

Twas The Night Before Christmas

Gift Exchange

Author:

*Unknown- if anyone knows who originally created this idea, please let me know!
I would love to give credit!*

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Everyone participating in the game should sit in a circle holding a gift. When the word "right" is read aloud, each guest passes their gift to the right. When the word "left" is read aloud, each guest passes the gift to their left. Once the story has finished being read, the gift in the recipient's lap is theirs to keep!

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Twas The Night Before Christmas Story

Twas the night RIGHT before Christmas when RIGHT through the house,
Not a creature was LEFT stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung RIGHT by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be RIGHT there.

The children were nestled RIGHT snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced RIGHT around in their heads.

And mama LEFT in her kerchief, and I LEFT in my cap.
We had just settled RIGHT down for a long winter's nap.

When RIGHT out on the LEFT lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang RIGHT from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the RIGHT window I LEFT like a flash;
Tore open the RIGHT shutters and threw up the LEFT sash.

The moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow,
LEFT the luster of midday to objects RIGHT below.

When what to my wondering eyes RIGHT should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver RIGHT lively and quick;
I knew RIGHT in a moment it must be St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles LEFT his coursers they came;
And he whistled and shouted, and called them RIGHT by name:

“Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donner and Blitzen!

To the RIGHT top of the porch! To the LEFT top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash RIGHT away all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet RIGHT with an obstacle, mount RIGHT up to the sky.

So RIGHT up to the housetop the coursers they LEFT flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard RIGHT on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little RIGHT and LEFT hoof,

As I drew in my head and was turning around down,
The LEFT side of the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, RIGHT from his head to his LEFT foot,
And his clothes were all LEFT tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he flung RIGHT on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His RIGHT and LEFT eyes, oh how they twinkled!

His dimples? Oh, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was LEFT drawn up like a bow!
And the beard LEFT on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held RIGHT in his teeth,
And the smoke— it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was RIGHT chubby and plump, a RIGHT, RIGHT jolly old elf,
And I was LEFT laughing when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink of his LEFT eye and a LEFT twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing LEFT to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went RIGHT straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; LEFT to RIGHT then turned with a jerk.

And laying his finger to the LEFT of his nose,
And giving a nod, he LEFT... Up the chimney, he rose.

He sprang RIGHT to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all LEFT like the dawn of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, as he LEFT—out of sight,
“Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!”