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Opening extract from
The Nights Before Christmas

Written & Illustrated by
Tony Ross

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Contents



| | |
|---|----|
| <i>A</i> Message from the Illustrator | 1 |
| 1 <i>A</i> Visit from St Nicholas By Clement Clarke Moore | 3 |
| 2 <i>The</i> Christmas Fairy of Strasbourg Retold by J. Stirling Coyne | 9 |
| 3 <i>The</i> Fir Tree By Hans Christian Andersen | 15 |
| 4 <i>The</i> Nativity From the King James Bible | 27 |
| 5 <i>Papa</i> Panov's Special Christmas Retold by Leo Tolstoy | 31 |
| 6 <i>Good</i> King Wenceslas By John Mason Neale | 39 |
| 7 <i>The</i> Elves and the Shoemaker By the Brothers Grimm | 43 |
| 8 <i>An</i> extract from <i>A</i> Christmas Carol By Charles Dickens | 47 |



| | | |
|----|--|-----|
| 9 | <i>Why the Evergreen Trees Never Lose their Leaves</i> | 53 |
| | By Florence Holbrook | |
| 10 | <i>An extract from The Wind in the Willows</i> | 57 |
| | By Kenneth Grahame | |
| 11 | <i>The Snow Queen</i> | 71 |
| | By Hans Christian Andersen | |
| 12 | <i>The Twelve Days of Christmas</i> | 111 |
| | Traditional | |
| 13 | <i>Old Fezziwig's Party</i> | 117 |
| | By Charles Dickens | |
| 14 | <i>Professor Branestawm's Christmas Tree</i> | 123 |
| | By Norman Hunter | |
| 15 | <i>In the Bleak Midwinter</i> | 131 |
| | By Christina Rossetti | |
| 16 | <i>The Selfish Giant</i> | 135 |
| | By Oscar Wilde | |
| 17 | <i>An extract from Little Women</i> | 143 |
| | By Louisa May Alcott | |

| | | |
|----|--|-----|
| 18 | <i>The Christmas Truce</i> | 165 |
| | From the <i>New York Times</i> | |
| 19 | <i>In the Week When Christmas Comes</i> | 169 |
| | By Eleanor Farjeon | |
| 20 | <i>Letter to Susy</i> | 173 |
| | By Mark Twain | |
| 21 | <i>A Kidnapped Santa Claus</i> | 177 |
| | By L. Frank Baum | |
| 22 | <i>Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus</i> | 195 |
| | By Francis Pharcellus Church | |
| 23 | <i>The Little Match-Seller</i> | 199 |
| | By Hans Christian Andersen | |
| 24 | <i>The Story of the Christ-Child</i> | 205 |
| | By Elizabeth Harrison | |
| | <i>About the Authors and Stories</i> | 214 |





NIGHT

1



A Visit from St Nicholas

By Clement Clarke Moore



A Visit from St Nicholas

By Clement Clarke Moore

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap –

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

