



Harriet and the Sugar Plum

With one ear up and one ear down,
And a heart-stamped nose above that
cute little frown,
Harriet made her way to the
Christmas tree.

Exhausted from a full day of Christmas Eve festivities, she was excited to fall asleep under the tree and possibly spot Santa in the middle of the night. Every year, Harriet attempted to stay up late enough to catch a glimpse of the jolly gift giver.

She was never able to stay awake, so she had a new plan this year. If she was going to fall asleep anyway, she might as well sleep under the tree!





Surely she would hear Santa unloading his gifts and wake up in time to finally see him.

She had already set out his sugar cookies, milk, and carrots for the reindeer, sneaking just one bite of carrot for herself to ensure they were fresh enough to refuel his hard workers.

Harriet was all nestled snug under the tree, Dreaming of how red Santa's suit would be. She dreamed of his laugh, his elves, and his sleigh. She dreamt of all the gifts she'd open the next day.

Harriet dreamed of Christmas lunch. She could almost hear all the carrots she'd crunch. She smelled fruits, veggies, and fresh warm bread. Visions of sugar plums danced in her head.





Her belly began to growl,
Her nose began to twitch.
She soon forgot all about jolly old St. Nick.
She stumbled and hopped half asleep down the hall.
She was hungry for those sugar plums most of all!

Harriet found herself in her mother's fruit bowl,
Swimming in plums and eating them whole.
Eating fruits half asleep
'Til she heard such a clatter,
She hopped out of the kitchen
To see what was the matter.





Her eyes darted towards under the tree.
Plenty of presents but no Santa to see.
Her plum-hungry tummy
Distracted her from her mission.
Santa was here
while she sleep-hopped to the kitchen!

With one ear up and one ear down,
And a heart-stamped nose above that cute little frown,
Harriet snuggled back up under the tree,
Although there was no Santa for her to see.
She slept soundly and full of Christmas cheer
As she planned how she'd spot Santa next year.

