

Christmas Eve 2023



Christmas House,  
Lucle Lane,  
The North Pole.

Dear friend,

I am on my sleigh at the moment, speeding through the night with millions of stars twinkling all around me and the land far down below. My reindeer tell me that we are getting very close to your part of the world, so I thought I'd write you this little letter to leave behind.

By the way, I have heard from my elves that you have been very good and I am so pleased! I do hope you'll like your Christmas presents, as you obviously deserve every last one. Well done!

As a matter of fact, I'm jolly lucky to be able to deliver any presents at all this year, even to someone as well behaved as you, because I thought we'd lost the lot of them when we first took off. You see, I have had a rather hectic night.

Everything started well enough. I came out of my house in my warmest red coat to see all my reindeer standing beside my sleigh, snorting and steaming in the cold air and vying to go. I settled myself into the driving seat, picked up the reins and glanced at the snowy horizon. The orange sun was just about to sink beneath it, which meant we were right on time.

"Off we go!" I shouted and we soared into the sky when all of a sudden I heard a rustling sound coming from somewhere behind me. I twisted around in my seat and saw that the sack with all my presents in was moving! I couldn't believe my eyes! I knew that there was nothing alive in there because on the very few occasions that I have to deliver living presents such as pets, I never put them in my sack but let them ride up front with me. I ripped it open as fast as I could. To my horror, there wasn't a single present inside! Instead, what looked like a fat green blob with two eyes sticking out on stalks and a mouth almost almost as big as its body grinned up at me, then hiccupped. I knew at once what kind of creature this was, it was a litterbug, but I had no idea what he was doing here or where on earth my presents were.

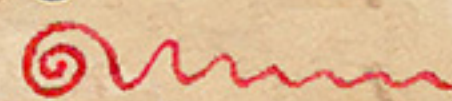
Now, in case you haven't heard of them, I should tell you that litterbugs, like this one, live in the kitchens of magical people like me and are very useful. They like to rest in the bottom of bins and slowly eat up any rubbish that gets thrown away.

I scratched my beard and had a little think, then suddenly I understood what had happened. When I'd been getting ready I must have put my sack of presents down next to a sack of rubbish in my kitchen. I had put my coat on in a hurry and snatched up a sack... but it must have been the wrong one. The real sack of presents was still sitting on my kitchen table. I stopped my reindeer straight away and turned back to my house to retrieve it. It was a good thing that I noticed my mistake when I did, because the poor old litterbug, who had never so much as set foot on a flying sleigh before, had started to get airsick and turn ever more green. I settled him back into the kitchen with a light snack of potato peelings and told him to have a good night's sleep.

I must sign off now but I do hope you have a lovely Christmas tomorrow!

Lots of love,

Father Christmas x



ME, LOOKING THROUGH MY SACK, TRYING TO LOCATE THE RUSTLING SOUND.



SOME OF THE SPIDERS WHO LIVE IN MY SLEIGH HAVE CRAWLED INTO THIS LETTER! CAN YOU COUNT THEM?

THE LITTERBUG

