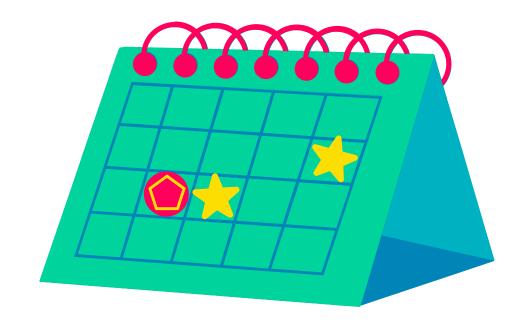
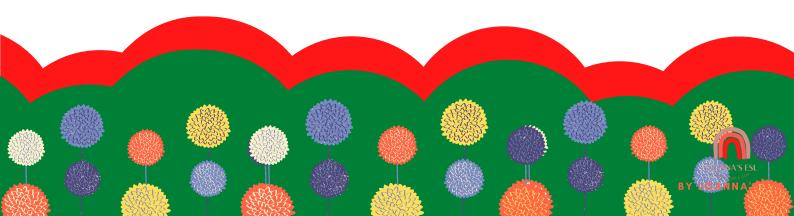


A SET OF ACTIVITIES FOR FOUR X-MAS
CLASSES



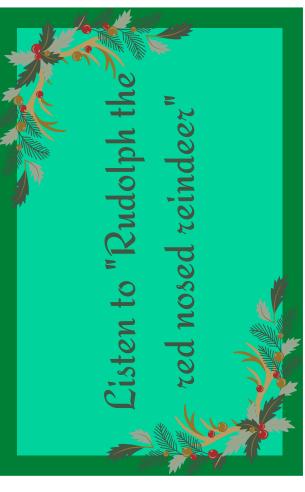
START EACH CLASS WITH A HOLIDAY MOOD!



















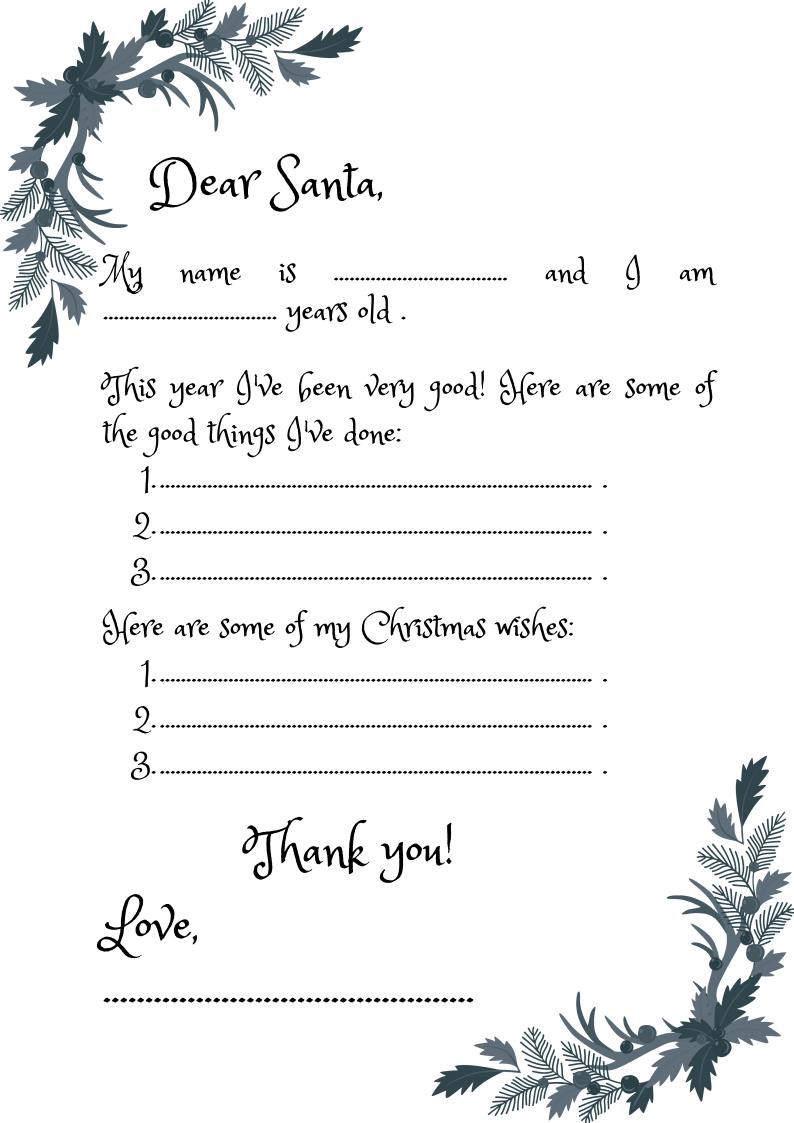




STUDENTS DISCUSS ALL THE NICE THINGS THEY'VE DONE THIS YEAR AND THEIR CHRISTMAS WISHES. STUDENTS WRITE A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

ADDITIONALLY, YOU CAN ALSO MAKE OR DECORATE ENVELOPES.









