

VERY DISNEP CHRISTMAS

First published in the UK in 2021 by Studio Press Books, an imprint of Bonnier Books UK, 4th Floor, Victoria House, Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA Owned by Bonnier Books, Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden

bonnierbooks.co.uk

Copyright © 2021 Disney Enterprises, Inc.

Pixar properties © Disney/Pixar

Based on the "Winnie the Pooh" works, by A. A. Milne and E. H. Shepard.

© Just Play, LLCP

Plymouth Superbird™; Petty ™; FIAT™; Hudson Hornet™

©Volkswagen AG

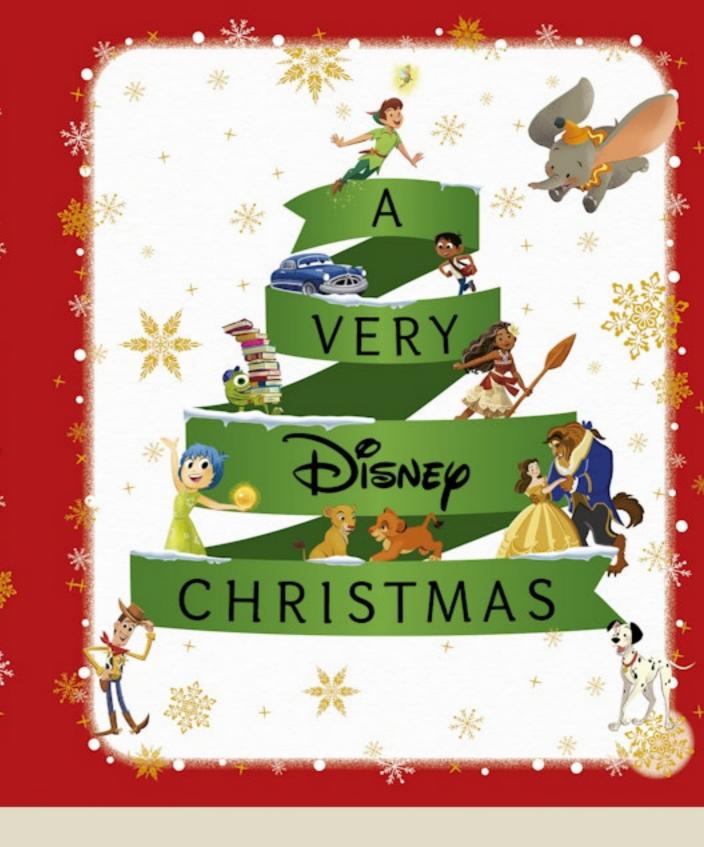
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

> Printed in Italy 2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

> > FSC

All rights reserved ISBN 978-1-80078-113-9

Edited by Ellie Rose Designed by Rob Ward Production by Emma Kidd



CONTENTS

1

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS LAUGHS 6 MAKE AN ADVENT CALENDAR

10

2

DECEMBER

THE BEST PRESENT EVER 12 DESIGN A CHRISTMAS CARD

16

3

DECEMBER

DUMBO'S SNOWY DAY 18 LEARN TO DRAW DUMBO 21



DECEMBER

THE SWEETEST CHRISTMAS 22

BAKE CHRISTMAS BISCUITS 26

5

DECEMBER

OLAF'S FROZEN ADVENTURE 28

MAKE AN OLAF DECORATION 32

DECEMBER

THE PERFECT GIFT 34

MAKE A CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATION

38

DECEMBER

GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST 40

WRITE A LETTER TO FATHER CHRISTMAS 44

DECEMBER

MICKY AND MINNIE'S GIFT OF THE MAGI 46

> MAKEA SNOW GLOBE 50

DECEMBER

BELLE TO THE RESCUE 52

CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS 55

10

DECEMBER

A BIG. BLUE CHRISTMAS 56 MAKEA BAUBLE 60

11

DECEMBER

THE WONDERFUL WINTER TREE 62

DESIGN YOUR OWN WRAPPING PAPER 66

12

DECEMBER

LADY'S CHRISTMAS SUPRISE 68 MAKE A

POMPOM 72

13 DECEMBER

THE PUPPIES' MESSY CHRISTMAS

74 MAKE A CHRISTMAS WREATH

78

14 DECEMBER

DONALD'S CHRISTMAS TREE 80

MAKE A MINI CHRISTMAS TREE

82

15 DECEMBER

> NIGHT LIGHTS 84

PLAY CHRISTMAS BINGO 88

16

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS FOR EVERYONE 90

MAKE MINCE PIES 94

17

DECEMBER

THE SHADOW PUPPET SHOW 96

DESIGN & CHRISTMAS PARTY INVITATION 99

18

DECEMBER

OUR PERFECT STORMY DAY 100

WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY

102

19

DECEMBER

A GIFT FOR WALL-E 104 MAKE AN ORANGE POMANDER

108

20 DECEMBER

A PERFECT PARTY 110 MAKE PAPER SNOWFLAKES 113

21

DECEMBER

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST 114 CHRISTMAS TABLE CENTREPIECE

118

22 DECEMBER

THE RILEY AND BING BONG BAND

120 MAKE A RUDOLPH DECORATION

124

23 DECEMBER

MIGUEL AND THE SECRET RECIPE 126 MAKE A POPCORN GARLAND

129

24

DECEMBER

A PRINCE'S DAY 130 CHRISTMAS EVE CHECKLIST 133

25

DECEMBER

A Toy CHRISTMAS 134

FUN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY 138

BONUS ACTIVITY

MAKEA PAPER CHAIN 140

> ACTIVITY TICKLIST

142



CHRISTMAS



Mike Wazowski, the green one-eyed monster, was on the Monsters, Inc. Laugh Floor. He couldn't stop looking at the Laugh Meter. It showed all of the laughs the monsters had collected by telling kids jokes. The laughs were turned into energy for the city of Monstropolis.

Monsters, Inc. had always been able to collect enough laughs to make sure the monsters never had to worry about losing power. But with Christmas around the corner, it seemed as if more and more kids were on holiday. That made it harder to collect laughs.

Mike worried there wouldn't be enough power to light the Christmas tree in the city. It was a Monstropolis tradition that everyone looked forward to.

'Come on, monsters,' he called out. 'Think funny!' Mike watched one monster go through a child's wardrobe door. When he came back onto the Laugh Floor, Mike looked at the canister that collected laughs. It wasn't even half full.

Just then, Sulley showed up. The big, furry blue monster was the president of Monsters, Inc. He was also Mike's best friend.

'How's it going, Mike?' asked Sulley.

'Fine, fine,' Mike answered nervously. He didn't want his boss to know they were running short on laughs. 'That Christmas tree will be lit up in no time.'

Mike saw Sulley peek over at the Laugh Meter. 'I bet there are a lot of kids who are—' Sulley started.

'No time to talk, buddy,' Mike cut him off. He guided Sulley towards the door. 'Got to get back to work and collect those laughs.'

'Okay,' said Sulley. 'See you later.'

As soon as Sulley left, Mike called out again, 'Let's go, let's go! Collect those laughs! Christmas is just around the comer!'

The monsters worked even harder at being funny and entertaining. One monster even juggled seven plates and spun another plate on his head. The kid watching him broke into giggles and clapped wildly. The laugh canister quickly filled up.

George, a big, furry orange monster, went through another child's door. He sat on a stool next to the little girl's bed, holding a microphone in one hand.

'Hey, is this thing on? Hello?' George said, tapping the microphone. 'Ready to have some laughs? Good. Why did the monster eat a lightbulb?'

'Why?' the child asked.

'He needed a light snack!' George exclaimed, and the little girl roared with laughter. 'Wait, wait! I have more.' He told another joke that sent the child into giggles. On the Laugh Floor, Mike watched the canister outside the door fill up.

'Nice work,' Mike said when George had finished.

'Thanks,' George said. He and Mike looked up at the Laugh Meter on the wall. It was growing steadily, much to everyone's delight.

'We actually might make our goal,' Mike said with a hopeful smile.

All of a sudden, Mike and the other monsters watched in horror as the Laugh Meter began to go down instead of up!

'What's going on? What's happening?' Mike said, his voice growing louder.

The laugh wranglers, Smitty and Needleman, weren't sure.

'This has never happened before,' said Smitty, the head wrangler.

"Well, don't just stand there," Mike cried. 'Fix it!"

The wranglers sprang into action. After a while, they discovered a leak in the laugh tank, where all the laughs were stored.

The monsters on the Laugh Floor were worried. They wondered if all of their hard work had been for nothing.

'Ho, ho, ho!' came a cheerful voice.

Mike looked up and saw Santa Claus walking onto the floor. Then he realised it was Sulley dressed in a Santa suit.

'I'm just getting into the Christmas spirit,' Sulley explained. Then he looked around. 'It looks like I'm the only one. What's going on?'

Mike explained. 'But I've got everything under control, Santa, er, Sulley.'

'I'm sure you do,' Sulley replied. 'I'm just going to see if there's anything I can do to help.'

Sulley followed Mike into the basement of Monsters, Inc., where the laugh wranglers were hard at work. Everyone wanted to get the laugh tank fixed as soon as possible and time was running out. The tree-lighting ceremony was only a few hours away!

But the wranglers couldn't agree on how to fix the problem.

'Anything I can do?' Sulley asked.

'One of the pipes that leads into the laugh tank has burst,' explained Smitty. 'We need to tie it off but none of our tools are strong enough to turn the pipe.'

"Hmm..." said Sulley, scratching his head. Then Mike had a great idea. "Why not actually tie it off?" Since Sulley was so strong, he could bend that pipe right into a pretzel shape!

Sulley was willing to give it a try. Mike stood by his side and coached him. It worked! The pipe stopped leaking!

Mike and Sulley headed back up to the Laugh Floor. All the monsters congratulated Sulley!

Mike wondered why no one was thanking him. It had been his idea, after all. But there was no time to think about that now. 'We're back up and running!' Mike announced. 'Let's make some laughs!'

All the monsters got to work. They knew they'd have to work extra hard to make up for all of the lost laughs.

Sulley decided to jump in and help. 'Hey, we've only got a couple of hours to get the tree lit,' he said to Mike.

Still dressed as Santa, Sulley went through a child's wardrobe door.

When he came back onto the Laugh Floor, he looked up at the Laugh Meter on the wall. It was increasing, but slowly.

'We've got to make it,' Sulley whispered to Mike.

Finally, the Laugh Meter was back up to the level it had reached before the leak. Sulley looked at the clock on the wall and frowned. It was only thirty minutes until the tree-lighting ceremony.

Suddenly, Sulley had an idea. 'The only way we're going to make our laugh quota is to get some really over-the-top laughs.'

Mike nodded in agreement.

'We need a big one,' continued Sulley. 'We need a special kind of monster. One with perfect timing, star quality, a natural at comedy, a one-eyed sensation.'

Mike realised what Sulley was trying to do. He crossed his arms and shook his head. 'No, Sulley. Absolutely not.'

'The Christmas tree lighting is only half an hour away,' Sulley told him. 'Come on, Mike. The whole city is depending on you.'

That was all Mike needed to hear. 'You're right. Let's do it!' he said. 'But you're coming with me!'

Sulley and Mike went through a door together. Sulley was still dressed as Santa and Mike had dressed up as an elf. To their delight, a little girls' sleepover was going on!

Mike started with some of his best jokes. 'Hey, Sulley, I've got to walk twenty-five miles to get home.'

'Why don't you take a train?' Sulley asked, playing along.

'I did once, but my mother made me give it back!' Mike said. The kids in the room laughed but not as hard as the monsters had hoped. After a few more jokes, Mike realised he'd have to try something else. He picked up the sack of toys Sulley had brought in, but it was far too heavy for him.

"Whoa!" he exclaimed as he tripped. He landed upside down and the sack of toys spilled out around him. He sat up with a doll draped over his head and a toy race car stuck to his foot.

The kids roared with laughter. They begged for more and Mike happily tumbled and tripped for them again.

Mike and Sulley made it back onto the Laugh Floor in time to watch the Laugh Meter hit its limit!

At the tree-lighting ceremony, Mike and Sulley stood proudly in the front of the crowd.

Sulley whispered in Mike's ear, 'You did a great job. Thank you.'

Mike smiled. 'You know what I always say: funny doesn't grow on trees. When you got it, you got it. And I got it.'

