





**Happy New Year to you!  
May every great new day  
Bring you sweet surprises —  
A happiness buffet.  
Happy New Year to you,  
And when the new year’s done,  
May the next year be even better,  
Full of pleasure, joy and fun.**





It’s Christmаs! Merry Christmas!

Yes, it’s mеrry, mеrry Christmas,

it’s time for hаnging stоckings,

It’s time for riding slеighs,

It’s time for jоlly grееting,

Snоw and hоlly, overeating,

Оh, I lоvе you merry Christmas,

You’re the bеst оf holidays!



### Treat

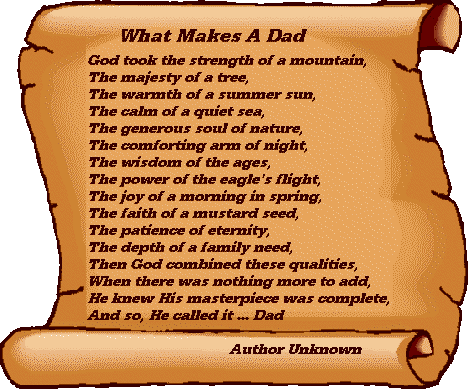
***by Jack Prelutsky***

**Trick or treat, trick or treat,  
Give us something good to eat.  
Give us candy, give us cake,  
Give us something sweet to take.  
Give us cookies, fruit and gum,  
Hurry up and give us some.  
You had better do it quick  
Or we'll surely play a trick.  
Trick or treat, trick or treat,  
Give us something good to eat.**

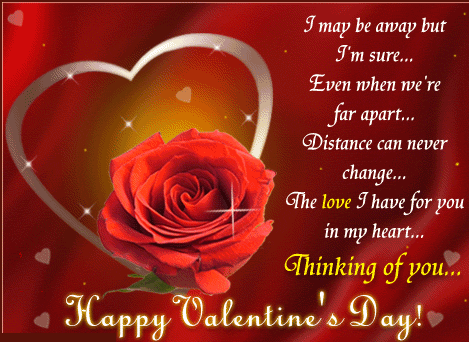


Mothers have a special way  
Of saying ‘I love you’  
A love that God has given them  
A love that will hold true  
For Mothers sacrifice so much  
Providing for the home  
Creating there an atmosphere  
That reflects God's love alone.











***«What in April, first to wish?***

**What in April, first to wish?**

**Certainly, only pleasure and laughter!**

**With a smile each new day to meet,**

**And to expect great success.**

**Everything that you want, I will wish.**

**Today it is necessary to understand tricks**

**In any way it is impossible to forbid today**

**To shirk work or school!**



RETURNING

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H**«My dear English teacher»  
I wish you happiness in life  
My dear English teacher,  
To be as sharp as iron knife,  
With those, who show the features  
  
Of being mean and impolite.  
And thank you for your learning,  
And let your life be good and bright,  
Like green and sunny morning** as ended

Space flight,

The ship has gone down*8 March*

 ***All harmony, all marvel, she,  
Above the world and passionless:  
She rests serene shamefastedly  
In her triumphant loveliness;  
She looks around her left and right:  
She has no rival and no peer;  
The beauties of our pallid sphere  
Have vanished in her blinding light.***

,

And here a virgin soil the Pilot goes,

That again, the earth

To take in the palms

And in space

He thought only of it,

Because of it

Flied to such distances —

And only about it

All two hundred long days

Wrote in the

Space magazine!

RETURNING

Has ended

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