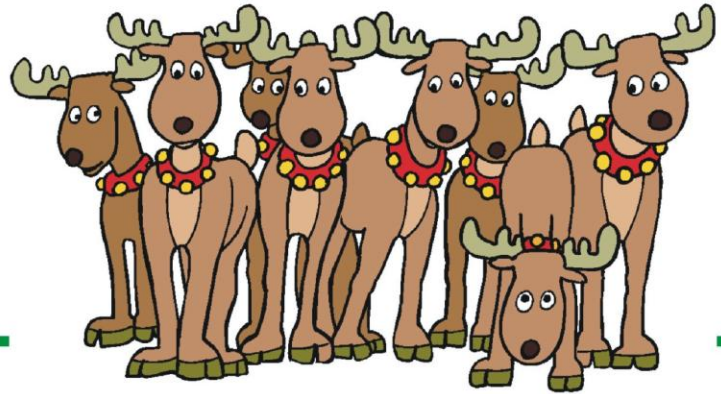


I woke with such a fright when I heard Santa call:  
"Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!  
I ran to the lawn and in the snowy white drifts, those nasty reindeer had left "little gifts."  
I got an old shovel and started to scoop neat little piles of reindeer poop. But to throw  
them away seemed such a waste, so I saved them, thinking you might like a taste!  
As I finished my task, which took quite awhile, Old Santa passed by and he sheepishly  
smiled. Then I heard him exclaim as he sped off in the sky....  
"Well, they're not potty trained, but at least they can fly!"

# Reindeer Poop



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