

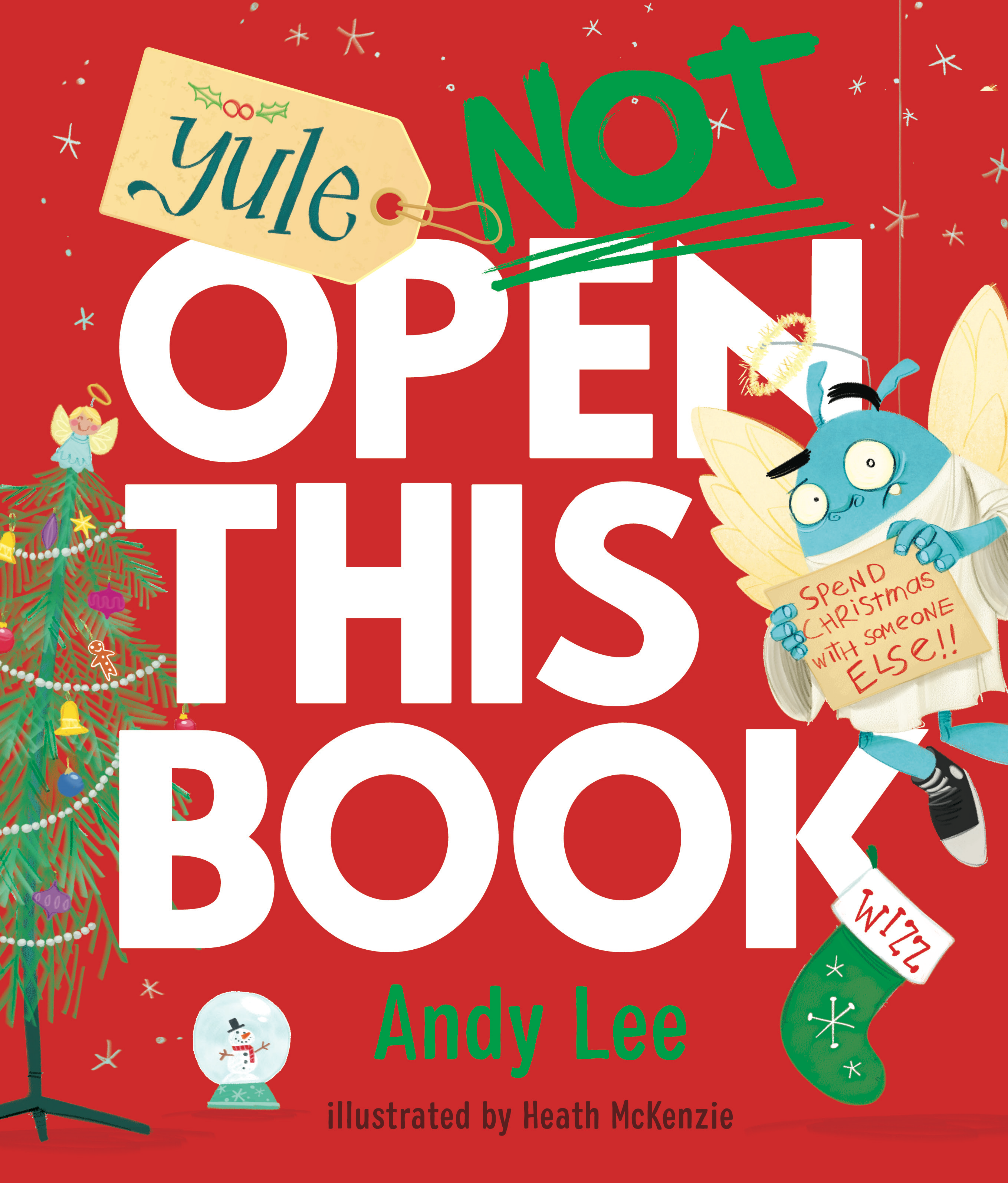
yule

NOT

OPEN THIS BOOK

Andy Lee

illustrated by Heath McKenzie



AHHHH!!

What a mess!

