

'Twas the night before Christmas and out in the ❄️



The snowmobiles sat, all in a row.




It was out through the woods, and down by the creek
The race had been planned for many a week.




Across the meadow, to the top of the hill
The jump at the bottom would be quite a thrill.



The big  sat ready to leap.

While some hoped that **POLARIS** would be top of the heap.



The light footed , though twice had been beat,
Promised tonight to put on the heat!




The drivers were running around in the pit,
So busy preparing, there was no time to sit.
When off to the north and out of the blue,
Came the mighty roar of a six seventy two!

Two long straight pipes with a seat in between
any one could see it was a super machine.
With a little old driver, so short and so fat
in a red snowsuit and a red stocking hat.



As quick as a wink, he was there in the pit
and you could see all the drivers were worried a bit.
Cause, if he had come to race that machine,
The competition would be more than keen.

But the worried looks soon  turned to joys
When they discovered the  tote bag was stuffed full of toys.
And the little old driver,  so jolly and quick
everyone knew was  certainly St. Nick.



This two cycle job, much faster than Vixen,
And more fun to drive than Donner and Blitzen.
Is now Santa's way of getting around
With time to play between each town.

He unfastened some hooks, and flipped up the hood.
You could see that engine was nothing but good.
He open a can with a quick little crank,
And dumped some nitro into the tank.



He slammed down the hood when the tank was full,
Jumped on the seat, gave the starter a pull.
A great big roar, from under the track
The snow began pouring about forty feet back.
And I heard him exclaim, as he went out of sight,

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!

by Ned Earl - Chester, California