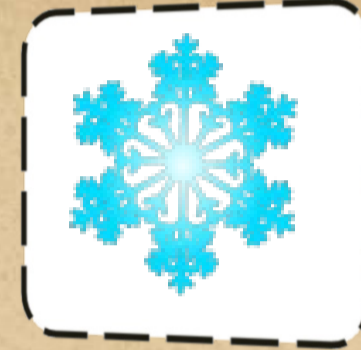




You have to make him quickly, not much time to have some fun, he won't stick around for long, once he's been out in the sun



Dropping from the sky, more beautiful than rain, there are no two pieces that'll ever look the same



A cover, shroud, or envelope, from a source of an evening slope, in the thing where dreams do float, it's normally a head cushion coat



You are probably thinking what the heck, but you might want to check out on the deck



All shining and silver with a beautiful face, you look into me and find this place



I'm usually seen at Christmas, but I'm not a stocking or a bell, I am red & white in color, and shaped a bit like the letter L



Before this is over, You'll tour the whole house, find another clue with our not so squeaky mouse



You can feel the temperature rise and hope to see Santa's prize, the Clause you might not want to meet, if the heat was at his feet



You might make this at Christmas so that you can stuff your face, a cake, icing, and candy, and edible dwelling place



It's that special time of year, a circle of some spikey cheer, it hangs around a frontal port that turns a house into a fort