I've got to clean this up. PLEASE, can you stay on this page and help me?

Whatever you do,
don't turn the page.



Oh good golly! You're still **TURNING!**

You must **stop** and here's why.

I met an elf who put a spell on me that makes it look like I'm misbehaving more and more with every page you turn.

Santa won't visit me if I'm **NAUGHTY**.

So **please, please** **DON'T** turn another page.



NOOOOOOOO!

You turned AGAIN! And it looks like I've dragged **dog poo** through the whole house.

I'm **NOT** allowed to put shoes on the couch and look what's happened.

Santa is never going to come now. **Please, please** don't turn the page.



WHAT THE HECK?!?

There are 25 new clocks and they
are all telling **different** times.

How will I know when bedtime is?
Surely I can't get in trouble if I stay up past it.

Santa has to know that it's you, not me,
being the naughty one here.

I know, I'll write him
a letter to tell him.

Ha! I bet you're
too **scared** to **TURN**
the page **now**.

AHHHHHH!!!!

I've drawn on the walls.

The letter to Santa was meant to be on this piece of paper.

How did pen end up there?

Get me off this page, I need to get a scrubbing brush!



Dear Santa,
I do hope you're VERY, VERY well
and NOT too STRESSED as we get
closer to "THE BIG NIGHT!"
I, for one, am VERY excited and
HAVE BEEN doing my VERY best
to be a GOOD BOY.
HOWEVER (and I certainly don't wish
to dob anyone in), it seems
EVERY TIME the page is turned
I'M being made to look
DREADFULLY NAUGHTY—
without doing ANYTHING
NAUGHTY

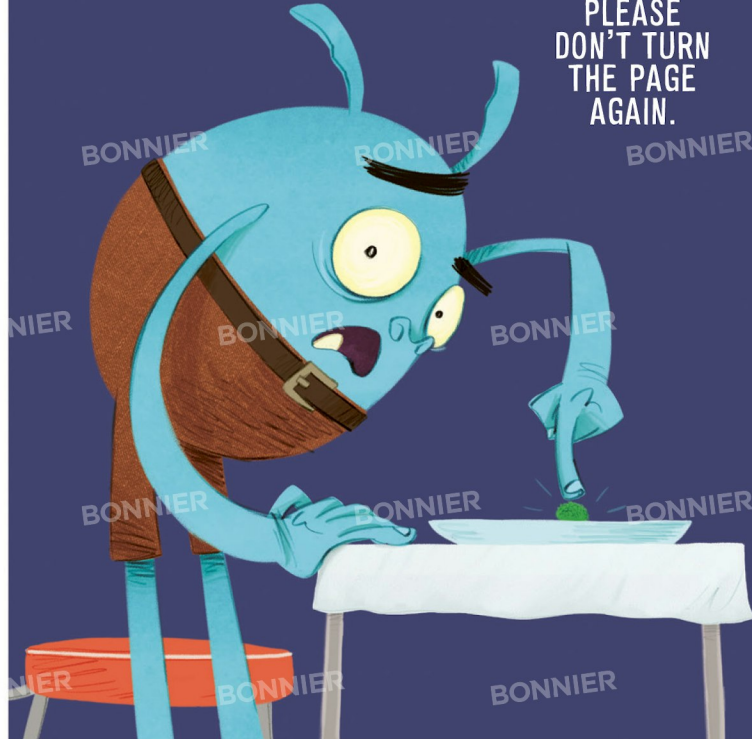
**YOU HAVE TO
FINISH ALL OF
YOUR DINNER!**



But I have!
What on earth?
You turned the page
and broccoli has
reappeared.
**NOT FAIR!
NOT FAIR!**
I'm **NOT** naughty.

