

A card for Santa's plate

Cut it out, fold it along the dotted line and stand it by the plate. The poem faces you.

Santa

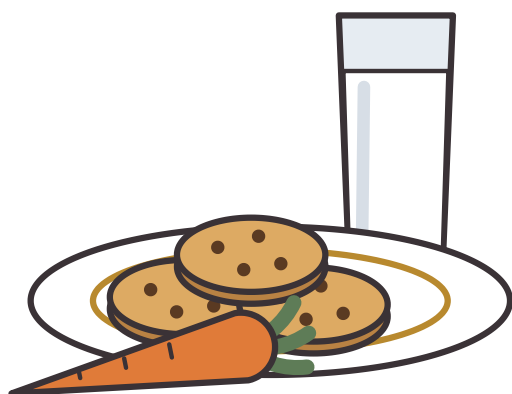
A NOTE FROM SANTA



A plate of cookies, one, two, three,
a glass of milk beside the tree,
a carrot for the reindeer's crunch,
and that is Santa's midnight lunch.
Now off to bed and shut your eyes,
no peeking at the starry skies.
He only comes, as you all know,
when everybody's sleeping. Go!

READ IT ALOUD, THEN OFF TO BED

FOLD



For Santa

Cookies and milk for Santa, and a carrot
for the reindeer.

LOVE FROM

A card for Father Christmas

Cut it out, fold it along the dotted line and stand it by the plate. The poem faces you.

Santa

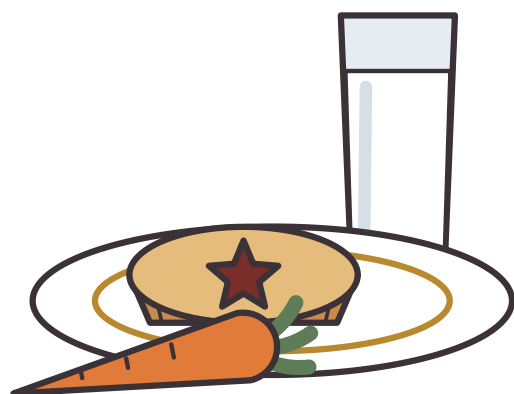
A NOTE FROM FATHER CHRISTMAS



A mince pie, warm as warm can be,
a glass of milk beside the tree,
a carrot for the reindeer's crunch,
and that's his little midnight lunch.
Now off to bed and shut your eyes,
no peeking at the starry skies.
He only comes, as you all know,
when everybody's sleeping. Go!

READ IT ALOUD, THEN OFF TO BED

FOLD



For Father Christmas

A mince pie for Father Christmas, and a
carrot for the reindeer.

LOVE FROM