Sulley laughed. He was happy Mike had it and shared it. It was going to be a bright Christmas, after all.

MAKE AN

ADVENT CALENDAR

Get creative and make your own activity advent calendar!



YOU WILL NEED

 coloured card or wrapping paper
 coloured pens or pencils

- scissors
- · coloured ribbon
 - string



- Cut out 25 shapes from the coloured card or wrapping paper. You could cut Christmas trees, wreaths, presents, snowmen, stockings or baubles.
- ASK AN ADULT FOR HELP
- On the front, write a number from 1 to 25. On the back, write a fun activity to do every day leading up to Christmas Day.
- Add extra decoration to each card try adding glitter, stickers or even fresh holly!
- Ask an adult to hang up the ribbon you could hang it on a wall or along a bannister.
- Make a small hole in the corner of each card and thread through string.
 Hang up the cards, in order, ready to open each day!

ACTIVITY IDEAS

- Make a hot chocolate with marshmallows
- · Watch a Christmas film
- · Decorate the Christmas tree
- · Make a gingerbread house
 - · Put on a festive play



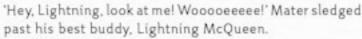








THE BEST PRESENT EVER



It was winter in Radiator Springs. Christmas was just a few days away and fresh snow blanketed the ground. The two friends were taking turns sliding down a snow-covered hill using Mater's one-of-a-kind junkyard sledge.

'I'm tellin' you, this here's the best sledge in Radiator Springs!' Mater exclaimed.

'I know, you have told me,' Lightning laughed. 'Several times. It has its own headlights, superfast gliders—'

'And built-in bumper tyres!' the friends said together.

'Well, hold your horsepower,' said Mater. 'Because it's gonna be even funner when we take it sledging at Kersploosh Mountain!'

Kersploosh Mountain was a water park near Radiator Springs. For just one day a year, on Christmas, the waterslides were frozen over so that cars could go sledging down the chutes.

'Uh, Mater, there's something I need to tell you.' Lightning looked worried. 'Remember that Russian Ice Racers Cup I told you I'm competing in?'

'Well, sure,' said Mater. 'The one in a few weeks.'

'That's just it,' Lightning said. 'They moved it up to this week. I'm not going to be here for Christmas after all.'

Mater stopped dead in his tracks. 'You're not?'

Lightning shook his head. 'I'm really sorry, buddy. I know I'll miss Christmas at Kersploosh Mountain. But maybe we can do something else when I get back?' 'Yeah... sure thing,' Mater said.

Later that afternoon, Mater pulled into Flo's V8 Cafe.

'Hey there, Mater,' Flo called. 'Want to try a sip of my new eggnog oil? It's guaranteed to fill you up with Christmas cheer.'

"I could use some," said Mater. "I'm plumb out of Christmas cheer."

'Something got you down, honey?' Flo asked.

Mater sighed. 'Lightning won't be home for Christmas. He's in some Rushin' Rice Cup.'

'That's too bad,' Flo said. 'I guess you'll have to celebrate the holiday early.'

'Yeah, celebrate early! That's a good idea!' said Mater. Then he thought for a
moment. 'Oh, shoot, I forgot about presents. I've gotta get Lightning something!

But what?'

Flo looked thoughtful. 'Hmmm. Well, you're going to miss him while he's away, right?'

'Yeah,' Mater nodded eagerly.

'So how about getting him something for the race, so he knows you'll be thinking of him? Like ear mufflers? Or a snow scraper?'

Mater smiled. 'Or snow tyres! That's a great idea, Flo. I know just where to go!' With that, Mater dashed off.

'Luigi!' Mater yelled as he skidded up to Casa Della Tires. 'I need your help!'
Luigi smiled. 'For you, Mater, anything!'

'Those snow tyres,' said Mater. 'The ones that used to be in your front window. Where'd they go? I need to buy them for Lightning for his Crushin' Dice Cup!'

Luigi's smile faded. 'Ah... I can do anything but that. I'm afraid someone's already bought them. They just left a moment ago.'

Sure enough, outside a big truck was driving away from the shop.

Mater raced after the truck, finally catching up with him at the intersection. Mater explained the situation then pleaded with the truck. 'I need those tyres for my best buddy's Christmas gift. I'll give you anything.'

The truck sighed. 'Sorry, but I've been dreaming of speeding through the snow with these superfast tyres.'

Mater raised an eyebrow. 'Fast, huh? What if I told you I had something that goes even faster than those tyres?'



Curious, the truck agreed to meet Mater at the edge of town. Meanwhile, Mater raced to his junkyard to grab his sledge.

'All right,' Mater said when the two trucks met again. 'I'll bet my sledge is faster going down that hill than you in those tyres. If I'm right, we'll trade. Deal?'

The truck agreed and soon they were zipping down the snowy slope. Mater zoomed past the truck - and won!

The truck happily traded the tyres for Mater's sledge.

Meanwhile, Lightning was helping Sally decorate the Cozy Cone Motel.

'I feel awful,' he said. 'Mater looked so sad when I told him.'

'Well,' said Sally. 'Do you need to do the race?'

'Huh?' asked Lightning.

'It's not part of your normal circuit,' Sally pointed out. 'I'm sure they'd understand if you didn't go.'

Lightning's eyes lit up. 'You're right. Mater is my best friend. And a trophy is just another trophy. I'm going to withdraw from the race and stay here for Christmas!'

Lightning raced home to call Vitaly Petrov, who was hosting the Russian Ice Racers Cup. Vitaly told Lightning not to worry, he could reschedule the race for after the holiday.

'That works out great. Thanks, Vitaly!' said Lightning.

He couldn't wait to tell Mater the good news. On his way to see his best buddy, Lightning drove past a big sign for Kersploosh Mountain. He suddenly had an idea for the perfect gift...

The next day, Lightning and Mater exchanged gifts.

'Open yours, open yours, open yours!' Mater cried.

'Okay,' said Lightning. 'But, Mater, I have some good news that...' Lightning trailed off as he unwrapped the tyres.

'You got these for me?' he asked, looking up at his friend.

'Yeah!' Mater grinned from mirror to mirror. 'If my best buddy can't be here for Christmas, then he'd sure as heck better win his Blushin' Mice Cup! Do you like 'em?' Lightning was touched. 'Mater, I love them. But...'

Mater was already ripping open his gift. When he saw the two tickets to Kersploosh Mountain, his eyes grew wide.

Lightning shrugged. 'My race was delayed, so now I can spend Christmas with you, buddy.'

"No way!" Mater exclaimed. 'This is awesome! I can't believe we're going to Kersploosh Mountain on Christmas Day! Now we can take my sledge and... uh oh."

'Hey, where is your sledge?' Lightning asked, looking around. Mater shuffled nervously. 'Uh, I may have kind of, sort of, traded it to get you them there snow tyres.'

The two friends stared at each other. Then they started laughing. 'Can you believe this?' Lightning exclaimed. 'We thought we were getting each other the perfect Christmas presents but we ended up getting stuff we can't use!'

Mater nodded. 'Yeah, but I'll tell you one thing, buddy, spending Christmas together is still the best present ever.'

Lightning smiled. 'Same here, pal. I wouldn't change a thing.'

Mater looked at the gifts. 'Well, shoot. What are we going to do with four tyres and no race and two tickets with no sledge?'

A twinkle came to Lightning's eye. 'Well, we may not have a junkyard sledge but we do have a junkyard. Mater, didn't your old sledge have bumper tyres?'

Mater bounced up and down. 'Oh, oh! I see where you're going.' He started racing around his junkyard, collecting scraps. 'Dad gum, this is gonna be so cool!'

On Christmas Day, Mater and Lightning sat at the top of Kersploosh Mountain. Beneath them was a new junkyard sledge. Except this one was extra special – it had two seats, flashing Christmas lights, double gliders and extra-large bumper tyres.

'It's Mater's Junkyard Sledge 2.0, with double the sledding fun!' cried Mater.

'You ready for this?' Lightning asked as they teetered on the top of the slide.

"You bet," said Mater. "As long as I've got my good buddy with me, I'm as ready as I'll ever beeeeeeeeee!"



DESIGN A

CHRISTMAS CARD

Use scraps of old wrapping paper to make this card for someone special!



YOU WILL NEED

- · scraps of wrapping paper
 - · scissors
 - · glue

- · brown card
- · sheet of coloured card
 - · coloured ribbon



- Cut roughly 14 pieces of wrapping paper around 1 cm wide. Each piece should be slightly shorter than the last – these will form your tree.
- 2. Roll each piece of wrapping paper into a tube and glue to hold together.
- Cut a rectangle roughly 5 cm by 3 cm from the brown card. This will be the tree trunk.
- 4. Fold the coloured card in half this is the base of your card.
- 5. Glue the tree trunk at the bottom of one side of the card.
- Then glue each wrapping paper tube above the tree trunk, from the longest to the shortest.
- Tie the ribbon into a bow and glue to the top of the tree.
- Write your festive message inside the card!



DUMBO'S SNOWY DAY



Dumbo was a very special elephant – with his huge ears, he could soar through the sky like a bird. Dumbo performed in a circus with his mother, Mrs. Jumbo. One chilly day, the circus animals were on their way to a new town. But their train, Casey Jr., was struggling to get through the falling snow. His wheels slid on the icy railroad tracks.

Finally, Casey Jr. decided it was too dangerous to keep going. The train came to a stop and everyone waited for the snow to pass.

Dumbo was happy that the train had stopped. He'd never played in the snow before! He thought it felt awfully strange as he tried to walk through it. The snow pressed against his feet like cold sand.

'You can do it!' said Mrs. Jumbo. She gave him a gentle nuzzle.

Soon Dumbo got the hang of walking through the snow. He liked the crunch-crunch-crunch sound he heard with every step.

All morning, Dumbo and his mother played in the snow. They gathered snowballs together with their trunks. They made snow elephants. They even played hide-and-seek! But as Dumbo and his mother explored, they got further and further away from the waiting train.

Suddenly, Dumbo slid down a steep

hill. He called after his mother to follow him. But when she reached the bottom of the hill, Mrs. Jumbo realised she couldn't climb back up!

Dumbo tried to push. He tried to pull. But nothing worked. Mrs. Jumbo slipped farther down the slope towards a steep cliff edge.

'You will have to fly off and get help,' Mrs. Jumbo told him.

So off Dumbo flew, as fast as his ears would take him.

As he soared towards the train, the wind began to blow. It pushed harder and harder against him. The snow stung his eyes and the cold nipped at his toes.

Finally, Dumbo's ears got so cold he couldn't fly. As he waited for the wind to pass, he worried about his mother.

Once the wind died down, Dumbo raced back to the train. Quickly, he gathered all the animals together so that they could help.

"What are we waiting for?" Timothy Mouse cried. 'I've got to save Mrs. Jumbo!"

Dumbo led his friends back to the cliff.

By the time they found Mrs. Jumbo, the windstorm had pushed her even closer to the cliff's edge. The animals knew they had to think of something fast!

'Oh, dear,' worried the giraffe. 'How can we get down there to help?'

Timothy snapped his fingers - he had an idea.

'Everybody line up!' he shouted. He ordered the animals to grab one another's tails. At the front of the line, the ostrich leaned over the cliff to take hold of Mrs. Jumbo's trunk.

'One, two, three, PULL!' Timothy yelled.

The animals worked together, huffing and puffing, pulling and stretching, until Mrs. Jumbo made it safely to the top of the cliff.

'Hooray!' everyone shouted. Suddenly, there was a loud CRACK!

The cliff side gave way and the animals all tumbled down!

'Watch out!' yelled the hippo.

'Yikes!' cried the monkeys.

'Uh-oh!' said the giraffe.



'Help!' hollered the bear.

All of the animals tumbled together and rolled down the hill. Before long, they had become a giant snowball!

'How do you stop this thing?' Timothy shouted as they zoomed along.

The snowball gathered speed until... Crash! Bang! Boom! Oof!

The animal snowball hit the bottom of the hill and broke apart!

'Is everyone okay?' Timothy asked as he straightened his hat. Luckily, everyone was fine, just a little dizzy from their unexpected snow ride. All the animals began walking back to

the train. Walking wasn't nearly as fast as riding a snowball, but it was a lot less scary!

That night, Mrs. Jumbo gave Dumbo a warm bath.

