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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Santa Claus

Every year, on the night before Christmas, Santa Claus comes. He rides in a sleigh drawn by tiny reindeer with bells on their harnesses. Tinkle, tinkle, ring the bells, and trit-trot, go the little deer to carry Santa Claus over the world. Santa Claus dresses in fur from his head to his heels. His leggings are fur, his coat is fur, and he wears a fur cap pulled down over his ears, for the winds of the winter are icy cold.

O-o-o-o, sing the winds, tink, tinkle, ring the bells, and trit-trot, go the little deer when Santa Claus rides over the world. Santa Claus's beard is as white as the snow, and his cheeks are as red as apples, and his eyes are as bright as the twinkling stars that look from the sky to see him ride.



Twinkle, twinkle, shine the stars, O-o-o-o, sing the winds, tink, tinkle, ring the bells, and trit-trot, go the little deer when Santa Claus rides over the world. Santa Claus is old, old as the hills, but he is strong as a giant, and on his back he carries a pack, and the pack is

full of toys. He has dolls and drums, and balls and tops, wagons and sleds, tea sets with blue roses painted on them, and horns with red and white stripes; and all of them are for little children. As soon as the children are asleep on Christmas Eve, Santa Claus comes to fill their stockings with good things and give them beautiful gifts. He knows just what the children want, every one of them, and he laughs for joy as he rides away.



Ho! Ho! laughs Santa Claus, twinkle, twinkle, shine the stars, O-o-o-o, sing the winds, tink, tinkle, ring the bells, and trit-trot, go the little deer when Santa Claus rides over the world.

The children never see him come. If he hears so much as a laugh or a whisper in the house he stays outside till all is quiet. Once upon a time there was a little boy who did not want to go to bed on the night before Christmas. "I shall sit up and see Santa Claus," he said. He hung his stocking by the mantel, and sat in his mother's big rocking chair and waited, and watched, and waited; but all that he saw was a little gray mouse, though he stayed awake till everybody but his mother was in bed, and he could not keep his eyes open another minute. The last thing he saw as he went to sleep was the stocking hanging just where he had put it, and there was nothing in it; but—do you believe it?—when he waked up next morning it was full of goodies

from tip to toe; and right in front of the fireplace was a wagon with red wheels! "Santa Claus has been here," said the little boy; and he clapped his hands, for he was happy as could be.

All the world is happy when Santa Claus comes. Trit-trot, go the little deer, tink, tinkle, ring the bells, O-o-o-o, sing the winds, twinkle, twinkle, shine the stars, and Ho! Ho! laughs Santa Claus, as he rides over the world to fill the children's stockings, and to bring beautiful gifts.

