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Christmas House,
Icicle Lane,
The North Pole.

Dear friend,

I expect you're a bit surprised to hear from me as it's not Christmas yet, but I have a free afternoon today and I thought I'd use it to write a little letter to you because you've been so good. At the moment, I am in my library, sitting in front of a roaring fire. It's a lovely room, very big with high ceilings and shelf upon shelf of magical books. One or two of my elves are sitting in the corner's reading and up above my head the Northern Witch, a great friend of mine, is sitting on her broomstick leafing through a book called "How To Train Your Witch's Cat". Everyone is always very quiet in here so it's always a good place to come and gather your thoughts and relax. I have a plate of mince pies and a nice cup of tea beside me... and I've just taken my boots off so that I can warm my toes in front of the flames. This morning you see, I have been out and about in the snow, which was ever so cold. It's been an interesting day so far though, let me just have a bite of mince pie and I shall tell you all about it...

It all started very early this morning. I got up at six o'clock and went out to feed my reindeer before breakfast. I trudged across the garden as usual, with a big bag of oats, down the path from Christmas House and out of a little gate towards the reindeer stables. They are a little walk away, across a snowy field beside a frozen lake.

As I walked along, certain that I was the only person out and about so early, I suddenly saw a little figure skating across the ice towards me. As it drew nearer, I realized it was the post-penguin, who delivers all the letters round here and he was waving at me and shouting my name. I waited for him. "Father Christmas, guess what!" he trilled as he jumped off the frozen surface of the lake and stood beside me in the snow.

"What?" I asked, "Have you got some post for me?"

"I certainly have," the penguin said, "I've got a special delivery for you, from a wizard."

"Well, well," I murmured, surprised, "let's see it then." At this point, I was expecting the penguin to dip into his mailbag and produce a parcel, but instead he looked into the early morning mist behind him.

"It's coming," he said. I followed his gaze to see something white trotting towards us out of the fog. I squinted, thinking that I must be seeing things, but as it got closer I realized that I wasn't and that I was looking at a great white winged horse. Oddly, it had a big bow around its middle and a card hanging from its ear. I read it straight away. It said: "Father Christmas old friend, this is Cloudcutter and I am giving him to you as an early Christmas present. Originally, I bought him for myself, but he gets very lonely galloping through the skies by himself and I thought he would be happier at your place - and company for your reindeer. Your friend, Arthur Willoward."

Well my dear, I was very pleased to read this because Arthur Willoward is a very wise old wizard and he obviously knew as well as I did that my reindeer would be only too happy to have a new friend. I waved the post-penguin goodbye and took Cloudcutter straight to the stables with me to have breakfast. Rudolf liked him immediately and they are going flying together this very afternoon.

Dear me, the time is getting on, isn't it? I must stop writing now and go and wrap some presents up. Carry on being good until Christmas, won't you?

Lots of love,
Father Christmas x

THE
POST-PENGUIN



CAN YOU
COUNT
THE
SPIDERS?



ONE OF MY ELVES
READING IN THE
LIBRARY
CLOUDCUTTER,
THE FLYING
HORSE

