

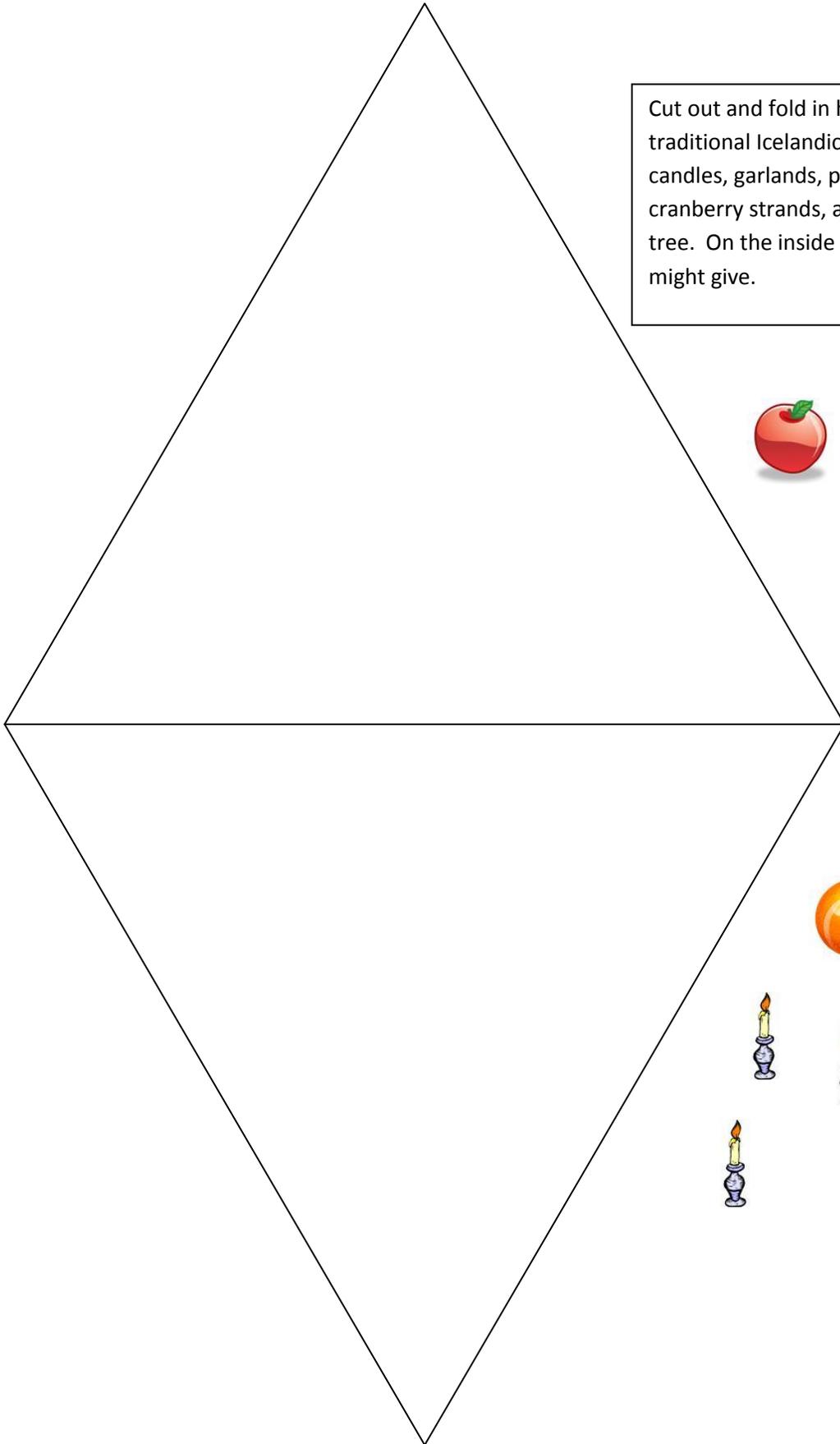
Iceland

Merry Christmas:

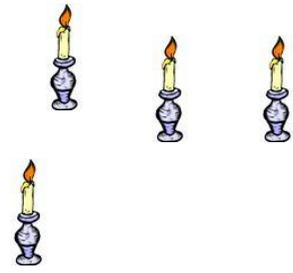
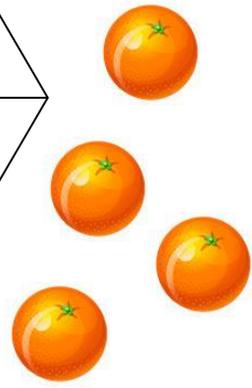
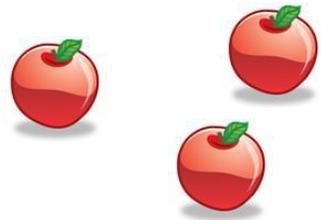
Gleoileg jol

What do you need to get to
escape the Christmas cat?





Cut out and fold in half. Then decorate a traditional Icelandic tree. Put fruit, candles, garlands, popcorn strands, cranberry strands, and presents on the tree. On the inside draw a present you might give.





Christmas Cat



leaf bread

Yule Lads

Laufabrauð - Leaf Bread

1 kg (2 lbs) Flour
1/4 teaspoon Baker's Ammonia
1 teaspoon Salt
6-7 dl (3 pints) milk
Fat for deep frying

Heat the milk just to the boiling point. Sift the flour together with the hartshorn and the salt. The milk is stirred into the flour mixture and the whole is kneaded into a glistening, rather tough dough, then formed into a long roll. Cut the roll into pieces and roll out very thin. This is best done on a well-floured pastry cloth. The bread is formed with a round dish and then decorated. As each piece is completed, place between linen towels to prevent drying. Just before cooking, prick with a fork, being careful not to disturb the design. Deep fry on high heat, decorated side down, until golden-brown. Serve with butter or margarine.

You all know the Yule Cat
And that Cat was huge indeed.
People didn't know where he came
from
Or where he went.

He opened his glaring eyes wide,
The two of them glowing bright.
It took a really brave man
To look straight into them.

His whiskers, sharp as bristles,
His back arched up high.
And the claws of his hairy paws
Were a terrible sight.

He gave a wave of his strong tail,
He jumped and he clawed and he
hissed.
Sometimes up in the valley,
Sometimes down by the shore.

He roamed at large, hungry and evil
In the freezing Yule snow.
In every home
People shuddered at his name.

If one heard a pitiful "meow"
Something evil would happen soon.
Everybody knew he hunted men
But didn't care for mice.

He picked on the very poor
That no new garments got
For Yule - who toiled
And lived in dire need.

From them he took in one fell swoop
Their whole Yule dinner
Always eating it himself
If he possibly could.

Hence it was that the women
At their spinning wheels sat
Spinning a colorful thread
For a frock or a little sock.

Because you mustn't let the Cat
Get hold of the little children.
They had to get something new to
wear
From the grownups each year.

And when the lights came on, on Yule
Eve
And the Cat peered in,
The little children stood rosy and
proud
All dressed up in their new clothes.

Some had gotten an apron
And some had gotten shoes
Or something that was needed
- That was all it took.

For all who got something new to
wear
Stayed out of that pussy-cat's grasp
He then gave an awful hiss
But went on his way.

Whether he still exists I do not know.
But his visit would be in vain
If next time everybody
Got something new to wear.

Now you might be thinking of helping
Where help is needed most.
Perhaps you'll find some children
That have nothing at all.

Perhaps searching for those
That live in a lightless world
Will give you a happy day
And a Merry, Merry Yule.