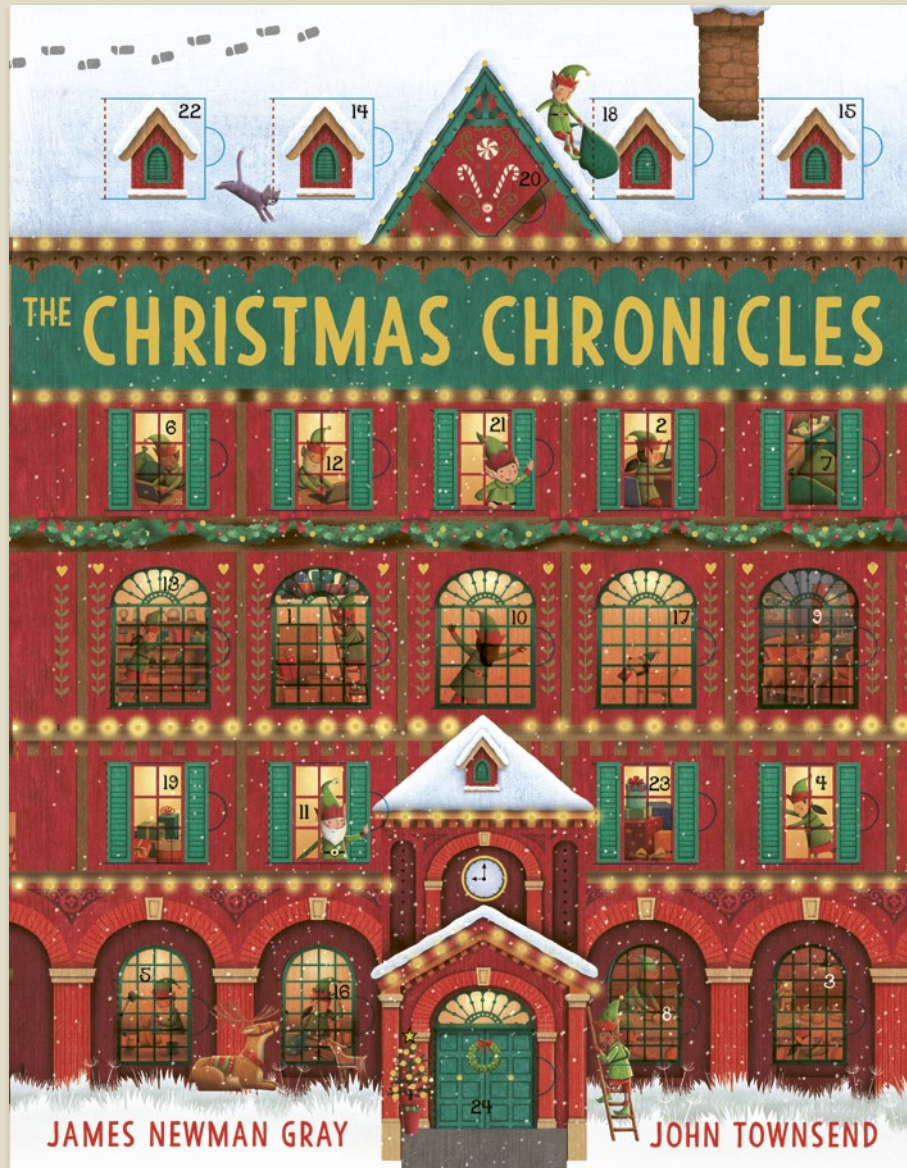


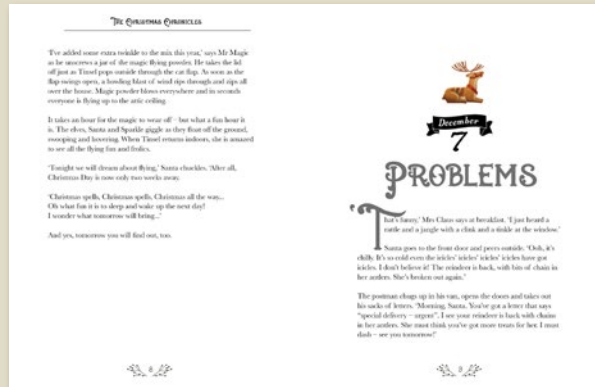
The Christmas Chronicles



Count down to Christmas with this lift-the-flap advent calendar-style book!

