

Christmas Parade

*A fun **LEFT** / **RIGHT** Christmas Game story for anyone*

There was a week **LEFT** to go before December 25th, and the entire town was in the Christmas spirit. And **RIGHT**fully so; the annual Christmas parade was only a few days away!

The Mayor was perhaps the most excited of all for the parade. He'd been **RIGHT** when he proclaimed, "This year's Christmas parade will be the best we've ever had! Let's do **RIGHT** by our citizens and make it one for the books."

Everyone in their **RIGHT** mind loved the Mayor. But he was unfortunately endowed with two **LEFT** feet. He'd trip and fall, **RIGHT** and **LEFT**, over anything and everything all day long - it was his only undoing. Otherwise, he was down**RIGHT** adored by all the townspeople.

Especially during the holidays. Maybe that's why he kept getting re-elected. The last mayor had **LEFT** in a fit of shame and disgrace after his Christmas parade was deemed in all the newspapers (even the **LEFT**-leaning ones) as the "worst Christmas parade in the history of the town, which no one in their **RIGHT** mind would attend."

So the new Mayor was determined on making this year's parade the best the town had ever seen. But because of his two **LEFT** feet, he needed special assistance if he wanted to get the job done **RIGHT**. So he called on his good friend, "**RIGHT**-Foot Fred," who just so happened to be endowed with two **RIGHT** feet. Together, the **LEFT**-footed Mayor and **RIGHT**-Foot Fred worked seamlessly to organize the best Christmas parade ever.

Finally, the day came for the Christmas parade. There were gigantic, beautiful floats **RIGHT** and **LEFT**. There were Christmas trees decorated, **RIGHT** up to the top, with all kinds of lights and ornaments. There was delicious food as far as the eye could see, from pumpkin squash grown **RIGHT** in the Mayor's own garden to peppermint ice cream that had been **LEFT** outside all night to freeze to perfection. Plus all the types of traditional yummy eats that make for excellent **LEFT**overs.

Everything about the parade was absolutely perfect; anyone in their **RIGHT** mind could see that.

All of the townspeople, whether they were **LEFT**-footed or **RIGHT**, and whether they were in their **RIGHT** mind or not thanks to all that delicious eggnog, enjoyed the Christmas parade immensely. They formed a committee the very next day to re-elect the Mayor in hopes that he, with help from **RIGHT**-Foot Fred, could pull off such a wonderful parade again the next year. Nobody cared about the Mayor's politics; no one really even knew if he was **LEFT**-leaning or **RIGHT**-leaning. All they knew is that he could host one heck of a parade and that was all that mattered to anyone, and **RIGHT**fully so.