

## NOT “THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS” INTRODUCTION

By Tracy Hanson

Carol Montgomery, friend and fellow readers’ theater guru, wrote this as a take-off from “Twas the Night Before Christmas” in 2010. How appropriate the story is in 2020 when we are all worrying about Santa in this pandemic. You can find this and many other scripts on her website, [Reader’s Theater All Year](#). She also included a number of links which I will share here with you.

[“Twas the Night Before Christmas Poem”](#) with the history of the story.

[“Mexican Version of the Night Before Christmas”](#)—uses many Spanish words.

Unusual website from the St. Nicholas Center [“Discovering the Truth About Santa Claus”](#). There are numerous resources here including this page with links to plays, skits, and scripts.

This is the start of the kid’s section on [St. Nicholas](#)--with stories, online activities, games, puzzles, and printables.

This page for children, from the extensive website on St. Nicholas, is entitled [“The Real Santa”](#) and tells the story of Nicholas.

### Videos on YouTube:

1. This is a folk-style parody of the Jolly Old St. Nicholas song by Sam Stokes with a funny health perspective: [“Jolly Old St. Nicholas—Change Your Ways!”](#) Pictures of Santa accompany the song.
2. A 5-year-old boy sings and plays [“Jolly Old St. Nicholas.”](#) This poem is rich for teaching vocabulary and blends. Because we know the story so well, we don’t often pay attention. I found discussing the sequence of the story very helpful in the overall comprehension.

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Script by Tracy Hanson

<b>NARRATOR 1</b>	<b>NARRATOR 2</b>	<b>CHILD 1</b>	<b>CHILD 2</b>	<b>MOM</b>	<b>DAD</b>
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**NARRATOR 1:** Twas a week before Christmas and all through the house,  
Ev’ry creature was stirring, especially the mouse!

**NARRATOR 2:** The cookies were stuffed in the freezer with care. All ready  
for Grandpa who soon would be there.

**CHILD 2:** The children were busy, not snug in their beds, but making more  
cookies so all would be fed.

**DAD:** Mom in her apron, and I in my cap, stroked Frosty, our cat,  
who was taking a nap.

**NARRATOR 1:** When out in the kitchen they heard a big clatter,  
Dad sprang from his chair to look into the matter.

**DAD:** Away to the doorway I flew like a flash,  
But, slipped in the eggs and splashed down with a crash!

**NARRATOR 2:** Mom raced in behind him to help where she could,  
Exploded with laughter—as other girls would...

**MOM:** Then, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But flour all over my husband, so dear.

**DAD:** So, like an old rooster, I warmed broken eggs,  
Thank God I was conscious, with no broken legs.

**NARRATOR 1:** More rapid than eagles the children they came,  
Mom whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

**MOM:** “Now, Donald! Now, Daniel! Now, Darrel and Dale! !  
Come, Debra! Come, Darla! Come Gary and Gail!”  
“Grab rags and your dad! Grab the broom and the pan!  
Now clean away! Clean away! Fast as you can!”

**NARRATOR 1:** Like doctors who fly to the scene of a crash,  
The children all flew to obey with a dash.

**CHILD 1:** “Get up Daddy Dear, your poor clothes are a mess;  
You’re dripping and slipping from batter, we guess.”

**CHILD 2:** “We’re sorry the stuff is all over the room;  
We’ll clean it all up with some rags and a broom.”

**DAD:** And then, in a twinkling, I heard from my wife,  
Giggles and toots like a boy with a fife.

**NARRATOR 2:** Dad wobbled his head and was turning around,  
When Frosty appeared, coming in with a bound.

**NARRATOR 1:** All dressed in cat fur, from his head to his toes,  
His tail was now flapping, like a soft rubber hose.

**CHILD 1:** A mousekin so dear he had hung from his teeth,  
It wiggled and jiggled from sheer disbelief.

**NARRATOR 2:** Cat eyes—how they twinkled! His whiskers seemed merry!  
His tail now a flagpole; his nose like a berry.

**CHILD 2:** His cute little mouth was drawn up like a bow, The ears on his  
head were as white as the snow.

**CHILD 1:** Poor tail of the mouse he held light in his teeth,  
The awe it instilled crowned his head like a wreath.

**MOM:** Our Frosty’s soft face and his little round belly,  
Had scared the poor mouse who was shaking like jelly.

**DAD:** The mousekin was chubby, no jolly old elf,  
I laughed when I saw it, in spite of myself.

**NARRATOR 1:** Dad winked his left eye and he twisted his head,  
While watching the show by the cat, who’s well-fed.

**NARRATOR 2:** Cat spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And carried poor Mouse to the door with a jerk.

**CHILD 1:** Then waving his tail like a flag in the wind,  
He blinked, then he nodded, and shared a big grin.

**CHILD 2:** I jumped to the door and it flung open wide,  
Our cat freed that mouse; empty-teeth raced inside.

**DAD:** He sprang to the chair, since his duty was done;  
And gave us this story to share just for fun.

**ALL: MERRY CHRISTMAS!**