'Thank you for flying to find help today,' Mrs. Jumbo said to her son. 'I'm so proud of you.'

Dumbo smiled and blew a trunkful of water over his head.

'Hey! Don't forget about me,' said Timothy from his teacup bath. 'I helped, too!'

Mrs. Jumbo nodded 'You certainly did. Thank you.'

'Aw, gee,' said Timothy. 'It was nothing. Nothing at all.'

Then it was time for bed. Dumbo snuggled up against his mother, and Timothy nestled underneath Dumbo's ear. 'Good night, my darling,' Mrs. Jumbo said softly.

'Sleep tight!' said Timothy.

Dumbo fell asleep right away. Tomorrow he and the circus animals would perform for hundreds of happy children in the new town. But for now, Dumbo was glad to be warm and safe with his mother as the snow fell gently outside.

LEARN TO DRAW DUMBO

Dumbo may be the smallest elephant under the Big Top but he has a very special talent – he can use his ears to fly! Follow the steps to draw the little elephant.



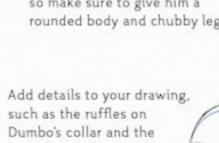
 Start by drawing two large circles and a smaller circle.



Add the guidelines to show where Dumbo's face will go.



 Remember that Dumbo is a baby, so make sure to give him a rounded body and chubby legs.



such as the ruffles on
Dumbo's collar and the
wrinkles on his knees!



 Dumbo's skin is a light grey with a hint of blue.



THE SWEETEST CHRISTMAS

One snowy Christmas Eve, Winnie the Pooh looked up and down, in and out and all around his house. He had a tree set up in his living room. It was decorated with some candles in honey pots. Pooh looked at the tree and tapped his head. 'Something seems to be missing,' he said.

He walked over to the window and peered outside. Then he walked back to the tree and thought some more.

Suddenly, a knocking sound startled Pooh. Rap-a-tap-tap! He turned towards his front door.

'Maybe whatever it is I can't remember I'm missing is outside my door,' Pooh said.

When Pooh opened the door, he found a small snowman on his front step.

'H-h-he-l-l-l-o, P-Pooh B-Bear,' the snowman said as he shivered.

Pooh thought the voice sounded very familiar. He invited the snowman inside.

After standing beside the fire for a few minutes, the snowman began to melt. The more he melted, the more he started to look like Piglet!

'Oh, my,' said Pooh. He was happy to see his friend where there used to be a snowman.

'Oh, my,' said Piglet. Now that the snow had melted off him, he could see Pooh's glowing Christmas tree.

'Are you going to string popcorn for your tree?' Piglet asked.

'There was popcorn and string,' Pooh admitted. 'But now there is only string.'



Pooh thought some more, wondering if popcorn was what he'd forgotten. But that wasn't it, either.

'Then we can use the string to wrap the presents you're giving,' Piglet said. Something began to tickle at Pooh's brain. It was the something missing that he hadn't been able to remember.

'I forgot to get presents!' Pooh exclaimed.

'Don't worry, Pooh,' Piglet said. 'I'm sure you'll think of something.'

Soon it was time for Piglet to go home and wrap his own presents. He said goodbye to his friend and went back out into the cold, snowy night.

Pooh stood beside his tree and tapped his head while he thought. Where could he find presents for his friends? It was already Christmas Eve. Was it too late?

He thought some more. He sat down in his cosy chair. Then he got up and had a small snack of honey. He peered out the window and watched the snow fall.

Then he had an idea.

He still didn't know what to do about the presents he'd forgotten. But he knew where to find help.

'Hello!' Pooh called as he knocked on Christopher Robin's door.

Christopher Robin opened the door and smiled when he saw the visitor.

'Come in, Pooh Bear,' he said. 'Merry Christmas! Why do you look so sad on the most wonderful night of the year?'

Pooh was just about to explain about the forgotten presents when something caught his eye. He pointed at the stockings over the fireplace. 'What are those for?' he asked.

'Those are stockings to hold Christmas presents,' explained Christopher Robin.

'But Christopher Robin,' Pooh said, 'what if someone forgot to find presents for his friends? And what if that same someone doesn't have stockings to hang because he doesn't wear any?'

Pooh looked down at his bare feet, then

back up at Christopher Robin.

'Silly old bear,' Christopher Robin said. He took Pooh up to his room. They dug through his drawers until Pooh found seven stockings.

'Thank you, Christopher Robin,' Pooh said. He smiled. He'd picked a stocking for each of his friends to put their presents in: purple for Piglet, red-and-white striped for Tigger, orange for Rabbit, yellow for Eeyore, maroon for Gopher and blue for Owl. And one for him to hang over his fireplace.

He hurried off to deliver the stockings to his friends. As he walked through the Hundred-Acre Wood, he thought about the presents he still needed for the stockings.

'I will get the presents later,' Pooh said to himself. 'The stockings come first.'

Pooh stopped at each of his friends' houses. Everyone was asleep. He quietly
hung the stockings where his friends would find them. Each one had a tag that
read: FROM POOH.

When Pooh got back to his house, he climbed into his cosy chair in front of a roaring fire.

'Now I must think about presents for my friends,' he said.

But Pooh was tired from finding the stockings and delivering

them to his friends' houses. Before he knew it, his thinking turned into dreaming. He was fast asleep.

The next morning, Pooh awoke to a loud thumping noise. Thump-a-bump-bump!

"I wonder who that could be," he said. He climbed out of his chair and opened the door.

'Merry Christmas, Pooh!' his friends cried.

There on Pooh's doorstep stood Tigger, Rabbit, Piglet, Owl, Eeyore and Gopher. They were each carrying a stocking from Pooh.

Pooh scratched his head. All of a sudden he remembered what had happened the night before. He had fallen asleep before giving presents to his friends!

'Oh, bother,' he said. Then he realised that his

friends were all talking at once. They were thanking him for their gifts!

'No more cold ears in the winter with my new cap,' Piglet said.

'My stripedy sleeping bag is tiggerific!' exclaimed Tigger.

'So is my new carrot cover,' Rabbit said.

'This rock-collecting bag will sure make work go faster,' Gopher said.

Eeyore swished his tail to show Pooh his new tail-warmer. 'No one's ever given me such a useful gift before,' he said.

Owl told Pooh his new wind sock would help him with the day's weather report.

Pooh looked at his friends. They were very happy with their stockings, even though there weren't any presents in them!

'Something very nice is going on,' Pooh said.

'It is very nice, Pooh Bear,' Piglet said.

'It's called Christmas, buddy bear,' Tigger said. He patted Pooh on the back. Then Pooh watched in surprise as each of his friends put a honey pot in Pooh's own stocking.

'I don't know what to say,' Pooh told his friends. He was thrilled by their gifts. Honey was his favourite treat!

'Christmas is a wonderful holiday,' Rabbit said. 'Especially when you have good friends to share it with.'

'Yep!' Tigger agreed. 'But I know how we could make the day even sweeter.' He looked at the honey pot in Pooh's hands. An idea tickled

at Pooh's brain.

'Let's all have lunch together,' Pooh said.

He passed out the honey pots his friends had
just brought him. 'Christmas... what a sweet
day, indeed.'





BAKE CHRISTMAS

BISCUITS

These biscuits might not be made with Pooh's favourite honey but they still make pretty and delicious decorations!



YOU WILL NEED

- 100g unsalted butter, softened
- · 100g caster sugar
 - · 1 egg
- · 1 tsp vanilla extract
- · 275g plain flour
 - sprinkles
- · baking tray

- · greaseproof paper
 - · mixing bowl
- wooden spoon
- · rolling pin
- cookie cutters
 - · knife
 - · wire rack
 - · ribbon

ASK AN ADULT FOR HELP

- Preheat the oven to 190°C. Line the baking tray with greaseproof paper.
- Cream the butter and sugar together into a bowl until pale and fluffy.
- Beat in the egg and vanilla extract a little at a time until combined.
- 4. Add the flour and mix to form a dough.
- Roll out the dough on a lightly floured surface until it is about 1 cm thick.
- Use cookie cutters to cut biscuits out of the dough. Re-roll any leftover dough until it has all been used.
- Carefully use a knife to cut a hole in each biscuit. You can cut a larger shape in the middle or a small hole at the top of the biscuit.
- 8. Add sprinkles to the top of each biscuit.
- Put the biscuits on a baking tray and bake for 8-10 minutes, or until pale golden brown. Leave to cool on a wire rack.
- Once completely cooled, carefully thread the ribbon through the hole in each biscuit.



You could make a simple icing by mixing icing sugar, water and food colouring to add more decoration to each biscuit!







OLAF'S FROZEN ADVENTURE

Olaf burst out of a kransekake, with pieces of the cake falling every which way. 'Surprise!' He shouted.

'Olaf, not yet!' said Anna.

Elsa smiled. 'The surpise holiday party starts after the Yule Bell rings.'

It was Arendelle's first holiday season in forever, and the two sisters would be spending it together with their kingdom.

The castle courtyard was filled with festive townspeople. Everyone had been excited as Kristoff and Sven brought in the Yule Bell.

'The Yule Bell signals the start of the holidays in Arendelle!' Elsa told Olaf. 'Okay, now,' Anna whispered.

Bong! Bong! The bell rang out, and all the villagers cheered! 'Surprise!' Shouted Olaf to the crowd.

And with that, Elsa and Anna flung open the doors to the castle to invite everyone in. But instead of staying for the surprise party, the townspeople started to leave!

'Wait!' Anna said. 'Going so soon?'

One woman replied, 'The Yule Bell rang, so I must get home for my family's tradition: rolling the *lefse!*'

A couple added, 'Our tradition is putting out porridge for the tomte.'

Two sisters explained, 'We're baking traditional bordstabelbakkels!'



Elsa invited Mr. And Mrs. Olsen to the castle, but they shook their heads.

'Thank you, but Olga and I need to get home to knit socks for our grandchildren.' Old Roy smiled. 'We wouldn't want to intrude on your family traditions.'

With the villagers gone, the sisters needed cheering up.

Kristoff serenaded them with his holiday tradition from the trolls, The Ballad
of Flemingrad. But the song took a strange turn when Kristof started singing
about nostrils.

Then Kristoff revealed another troll tradition: Flemmy the Fungus Troll! 'Woah, gross,' said Anna.

"Now you lick his forehead and make a wish!" Kristoff said. Everyone laughed.

Olaf followed the sisters into the bathroom. He couldn't wait to hear what Anna and Elsa's holiday tradition was. 'Do we have any traditions, Elsa?' asked Anna. 'Do you remember?'

'After the gates were closed, we were never together,' Elsa replied. 'I'm sorry, Anna. It's my fault that we don't have a tradition.'

Over the past few months, Olaf had learned a little about why certain events and items were important to different people. And now he understood something new – everyone in Arendelle had a holiday tradition. Everyone except Anna and Elsa.

Olaf ran to the stable.

'Sven! Anna and Elsa don't have a holiday tradition.' Then he had an idea.

'Let's go and find the best tradition Anna and Elsa have ever seen, and we'll

bring it back to the castle!'

Olaf hooked Sven to Kristoff's sleigh, and the two immediately set out.

Olaf knocked on the door of the first house they came to.

'What is your holiday tradition?' Olaf asked a young boy and his mother.

'We make candy canes together.' The boy handed







one to Olaf.

Olaf pulled out his carrot nose and popped in the candy cane. His eyes whirled. 'Ohhhhh, sugar rush!'

The boy stared at Olaf. 'You're supposed to eat it.'

'Eat my new nose? Why would I do that?' asked Olaf.

'Because it's that time of year!' the boy said.

Olaf and Sven stopped at home after home to learn about different holiday traditions.

They loaded all the traditions onto Sven's sleigh, so they could take them back to Anna and Elsa.

At their last stop, Olaf found the entire Oaken family celebrating in the sauna. Olaf thought that was a great tradition... and added a portable sauna to the pile!

But hot coals from the sauna caused problems. The sleigh caught fire and the traditions began to burn! When the sleigh went over a cliff, Sven and Olaf landed on opposite sides of a ravine and the holiday traditions were gone!

Olaf was still hopeful because he had one last tradition, a fruitcake, that he could give Anna and Elsa.

But Sven was worried. He could hear wolves howling in the dark forest.

Back at the castle, Elsa found Anna in the attic.

'What are you doing up here?' asked Elsa.

