

SPORTS

Twas the week before Christmas

Karen Sotvedt

Throwing rocks



(Editor's Note: From the Middleton Curling Club with apologies to Clement Clarke Moore.)

Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the club,

The curlers kept curling, for hits or a rub.

The Juniors and Little Rocks on Monday PM

Dreamt of spiels in the New Year especially for them.

The rocks, they were nestled all snug at the rink,

While visions of great hits, the curlers did think.

And president Santa (or Ian, by name),

Had just readied his broom for another great game.

With a wave of his hand, the pres called to his crew.

Now Open! Now Western! Commercial League, too!

Thursday Mixed at the rink! Step on up to the bar!

Now everyone, curl - show this town who we are!

Western Draw on the Tuesday, a sociable crew,

Celebrated with goodies and a wee toast or two.

The afternoon curlers, who

always have snacks,

Curl their hearts out on Wednesday, then home to their packs.

The commercial league, liking their pizzas and drinks,

Played their last game on Wednesday, at Middleton rink.

"We'll be back in Jan," the curlers did cheer,

As they closed 2016, with the New Year so near!

"But wait!" cried the pres, "we've forgotten the ace!

The game is still going, we're still on the chase!"

"Yes please!" said the townsfolk. "We, too, want to play!

"We want one more try, before New Year's day!"

"No fear," said the curlers. "There's more fun to beat!"

On December the 30th, you may take your seat!

One more person can win, take the pot for the day,

Then try choosing the ace for the money in play.

Our president smiled, to his skips gave a whistle,

On ice they were sweeping, new brooms and new bristle.

But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he swept out of sight,

"Happy curling to all, and to all a good-night!"

Karen Sotvedt is a member of the Middleton Curling Club. She wrote this poem with her daughter Sarah.