COMPLETE THE VOCABULARY BY IDENTIFYING THE PICTURES. LISTEN TO 'RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER' AND FILL IN THE GAPS.

NOSE

FOGGY GAMES REINDEER

HISTORY SANTA

LAUGH

SLEIGH





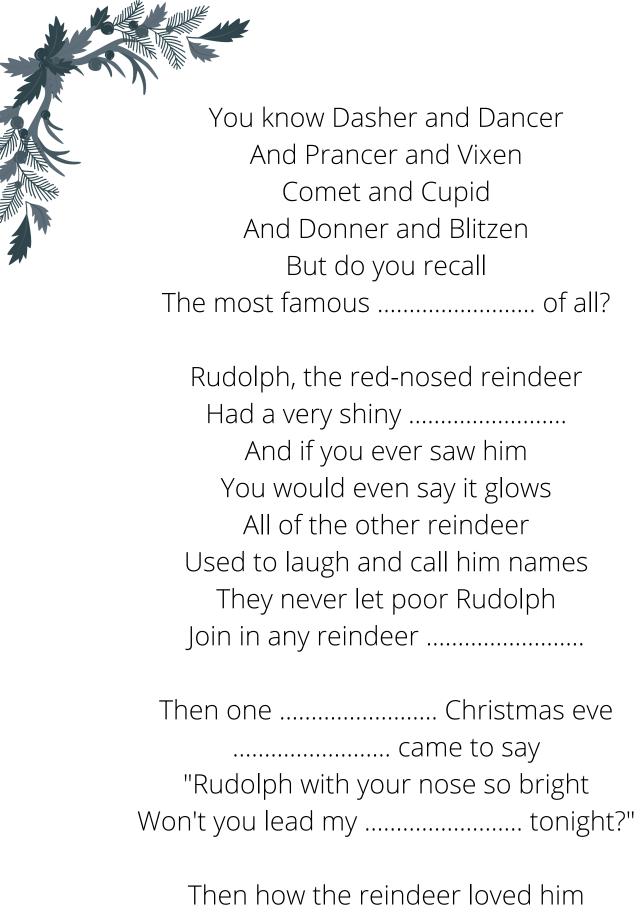












Then how the reindeer loved him As they shouted out with glee "Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer You'll go down in"



FOGGY

GAMES

HISTORY

LAUGH

NOSE

REINDEER

SANTA

SLEIGH



NOSE



GAMES



SLEIGH



HISTORY



FOGGY



SANTA



LAUGH



REINDEER

ANSWERS

You know Dasher and Dancer
And Prancer and Vixen
Comet and Cupid
And Donner and Blitzen
But do you recall
The most famousreindeer... of all?

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer
Had a very shinynose
And if you ever saw him
You would even say it glows
All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him names
They never let poor Rudolph
Join in any reindeergames

Then onefoggy Christmas eve
Santa came to say
"Rudolph with your nose so bright
Won't you lead mysleigh tonight?"

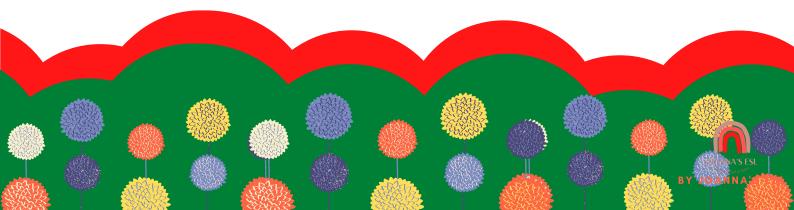
Then how the reindeer loved him
As they shouted out with glee
"Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer
You'll go down inhistory...."

