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 LEFTovers.

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.