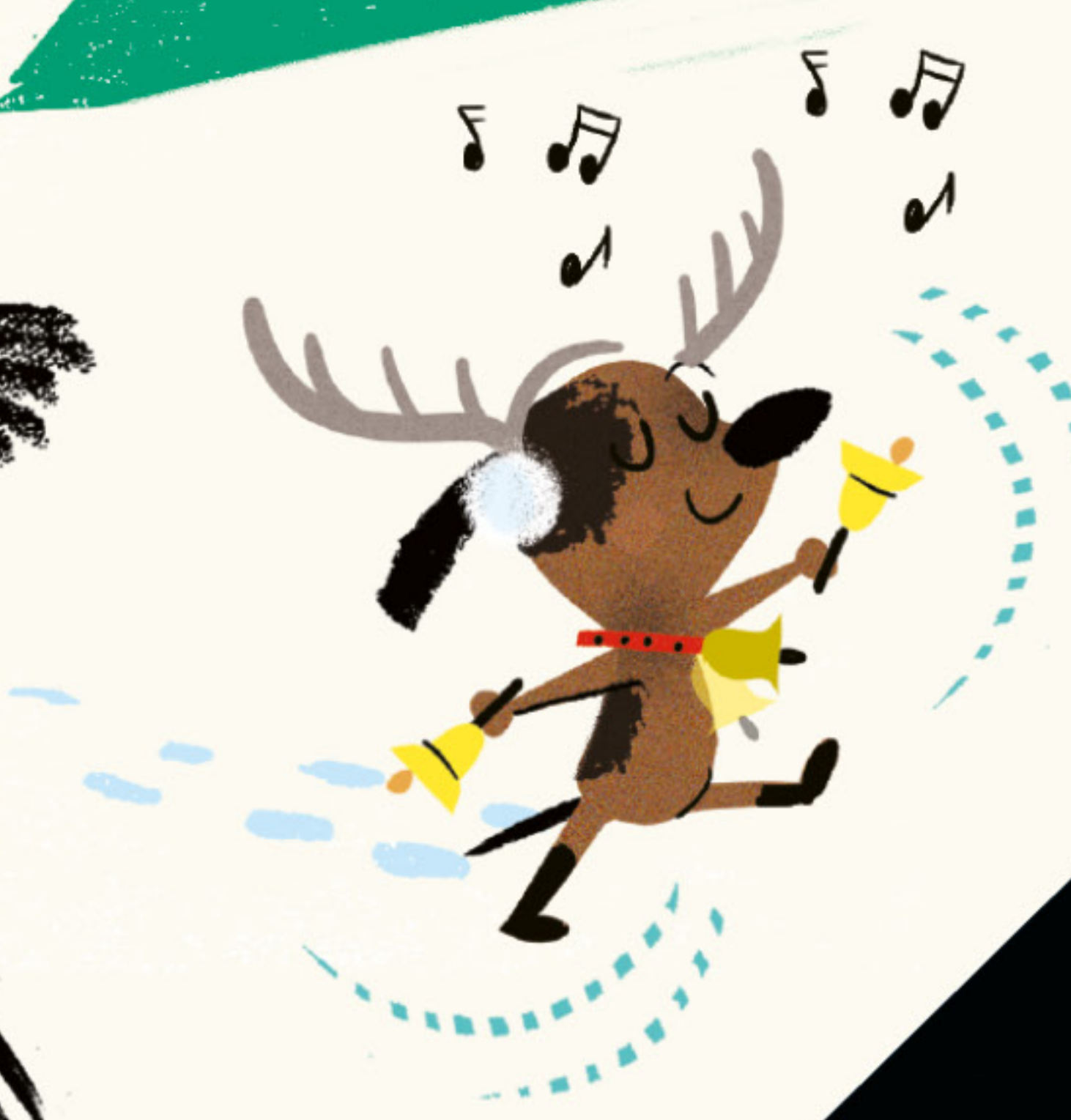


REALLY  
WANT TO

Help!



Simon Philip

Lucia Go

COVER NOT  
FINAL

It's Christmas time again! Hooray!  
But when I hear my parents say,  
"There's just SO much to do!" each day,  
I shout . . .

Don't stress!  
I'll help!



They both protest, but I insist  
I'm well prepared and have a list  
of things to sort so nothing's missed,



