

THE NIGHT BILLY SAVED CHRISTMAS

Written by
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Illustrated by
Patrick Corrigan



This book
belongs to:

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For my very dear friend, Peggy, with much love.

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A TEMPLAR BOOK

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Billy's dad was magic with balloons. He turned them into dogs, giraffes, elephants... every shape you can imagine. Billy loved helping him sell them, especially on Christmas Eve.



"My fingers are almost too cold to hold balloons," said Billy's dad, as the snowy wind blew.
"Let me hold them for you!" pleaded Billy.
"You're too young. Maybe when you're older."
Billy frowned. He was too young for everything!

Billy ran and jumped... and grabbed the strings.
"See! I *can* hold them!" he cried.
But then he started to go up too!
"Come back!" shouted his dad.
And he ran and jumped... and grabbed Billy's leg.



But the wind blew harder, the balloons soared higher,
and Billy and his dad floated over the roofs and trees.



On they flew, over the school and over the farm.
They almost cleared the hill, but not the cow on the top!
“Come back, cow!” cried the farmer.
And he ran and jumped... and grabbed the cow's foot.
And the wind blew harder, and he started to go up, too.



On they floated, above snowy trees and frozen lakes until they reached the nearby zoo.
The animals looked up at everyone flying with the balloons in amazement.
The lions roared, the elephants trumpeted, and one baby monkey wanted to join in!
So he ran and jumped... and grabbed the farmer's foot.



"Come back, Baby!" the mummy monkey called,
but he was having too much fun!
So she ran and jumped... and grabbed her baby's foot.
But the wind blew harder, and she started to go up, too.





On and on they flew, over snowy meadows and villages.
Stars twinkled up above and Christmas lights sparkled down below.
Suddenly, Billy heard a jingling sound. It was Santa Claus and his reindeer!
But they were going very, very slowly.
"Can you give us a lift?" called Santa. "My reindeer are getting tired!
I've eaten far too many Christmas treats and I'm too heavy!"



So the mummy monkey caught hold of the nearest reindeer.
But the monkey and his mummy, and the farmer and his cow, and
Billy and his dad, and the reindeer and Santa were all too heavy!
They floated down and down... until they landed on the soft meadow.
Everyone cheered – except for Billy and Santa.
“What about Christmas?” Billy asked.
“I don’t know,” sighed Santa. “The balloons could fly just me and my
sleigh. But I’m too full to squeeze down any chimneys!”
Billy frowned. Everyone would be so disappointed.





"I know," Billy cried. "I'll fit down the chimneys!"

"What a great idea!" Santa agreed.

So everyone held onto Billy's dad as he tied the balloons onto the sleigh.

Then they all let go, and off floated the sleigh with Billy and Santa on board.





They flew across the world, over seas and mountains, lakes and forests.
It was amazing.



Everywhere they went, Billy helped deliver Christmas presents.



He was perfect for squeezing down the chimneys and tiptoeing into bedrooms...



to fill the children's stockings!



Finally, they flew to Billy's house with their last delivery – for Billy himself!
“You were amazing, Billy!” beamed Santa. “You saved Christmas! Isn't being a child brilliant?”
“Yes!” cheered Billy. “Thank you! It was great fun. Don't eat too many Christmas treats next year.”
“Don't worry, I won't!” Santa chuckled.



As Billy waved goodbye, he had a huge smile on his face. Not just because he'd been flying through the sky with Santa Claus and the balloons, or because he'd saved Christmas.

He was smiling because of what Santa Claus had said.

Being a child was **BRILLIANT!**

