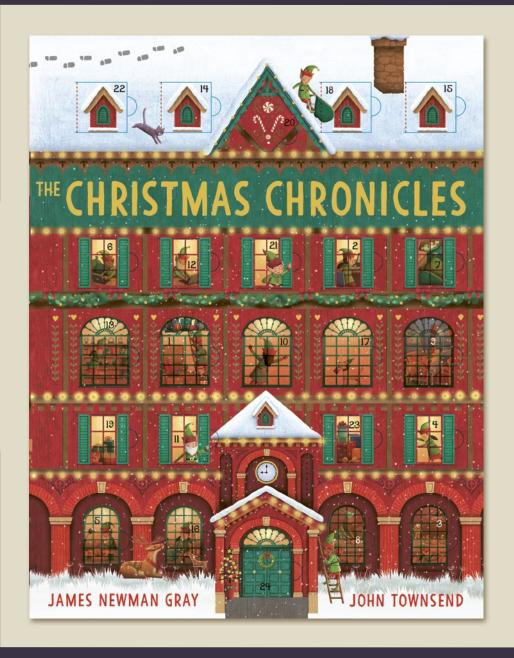
The Christmas Chronicles



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

- Ingenious, interactive advent calendarstyle 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

Тис былитиче былистте

The added some extra trivialle to the mix this year,' says Mr Magic so he uncreave a jur of the magic thying protein. He takes the lefoff jur an Timed popul omittle through the car filip. A sow ma the flap ravings open, a horsding blast of wind rijns through and rijn all over the house. Mugic protein blass overspolene and in secunds reversor in this gap to the artic ceiling.

It takes an bour for the magic to wrat off. but what a fun hour it.

ii. The elves, Santa and Spatile giggle as they floot off the groone recogning and hovering, When Timel returns indoors, she is amaze at the following the state of the second that their few and the following.

Tonight we will dream about thing," Santa chuckles. "After all, Christmas Day is now only two works away.

13.00

'Christmio spells, Christmas spells, Christmas all the way. On what fim it is to sleep and wate up the next day!

And yes, tomorrow you will find out, to



100



JOHN TOWNSEND

He closes the van doors and clugs off through the most.

Talking to the reindore, Santa sighs. What are we going to do with you, els? You musts't keep escaping to come here for breakfast."

ease it with me, dens,' Mrs Claus says. 'I'll not things our while to read that special letter,' 'With her businet of hot MINTS pies, to leads the reinfore back to the stable and into her stall. All the index bad so willfur the six and deliber.

'The only way to stop you coming to the house for treats is for me to leave some hidden in your bales of hay. Now there'll be no need for you to energie.'

After hiding mints pies in the hay around the stable, Mrs Chao trudges back home through the moss. The reindeer can't wait to start their mints pie hunt,

Already the tyre tracks from the postman's van are disappearing under feels snow. That's fame, Mrs Class looks pixzled as she stares at the ground, 'How odd...'

isenta sits reading a letter, with Sparkle the dog at his feet. 'Oh dese, ipackle - I'm in tooshie, This letter is from my sinter Maud. She's not very happy...'

Dear Sonto

fore stilly of you're send that pitture of three funcy little elver and that isliding of yours. As for the est, you know I don't like ests. Anyway, I've one trying to phone you and souling many texts but YOU ARE NOT INSOURCHAY. The



THE CHRISTMAN CHRISTICS

Older states always every about these little boothers. So I'm parking my large and I'm toming to stay, Please keep that not looked away. Look have Mond.

Sants puts his head in his hands. 'Oh no, that's all we need!' Spadde yelps and hides behind the softs. Time is nowhere to be seen. Perhaps the already senses someone scary is on her way.' I know Maud is my hig siner and I love her to bins., but the's so boos,'

By heddine Santa is even more scorried. His grumpy siner coals arrive at any time and Tinsel is missing. It's a cold night out the and she's not manufact on coally on his had.

Christmas spells, Christmas spells, Christmas all the way... Oh what fus it is to deep and wake up the next day! Oh dras, I wonder what somerow brings..."



"We now the same on tably bears, Then vitels on nexts and legs in putes. New and then we have a joke







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"?'





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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