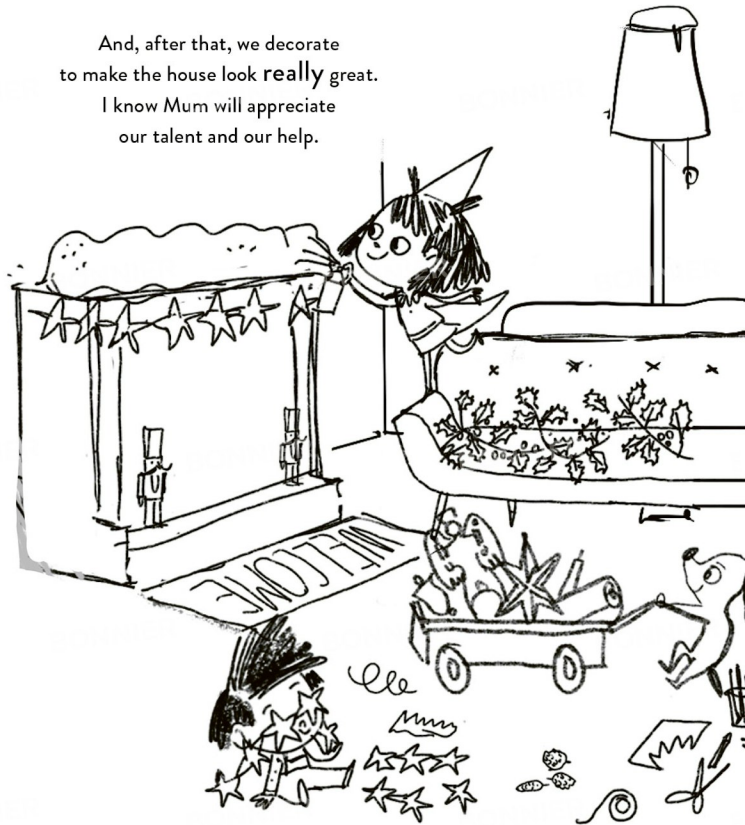


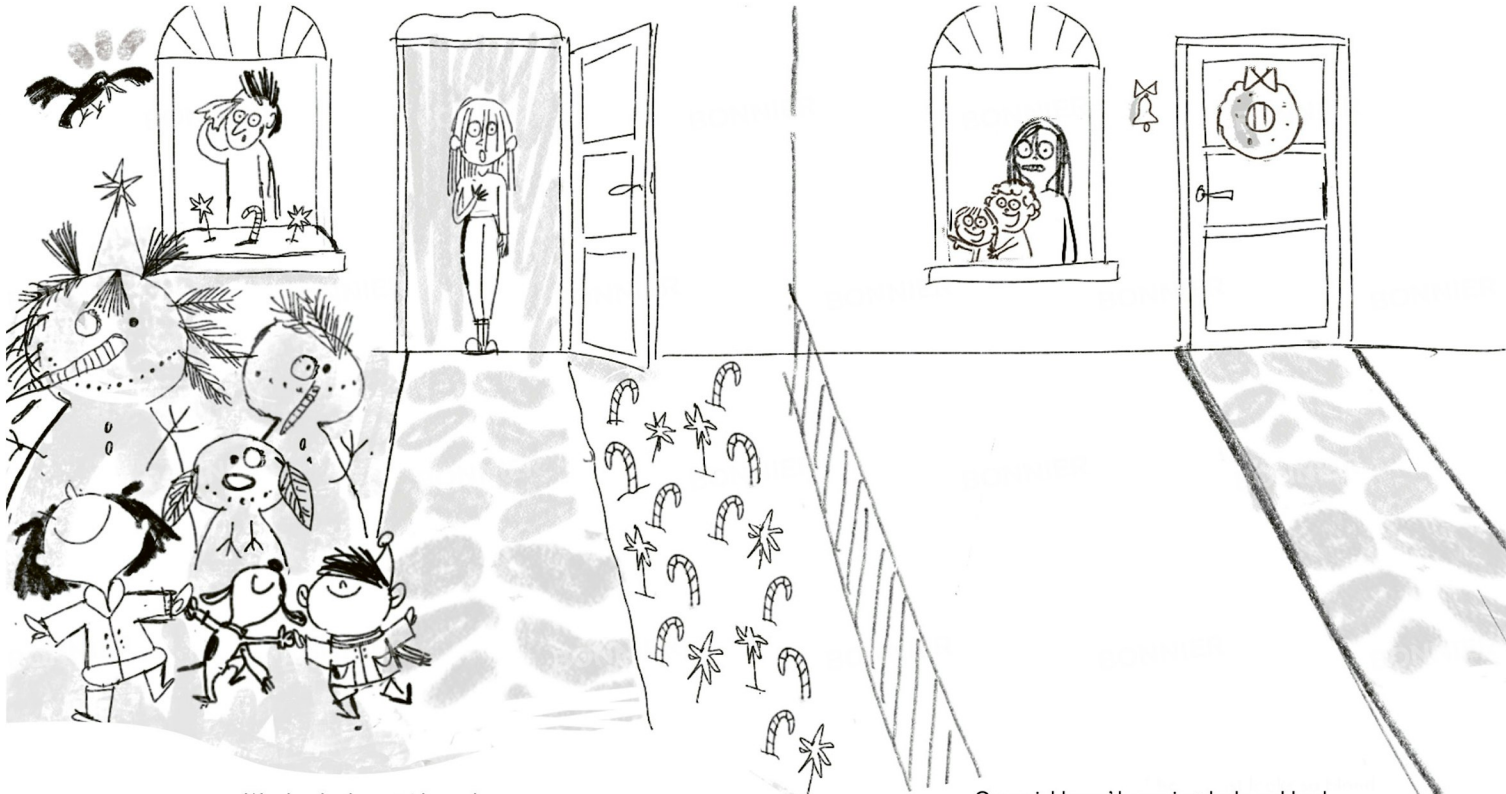
I DON'T  
need  
ANY  
help!