'Looking for traditions,' said Anna. She had been pulling items out of a trunk filled with her childhood belongings.

'What's in your trunk?' asked Anna.

'Mostly gloves,' said Elsa.

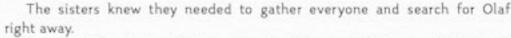
But as Elsa reached inside her trunk, they heard a little bell ring. Elsa lifted out a small box and handed it to Anna. When Anna opened it, she couldn't believe her eyes.

Suddenly, the two sisters heard a kerfuffle outside.

They ran down to the stables, where Sven was trying to tell Kristoff something.

'Olaf is lost in the forest!' said Anna.

'And being chased by hungry wolves!' said Elsa.



Anna and Elsa headed into the forest, calling out Olaf's name. Kristoff and Sven were close behind, with a search party of villagers.

'Olaf, where are you?' wondered a worried Anna.

Just when they thought they might never find him, the sisters spotted a carrot sticking out of a snowdrift - Olaf!

Olaf explained how he had lost all the traditions he'd collected for his friends. Even the fruitcake, which had been grabbed by a bird!

'I'm sorry you still don't have a tradition,' the little snowman said.

'Olaf, we do. Look,' said Anna.

She opened the mystery box and showed Olaf what was inside.

The box was filled with sketches Anna had made of Olaf when she was a little girl!

'You're the one who first brought us together,' said Anna.

'And kept us connected when we were apart,' added Elsa.

'Every Christmas, I made Elsa a gift,' Anna continued.

Elsa nodded. 'All those long years alone, we had you to remind us of our childhood.'

'And of how much we still loved each other,' Anna agreed.

'It's you, Olaf. You are our holiday tradition,' said Anna. 'SURPRISE!'

Glowing lanterns emerged from the dark forest. The townspeople were relieved to see that Olaf was safe.

That's when Elsa had a brilliant idea...

Because this was Anna and Elsa's first winter holiday in forever, the celebration needed to be special. With a little help

from the villagers, they hosted their big party after all, right there in the forest!

Best of all, Anna and Elsa rediscovered their holiday tradition and a new one was created for Arendelle, All thanks to Olaf.









MAKE AN

OLAF DECORATION

Olaf loves learning about different holiday traditions! Include Olaf in your celebrations by making this fun centrepiece for your dinner table.



YOU WILL NEED

- · a compass
- · a pencil
- · white card
- · piece of white paper

- glue
- · three sticks or straws
 - · coloured ribbon
- black and orange felt pens



- Cut out two strips of paper roughly 2 cm by 15 cm and fold them up like an accordion.
- Glue the sticks or straws to the side of the largest circle and glue one of the folded paper strips in the centre of the circle.
- 4. Glue the medium-sized circle on top of the folded paper strip.
- 5. Glue the ribbon onto the medium-sized circle to look like a scarf.
- Glue three pieces of stick or straw to the top of the medium circle to look like Olaf's hair.
- Glue the second folded paper strip to the centre of the circle and glue the smallest circle on top.
- Use the black felt pen to draw Olaf's eyes, carrot nose and mouth.
 Colour in his nose using the orange felt pen.



Try adding glitter or spraying fake snow around Olaf for an extra festive look!

THE PERFECT GIFT

Christmas was just a few days away. Geppetto, the old woodcarver, was busy making toy soldiers and pretty dolls for the boys and girls in the village. There seemed to be more toys than usual to make this year. Geppetto was afraid that he wouldn't get all the work done in time.

Geppetto's son, Pinocchio, was eager to help his father. He knew Geppetto worked harder during the Christmas season than at any other time of the year.

While Geppetto worked day and night to make all the toys, Pinocchio, with the help of Jiminy Cricket, decorated the house for the holidays. Then they put up a tree and strung popcorn on its branches and hung garlands of holly.

This would be Pinocchio's first Christmas as a real boy. He wanted it to be very special.

'Jiminy,' Pinocchio said, 'I want to find the perfect gift for Geppetto. He should have something special. Will you help me?'

'Hmm,' Jiminy said. 'Well, if you ask me-'

'Maybe he would like a new knife to carve with?' Pinocchio said. Then he realised he probably didn't have enough money for that. 'Oh, what about some warm gloves? He could use them when he goes out on cold nights to deliver toys.'

'You know, Pinocchio, I wonder if a better gift would be-' Jiminy began.

'Socks!' Pinocchio cried. 'Or a new hat! Come on, Jiminy, let's go to the shops and see what we can find.' Pinocchio hurried out the door. Jiminy had to run to keep up.

In the shops, Pinocchio looked at socks, warm hats, gloves, scarves and even a warm woollen coat. But everything was too small, too expensive or too

ordinary. Pinocchio wanted to find something special.

By Christmas Eve, Pinocchio still hadn't found the perfect gift for Geppetto. He felt sad.

'What am I going to do?' he asked Jiminy.

'Well, I do have this idea,' the cricket said.

'Really?' Pinocchio asked. 'Please tell me!'

Jiminy sat him at the table and handed him a quill pen. 'You want to give your father something he really needs?'

'I sure do.' Pinocchio beamed.

'Write this,' Jiminy said. 'Dear Geppetto, my gift to you is an extra pair of hands and an extra-willing heart. Love, Pinocchio.'

When Pinocchio finished writing, he looked up at Jiminy. 'Now what?' he asked.

'Now you put the note in here.' Jiminy held out a box. Pinocchio dropped the note in. Then Jiminy wrapped the package with bright paper and a big bow.

'Geppetto will be very happy with this gift,' Jiminy said.

'But it's just a scrap of paper,' Pinocchio said. 'What sort of gift is that?' Jiminy smiled. 'You might be surprised.'

Geppetto took a break from his work to share Christmas Eve dinner with his son. After the meal, Pinocchio gave Geppetto his gift.

'What's this?' he asked.

'Your Christmas present,' Pinocchio replied. 'I hope you like it.'

Geppetto untied the bow and tore the wrapping paper away. 'Why... this is the perfect present!' he exclaimed. 'I could use an extra pair of hands in my workshop. How did you know, Pinocchio?'

Pinocchio just smiled. Jiminy had been right, he was surprised at how much joy his gift brought to his father.

'I'm glad to help,' Pinocchio said. 'I can start right now if you want.'

Pinocchio cleared the dinner dishes from the table. He washed them and put them away. Then he went to Geppetto's workshop. He swept up the wood shavings and boxed and wrapped the new toys. He made labels for each box so Geppetto would know who each gift was for.

When Geppetto set out to deliver the last of the gifts, Pinocchio went up to bed. He was tired after helping his father all night. But he was also very pleased that he made his father so happy. As he drifted off to sleep, he promised himself that he would help out more often.

That night, the Blue Fairy appeared. 'Because you have been so thoughtful this year, I came to grant you one very special Christmas wish,' she said. 'Think carefully about what you want.'

Pinocchio thought about the many things he could ask for. But he still only wanted one thing. 'I want to give Geppetto the perfect Christmas gift,' he told the Blue Fairy. 'Something that he will love forever.'

The Blue Fairy smiled. She knew just what that present should be. 'You are a very kind and loving boy, Pinocchio,' she said. 'I'm sure Geppetto will treasure this gift for years to come.'

The next morning, Geppetto woke up early. He quietly went downstairs to light the fire and make breakfast. He was so happy that Pinocchio had helped him the night before that he wanted to surprise his son. He wanted Pinocchio's first Christmas to be special.

Geppetto went to place his gifts for Pinocchio under the Christmas tree. He had carved a beautiful toy rocking horse and had crafted a playful jack-in-the-box. When he looked at the tree, he paused. Then he gasped.

A puppet that looked exactly like his son hung from the branches. 'My dear Pinocchio!' Geppetto said with a smile.

He examined the puppet. It looked just like a puppet he had made a long time ago. One lonely night, he had made a wish on the Wishing Star that the puppet would turn into a real boy. The Blue Fairy had granted his wish, and that was when Pinocchio the puppet had become his son.

When Pinocchio heard his father, he and Jiminy ran downstairs. 'Merry Christmas!' he shouted.

Geppetto sat in his favourite chair, holding the puppet. 'My gift! How did you make it?'

Pinocchio stared at the copy of the puppet he used to be. He smiled. The Blue Fairy had chosen the perfect present for his father.

'Puppet Pinocchio was my favourite creation,' Geppetto said. 'Oh, how I've missed him.'

A frown appeared on Pinocchio's face. 'You have?' he asked. 'Have I disappointed you?'

Geppetto laughed. 'Not at all, son. You've been perfect in every way. This toy reminds me how very much I wanted a real son.

He reminds me of how happy I am to have you.'

Pinocchio smiled. He went over to the puppet and looked at it closely. He felt as if he were looking in a mirror – the puppet had the same dark hair and blue eyes he did.

Geppetto stood up and started dancing with the puppet and singing. Pinocchio clapped along. He was thrilled that his father was so happy.

Stopping to catch his breath, Geppetto looked at his son and said, 'No one has ever thought to give me a toy of my own to play with because I'm a toy maker. But you understand how much I love toys, Pinocchio. Thank you, son.'

'See,' Jiminy whispered to Pinocchio, 'I told you that you would be surprised. And now you've been surprised twice!'

Pinocchio nodded as he watched his father dance with the puppet some more. Then he went over and danced beside the puppet that looked so much like him.

Geppetto held out the strings for Pinocchio so he could try to make the puppet dance himself. It was difficult because the puppet was the same size as Pinocchio. But he didn't care. He was happy to share this moment with his father.

A little later, Pinocchio opened the gifts Geppetto had placed under the tree for him. He laughed as the jack-in-the-box popped up, and he rocked the small wooden horse across the floor. But the best present he'd gotten had come from the Blue Fairy. He would never forget the smile on his father's face. He hoped they would share many more holidays just like this one.

MAKE A CHRISTMAS

TREE DECORATION

Geppetto makes beautiful toys for children at Christmas. Use your creative skills to make a decoration for your tree.



ASK AN ADULT FOR HELP

YOU WILL NEED

- · a compass
- a pencil
 green felt
- · brown felt

- · scissors
- a needle and thread
 - · a bead

- Using the compass, draw circles onto the green felt. Make sure to draw lots of circles of different sizes – these will make your Christmas tree.
- Draw six or seven circles of the same size on the brown felt. These will make your tree trunk.
- 3. Cut out all of the felt circles.
- 4. Thread the needle and tie a knot in the end of the thread.
- Stack the brown felt circles on top of one another and thread the needle through the middle.
- Carefully thread the needle through the largest green circle so it sits on top of your trunk.
- 7. Now add the rest of your green circles, working from largest to smallest. The more you add, the taller your tree will be!



- When you get to the top of your tree, thread on the bead. Remember to leave a small loop of thread so you can hang up your decoration.
- Carefully thread the needle back down through all of the circles and out through the trunk. Tie a knot at the bottom to secure.



Use different shades of green felt to make your tree even more special!

GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

It should have been a joyous time. Christmas was coming – Rapunzel's very first Christmas since returning home to the castle. She had spent every Christmas locked away in Mother Gothel's tower since she was a baby.

The castle halls were decked with boughs of holly. The butlers had just chosen the royal Christmas tree. Everyone did their best to spread holiday cheer. Even the crankiest townsfolk were merry.

But in the royal family, one person was not ready for a happy holiday. 'No way. Uh-uh,' said Rapunzel. 'I refuse to celebrate Christmas!'

'What?' cried Flynn. 'Why don't you want to celebrate the most wonderful holiday of the year?'

Rapunzel looked shocked. Flynn was confused until Rapunzel shared her memories of Christmases spent in Mother Gothel's tower.

'You know how it is,' Rapunzel said. 'There's all of that eerie Christmas music. Mother Gothel sang it nonstop at Christmastime. I hate chanting and growling.'

That didn't sound like any Christmas music Flynn had ever heard. But he let Rapunzel continue, 'Mother Gothel also told us the tale of Nicholas, the ghostly Christmas elf – how

he creeps into children's rooms on Christmas Eve and steals them away. It kept me up at bedtime!' Rapunzel sighed and shrugged. 'But I guess that's why all kids have trouble sleeping on Christmas Eve.'

'Actually, no!' Flynn said. 'That's not what Christmas is like at all!'

It was clear to Flynn that Mother Gothel had made Christmas sound frightening on purpose. It was just another way she had tried to make Rapunzel afraid of the world outside her tower.

