I wiggled it and waggled it for such a long while.

While my baby brother flashed me his funny toothless smile.

Mom handed me an apple. She said, “Here , take a bite.”

“No! ‘Cause if I swallow it, guess who won’t come tonight.”

Dad said, “Let’s yank it out with a doorknob and string.”

“No way, no how!” I told him. You’re not gonna do a thing.”

Then my brother grabbed our kitten which scared our cockerpoo

Who knocked me right over—and out my tooth flew!

My brother looked around the floor on his hands and his knees.

When he found it—picture time! We smiled and I yelled, “Cheese!”

Then I ran to the mirror and what did I see?

A cool gap in my smile where my tooth used to be.

I could stick a straw through it then sip up my drink!

Or pretend I’m a fountain and spray water in the sink!

“All righty,” said Mom. “Time to climb into bed,

Or the Tooth Fairy may visit some other house instead.”

My tooth was put under my pillow with care,

In hope that the Tooth Fairy soon would be there.

I hopped in and nestled all snug in my bed,

While visions of Fairyland danced in my head.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a twinkling glow—the Tooth Fairy was here!
Her wand, how it glittered! Her dimples, how merry!
Her wings were so sparkly, so light and so airy!
She reached under my pillow—I pretended to be sleeping—
And slipped my tooth in a pouch where it stayed for safekeeping.
I kept one eye open, as she fluttered around,
Then—poof!—she was gone without making a sound.
I dug under my pillow and felt something funny.
All right! The Tooth Fairy left me some money!
“Look what I got!” I yelled with a whoop and a holler.
“The Tooth Fairy gave me a spanking new dollar!”
That woke up my brother who started to cry.
When Dad picked him up, we could see why.
Now my brother and I both have a new grin.
My first tooth came out—his first tooth came in!

‘Twas the night before leaving on summer vacation

‘Twas the night before leaving on summer vacation.

My family was bursting with anticipation.

Dad made a checklist which he checked as he went—

The bug spray, the backpacks, the umbrella and tent.

Mom gathered the graham crackers and stuff for the s’mores.

We carried out helmets, the canoe, and the oars.

“Remember my raft, my snorkel, and bike,

Plus Pete’s doggy bowls and Jimmy’s new trike.”

Down from the attic our suitcases came,

Mom whistled and shouted as if reffing a game:

“In bathing suits! In flip-flops! In sunblock and hats!

In flashlight! In lounge chair! And Wiffle Ball bats!

To the top of the pile! To the top of the heap!

Now pack away! Pack away! Five layers deep!”

We stuffed and we filled every inch of the shell.

Like a water balloon, it started to swell.

Done with our packing, we ate dinner at last.

Then we got out the scrapbooks of vacations past.

There were photos of us at the Museum of Toasters.

And my father and I riding fast roller coasters.

“Here’s Jimmy on Babe and me on Paul Bunyan!”

“And there’s Mommy beside the world’s largest onion.

We laughed about trips we’d taken before.

Our week at the beach did nothing but pour!

It was so cold that we all wore our fleeces,

But we finished a puzzle with two thousand pieces.

At last it was time to climb into our beds,
Where visions of marshmallows danced in our heads.
In the morning Dad shouted, "Get up! Rise and shine!
It's a quarter to four. Let's leave here on time!"
Then a few moments later there arose such a clatter,
We ran to the window to see what was the matter.
When what to our wondering eyes should appear,
But Dad, the camper, and a long trail of gear!
He chuckled and said, "Let's hit the road
Before our camper decides to explode!"
We all squeezed in, then drove down the street.
I suddenly cried out, "Yikes, We forgot Pete!"
Dad made a U-turn, and Pete jumped inside.
Now we were ready for the ten-hour ride.
I heard Jimmy ask as we drove out of sight,
"Mommy, are we there yet?" She said, "With luck, by tonight."

'Twas the night before Valentine's Day

'Twas the night before Valentine's Day, and all through the town,

Children were busy, not making a sound.

They gathered their scissors, their glitter and glue,

Pink and red paper, and paintbrushes, too.

They made cards that read, "Will you be mine?"

And others that said, "My true valentine."

They trimmed giant hearts with stickers and lace,

And added an arrow tin just the right place.

Then marking the envelopes with each friend's name,

They hoped that their friends were doing the same.

And when they were done, they slept snug in their beds

While visions of candy hearts danced in their heads.

The very next morning it was Valentine's Day!

They grabbed all their cards and went on their way.

The classroom was decked out in red, pink, and white,

With balloons and streamers, so festive and bright.

Someone dropped by with a giant bouquet

Addressed to the teacher, who blushed right away.

The card was signed "From a secret admirer,"

But everyone knew it was Mr. O'Meyer!

They played pin the heart and won goofy toys,

And girls ran away from kissy-faced boys.

The art teacher came and painted kids' faces.

She put hearts on cheeks and sillier places.

At last it was time to deliver the cards.

Look! One for Lisa, Jim and Bernard.

They opened them up, read them and smiled,
And laughed at the cards that were totally wild.
Then they ate goodies, sweet cherries, and grapes,
And drank punch with ice cubes in little heart shapes.
And just when they thought the party was done,
A knock on the door came at quarter past one.
When what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But the principal himself dressed in full Cupid gear!
His arrows—how golden!
His bow—curved and tight!
The wig that he wore was a comical sight.
He spoke not a word and was gone in a minute,
Leaving a present behind, Now what could be in it?
They read Cupid's note as he leapt down the hall:
"Happy Valentine's Day to one and to all!"