THE DRAGON WITH THE BLAZING BOTTOM AT CHRISTMAS!

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'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the fireplace with care,
Twinkling in hope for the gifts they would share.

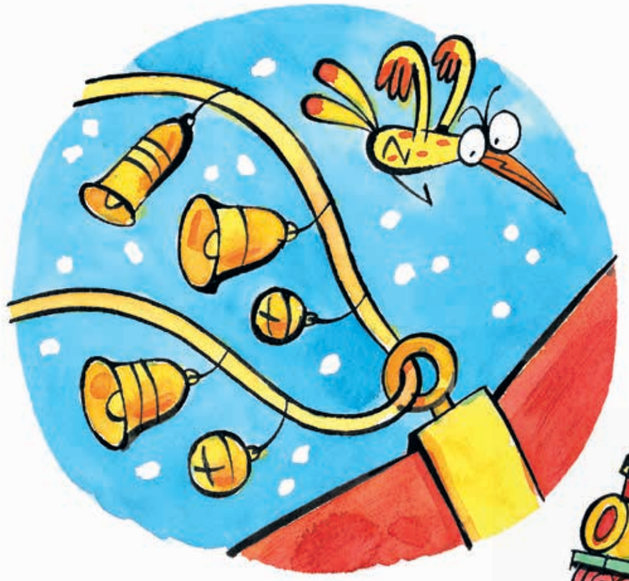
The grown-ups were snuggled all warm in their beds,
As snowflakes and moonbeams danced in their heads.





And I, in my jim jams with teddy held tight,
Was just getting ready to turn out the light . . .

When all of a sudden I heard a strange noise –



Like the jingle of bells . . .



or the jangle of toys.



I rushed to the window and gasped in surprise,
As a magical vision greeted my eyes.



Father Christmas himself dressed in red head to toe,
With a billowing beard that shimmered like snow
And a star-dusted sleigh that blazed through the sky . . .