

Christmas Eve 2024

Christmas House,
Ticicle Lane,
The North Pole.

Dear Friend,

Thank heavens I've got here with your presents safe and sound - and thank goodness you're asleep, or my reindeer would have refused to land! I've had problem after problem on my journey this evening and I do so need a rest before I carry on. We ran into a thundercloud you know. It was dreadful. It rumbled so loudly it made my spectacles vibrate right off the end of my nose. I fear I've lost them for good, though I might have a quick look on my way back - I think we were somewhere over France. It's a pest not to have them, because I'm a little long-sighted and it's hard to read the names on my Good Boys and Girls List. Fortunately my pet owl, Alphabeticus, is here tonight and he has offered to sit on my shoulder and read for me. He's such a clever bird. He tells me there's a big gold star by your name... wow! Well done, you must have been very good indeed.

The other problem I've got this evening is that my beard has grown extremely long and is dangling so far down from the sleigh that when we fly low it drags on the ground. It's most unfortunate! It happened when we were flying over some very high mountains - I think it was the Himalayas - and there was a zap of green light from below. I felt a tingle in my chin and then my beard started to grow, longer and longer until it reached the top of a mountain. I looked down and what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature spaceship and several tiny aliens!!! They were green and yellow with eyes that stuck out of their heads on stalks and as if that wasn't strange enough, they were actually beginning to climb up my beard. I thought about shaking them off, but that wouldn't have been very kind, would it? For it was a long drop. So I waited until they had clambered all the way up to my sleigh and it was a good thing I did, because it turned out that the poor things had had a spaceship crash and needed to get back to their mothership, a giant flying saucer hovering far above the Earth.

Well, I headed straight up through the atmosphere and took them there. Did you know my sleigh is space-worthy by the way? Yes indeed, it has a space-proof, time-proof, gravity-proof, cold-proof, heat-proof shield around it, like an invisible bubble. Good thing too or I'd have burned to a crisp!

As we flew up to the mothership a huge door slid open and we were sucked inside. Thousands of aliens were waiting for us, all trying to say thank you for bringing back their friends. Their voices were ever so odd, sort of high and buzzy, like singing bees. They were sorry about my beard, which they had zapped with something called a rescue-ray, but they couldn't ungrow it, so I suppose I shall just have to ask one of the elves to trim it back into shape when I get home. Oh dear, I've a feeling they're going to have a good laugh at it first. I've had to wind it around my head for now so I don't trip over and it does look strange.

Gosh - look at the time! I'm sorry, my dear, but I'm going to have to dash. There are so many more presents to deliver and as I said at the start of this letter, I'm jolly tired. If I don't get a move on, I shall never stay awake. I'm grateful for the short break here though, it has made all the difference. Enjoy your presents, won't you? And when you wake up, don't tell too many grown-up Earthlings that right now there's a spaceship full of tiny aliens somewhere above their heads. Grown-ups can get over excited about that sort of thing. It'll be our secret. Shhh!

Lots of love,

Father Christmas x

ALPHABETICUS

THE ALIENS WHOSE
SPACESHIP CRASHED,
ARE SOME OF
THE LITTLE
SPIDERS FROM
MY SLEIGH.
CAN YOU COUNT
THEM ALL?

THESE ARE
THE LITTLE
SPIDERS FROM
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CAN YOU COUNT
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I HAD TO WIND
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THIS!