

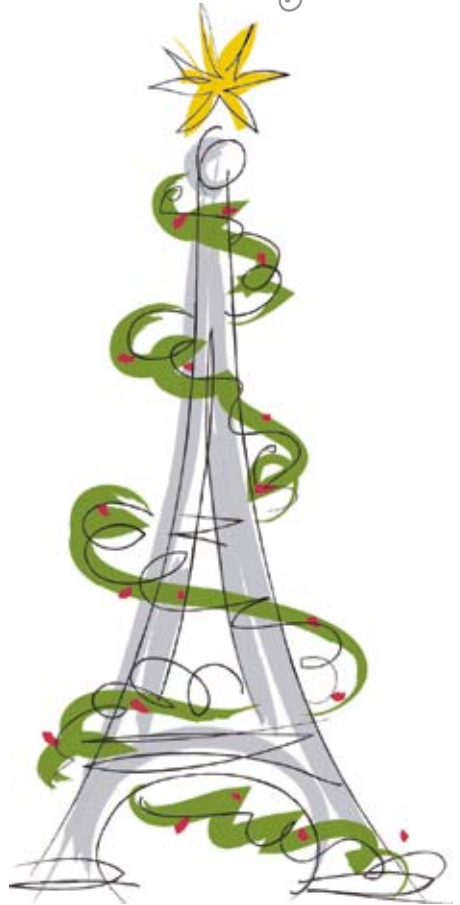


THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS

in Paris

THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

PHILLIPS AND HERNDON



\$9.99 U.S.
Gift/Holiday

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BETTY LOU PHILLIPS AND ROBLYN HERNDON

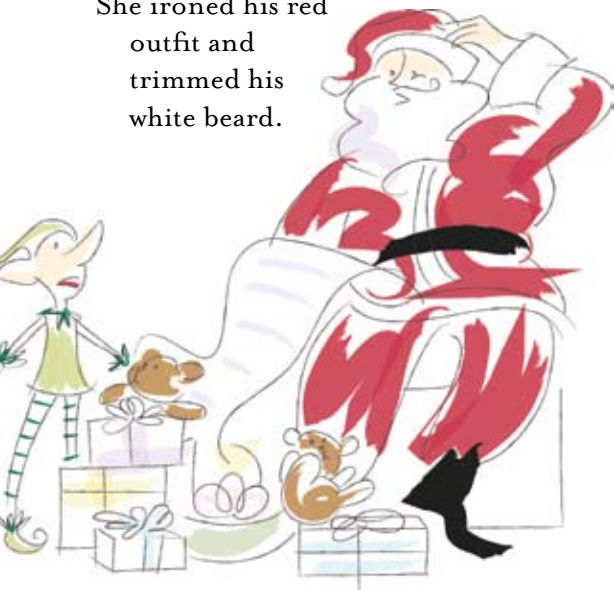
ILLUSTRATED BY SHERYL DICKERT



Twas the week before Christmas!
All over the world
The children were breathless
as visions unfurled
Of the magical time when their
dreams would take flight
And the sweet sound of sleigh bells
would ring in the night.

But Santa was frantic—
he wasn't elated,
For his dear Mrs. Claus
could not be located.
The lists were not finished;
the maps were a mess,
And where to deliver
was anyone's guess.

Santa's sweet wife
was indeed indispensable.
To question her value
was quite reprehensible.
She took care of Santa,
the man she revered.
She ironed his red
outfit and
trimmed his
white beard.





But she'd flown off to Paris
One day in September
For a Fashion Week peek and
she'd vowed to remember
To fly back at once
after sampling the food,
Enhancing her wardrobe,
and lifting her mood.



Do you think I could miss it
and end up in Spain?
No, there's no chance of that
if I steer by the Seine,
And Paris stands out,
for it sparkles a lot.
The City of Light will be
easy to spot!"

"I'll look for a landmark,"
he heard himself say,
"The tall Eiffel Tower
will show us the way."
He rapidly planned
his descent in the sleigh
And glided to earth on the
Champs-Élysées.



No wait! I've the answer!
She'd have a brief rest
In her *luxe* hotel suite,
which I'm sure is the best.
She'd circle the fabulous
Rue de la Paix,
The Place Vendôme windows
she'd catch on the way.

So it's on to the Rita,
where a doorman would loom
To fling wide the door,
and she'd head to her room.
Mon Dieu! She's not here.
I am knocking in vain,
Am I doomed to explore
the whole city again?