

2023

Christmas House,  
Lucle Lane,  
The North Pole.

Dear Friend,

It's a cold, clear morning up here at the North Pole. The sky is bright blue and all the ice and snow is sparkling in the sunshine, as though someone sneaked out last night and threw glitter over the world! I am in my office in Christmas House, sitting at my large desk with my cat dozing nearby, and as I don't have much to do this morning, I thought I would write you a letter.

It's jolly nice to have a couple of hours to myself because I've been very busy this month. There's been all the usual reading of Christmas lists and wrapping presents of course, but right in the middle of it all, the North Wind, who is a good friend of mine, caught cold and blew down my reindeer's stables! All my reindeer have had to come and live in the kitchen for now, which they are very pleased about as it's full of lovely things to eat, but I think our cook is getting a bit fed up of having them in the way. She is a kind, round-faced fairy called Madam Munch and she's usually quite cheerful. I suppose having nine reindeer under your feet would test anyone's patience though, wouldn't it? Yesterday, I'm afraid Comet, (my fastest reindeer), accidentally got his antlers tangled in a string of herbs and onions, then vaulted around the kitchen crashing into tables and shelves and just about anything else in his way, trying to get them off. Why he couldn't have just called me, I'll never know. Madam Munch got so upset that she pointed her wand at him and turned him into a cupcake. Luckily, I managed to turn him back again before anybody came along and ate him.

As soon as I can, I shall have to get some new stables built. Hopefully this side of Christmas. The trouble is, it's not easy finding a good builder in the North Pole. I've heard tell there's a family of beavers who can build things. They live on the banks of the Glittergush - a magical river which runs out of the mountains behind my house and into the Watching Wood, a forest nearby. I shall have to head over there and see if I can find them. Mind you, the snow is ever so deep so maybe I'll ask Rudolph to fly me. He won't be keen, because the Watching Wood is full of bats - and Rudolph is afraid of bats. Isn't he silly?! They're actually very friendly, my dear.

Well, if I am to go and find these beavers, I'd better stop writing and get on with it. Before that, I think I also need to have a serious chat with all the reindeer about raiding the fridge in the middle of the night. Sleeping in the kitchen has meant they're having far too many midnight snacks and Madam Munch says if they don't stop gobbling up mince pies there'll be none left for Christmas. Plus, I don't want her getting annoyed again and transforming them all into cupcakes. Cupcakes can't fly my sleigh!

I can't wait to deliver your presents this Christmas but remember to be asleep when I come round, won't you? My reindeer won't land if they sense you're awake. Wish me luck with building their new stables!

Lots of love,

Father Christmas x



COMET WITH HIS ANTLERS TANGLED UP IN HERBS AND ONIONS



MADAM MUNCH TURNING COMET INTO A CUPCAKE



THE NORTH WIND SOME OF THE SPIDERS FROM MY OFFICE... CAN YOU COUNT THEM ALL?