2021 Holiday Party Madlibs

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

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of Christmas Cookies danced in their heads;
And mamma in her Scarf, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down 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 Bermuda I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the old snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature Candle, and eight tiny tardigrades,

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

"Now, Water Engineer! now, Scuba Diver! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!
On, COMET! on CUPID! on, Brad-jolena!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!*

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of apples, and St. George Clooney too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little arm.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. George Clooney came with a bound.

He was dressed all in hard hat, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a masseuse just opening his pack.

His nose how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a kiwi!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as magenta as the snow;

The stump of a glasses he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of pizza.

He was slinky and overgrown, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And **climbed** all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And **exploding** his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight,
**Hasta la vista** TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!