



Little Red Bear's Happy Christmas LEFT/RIGHT Gift Exchange Game

A Holiday Reading & Gift-Passing Game



How to Play:

1. Have everyone sit or stand in a circle, each person holding a wrapped gift.
2. Choose someone to read this story aloud from start to finish.
3. Every time you hear the word **LEFT**, everyone passes their gift to the left.
4. Every time you hear the word **RIGHT**, everyone passes their gift to the right.
5. When the story ends, the gift you're holding is yours to open!

Play with new gifts, homemade treats, or wrapped surprises from around the house. Most of all, enjoy the laughter as gifts travel LEFT, RIGHT, and all around the circle!



The Story — Read Aloud and Enjoy!

'Twas the night **RIGHT** before Christmas, and all **RIGHT** thru Hoppers Holler,

Everyone was **LEFT** celebrating, with humans having spent their last dollar.

No one **LEFT** out, all with lights twinkling and bright,

Christmas trees sparkled, with mounds of gifts piled **LEFT** and **RIGHT**.

Ol' Cooter and his Raccoon Platoon marched **RIGHT** on to Little Red Bear's cabin,

On the way to the Christmas dinner, following a day of crabbin'.

LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT they marched **RIGHT** on along,

LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, RIGHT, RIGHT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT – raccoons like to skip and hop when singing a Christmas song.

Turkeys were in no danger, as they were invited, too.

Little Red Bear felt it simply the nice and **RIGHT** thing he should do.

Berries and cherries were **LEFT** thawing, and veggies well prepared,

"All **RIGHT**, almost ready!" Little Red Bear eagerly declared.

Bobo roasted chestnuts in a pan, **LEFT** paw reaching **RIGHT** out over the fire,

While Lily was **LEFT** baking more fruit pies, for they were everyone's desire.

One fish, two fish, red fish, blue fish, **RIGHT** fish and **LEFT** fish.

Little Red Bear's famous fried fish were everyone's dinnertime wish.

Soon there was nothing **LEFT** to do, and there nothing **LEFT** to wrap,

Everything had been done **RIGHT**, with nary a mishap.

LEFT to their own, and **LEFT** hiding not far but just **RIGHT** out of sight,

Floyd the Mouse and his family made their own dinner plans for this special holiday night.

When no one was watching, **RIGHT** out under the table they would dash,

Collecting **LEFT** crumbs, bits, and morsels before they're being tossed **RIGHT** out, and **RIGHT** into the trash.

Indian John sat down to write **RIGHT** beside the fire. He settled **RIGHT** into Little Red Bear's **RIGHT** comfy chair.



But Red didn't mind, **LEFT** happy that Indian John had come to write, and sitting just **RIGHT** there!

To the **LEFT** of the fireplace, red Christmas candles were **LEFT** burning,
Made by Aunt Alma after she'd **RIGHT** finished and **LEFT** her butter churning.
To the **RIGHT** of the fireplace but just **LEFT** of Little Red Bear's favorite rocker,
Cinnamon Charlie was **RIGHT** fast asleep, for Red a **RIGHT** surprise and shocker!
LEFT dreaming of presents and buttery honey crisps,

Those **LEFT** nearby were quiet and spoke only in soft whisps.

'Twas **RIGHT** quiet and peaceful as honey drizzled on leftover crumpets and biscuits,
Swinestein the Pig, on the **LEFT**, spread cream cheese **RIGHT** over some Triscuits.

There was nothing **LEFT** to do, but to have a **RIGHT** happy good time,

When **RIGHT** down the chimney came a thundering rattle and hum –

As Santa Claus then fell **RIGHT** down, tumbled out, and burnt his big ol' bum.

Santa rolled **RIGHT** out of the fireplace and **LEFT** dirty soot upon the rug,

Little Red Bear rushed **RIGHT** over to help him, and Aunt Ivy gave a great big hug.

Oh, what a disaster! A catastrophe! A **RIGHT** calamity it seemed,

After Santa stepping **RIGHT**, slipped **LEFT** and down the chimney careened.

A burnt-bottomed and dazed Santa lay **RIGHT** under the tree,

Gazing **RIGHT** out at gathered wildlife, his first thought was to flee!

After wishing he had **LEFT**, but then **RIGHT** thoughts returning,

He remembered all the children, the presents, and the yearning.

Then Santa stopped his howling, and gave a whimpering cry,

Shook his head **LEFT** and **RIGHT**, then **LEFT**, and **LEFT** once again, and said with a
moanful sigh –

"I've been **RIGHT** 'round the backwoods, all except Butterfield,

But I can't ride my sleigh again until my burnt bottom's been healed.

Oh, what can I do? It's a **RIGHT, RIGHT** royal mess.

I can't miss one town! But I've still one town **LEFT**!" Santa exclaimed in distress.



"**RIGHT** then, Santa, we'll help you out," Little Red Bear excitedly burst forth with a shout.

"Don't worry, Mr. Claus – no child or their presents will be **LEFT** out."

Little Red Bear massaged his **LEFT** temple and thought of Dr. Seuss,

And then **LEFT** his ideas to form and his thoughts to run free and loose.

He thought **RIGHT** and he thought **LEFT**. And then thought up and down.

Then he figured out a way to get Santa's toys **RIGHT** over to the children in Butterfield town.

He called **RIGHT** over Bobo, Lily, Indian John, and Farmer Turner, too,

Because Red knew to do this **RIGHT** would take more than only him, but him plus quite a few.