And since, this year, it's up to me,  
I start by jazzing up the tree  
(with flair and creativity)  
and let my brother help.



And, after that, we decorate  
to make the house look **really** great.  
I know Mum will appreciate  
our talent and our help.





We also do the outside, and it's even better than I'd planned!

Our neighbours' house just looks so bland, they should have asked for help!



I check my list and, next, create the Christmas cards. I illustrate, and cut and stick – they turn out great, despite my brother's 'help'.

Then off I go and post the lot but cards need stamps and I did not stick any on, as I forgot!



At least  
**I'VE TRIED**  
to help!

Then wrapping gifts proves quite the test!

I take it on and try my best,  
but do just one and leave the rest.  
My sidekicks aren't much help.



We hang our stockings in their place  
above the fire, and at its base,  
leave snacks for Santa, just in case,  
he's hungry, and they help.

And late that night on Christmas Eve  
I check my list and can't believe  
there's still so much I must achieve!



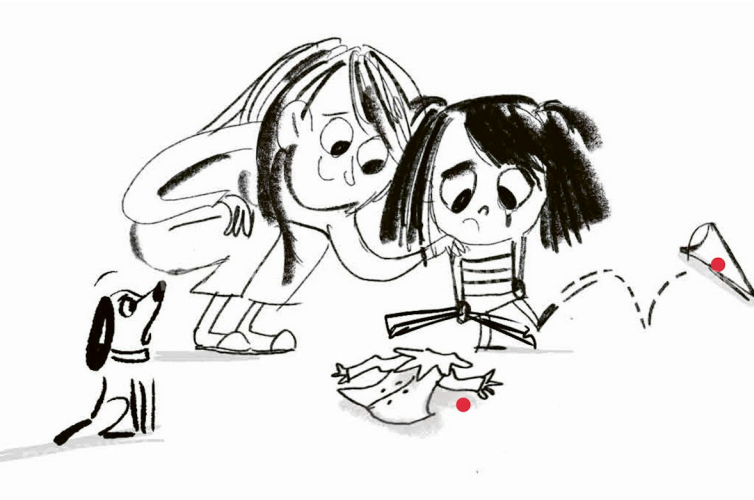
here lucy is  
dressed up  
as a elf

- DEKORATE TREE
- MAKE CARDS
- WRITE TO SANTA
- RAP PRESENTZ
- HANG STOCKINGS
- SNAX FOR SANTA
- GET CRACKERS
- LAY TABLE
- MAKE DINNER
- CHRISTMAS PUD

I should  
HAVE  
ASKED  
for  
Help!



Mum smiles and says, "Don't worry, pet.  
You've done SO well. You mustn't fret.



Dad says, "You needn't be upset.  
You've been a **massive** help!"



"But now, it's off to bed!" they say.  
"Be quick, as Santa's on his way!  
Tomorrow is a busy day –  
We'll really need your help!"



But sleeping's tough on Christmas Night,  
when trying hard to catch a sight



of Santa and his sleigh in flight.  
He's fast, which doesn't help.

Then, just as I drift off, I hear  
the magic sound of sleigh bells near,  
And, from downstairs, a yelp! "Oh dear!" ...





He's stuck! And it occurs to me  
that if I cannot set him free  
kids won't find gifts beneath their tree!  
I really need to help.

... it's Santa needing help!



So, as poor Santa's wedged so tight,  
I pull and pull with all my might . . .

which does the trick, to our delight!  
He's grateful for my help.



“You’ve rescued me AND Christmas too!  
Now thanks to you, dreams will come true.  
I’d best be off. I’ve loads to do,”  
he winks. “You’re such a help!”



And so, because I have no doubt  
he has no time to hang about,  
I say goodbye and show him out,  
relieved that I could help.

Then, back upstairs, tucked up in bed,  
I've happy thoughts inside my head  
when thinking of what Santa said.  
I'm thrilled that I could help.





And then, on Christmas Day, I squeal  
with joy, because I truly feel  
he's also made **my** wishes real  
as thanks for all my help!

And, luckily, the jobs I missed  
have been ticked off my Christmas list –  
my parents couldn't quite resist  
the urge to come and help!



When relatives arrive from far,  
I instantly unload their car  
and try to be a shining star  
who does their bit to help.



That's why at lunch I set about  
dispensing every spud and sprout,  
and handing Christmas napkins out.  
I'm glad that I can help.





And, afterwards, I save my clan  
from washing every pot and pan.  
I scrub them til they're spick and span,  
refusing any help.



Then, gathered round our tree, I see  
the joy within my family –  
as Christmas has gone perfectly.



I really love to help!