

CHRISTMAS

Left Right Game

It was the evening **right** before Christmas at the North Pole, and Santa Claus was getting ready for the biggest night of the year. His sleigh was packed with all the **right** presents, the reindeer were harnessed up, and the elves had just finished checking Santa's list one last time. Everything was perfect until Santa stepped **right** outside. A thick, white fog had covered the North Pole. The fog was so dense that Santa could barely see the reindeer standing **right** in front of him. "Oh, no," Santa said. "How will I deliver all of these presents if I can't see where I'm going?" The elves gathered **right** around Santa, trying to think of a solution. Then, one small elf named Pip raised her hand. "I know what we can use!" Pip said. "The new Christmas drones!" The elves had created the drones months earlier as a way to collect all the children's letters to Santa. Each drone had a special Christmas Magic Detector attached **right** on the front. It sensed the magic created by children who believed in Christmas. "Bring them out!" Santa shouted. The elves hurried into the workshop and grabbed the drones that lay **right** on the workbench. Santa pressed a button on the **left**, and the drones lifted into the air. "The stronger the Christmas magic, the brighter they will shine," Pip explained. "They'll show you whether you need to go **left** or **right**."

So off Santa flew with the drones leading the way. Whenever they sensed Christmas magic coming from a house, they glowed brighter, creating a lit up path through the fog. They turned **left**, then **right**, then **left** again, creating a sparkling trail that stretched into the distance. Santa couldn't see the houses **right** below, but he didn't need to. The drones guided him from one house **right** to the next, signaling when to turn **left** and when to turn **right**. Whenever a drone reached a house filled with Christmas magic, it flashed three times. Santa knew that was his signal to stop. He landed quietly **right** up on the roof, climbed **right** down the chimney, and placed the presents **right** beneath the Christmas tree. Then, he hurried **right** back to his sleigh and followed the drones. "Which way now?" Santa asked. "The drones flashed to the **left**. **Left** it is!" All across the world, the magical lights guided Santa through the fog. The drones moved **left** around mountains, and **right** over forests. Whenever Santa wasn't sure which direction to take, the Christmas Magic Detectors showed him the way. Soon the sky turned pink and orange as morning approached. Santa looked **right** down at his list. "Only one house **left**!" The drones flew straight ahead **right** toward the last house. Santa delivered the final presents and climbed **right** back into his sleigh. "We did it!" Pip cheered through the radio. Santa smiled. "Thanks to the elves, the drones, and most importantly, the Christmas magic **left** in the world." Santa knew Christmas magic was powerful, but that night he learned that it doesn't just make Christmas special, but it can also show you the way **right** when you need it most.