

carefully collected by hand

REINDEER POOP

Have a heaping scoop of



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I awoke with a start when I heard Santa call,
 "Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
 And running outside, in the snowy white drifts,
 I found that his reindeer had left "little gifts."
 So I grabbed an old shovel and started to scoop
 And soon cleared away all their small mounds of poop.
 But to throw it away seemed a terrible waste,
 So I saved it, in case you might venture a taste.
 As I finished my task—and it took quite a while—
 Old Santa passed by and he sheepishly smiled.
 Then I heard him exclaim as he rose to the sky,
 "Well, they're not potty-trained, but at least they can fly!"

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