He smiled, taking Rapunzel by the hand. 'You know what?' he said. 'I'll show you what Christmas is really like. Come on!'

Flynn took Rapunzel outside the castle. She seemed unsure and a little skittish, but Flynn reassured her. 'Just look around and listen,' he said. 'Does this seem like a spooky holiday to you?'

They passed a group of children singing Christmas carols. The sound was sweet and soothing. The words were all about hope and joy. It was like no Christmas music Rapunzel had ever heard before.

Just then, a small boy ran up to Rapunzel. He held out a package wrapped with a bow. 'Merry Christmas, Princess Rapunzel!' he said. 'I made this for you!'

But Rapunzel didn't take the gift. Her eyes widened in alarm. 'Trick package! Duck!' she cried, diving for cover behind a low stone wall.

She peeked out warily from her hiding place. Flynn and the children stared at her in disbelief.

'It's not a trick,' Flynn said. 'Just a gift.' He opened the box. Inside was a handwoven crown of evergreens.

Slowly, Rapunzel walked over to him and took the crown. She placed it on her head. 'A real Christmas gift?' she said as if she hadn't heard of such a thing. 'Not an exploding trick package?' She knelt by the little boy and took his hands in hers. 'Thank you so much!'

Next, Flynn and Rapunzel came across a tree-decorating party. Together, the townsfolk were decorating an enormous Christmas tree in the centre of the town square.

Rapunzel pointed towards the top of the tree. 'You need a lot more charms up there,' she advised, 'if you want to scare off the ghostly Christmas elf.'

She picked up one of the ornaments. 'And I'm not sure these charms are anywhere near scary enough.'

Flynn took her aside. 'They're not charms,' he explained. 'They're ornaments. For decoration.'

Rapunzel looked confused. 'Oh. Well, then how do you keep the Christmas elf away?'

Flynn couldn't help laughing. 'Okay, next lesson...'

They went back inside the castle, where Flynn read to Rapunzel from several books about St. Nicholas.

'Oh! We had this one at the orphanage,' Flynn said, holding up a red-andgreen book. 'See, St. Nicholas isn't a ghostly Christmas elf. He's a jolly old fellow who travels far and wide on Christmas Eve, bringing gifts to all the boys and girls.'

Flynn showed Rapunzel drawings of a smiling bearded man carrying a sack full of presents. 'Definitely no kidnapping.'

Rapunzel and Pascal looked at each other, marvelling at the idea. And to think of all those Christmas Eves they'd spent huddled together by the fire, too afraid to sleep! 'You mean, children have trouble sleeping on Christmas Eve because they are excited?' she asked.

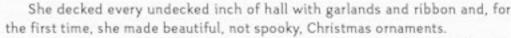
Flynn nodded. 'That's right,' he said. 'So, now that you know what Christmas is really like, do you think you might be interested in celebrating it this year? For real? For the first time?'

Rapunzel's face lit up. 'Yes!' she replied, and she sprang into action.

For weeks, Rapunzel lived and breathed Christmas, enjoying everything that the holiday season had to offer – everything she had missed out on while living in the tower.

In the castle kitchen, she helped bake dozens and dozens of Christmas cookies.

She learned every word of every Christmas carol she had never heard before.



Finally, she wrapped handmade gifts for each member of her family. She could hardly wait until Christmas to see them opened.

By the time Christmas Eve arrived, Rapunzel was exhausted, but very, very happy. Her family gathered to celebrate around their Christmas tree.

Rapunzel's father, the King, proposed a toast. 'For years, our hearts have not felt whole at this time of year, because an important part of them was missing.' He smiled at Rapunzel.

The Queen raised her glass and added, 'But now, for the first time since you were born, Rapunzel, this holiday is a joyful one – for all of us.'

Rapunzel couldn't agree more. Surrounded by her warm, loving family, in front of the crackling fire, she could not imagine a better Christmas.

Rapunzel sighed happily and flopped down next to Flynn on a cosy settee. 'Thank you. For all of this,' she said.

'I should really be thanking you,' Flynn admitted. 'You know, this is my first Christmas with a real family. All those years in the orphanage, I knew what Christmas was supposed to be like, but it somehow never felt that merry. Until now.'

Flynn and Rapunzel sat together in front of the fire, waiting for Christmas to come. But before long, Rapunzel fell asleep.

Flynn smiled. After all those spooky, sleepless Christmas Eves in the tower, Rapunzel had certainly earned a peaceful holiday.

It had been a wonderful Christmas Eve. And there would be many more like it for years to come.



WRITE A LETTER TO

FATHER CHRISTMAS

Rapunzel only learned about St. Nicholas when she returned to her family. Write a letter to St. Nicholas, who also goes by the name Father Christmas!



YOU WILL NEED

paper
 pens or pencils
 stickers

• glitter
• an envelope
• a stamp





- You could begin by introducing yourself and telling Father Christmas your name and age.
- You could say thank you for any presents you received last year and maybe tell him a fun story from your year.
- 4. Then you can ask Father Christmas for any gifts you'd like this year remember to say please!
- 5. Don't forget to say hello to the elves and reindeer!
- 6. Decorate your letter with lots of doodles, stickers and glitter.
- Fold your letter up and put it in the envelope. On the front of the envelope, write Father Christmas's address: Father Christmas Santa's Grotto

Reindeerland The North Pole

9. Finally, stick on the stamp and post your letter!





THE SHADOW PUPPET SHOW

One morning as Mulan finished her chores, the Emperor's adviser arrived at her family home.

'Fa Mulan, I bring an official invitation from the Imperial City,' said Chi Fu, presenting a scroll with the Emperor's seal.

'I am humbled and excited to receive news from the palace,' said Mulan.

Chi Fu read the scroll aloud, 'His Excellency, the Emperor, summons you to the Imperial Palace to witness, in his presence, a shadow play performance.'

Mulan beamed at the idea of an Imperial City adventure. Though she had visited during the war, there was so much more of the palace she had yet to explore.

'It would be my pleasure to return to the palace for such an occasion. I can't wait to see the puppets,' exclaimed Mulan. 'Oh, and the Emperor, of course,' she added quickly, remembering her manners.

Fa Li took her daughter's hands in her own. 'I know you will bring honour to our family by being poised and punctual at court,' she said, pressing her favourite magnolia comb into Mulan's palm.

'Mulan will bring honour to us all by being true to herself,' said Fa Zhou. For he knew his free-spirited daughter flourished when she embraced what made her unique.

Grandmother Fa attached Cri-Kee's small cage to Mulan's sash.

'Can't have you going to the palace without a cricket for good luck,' she said with a laugh.

'Thank you, Grandmother,' Mulan said, nodding. Then she mounted her horse and set out on her journey.

When Mulan arrived at the Imperial Palace, she gasped with delight at the sight. 'It's even more breathtaking than I remember,' said Mulan.

Chi Fu frowned. 'Don't stand there and gape all afternoon. We are on a tight schedule. It would do you well to be prompt for tonight's performance.'

Chi Fu led Mulan through the maze of palace hallways before settling on a door. 'You may prepare for the evening's festivities here in the common room,' said Chi Fu. 'And please, Mulan, do not disrespect the Emperor with your tendency for tardiness and turmoil.'

'Tardiness! Turmoil! Ha!' exclaimed Mulan as the imperial attendants pinned up her hair. 'It's as if Chi Fu doesn't even know me. Tonight, I will bring honour to my family by being intelligent, elegant and graceful.'

But just as Mulan spoke, Cri-Kee sprang free from his cage! The lucky cricket scrambled up Mulan's arm, skittered across the room and scooted out the door.

'I'm pretty sure losing a lucky cricket is considered quite unlucky,' said Mulan. 'Which is why I plan to find him,' she announced to the attendants.

Mulan dashed down the hall and into the music room in search of her mischievous travel companion. Much to Mulan's delight, the playful notes of the pi-pa and the paixiao filled the chamber.

But her delight quickly turned into dismay.

'Oh, no,' cringed Mulan. Cri-Kee had climbed up the musician's sleeve and scaled the pi-pa strings. Now he sat on the musician's shoulder, rubbing his wings together and chirping to the beat.

'How can I catch that cricket without disturbing the music?' Mulan wondered, tapping her foot along to the song. The rhythm of the music sparked a solution. 'I could dance my way across the floor towards the cricket.'

Mulan swayed and spun to the music. But just as she reached Cri-Kee, he jumped from the pi-pa to the paixiao and then sped down the palace stairs.

Cri-Kee darted into the imperial study with Mulan close behind. The moment she stepped into the lovely room, Mulan felt its tranquility. It was here where the Emperor composed his official correspondence.

It will bring shame to the Fa name if my cricket disturbs

such peaceful surroundings, thought Mulan.

So she lunged for Cri-Kee as he hopped across the writing table, overturning brushes and upending inkstones in his wake. The clever cricket made a clean escape but Mulan's dress did not.

Mulan chased Cri-Kee into the war room and looked around in a moment of reverence. Having served in the Imperial Army, Mulan understood the importance of this place. This was where the Emperor and his generals strategised their battle plans.

Mulan panicked as Cri-Kee scampered across the hand-drawn maps and flitted about the Emperor's banners.

Then she noticed a suit of armour in the cabinet. Thinking fast, Mulan grabbed the battle helmet, knowing she could use it to catch the impish cricket. She followed Cri-Kee down the hall and swung open the doors to...

The Imperial Theatre!

The Emperor and his guests all turned to look at Mulan. 'So much for grace, punctuality and politeness,' sighed Mulan.

She had dishonoured her family in the presence of the Emperor. And to make matters worse, Cri-Kee had fled behind the screen set up for the shadow play.

But Mulan did not despair. 'I am who I am. I'm not perfect, sometimes clumsy but always determined,' she reflected.

Mulan bowed to the Emperor. Then she marched behind the screen, where she leapt, lunged and spun at Cri-Kee until she finally caught him. The audience laughed with pleasure at the comical performance.

Pleased by Mulan's impromptu show, the Emperor gave her an encouraging smile. 'The night star is most radiant when it is truest to itself,' he mused.

Mulan considered the Emperor's thoughtful words. She understood that her adventures with Cri-Kee had brought pride, not shame, to the Fa name.

As night fell on the palace, Mulan took a seat and marvelled as she watched the real shadow play unfold.

Cri-Kee, however, had other plans...

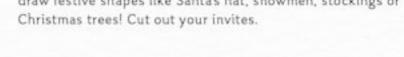
DESIGN A CHRISTMAS

PARTY INVITATION

YOU WILL NEED

- · coloured card
 - · pencil
- · felt-tip pens

- scissor
- · stickers (optional)
- · glitter (optional)
- Draw the outline of your invitations on the card. You could draw festive shapes like Santa's hat, snowmen, stockings or Christmas trees! Cut out your invites.



- 2. Write your invitation. Remember to include the name of the person you're inviting, where the party is, what time it starts and ends, and if there are any special dressing up instructions!
- 3. Sign your name at the bottom of the invitation.
- Add extra decoration to your invites by using stickers or glitter!





OUR PERFECT STORMY DAY



One morning, a storm passed over Motunui island. Most people didn't welcome the cold and wet weather. But Moana was not most people.

'We can't work today,' she said to Pua and Heihei. 'So instead, we're going to Gramma's!'

Ever since she was little, Moana had spent stormy days with her Gramma Tala. After all, Gramma Tala was Moana's best friend – and a master storyteller.

Plus, Gramma Tala could always use an extra hand around the house and Moana loved to help. So she, Pua and Heihei hurried over.

Drenched by the rain, Moana, Pua and Heihei slid into Gramma Tala's fale with a crash!

'Now that was an entrance,' laughed Gramma Tala as she went in for a hug. 'Wait, we're soaked,' Moana warned.

But Gramma Tala didn't mind. 'Good thing rain is water and water dries,' she said. 'Now, get settled. I have a new story about a storm. I've been waiting for the perfect day to share it with you.'

Everyone settled in and Gramma began to speak. But Moana couldn't focus. She heard a drip... drip... drip. Moana looked up and spotted a small hole in the ceiling.

'Gramma, you have a leak,' interrupted Moana. 'Let me fix it for you.'

But Gramma Tala waved her off. 'Never mind that old leak. We learned to live together a long time ago.'

Moana tried her best but she couldn't ignore the puddle forming on the floor. Gramma cannot patch this leak on her own, Moana thought to herself.