- Ingenious, interactive advent calendar-style design on cover. Children will love lifting the flaps on the cover to reveal a different Christmas character or object and, underneath, finding the page number where the chapter featuring this subject begins.
- These magical story features Santa, elves, reindeer, and other characters, and is filled with humorous mishaps and snowy adventures.
- 24 humorous chapters--one for every day in the buildup to Christmas.

The Christmas Chronicles



JOHN TOWNSEND

He chews the fat doors and chugs off through the snow.

Talking to the reindeer, Santa sighs. 'What are we going to do with you, eh? You can't keep rearing to cause here for breakfast.'

'Leave it with me, dear!' Mrs Claus says. 'I'll sort things out while you read that special letter.' With her hand on the MNY's gun, she looks the reindeer back to the stable and then her seat. All the reindeer look up, sniffing the air and chiding.

'The only way to stop you rearing to the house for treats is for me to leave your hidden in your hole of hay. Now don't I'll be so tired for you tomorrow.'

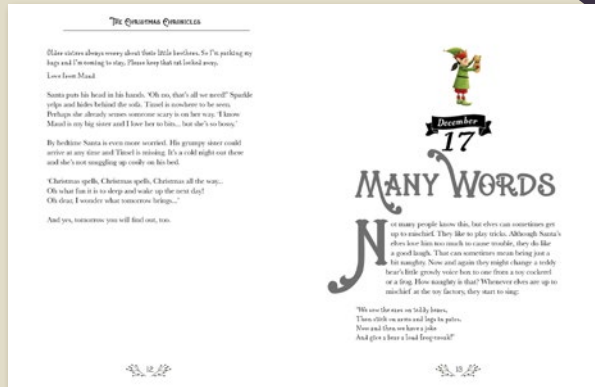
After hiding mince pies in the hay around the stable, Mrs Claus trudges back home through the snow. The reindeer can't wait to start their meals per hour.

Already the tree tracks from the postman's van are disappearing under fresh snow. 'That's funny,' Mrs Claus looks puzzled as she stares at the ground. 'How odd!'

Santa sits reading a letter, with Sparkle the dog at his feet. 'Oh dear, Sparkle! I'm in trouble. This letter is from my sister Mabel. She's not very happy.'

Dear Santa,

How odd, if you could that picture of those faces! Well, dear and that jolly dog of yours. As for the rest, you know I don't like this. Anyway, I've been trying to phone you and sending many texts but YOU ARE NOT ANSWERING. That's very odd of you, Santa. I am worried about you.



Sometimes elf Crackerjack will tie one of his jokes around a teddy bear's neck: What do you call an elf who never went to school as a child? Elf-taught.

What do you call an elf who wins a lot of money? Welfy.

What are elves' favourite types of photos? Elfies.

Santa has been sitting at his desk all day. There are pages of words in sparkly ink from his special pen. Beside him is the letter from Africa that started him writing his story. He has underlined Akua's words: 'I am learning to read and would like to have a book about you. Can you write one for me?'

Mrs Claus brings a tray of mince pies. 'Have you decided what to call your book, dear? After all, every book must have a title.'

Santa ponders for a while, staring out of the window at the falling snow. 'I could call it "The Fun of Being Santa Claus" or maybe "Santa's December Story"?'

JOHN TOWNSEND

Mrs Claus sips from a teacup and says, 'How about something more Christmassy? Something that gives a day-by-day record of what you do. What's another word for diary?'

Santa continues watching the dancing snowflakes through the window. 'Chronicle,' he smiles. 'Why not call my book "The Christmas Chronicles"?'

'Ooh, that sounds posh,' Mrs Claus giggles. 'It's got a ring to it. Go for it, love!'

Santa looks back at his desk where Tinsel is playing with Akua's letter by tapping it with her paw. 'And I shall mention Akua in it, too,' he says. 'In fact, I shall dedicate my book to all children in hospital this Christmas.'

At bedtime, Santa sits up in bed with his notebook and scratchy pen. Sparkle and Tinsel watch more words appear on the paper, as if by magic. Santa giggles, 'Shall I read you the first page? I told you both you would be in my book so here goes... "Not many people know this, but if you go to the North Pole and face one way, you will see a house with many windows, green shutters and a snowy roof. That's where Santa Claus lives with his wife Carol, their cat Tinsel and their dog Sparkle."' Santa turns off the light with a sigh.

'Christmas spells, Christmas spells, Christmas all the way... Oh what fun it is to sleep and wake up the next day! Nightie night, my sweetie-pies. Only one week to my big night. Just you wait till you see what tomorrow brings...'

And yes, tomorrow you will find out, too.

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