

The Dance Conservatory Monologue
2011 Production of: Once Upon A Nutcracker

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring.
Not even a mouse.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds. While visions of sugar plum
danced in their wee little heads.

Mama in her kerchief, Papa in his cap had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the roof top I heard such a clatter. I rose from my bed to see what was the
matter. I sprang to the windows as quick as a flash. Tore open the shutters and threw up
the sash.

And what to my wondering eyes should appear but a miniature sly, and 8 tiny reindeer
With a little ole driver so lively and quick I knew right away that it must be Saint Nick!