



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Denis Iliev 4th grade

It was the night before Christmas, it was freezing outside, snowflakes danced in the air like little ice princesses, and the moon shone over them like their mother. It was warm inside the house, the fire in the fireplace was so joyful and it played, illuminating the room like a little sun. And what to see - in the distance there was a miniature sleigh and eight little deer. And in front, an old man with a white beard was leading them and shouting happily at them - no doubt it was Santa Claus. The roof tiles were pounding and then I saw in the sleigh a huge sack, probably full of toys for all obedient children. snow-white beard, and on his back was a large bag of toys. With an elongated face and a small round belly that shook like jelly every time he laughed, I couldn't help but laugh with joy when I saw him. But with just a glance he let me know that there was nothing funny and I was sorry. He got on his sleigh, shouted at the deer and they flew into the beautiful, peaceful night. which looked like thousands of beautiful diamonds. There was a whistle that woke me up and with shining and happy eyes I looked through the window at the magic. I began to see you closer and clearer and I heard Santa calling them by name: - Come on Dasher, come on Prancer! Come on Dancer and Vixen! Now Comet and Cupid, Dunder and Blixen! Aim for the roof! During this time the old man jumped into the chimney and seconds later fell into the room with a bang. He looked exactly as I had imagined - the eyes, the tingles, the red nose. work and fill all the socks with gifts. When he

finished, he nodded politely and in a few seconds disappeared back into the fireplace. As he walked away, I heard him shout: - Merry Christmas everyone!