But I can. If I'm quick, she might not even notice I was gone. With that, Moana climbed up to the ceiling.

When Moana had finished, she slid back down and landed - plop - right in front of Gramma.

Gramma Tala laughed. 'Thank you, Moana. No leak is safe from you,' she said with a playful nudge. 'Now, can I get back to my story?'

Moana nodded in reply.

Gramma Tala was just gearing up, when clap... crackle... BOOM! Lightning flashed and thunder roared.

The weather frightened Pua, who jumped sky-high and crashed into a pile of Gramma Tala's prized storytelling tapa.

'Oh, Gramma. Your tapa!' cried Moana. She rushed to clean up the mess, but Gramma Tala insisted Moana stop.

'The tapa can wait,' Gramma Tala said. 'Come and sit. I'm finally getting to the good part!'

Moana took a seat and Gramma Tala continued.

Outside, the wind howled and the fale's woven curtains flapped wildly. Not only that, Heihei had wandered outside and the wind was blowing him around like a tumbleweed! Moana's eyes were locked on the swirling bird.

With a final whoosh, Heihei reentered the fale, somersaulted across Gramma Tala's floor... and landed safely in Moana's lap.

Just then, Moana noticed that Gramma Tala had stopped talking.

In that moment, Moana's heart sank. 'I'm sorry, Gramma,' she said. 'I keep getting distracted when all I really want is to spend time with you.'

Gramma Tala pressed her nose against Moana's and Moana took Gramma Tala's hands in hers. 'One more time,' Moana said. 'And I promise, I am listening.'

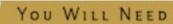
Then, once again, Gramma Tala began her story. And Moana soaked up every word.

Outside, the storm continued. But inside, nothing could dampen Moana and Gramma Tala's perfect stormy day.

WRITE A

CHRISTMAS STORY

Gramma Tala loves telling Moana stories - get into the Christmas spirit by writing your own festive story. Use the story prompts to help you get started!



- · paper · colouring pens or pencils

- · stickers
- · glitter
- · a pen or pencil

CHARACTERS

- · Father Christmas
 - · A snowman
- · A Christmas elf
- A magical reindeer
- · A gingerbread man
- · A Christmas fairy
- · Enchanted animals





OBJECTS

- · Presents
- · Candy canes
- · Mince pies

- · Christmas tree
 - · Chimney
- · Christmas list

SETTINGS

- · Your home
- · The North Pole
- · Santa's workshop
- · School
- · A magical winter land

STORY STARTERS

Once upon a time, in an ordinary house on an ordinary street, there lived a young boy with a magical secret ...

It was Christmas Eve and Santa's elves were worried - there was a problem with their present machine and it was almost midnight!

On a frosty winter night, a carrot-nosed snowman blinked. 'Where am 1?' he wondered.





Once you've written your story, why not add some colourful illustrations?

19 December

A GIFT FOR WALL•E

WALL'E and EVE peeked over the top of a pile of rubbish. The humans were acting very strangely. What were they up to now?

They saw two men stringing small coloured lights along a rusty iron fence. Another set up a plastic statue of a fat, white bearded man in a red suit, red hat and black boots. A woman propped up a fake silver tree and decorated it with shiny red and green glass balls. Now that people had returned to live on Earth along with robots, they were always doing something that surprised WALL-E and EVE. But even for humans they were acting very strangely.

Weirdest of all, the Captain from the Axiom was singing in a loud, joyful voice! WALL-E and EVE listened to the words carefully. Confused, they looked at each other. Rudolph? A glowing nose? They thought

Rudolph must be a kind of robot, like WALL-E and EVE. But neither of them had ever heard of a

reindeer-bot before!

WALL-E and EVE snuck closer to where the humans were working. They called their bot friends over. While all the robots watched curiously, the humans hung a green circle with small red dots on a shopfront. More of the humans started singing. One small girl even shook a silver ball.

Some of the robots had seen behaviour

like this before, when they were living on the spaceship, Axiom. It seemed to happen every twelve months. They had never been able to figure it out.

WALL-E looked closely at the humans. He tried to figure out what made this so different. Then he put his little metal finger on it. The humans

looked happy! Most of the time on the Axiom

they had looked tired and bored. But there was something about what they were doing right now, here on Earth, that made them very happy.

If it made the humans so happy, WALL-E thought that maybe it would make the robots happy, too!

For hours, the robots studied the humans. They stored what they had seen in their computer brains. Next they set out to copy the humans.

Some of the bots picked up rubbish that the humans had used: bits of tinsel, fake holly and scraps of brightly coloured paper.

The light bots collected hundreds of strings of lights. WALL-E already had a couple in his trailer. He'd always thought they were pretty and EVE loved them.

The bots draped WALL-E's trailer with lights. When the electricity was turned on, the lights shined so brightly they looked like a supernova.

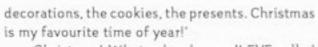
M-O hung up old socks on the other wall. He had no idea why anyone would want to put socks on the wall. But if the humans were doing it, so would he!

Vacuum-bot sucked up boxes and boxes of packing peanuts. Unfortunately, he also vacuumed up a nose full of dust. 'Ahhhh-chOOO!' he sneezed. Little white peanuts floated down from the air, coating the floor like a blanket of snow.

WALL-E and EVE roamed the grounds outside the trailer looking for more things to use. WALL-E went one way, EVE went the other.

EVE picked up a piece of shiny metal. She found some scraps of wrapping paper. She stored them inside her chest cavity. Suddenly, she heard two humans talking. One of them was the Captain.

'I just love Christmas, don't you?' the other human said. 'The lights, the



Christmas! What a lovely word! EVE rolled it around in her mind. It sparked all her circuits. Was this the name for what the humans were doing?

She stopped to listen more closely to what they were saying.

'Yes,' said the Captain slowly. 'But don't forget, Christmas isn't about things. That's just what Buy-n-Large wants us to believe. It's about giving, not just getting presents. It's about showing your friends and family that you care.'

The Captain's words hummed inside EVE. Robots didn't have family but they did have friends. And she had one friend who meant more to her than any other – WALL·E. He had come to save her when she was on the ship. He had given her his spare parts. He had cared for her and watched over her. She needed to show him that she appreciated him.

But what kind of a present would do that?

EVE roamed far and wide. She searched and searched. She found many pieces of junk. None of them were quite right. Then, far from WALL-E's trailer, her gaze locked on the perfect present.

Two days later, it was Christmas Eve. The bots had prepared a celebration just like the humans. Some of the smaller bots were stirring with excitement. The umbrella bot wore a pointy red hat with a white pompom on top.

The robots beeped out the words to the songs they had heard. They didn't always understand the human words so they made up some of their own.

While all the bots were celebrating the holiday in their own high-tech way, EVE pulled WALL*E aside. She held out a present wrapped in pretty patterned paper.

WALL·E looked surprised. 'Ee-vah?' he asked.

EVE nodded.

WALL-E turned the present this way and that. He admired how the shiny

paper shimmered in the coloured lights. He was so busy looking at the present that he almost missed EVE motioning to him.

Open it, EVE signalled.

WALL•E carefully unwrapped the present. He folded up each scrap of paper and laid it on the ground next to him. Finally, he pulled away the last piece.

WALL·E held a little evergreen tree in his hands, a miniature Christmas tree.

The longer version of EVE's name was Extra-terrestrial Vegetation Evaluator. She had been trained to find plants and was drawn to this little tree. She knew that WALL-E, with his kind ways and big heart, would take care of this present, this living thing, better than anyone.

WALL'E and EVE went outside. Together they dug a hole in the earth and planted the Christmas tree. WALL'E placed a shiny silver star on the top.

WALL-E and EVE looked at the tree. The star twinkled brightly. It reflected the light from the real stars shining in the night sky, far above.

EVE reached out her hand. WALL-E took it.

'Ee-vah,' he said. Now he understood why humans liked Christmas so much.



MAKE AN

ORANGE POMANDER

These pretty decorations are really easy to make and smell delicious! Place them around the house in the lead up to Christmas.



YOU WILL NEED

an orange
 cocktail stick or skewer
 cloves

- · glue (optional)
- · star anise (optional)
- · coloured ribbon (optional)





- Use a cocktail stick or skewer to carefully make holes in the skin of the orange. You can make holes randomly, or design a pattern for your pomander – spirals, lines or circles always look great.
- 2. Carefully push a clove into each hole to create your pattern.
- If you like, add a little glue to the bottom of a star anise and stick to the top of your orange. This will add to the lovely smell of the pomander!
- You could also wrap a coloured ribbon around the orange. If you create a loop, you can even hang the pomander from your Christmas tree.
- Display your finished pomander on a shelf or as a centrepiece for your Christmas table.





A PERFECT PARTY

Cinderella and her prince sat before a roaring fire. Christmas was coming in a few days, and Cinderella was excited.

'Let's throw a party!' she suggested to the Prince.

'What a splendid idea!' he replied. 'How can I help?' Cinderella smiled. 'Just leave everything to me,' she said.

The next day, the princess began to decorate.

'May we help, Cinderelly?' Jaq and Gus asked.

'Of course!' she replied. 'Let's start with the grand staircase.' The mice were tying some bows when a spool of ribbon began to unwind and roll down the banister. Gus hopped aboard. It was just like a sleigh ride – without the sleigh!

When Cinderella and her friends finished the staircase, they moved on to the rest of the castle.

Jaq and Gus helped the princess put garlands over the windows in the ballroom.

They tied sprigs of holly over the doorways. They even hung stockings by the fireplaces.

Finally, Cinderella and her friends moved to the stone patio where Cinderella planned to hold her party.

'Won't our guests be chilly out here?' the Prince asked.

'I'm sure it will be fine,' Cinderella replied. 'Besides, what could be more magical than celebrating under the stars?'



'I like stars. They're twinkly,' Gus said as he nibbled on a popcorn garland.

'Gus!' Jaq scolded. 'You're supposed to be hanging decorations, not eating them!'

Later Cinderella went to the royal sewing room. When Prudence, the head of household staff, peeked in, she saw the princess sewing a handkerchief.

'Why don't you ask the royal seamstresses to do that?' Prudence suggested.
'I'm making presents for our guests,' Cinderella said. 'It's so much more personal if I do it myself.'

On Christmas Eve, the royal chef came to speak with Cinderella. He wanted to know what he should cook for the party.

'Not a thing,' Cinderella replied.

Later Prudence saw her in the storeroom filling baskets with fruit, ears of corn, and different kinds of cheese. She was appalled.

Back on the patio, Cinderella laid out the food.

'Hmmm,' she said. 'Something's missing – but what?' Suddenly, Cinderella's fairy godmother appeared.

'My dear, you need a centerpiece,' she said. Waving her magic wand, she turned a water pitcher into an ice sculpture!

'Now everything is perfect for our holiday picnic!' Cinderella exclaimed.

When Cinderella left to change her gown, the Fairy Godmother slipped into the banquet room. 'Oh, no,' she said, looking at the decorations Cinderella and the mice had hung. 'This will never do for a royal ball.'

The Fairy Godmother waved her wand. Instantly, an elaborate feast appeared. She waved her wand twice more, and the court musicians appeared, ready to play.

'Now, that's more like it,' the Fairy Godmother said.





When Cinderella and the Prince walked past the banquet room, the princess couldn't believe her eyes.

Just then, Prudence rushed in. 'Where are your guests?' she asked Cinderella.

'My party isn't being held in here,' Cinderella told her.

'Then what is?' Prudence asked.

Thinking quickly, the princess said, 'A Christmas party in honour of the royal staff. Would you please tell the others?'

'What a wonderful surprise!' the housekeeper exclaimed.

Cinderella opened the patio doors. 'Merry Christmas!'

A chorus of chirps, barks and whinnies answered her. All of Cinderella's animal friends had gathered for her party.

'Happy Christmas, Cinderelly!' Gus shouted.

'Merry Christmas,' Jaq said, correcting him.

Cinderella's animal friends loved the meal she had prepared.

Afterward, it was time for presents! There were new feed bags, cosy blankets and stylish mouse-sized outfits. Jaq loved his new jacket so much that he wouldn't stop looking at his reflection.

Later the Prince and Cinderella danced underneath the stars. When they stopped, they realised they were alone.

'Oh, my! Look!' Cinderella cried. Their animal friends had gone inside and were with the staff. Delighted that everyone was getting along, Cinderella and the Prince joined them.