I always eat my greens. I can manage that last piece
but I'm *pleading* with you,

**PLEASE
DON'T TURN
THE PAGE
AGAIN.**



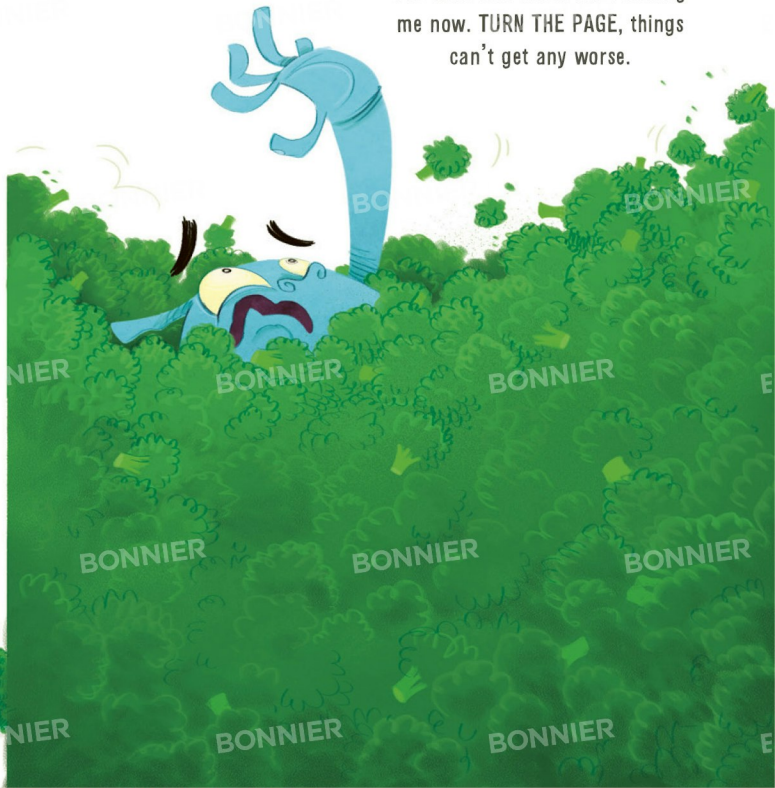
I SAID ALL OF
YOUR DINNER!

AHHHHH! I did!!!

It's too much. A never-ending bowl of
broccoli and it's all your fault for turning.



I'm done for. Santa isn't visiting
me now. TURN THE PAGE, things
can't get any worse.



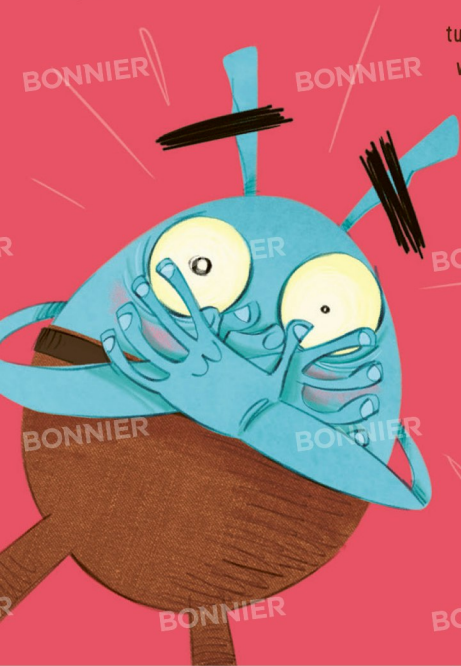
Oh my.

I just said a **RUDE** word.

Things **have** gotten **worse**.

You may have missed me saying it while you were turning the page, but naughty words should never be used and I said one.

Santa would have heard it.



This'll be the end of me. That new bicycle I wanted is definitely not coming now. I'm exhausted and need to go to bed.

PLEASE, PLEASE leave me be and *don't* turn another page.



AAH!

I made my bed this morning
and now it's **unmade**. You've
done this by turning the page.

You RASCAL!



But **wait**, what's to say Santa is coming to you?
I mean, have you cleaned your room, taken the ball games
outside, finished your dinner and not said any bad words?
If you have, well done and keep it up.

BUT if you haven't, I think there's still time to make amends.



PLEASE turn
the page and give me
a **chance** to
fix things too.



Oh dear. I'm POOPED. Thanks for helping me.

I think it's still possible Santa might come.
I hope he comes to visit you too.

Merry Christmas.



