

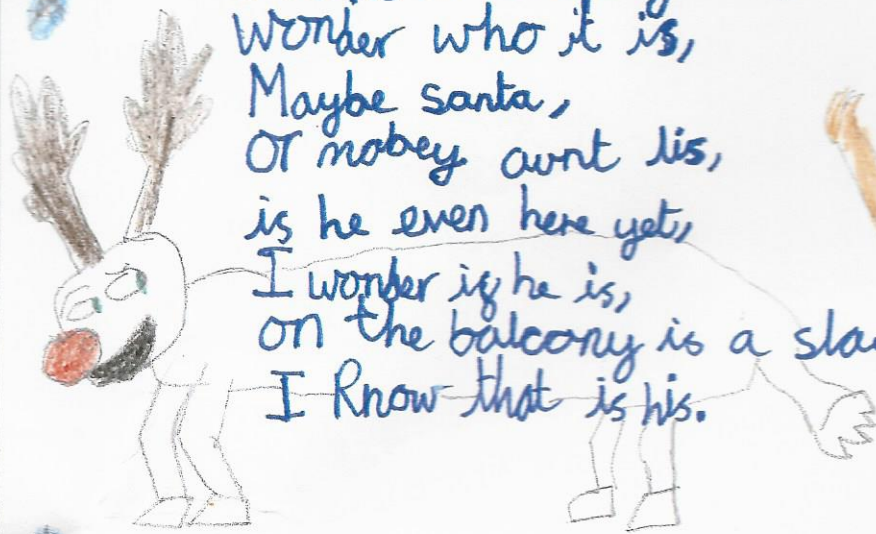
Christmas Eve



I'm going to bed now,
Cant wait to see,
To go down stairs and,
How amasing it will be,
I need to have a peek,
A little one in the stocking,
I think I can see a
mini horse that is made for rocking.



There is thumping now,
Wonder who it is,
Maybe santa,
Or nobey awnt lis,
is he even here yet,
I wonder if he is,
on the balcony is a slayr,
I know that is his.



By Nothaniel Davis age:11