It was the most unusual – and the merriest – Christmas celebration the kingdom had

ever seen!



MAKE PAPER SNOWFLAKES

All you need is some paper and scissors to make beautiful snowflakes!

YOU WILL NEED

squares of
coloured paper

. scissors

- 1. Fold the paper in half diagonally to make a triangle.
- Fold the paper in half again from one corner to the other to make a smaller triangle.
- With the flat edge towards you, fold the corners in so they meet in the middle to make a kite shape.
- Cut the point from the bottom of the paper so you have a triangle with three straight edges.
- Cut shapes into each side of the triangle to create your snowflake pattern. Be careful not to cut all the way across.
- Carefully unfold the triangle to reveal your unique snowflake! Repeat the process with different coloured squares to make more snowflakes.

TOP TIP!

Carefully make a small hole in the top of your snowflake and thread through string so you can hang up your creation!





THE CHRISTMAS FEAST

Princess Tiana and Prince Naveen were celebrating their first Christmas together. Tiana had invited their family and friends to her restaurant for a Christmas Eve feast. She wanted Naveen to share in the traditions she knew and loved.

'We might need to buy more ornaments,' Tiana said.

'As long as they're fit for a princess!' Naveen replied. That week he had helped Tiana decorate her restaurant, make centreprices and put up a tree – but there was still more work to be done.

Tiana needed to buy ingredients for Christmas Eve dinner. So she and Naveen headed to the market.

'I can't wait to taste the feast you're going to make,' Naveen said. 'With my help, of course!'

'Well, we need quite a few things,' Tiana said. 'Let's see. First we should get the vegetables.'

Tiana carefully looked through all the produce at the vegetable stall. She wanted to make sure she had all the freshest ingredients for their Christmas feast.

Next was the butcher shop and then they stopped for some eggs and cheese. Finally, all Tiana needed was some powdered sugar for her famous beignets.

'I think we'll have to make another trip,' said Naveen as he struggled with a tower of parcels. 'How many people are we cooking for?' 'My mother, Charlotte, Big Daddy, your parents and our friends from the town and the bayou. We'll be serving as many people as want to join us, 'Tiana said happily. 'After all, the more the merrier!'

Tiana spent the next few days cooking and baking with Naveen by her side.

'For someone who didn't know how to chop a mushroom, you've become quite an expert,' Tiana told Naveen.

'You taught me everything I know,' Naveen reminded her.

When darkness fell on Christmas Eve, all the food for the banquet was finally ready.

'Before our guests arrive, I have a surprise for you,' Tiana announced, handing Naveen his coat.

'Where are we going?' he asked.

'You'll find out soon enough,' Tiana answered mysteriously.
'Just a hint?' Naveen pleaded. But Tiana simply smiled silently.

Tiana walked Naveen to the riverside and, together, they paddled a canoe into the bayou. As they turned a corner, Naveen's surprise came into view: there were huge bonfires burning alongside the river.

'The fires are for Papa Noël,' Tiana explained.

'So he can find his way in the sky?' asked Naveen.

Tiana laughed. 'Papa Noël doesn't use a sleigh. He travels in a pirogue. That's a flat-bottomed canoe, pulled by alligators.'

'I hope he leaves the gators outside when he delivers the presents!' Naveen exclaimed.

Fog rolled in, and Tiana and Naveen paddled towards home. The folks along the river pointed excitedly at the couple's canoe. Through the mist, all they could see was the couple's red blanket.

'Look!' the river folk shouted. 'It's him!' They thought Tiana and Naveen's canoe belonged to Papa Noël! All around them, people jumped into their boats and paddled behind the canoe, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mysterious visitor.

When the bayou folk paddled out of the fog, they found Tiana and Naveen standing on the dock.



'Have you seen Papa Noël?' someone asked.

'We haven't, but since you're in town, would you join us for dinner? There's plenty to share!' Tiana said.

'Thank you,' said one of the travellers. 'I guess we don't mind if we do!'

By the time Tiana and Naveen reached Tiana's Palace, guests were starting to arrive.

Tiana greeted Naveen's parents and her mother, Eudora. She welcomed her best friend, Charlotte, and her friend's father, Big Daddy La Bouff.

'Some of the guests are saying they saw Papa Noël on the river,' Charlotte said. 'Do you suppose that's him there?'

Tiana looked up and saw an elderly man in a red suit with the other guests. She was curious, but she had to finish cooking and put on her party dress.

In the dining room, Tiana's alligator friend, Louis, handed out parcels of sugared fruits and candy. Each box was wrapped with shiny purple paper and topped with a beautiful golden bow.

One woman was especially excited to see Louis. 'It's one of Papa Noël's alligators!' the woman said. Louis gave her a wide, toothy smile. It was nice that none of the guests were afraid of him!

Soon, Tiana and Naveen brought out the food.

'Dinner is served!' Tiana announced. Everyone cheered when they saw the table full of food. There were pots of Tiana's delicious gumbo, turkey with

chestnuts, roasted ham, grits, yams, vegetables and soufflés.

The guests heaped their plates high and dug in.
Tiana smiled. There was nothing she liked better than
friends enjoying her cooking. Some of the guests ate
second, third and even fourth helpings!

After everyone had eaten, Naveen and Louis played jazzy versions of their favourite Christmas carols. Tiana invited her guests to dance to the music.

As the band finished off another toe-tapping tune, Tiana realised she had forgotten to serve dessert! Quickly, she ran to the kitchen and filled a cart with custards, cakes and beignets. The cart was so full that Tiana could barely open the kitchen door.

'Let me help you with that, my dear,' said a white-bearded gentleman. He helped Tiana push the cart into the dining room. As Tiana ducked back into the kitchen, she realised the man looked just like Papa Noël!

Tiana hurried back to the dining room but the man had already vanished.

Just then, Naveen walked up. 'What a wonderful dinner!' he exclaimed. 'The
food! The music! The people! It's all so...'

'Wonderful? It is Christmastime in New Orleans.' Then Tiana spotted the man in the red suit. 'Do you think that's Papa Noël?'

Before Tiana could investigate, Naveen led her onto the dance floor. 'Stranger things have happened,' he said.

Tiana grinned. She was delighted that Naveen's first New Orleans Christmas was going so well – for her, that was magic enough.



CHRISTMAS TABLE

CENTREPIECE

This centrepiece is the perfect finishing touch for any Christmas table.

Make it just before dinner so the holly doesn't get too wet!



YOU WILL NEED

- sprigs of holly
 glass vase
 - water

- floating tea lights
- · coloured ribbon



 Choose some sprigs of fresh holly – try and pick ones that have lots of red berries.



- 2. Carefully place the holly in your vase.
- 3. Fill the container with water until it is about three-quarters full.
- 4. Gently place the tea light into the water so it floats on the surface.
- Finish your centrepiece by wrapping a ribbon around the vase and tying into a bow.
- 6. Ask an adult to light the candle just before you're ready to eat!





DECEMBER

THE RILEY AND BING BONG BAND

Riley and her imaginary friend Bing Bong loved making music together. They would play and sing for hours. Riley was good at many instruments and nobody could play a nose

like Bing Bong.

The Riley and Bing Bong Band was Joy's favourite! But the other Emotions weren't such big fans.

Anger thought the music was way too loud. He always covered his ears.

Fear kept a close eye on the instruments. One wrong move and Riley could poke her eye out with the drumstick or swallow the kazoo!

Sadness only liked the minor chords, of course.

And just the sight of Bing Bong playing his nose made Disgust cringe.

One day, after playing some new tunes, Riley and Bing Bong took a break.

'We should go on tour!' said Riley.

'Great idea! Where should we go?' asked Bing Bong.

'How about Australia?' said Riley. 'We can play for the kangaroos!'

'But how will we get there?' asked Bing Bong.

'We can take our rocket!' said Riley.

'Woohoo!' exclaimed Joy. 'A new adventure!'

'Australia is far away,' said Sadness. 'We'll get homesick.'

Fear gathered information on Australia. 'Koalas,



wallabies... goannas! Look at those claws! And what's a platypus? It has poison in its feet!'

'Ugh! Poisonous feet? I can't... I just can't,' said Disgust.

Anger brightened when he saw a picture of kangaroos boxing. 'Do they really box? I'm liking this!'

'We're going to Australia,' announced Riley to Mum and Dad.
'Be back for dinner,' said Mum. 'I'm making my famous mashed potatoes.'

'Don't forget there's a big ocean between Minnesota and Australia,' said Dad. Riley whispered to Bing Bong, 'We'd better bring our armbands.'

'It's not a big ocean, it's a GIGANTIC ocean!' screamed Fear as he and the other Emotions looked at a map.

'Awesome!' sang Joy.

'Yeah, great. Salty air and humidity...' Disgust rolled her eyes. 'Frizz City.'

'Ohh,' groaned Sadness. 'What if we get lost out there?'

'We could always become pirates!' Anger said.

Riley and Bing Bong packed up everything they needed.

'It's going to be a long trip,' said Bing Bong.

'We'd better bring lots of snacks,' said Riley.

Then they climbed into the rocket and prepared for lift-off. Riley turned to Bing Bong. 'Okay, co-pilot. Ready to check all systems?'

'Check,' said Bing Bong, pointing at the controls. 'Check, check and... check!'

'Activating rocket booster,' said Riley. 'Mission Control, all systems are go!'

Riley and Bing Bong began the countdown. 'Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one... BLAST OFF!' But nothing happened. Riley and Bing Bong were confused.

'Of course!' said Riley. 'The rocket can't fly without fuel!' Riley and Bing Bong smiled at each other.

Once again, they prepared for takeoff. But this time, they were really ready.

Riley and Bing Bong began to sing their special song. "Who's your friend who likes to play?"





The rocket answered back, binging and bonging. Then it rumbled and roared as it flew out of the window!

Joy sang along as the rocket shot up into the sky.

Sadness watched Minnesota disappear into the distance. 'Goodbye, home,' she said.

'I feel sick,' said Fear, nervously clutching a paper bag.

Disgust wrinkled her nose. 'If you're going to barf, it'd better not be near me.' 'Aren't we there yet?' asked Anger.

As they soared over the ocean, Riley and Bing Bong saw a shark, a sea turtle, a walrus and penguins. So far, this was the best trip ever!

Excited, they started talking about all the things they would see in Australia. "Dad said koala bears eat gum trees. Do you think they can blow bubbles?" said Riley.

Suddenly, Bing Bong noticed the water was getting closer.

'Are we landing?' he asked.

Riley and Bing Bong screamed as the rocket fell towards the big, blue ocean!

Riley grabbed the radio. 'Mission Control, we have a problem!'

'It's over!' shouted Fear, hiding his head inside the paper bag.

"I knew it," said Sadness.

'The fuel,' said Joy. 'We were so busy being excited, we forgot to sing!' She plugged in an idea bulb.

'We have to sing!' shouted Riley.

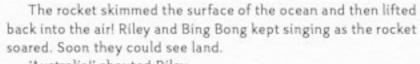
"I'm so scared! I can't remember the words!" said Bing Bong.

'Sing the song! Sing the song!' shouted Anger.

'Sing, or we'll smell like seaweed!' yelled Disgust.

Riley shouted out the words as the rocket sputtered. Bing Bong joined her, and the two sang louder and faster than ever before.

"Who's your friend who likes to play? Bing Bong, Bing Bong! His rocket makes you yell "hooray!" Bing Bong! Bing Bong!



'Australia!' shouted Riley.

The Emotions cheered.

'We made it?' Fear asked, stunned.

The creatures Down Under welcomed Riley and Bing Bong with big smiles.

'Play us a tune, mates,' said a koala.

Riley and Bing Bong played all of their songs and the crowd went wild.

Suddenly, a familiar smell drifted through the air.

"Mum's famous mashed potatoes," Riley whispered to Bing Bong. 'It's time to go home.'

The two played one last song. Then they said goodbye to their new friends and rocketed back to Minnesota.

'It's nice to be home,' said Sadness.

'It would be nice not to have helmet hair,' Disgust said.

'And you wonder why I say hair is overrated?' said Anger.

'Sure, it's nice to be home, but travelling is so cool!' said Joy.

'I beg to differ,' said Fear. 'I like staying right here in good ol' Minnesota. No more trips for this guy.'