Little Red Bear put on Santa's hat (where all his magic is **LEFT**, you know),

And hurried out the **RIGHT** door with the others, **RIGHT** there and ready to go!

They all jumped **RIGHT** into the sleigh with no time **LEFT** to wait,

Farmer Turner **LEFT** to steer the reindeer, like his horses heading **RIGHT** out of the gate.

The others were **RIGHT** busy, sorting orders and readying toys **LEFT** in the sleigh,

Santa's reindeer were in a **RIGHT** and proper hurry as all the helper Santas **LEFT**, and flew **RIGHT** on away.

They flew **LEFT** on thru the holler – **LEFT**, **RIGHT**, **RIGHT**, **RIGHT**, **LEFT** dodging around all the trees,

Little Red Bear clung **RIGHT** to Santa's cap, not to lose it in the breeze!

The reindeer raced like a rocket, Rudolph leading the way,

No one **LEFT** on the ground knew it was merely Santa's sleigh!

They raced on, **RIGHT** on their course, swinging **LEFT** at the river, then **RIGHT** around Steamboat Mountain,

Then sailing **RIGHT** past the town of Two Forks with its bright and lovely fountain.

They dashed **RIGHT** over the trees and hilltops, racing **RIGHT** on to Butterfield town.

Meanwhile, a worried Santa was looking on, **LEFT** back in the cabin with a **RIGHT** sorrowful and grumpy frown.



Aunt Alma and Aunt Ivy had been **LEFT** back at Little Red Bear's, **RIGHT** there on Honey Hill,

To care for burnt and roasted Santa, so he wouldn't chill and then take ill.

Aunt Ivy made up a poultice to put **RIGHT** on Santa's toasted bum,

But Santa also had a burn, **RIGHT** on his big red and sore **LEFT** thumb!

Aunt Alma offered hot tea, soup, cakes, mints, and candy,

And in a short while ol' Santa Claus was feeling **RIGHT** and proper dandy.

Aunt Alma summoned Albuquerque the Fox, the little backwoods Sheriff,

Concerned the sleigh crew might be caught and **LEFT** with the weasels' revenue tariff.

So, she sent and **LEFT** Albuquerque to help with their Christmas Eve quest,

"Of course," he assured, "I'll do my **RIGHT** and very best."

The **RIGHT** plan was made and the Sheriff **LEFT RIGHT** away,

Racing off to Butterfield to meet up with the sleigh.

Avoiding the car parks, bustles, houses and busy streets,

He paused for a little dumpster snack, **RIGHT** behind a place just named "Good Eats".

Looking **LEFT** over the ridge he then said with a yawn,

"We can't risk the sleigh being seen **LEFT** here after dawn."

Swerving **LEFT** over houses, veering **RIGHT** over the shops,

Then **RIGHT** over the church, the sleigh crew did all their speedy gift drops.

Little Red Bear and his crew traveled all over Butterfield town,

Leaving presents in each of the houses — **LEFT**, **RIGHT**, **LEFT** and all around, and then both **RIGHT** up and **RIGHT** down.

LEFT on his own, Little Red Bear **LEFT** presents for all the weasels, too.

Because even though they're nasty, it's the **RIGHT** and nicest thing to do, and most surely what Santa himself would do.

Then Albuquerque, **RIGHT** tired from his run but **RIGHT** full of good fox treats,

Leapt into the sleigh and squeezed between the others all snuggled **RIGHT** into their seats.

Then finally they all landed **RIGHT** back where they had **LEFT**,



The **RIGHT** toys all delivered and no children **LEFT** bereft.
The reindeer came to a stop on Little Red Bear's **LEFT** side lawn,
"There's only one home **LEFT** now," Little Red Bear said with a contagious and sleepy yawn.
All the while Cinnamon Charlie had been snuggled asleep in his bed,
Dreaming of sugarplums **LEFT**, and of fishing with their good friend Turtle Fred.
Little Red Bear then quietly **LEFT** presents **RIGHT** under the Christmas tree,
Wrapped up **RIGHT** and **LEFT**, ready for Cinnamon Charlie to discover and to see.
Santa then, soon back on his way with a **RIGHT** and cushy cushion for his bottom,
Didn't think he could be **LEFT** more sore than if one of the bears had hauled back and swat
'em.
Little Red Bear and the others watched as Santa **LEFT** to fly on his way for miles,
And then dipped leftover crumb cakes in honey, snacking happily with smiles.
Every child in Butterfield would get their **RIGHT** and hoped for gift,
For they had **LEFT** it all well and **RIGHT**, without even a weasel rift.
They raised their **RIGHT** arms (except Bobo, his **LEFT**) and all happily waved,
Poor Santa had a **RIGHT** sore bum, but Christmas Day had now been saved.
Inside the cabin, where Cinnamon Charlie had been **LEFT** fast asleep,
He had woken now, **LEFT** his bed and headed straight to the presents to peep.
Had Santa got his letter? Had he **LEFT** a pile of toys?
Were little bears included on Santa's **RIGHT** and good list of girls and boys?
With the others in the cabin now, Cinnamon Charlie got a **RIGHT** surprise,
For Santa Claus had been **RIGHT** in his home, he couldn't believe his eyes!
Everything he'd wished for was **RIGHT** there, **LEFT RIGHT** beneath the tree,
Cinnamon Charlie was delighted, and **RIGHT** filled with Christmas glee.
It was time to share some Christmas hugs, that's all that was **LEFT** to do,
And to wish a very **RIGHT** and Merry Christmas and blessed Holiday to you!



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Thank you for sharing the kindness and joy of Little Red Bear's world.

