FOODSHARE DONATIONS: Acton Jiu-Jitsu junior students and instructors collected donations for Acton's FoodShare.

Submitted photo



Reindeer legends

Reindeer made good animals to have become a part of the Christmas legend, since they lived in very cold northern climates and were therefore unfamiliar to most people in the world. Reindeer can grow up to six feet long and about three feet high with wide hoofs that spread, allowing them to walk on snow by spreading their weight over a larger area. Their antlers and short legs give them a distinct look. Reindeer have been domesticated and have been used for centuries to pull loads on sleds in snowy regions.

Ordinary and flying reindeer are common symbols associated with Christmas because of the association with Santa Claus. This legend of eight flying reindeer most likely originated and was made popular by the poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas" by Clement Clarke Moore. The poem was first published in early 1823, as listed below.

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.

all snug in their beds, While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.

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

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's пар.

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 mid*day 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!

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!

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 Toys, and St Nicholas too.

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

He was dressed all in fur, 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 peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe 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 jelly!

He was chubby and plump, 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 filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk. And laying 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, 'ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all,





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