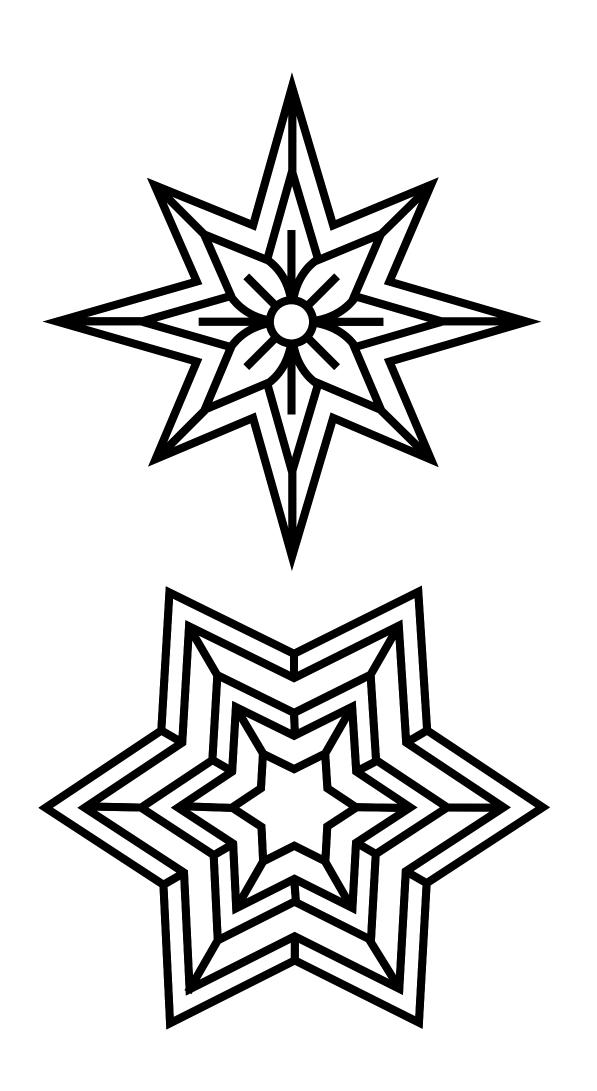


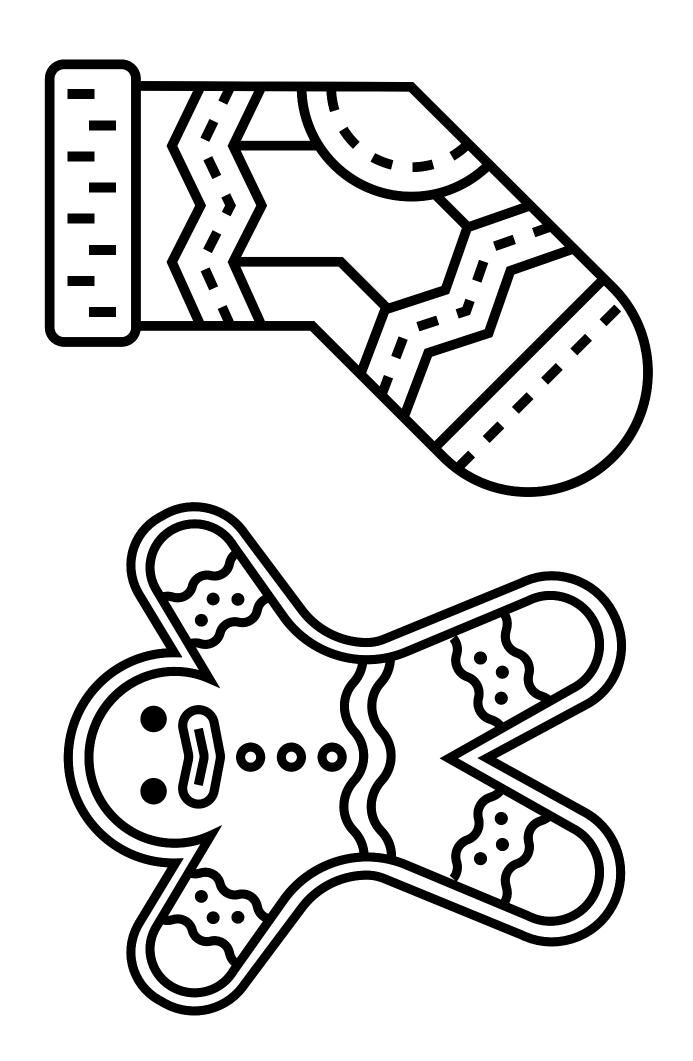


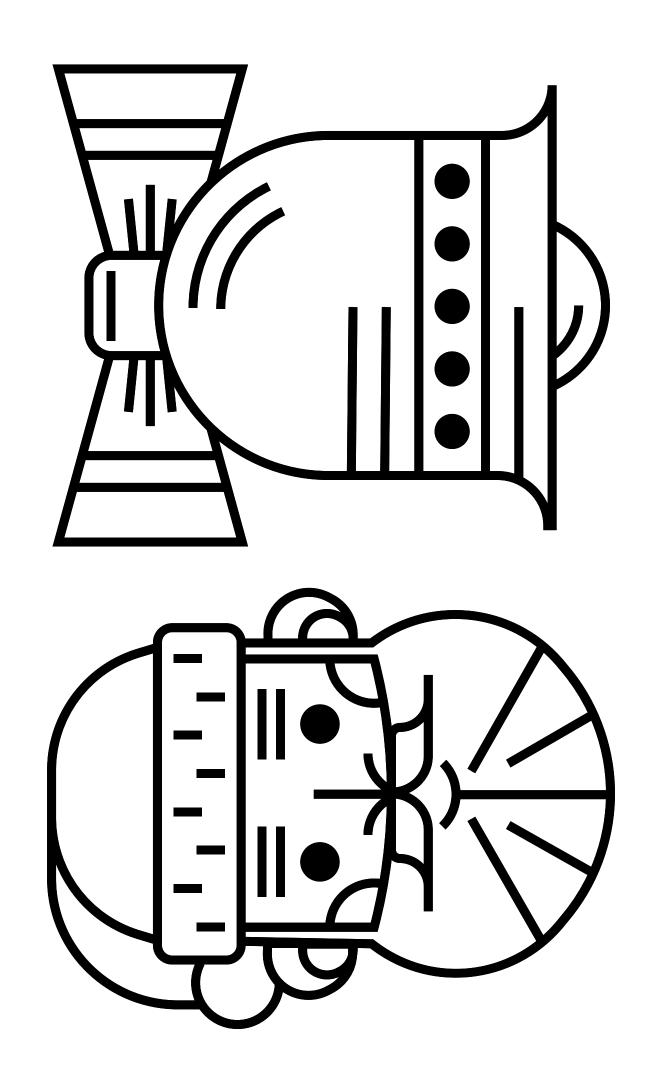
STUDENTS CHOOSE AN ORNAMENT SHAPE, CUT IT OUT AND COLOUR IT. USE THEM TO DECORATE YOUR CLASSROOM.

TIP: PRINT THE ORNAMENTS ON A POSTER BOARD OR GLUE THEM ONTO A CARDBOARD.

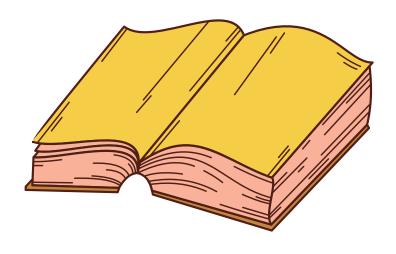




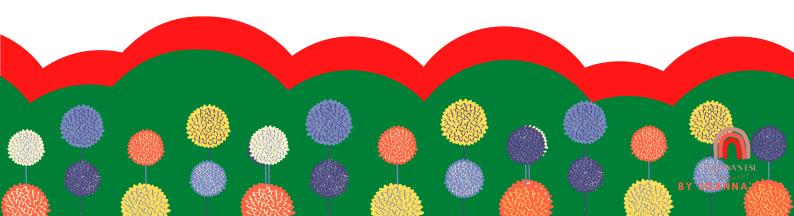








READ 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND COMPLETE THE GAPS WITH THE MISSING WORDS.



Twas the Night Before Christmas by Clement Clarke Moore

Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro	ough the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a	· ;
The were hung by the chimr	ney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would b	pe there;
The children were nestled all snug in their	
While visions of sugar-plums danced in th	neir heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in i	my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's	z ^z ,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,	
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.	
Away to the I flew like a flash,	
Tore open the shutters and threw up t	he sash.
The on the breast of the new	w-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects	below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,	
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny	

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,	
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.	
More rapid than his coursers they came,	
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;	
"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!	
On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONNER and BLITZEN!	
To the top of the porch! to the top of the!	
Now dash away! dash away all!"	
As dry 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 full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.	
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the	
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.	
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,	
Down the St. Nicholas came with a bound.	
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his	
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;	
A bundle of he had flung on his back,	
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.	

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a !
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the *;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
Ho was shubby and plump, a right jolly old
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his 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 filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!

Twas the Night Before Christmas by Clement Clarke Moore

'Twas 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 <u>beds</u>,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled down for a long winter's <u>nap</u>

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the <u>window</u> I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The <u>moon</u> on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny <u>reindeer</u>,



With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than <u>eagles</u> his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!

On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONNER and BLITZEN!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the _______!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry <u>leaves</u> 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 <u>sleigh</u> full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the <u>roof</u>
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,
Down the <u>chimney</u> St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his <u>foot</u>

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of <u>toys</u> he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.



His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a <u>cherry</u>!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the <u>snow</u>;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a <u>wreath</u>

He had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old <u>elf</u>
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his <u>eye</u> 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 filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his <u>finger</u> aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a <u>whistle</u> And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!