



To Andrew and Briar, Merry Christmas!

C. C.



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Santa's New Reindeer



Caroline Crowe  Jess Pauwels

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One week to go till **Christmas Day** ...
The final touches underway –

Santa smiled. “What could go wrong?”



A ribbon here, a flourish there,
And presents piled up everywhere.

He didn't have to wait too long ...

Out of the sky a whirling blur
Of antlers, legs, and soft brown fur



Came **crashing** through the workshop roof!



And that's how Rudolph sprained his hoof.

Poor Santa was in quite a tizzy.

“I *said* those tricks
would make him dizzy.”



The reindeer vet did what she could,
But shook her head. It was no good.

The sleigh team ran some reindeer sums.

They counted fingers, toes, and thumbs.



With seven reindeer and not eight
They'd fly too slow and get there late!



“We can’t just cancel Christmas Day!”

The elves all chorused in dismay.

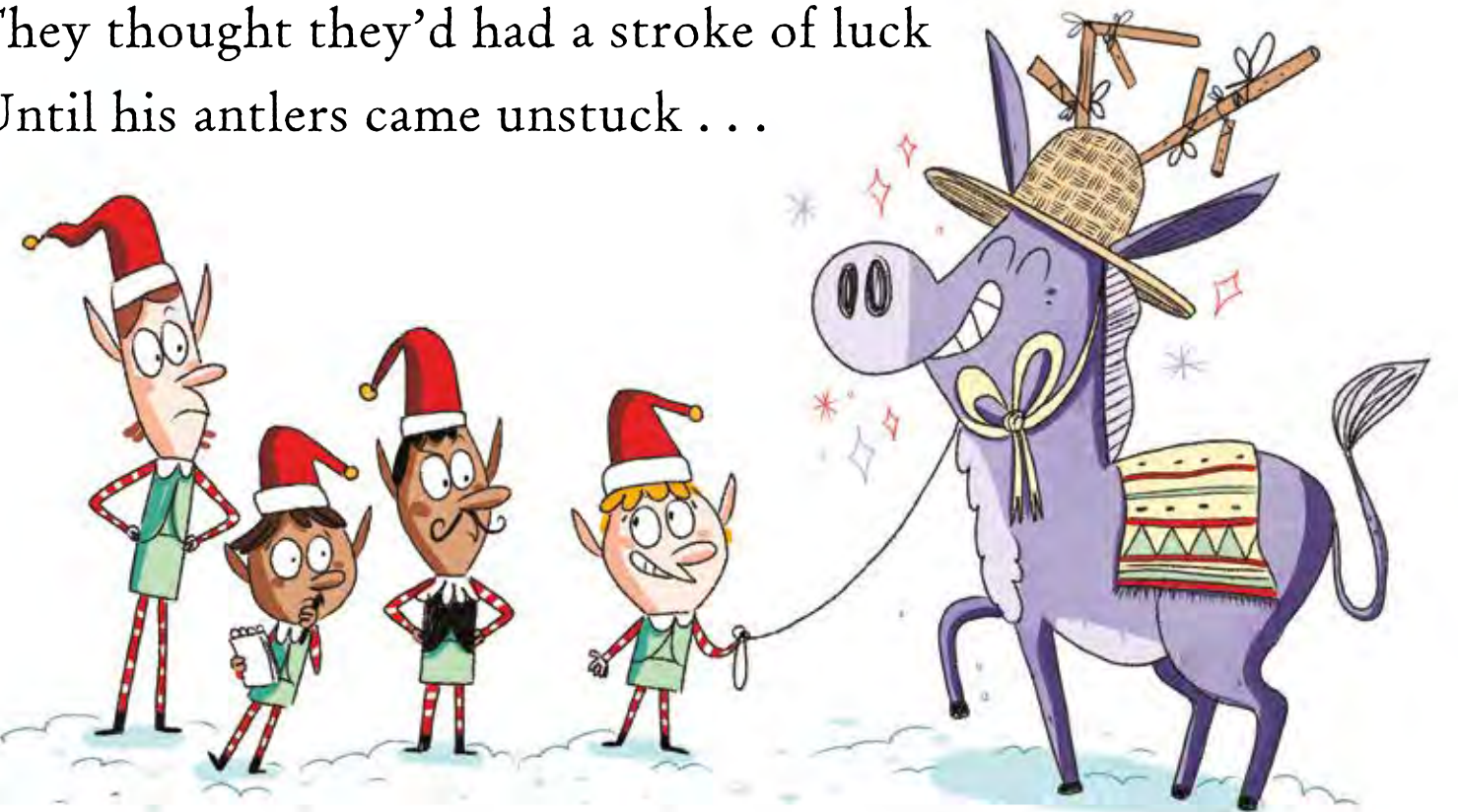


They called their contacts everywhere.

The last one had a reindeer spare!

They thought they’d had a stroke of luck

Until his antlers came unstuck . . .



Santa cried, "That loop the loop,
Has really put us in the poop."
But elves don't waste time on despair.
"We'll get that sleigh up in the air!"



Which animal can take his place?
A cheetah runs a decent pace!"
"Too fast," thought Rudolph, nervously.
"Especially if she wants some tea!"

