

## **Read Along to...Man in Red** 🌟

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### **Look into your imagination and find...**

#### **Man in Red**

Once upon a midnight dreary, came a figure oh so clearly,  
A man rotund all dressed in red, crept silently beneath my bed,  
I followed him 'til I could see, him steal my gifts beneath our tree,  
And as I was about to shout, I pinched my arm removing doubt.  
On yelp he turned, fell on our pouf, then scampered up onto the roof,  
I yelled, I screamed, my Mum came in, 'a man,' I shrieked, 'with twisted grin.'

As I sat down my Mum she told, me stories of this Santa old,  
Convinced, I wasn't, of his good, why creep around beneath a hood?  
I pondered long upon this thought, this bearded thief, soot-prints he brought,  
This Santa fella, bringing toys? Why eat our food, why make such noise?  
'I'm not convinced,' I told my Mum, 'if he's so good why drink our rum?'  
My Mum she laughed, and snorted out, her wine, then hugged, I still had doubt.

A year passed by as midnight struck, I sat up waiting for this buck,  
As surely as each year you age, the man strolled in, bag large and beige,  
I've waited a long time for this, you thieving man, trespass in bliss,  
You took my pies, my milk and still, you crunched my carrots at your will,  
I know you Claus, I know your game, but still you collect up all the fame,  
You fraud in red, your cheeks all rosy, butter melts? You must be dozy.

Now this is where I face you down, and from you take your Christmas crown,  
He looked in shock for he could see, me swing from lights down from our tree,

Prepared I wasn't, his eyes went up, and from his hand a pie he chucked,

It hit me full, it hit me clean, I knew this man, I knew him mean.

But as I fell upon the floor he picked me up and laughed and roared,

'Young girl, confused, men aren't all bad, we'll take a trip to calm your mad.'

I refused, my hands clenched in a fist, but he just smiled, 'don't make my list!'

And magically as crisp fresh snow, as jingles rang, my heart fell slow,

For out the window popped six deer, on wooden sled, I laughed and cheered.

'Quickly girl, I've not all night, time's ticking, hurry, let's take flight,'

I jumped upon his mystic sled and through the town the deer they led,

With every drop my heart did melt and in the end t'was this I felt...

A love for him had broken through, I looked at Santa, face all blue, and this I said, a thought so true....

'All I need in life is you.'