

'Twas the Night Before Christmas 2023

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Ralph / pixexid

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

Молчат все соседи, сидят в тишине

Не знаешь кто слушает — дома, вовне.

Все дети, конечно, затихли и спят

А этажом ниже соседи храпят.

Everyone dreaming of what they want most:

A ticket to somewhere and a generous host.

When out in the двор there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Петарды – сирены!?! — пугают собак!

Не вижу кто прибыл, но что-то не так.

But the streetlight was dim on the new-fallen snow,

Му двор lay peaceful and quiet below.

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

The driver jumped down by a big грузовик,

But I knew right away that he must be St. Nick!

He calmed down his reindeer and patted their heads,

Then, wiping his brow, he coughed and then said:

“Пространство – опасно! С радаров следят!

И дроны стреляют — they shot off my hat!

The reindeer are panicked, my nerves are shot, too.

Как нам доехать? Маршрут пересмотрю.”

He jumped in his sleigh and gave quiet commands,

And then on the roof I heard sounds — барабан

Thirty-two hoofs danced across our tin roof

Like raindrops, the стук of those delicate hoofs!

And then with a whoosh he slid down the vent
And taking his sack, he slowly unbent.
But no toys and no books and no brown teddy bears.
This year, he said, he'd come to answer our prayers.

И вдруг он открыл свой мешок - там экран
В нём мелком я видела карту и план
“Не всё покажу, это страшный секрет
Над тайной такую у вас власти нет!”

But just for a second I saw in the sack
That something would happen to get our world back.
Weapons or actions or the death of old fools,
Peace in the future — if everyone pulled.

“Столько проблем” – в слезах он вскричал,
“Но многое в жизни я этой видал
На свете немало страданий и боли
Расстроился тут бы любой поневоле!”

He looked out the window and quietly said:
"Но это пройдёт, всё плохое умрёт
And good things, I promise, will come in its stead.
Но мне всё! Пока! Весь мир меня ждёт!"

And laying his finger on the side of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the house vent he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

"Вот Блинкен и Байден, Каллас и Земан!
Вперёд, говорю! Шольц, Ринкевич, Макрон!
We've got to go faster, time is a-wasting,
We can't dilly-dally, our ally is waiting!"

I know what you're thinking — I was dreaming or drinking!
Or maybe it's only my own wishful thinking.
But I saw him, I did! With his hands on the reins
Of a sleigh led by reindeer, flying faster than planes.

And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

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