



## Homemade Hot Cocoa

Adapted from the *Berenstain Bears' Holiday Cookbook*  
2-3 servings

### Ingredients

- 2 cups of milk
- 3 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1/3 teaspoons vanilla extract
- marshmallows (regular or small)
- 2-3 candy canes



### Directions

Pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk into a small saucepan. Add cocoa powder and sugar to milk, then whisk. Warm over a medium heat until the sugar dissolves. Add the remaining milk and heat until steaming. Do not boil. Remove from heat and stir in the vanilla extract. Pour into mugs. Garnish with marshmallows and candy canes.

## Winter Poetry

Cuddle up with your readers for some holiday season fun with these classic winter poems. You can add to the experience by making your own hot cocoa and enjoying it while you sit somewhere cozy and read!

### Winter Morning Poem

By Ogden Nash

Winter is the king of showmen,  
Turning tree stumps into snow men  
And houses into birthday cakes  
And spreading sugar over lakes.  
Smooth and clean and frosty white,  
The world looks good enough to bite.  
That's the season to be young,  
Catching snowflakes on your tongue!  
Snow is snowy when it's snowing.  
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.





**The Snow Man**  
By Wallace Stevens

One must have a mind of winter  
To regard the frost and the boughs  
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time  
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,  
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think  
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,  
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land  
Full of the same wind  
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,  
And, nothing himself, beholds  
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.





**Twas the Night before Christmas**  
by Clement Clarke Moore

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.  
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"





**Snowball**  
By Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball  
As perfect as could be.  
I thought I'd keep it as a pet  
And let it sleep with me.  
I made it some pajamas  
And a pillow for its head.  
Then last night it ran away,  
But first it wet the bed.