'So... how was playing in the band in Australia?' asked Dad.
'It was great!' said Riley. 'Tomorrow we're going on another trip

to play for the penguins in Antarctica.'

'Yes!' Joy shouted.

'Nooooooooooo!' Fear screamed, as he fainted onto the floor.







MAKEA

RUDOLPH DECORATION

Rudolph lights the way for Father Christmas on Christmas Eve. Make this decoration to welcome the reindeer to your home!



YOU WILL NEED

- one large paper plate
- one small paper plate
- brown paint

- · paintbrush
- brown card
- · pencil
- · glue
- · scissors

- · red pompom
- two googly eyes
- dark brown or black felt-tip pen



- Paint the underside of the two paper plates with brown paint and leave to dry completely.
- Use a pencil to trace around your hand four times on the brown card and then cut them out.
- Glue the small paper plate to the bottom of the large paper plate to make Rudolph's head.
- Glue two of your cut out hand shapes on the left side of Rudolph's head and two on the right side to make antlers.
- Glue the red pompom at the top of the small plate to make Rudolph's bright nose! You could make your own pompom – see pages 72-73.
- Glue two googly eyes to the large plate and use a felt-tip pen to draw Rudolph's smiling mouth.



DECEMBER

MIGUEL AND THE SECRET RECIPE

'The time has come, niños, to make Mamá Imelda's famous tamales. And this year, I'm going to teach you how,' Abuelita said to her grandchildren as they walked through Santa Cecilia.

'Is the secret recipe written down, Abuelita?' Miguel asked.
'I'm one hundred percent sure I remember it,' she said.

'Can you and your primos go to the carniceria to buy the meat?' Abuelita then turned to Abel. 'I need your help getting the masa and I will go home and soak the corn husks.'

In the Land of the Dead, Mamá Imelda clapped her hands. 'I always look forward to this time of year,' she said to her husband, Héctor, and her twin brothers, Felipe and Oscar. 'We get to see our family in the Land of the Living.'

'And we get tamales,' Tio Óscar added.

'But they aren't what they used to be,' Tio Felipe said.
'I wonder if the recipe was so secret that no one remembers it!'

'I know I wrote it down,' Imelda said. She looked at an image of Abuelita. 'Ay mijita, you can't go by memory alone. You must find the recipe.'

Héctor had an idea. 'Do you know where your mamâ's tamale recipe is back in the Land of the Living?' he asked his daughter, Coco. 'I want to find it to make Día de Muertos as special as possible.'

'Yes,' Mamá Coco said. 'Elena and I memorised

the recipe and we followed it by heart. But I didn't want to lose the original. I put it inside the frame that holds Tio Felipe's photo for safekeeping, because tamales were always his favourite. It's on the ofrenda every year for Dia de los Muertos.'

'Dante and Pepita, I need your help,' Héctor said to the two spirit guides. 'I have a very special mission and I only trust the two of you to get it done. Can you figure out a way to get Mamá Imelda's tamale recipe to Abuelita?'

When Dante and Pepita emerged in the Land of the Living, it was as a normal dog and cat. But even though they looked different, their mission was still the same.

Dante and Pepita ended up in the ofrenda room of the Rivera family. But when they looked at the photos, they couldn't tell the twins apart. Pepita knocked down one frame.

It broke open just enough that they could see there was no recipe inside. Dante tugged on the ofrenda cloth and the second frame tumbled towards the floor.

At that moment, Miguel came into the room. 'What happened?' he asked as he picked up the frames.

Pepita raised her paw and laid it on one. Miguel looked closely at the frame and saw a yellowed piece of paper inside.

Miguel, Dante and Pepita met Abuelita as they entered the courtyard.

'What have they done now?' Abuelita asked.

Miguel held out the piece of paper. 'They helped me find this!'

'Mamá Imelda's tamal recipe!' said Abuelita. 'Just like I remembered it.'

'Um, Abuelita?' Miguel said. 'Don't you use baking soda and not baking powder?'

His grandmother glanced at the paper. 'Oh. I guess there is a slight difference. Maybe we should try it the way it was written,' she said.

'I know we're all used to the tamales we've been eating for years,' Abuelita said to her family as they gathered together. 'But this year, we will make Mamá Imelda's real recipe.'

The Riveras chatted as they worked. Together, the adults and the children made the recipe that would continue on through the history of their family.



As the tamales were placed in the pot to steam, Miguel looked at Abuelita and smiled. 'It almost feels like Mamá Imelda is here with us.'

The next day, on Dia de los Muertos, the Rivera family gathered at the cemetery to celebrate their ancestors. Among the items they brought were Mamá Imelda's famous tamales.

'I am so excited to leave all this food for our

family,' Benny said as he and Manny set down the platter.

'I wonder if anyone will even notice the difference in the tamales,' Abuelita said.

The Dead Riveras were thrilled to see their living relatives and their favourite foods.

'Have you tried the tamales?' Tio Oscar asked. 'They seem... different.'

'They are perfecto! Just like Mamá Imelda's!' Tio Felipe said.

'Hmm,' said Mamá Imelda as she looked at Coco, Hector and the two animals. 'I think I might know why.'

'These tamales are tantalising, Abuelita - the best we've ever had,' said Tia Carmen.

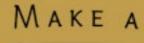
'I had more than one,' said Papá.

'You had more than two,' said Mamá.

'Don't worry Abuelita. Yours were delicious, too,' Miguel said.

'Gracias. I think the tamales turn out special every year because we always help one another make them,' Abuelita said.

'Ah, mijita,' Mamá Imelda said, overhearing Abuelita's words to Miguel, 'you've never forgotten that the love each person adds when they help one another is the most important ingredient. And that is the heart of every Rivera recipe.'



POPCORN GARLAND

YOU WILL NEED

· needle

· strong thread

· scissors

· plain popcorn

- Pop your popcorn following the packet instructions and leave to cool. It's best to leave your popcorn out for 24 to 48 hours before stringing as fresh popcorn can break quite easily.
- 2. Pass a strong thread through your needle and tie a fat knot at one end.
- Carefully push the needle through the centre of a piece of popcorn and move it to the end of the string.
- 4. Keep adding popcorn, one at a time, pushing to the end of the string.
- 5. Once you've reached a length you are happy with, tie another fat knot at the end of the string to keep the popcorn garland together. Your popcorn garland is ready to hang – try stringing it across a window or around your tree!

ASK AN ADULT FOR HELP



If you use microwave popcorn, remember to buy the kind without butter and salt.



DECEMBER

7

A Prince's Day



It was early morning at Pride Rock. Simba and Nala couldn't wait to go out and play. 'Let's go down to the river!' Nala said loudly.

'Shhh,' Simba whispered. 'We have to be quiet or Zazu will hear us.' But it was too late. Zazu had been on the lookout for the young prince.

'Ahh! There you are, Simba,' Zazu said, landing in front of Simba. 'Come along. We have a busy day of training ahead of us.'

'But Nala and I were about to go down to the river!' Simba complained.

'Nonsense,' Zazu said. 'As a prince you have certain responsibilities, young sire. And we can't keep them waiting.'

'Bye, Simba!' Nala said. 'Have fun at prince school! Maybe we can go to the river tomorrow.'

'Not if Zazu has anything to say about it,' Simba grumbled, watching as Nala bounded away.

Zazu led Simba down to the watering hole, where the animals of the Pride Lands were taking turns drinking water.

'Part of a ruler's responsibilities is solving disputes between his subjects. A perfect example is the watering hole! Each animal needs to have a turn to drink,' Zazu explained. 'See that herd of antelopes? They have been here too long. It's the rhinos' turn!'

'You! You there!' the bird said, yelling at the antelopes.

Simba listened for what felt like hours as Zazu talked on and on to the antelopes. Finally, the lion cub saw a chance to escape. A herd of giraffes was leaving the watering hole. If he could sneak out with them, he might still have time to 'And where

play with Nala!

Just when Simba thought he had gotten away, Zazu landed in front of him.

'And where do you think you're going?' Zazu demanded.

"Come on Zazu We've have at the watering hale for house Con't I as also

'Come on, Zazu. We've been at the watering hole for hours. Can't I go play with Nala?' Simba asked.

But Zazu refused to let him go. 'A prince's job is never done!' he insisted. 'Onward to our next stop!'

Zazu led Simba back to Pride Rock, where Mufasa was listening to his subjects' concerns.

'A king must listen to all the other animals,' Zazu explained. 'You can learn a lot from your father.'

Simba tried to pay attention. He listened as Mufasa advised the elephants to find new grazing grounds. He listened as the zebras worried about the upcoming rainy season.

But soon the lion cub was just as bored as he had been at the watering hole. He started to fall asleep.

'Young sire!' Zazu yelled, angrily pecking Simba awake. 'Were you paying any attention at all?'

Simba yawned, shaking himself awake. He looked around. The other animals were gone. Mufasa must have finished for the day. 'Um, I heard some of it?' Simba replied.

Frustrated, Zazu flew up in the air. 'Come along, Simba. We aren't finished yet,' Zazu said.

Simba slowly followed as the bird led him away from Pride Rock. Soon they were walking past the river where Simba and Nala had planned to play that day. Simba looked for his friend, but he didn't see her.

Suddenly, Simba heard a yell. 'Did you hear that, Zazu?' he asked. 'Hear what, Simba?' Zazu said.

There was another yell. 'That!' Simba said, running towards the river. Zazu flew after him.

It was Nala. She had fallen into the fast-moving river and couldn't get out!

'Hurry, go get my father!' Simba ordered Zazu.

The bird flew away in search of Mufasa but Simba knew there wasn't time to wait. Nala needed him now!

Simba looked everywhere for a way to get to his best friend. Finally, he saw a long tree branch on the shore of the river.

'Nala! Grab on!' Simba yelled. He grabbed the tree branch in his mouth and moved it over the river. Nala reached out and grabbed the branch just in time! Simba pulled the branch back and dragged Nala out of the river. She was safe!

'Simba? Simba!' Mufasa called, running to the river.

'Here, Dad!' Simba said, panting. 'It's okay! I got Nala!' Relieved, Mufasa and Zazu gathered the cubs and started back to Pride Rock.

'Zazu, Nala, can you give me a moment with Simba?' Mufasa asked. Simba was worried. Was Mufasa angry at him for not paying attention to Zazu?

'Zazu told me about your day. I know that you want to play with your friend but Zazu was trying to teach you important lessons about what it means to be king,' Mufasa said.

'What did you learn at the watering hole?' Mufasa asked.

'That the rhinos follow the antelopes?' Simba replied.

Mufasa laughed. 'No, that you have to be fair as a ruler and make sure all your subjects are treated equally,' he said. 'And Zazu brought you to Pride Rock to show you that a leader must be wise as well. But the last lesson you taught yourself.'

'I did?' Simba said.

'Yes, my son. You rescued Nala and showed that a ruler must be brave. I am very proud of you, Simba.'

Simba smiled up at his father.

'Now,' Mufasa said, 'I think there may just be enough time for you and Nala to play before dinner.'

Simba smiled and bounded off to find Nala.

'He'll make a good king someday, sire,' Zazu said, landing on Mufasa's shoulder.

Mufasa smiled. 'Yes, he will.'

CHRISTMAS EVE



CHECKLIST

It's almost Christmas! Look at the list below to make sure you're ready for the big day.

CHECKLIST FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

- Wrap your presents
 Read a Christmas story
 Watch a festive film
- Go for a walk and look at Christmas lights
 Put out your stocking

Before you go to bed on Christmas Eve don't forget to leave out a treat for Father Christmas and his reindeer!

FOR FATHER CHRISTMAS

 mince pie or Christmas biscuit
 glass of milk

FOR RUDOLPH AND THE REINDEER

- · bowl of water
- · carrot sticks









25

DECEMBER

A Toy Christmas



'Take that!' Andy said in Woody's voice. 'You're spending Christmas in jail!' He put Hamm the piggy bank into an old shoebox with slits cut into the sides.

Andy was playing in his room with his toys. In one hand he held Woody the cowboy. In the other was Buzz Lightyear the space ranger.

'You'll be seeing bars for a long, long time,' Andy added in Buzz Lightyear's commanding tone.

Andy's mother came into the room and sat down on the bed. 'Andy, I have a surprise for you,' she said. 'You know Christmas is coming up. And this year for your big present... we're going to the Grand Canyon!'

Andy dropped Woody and Buzz on the floor. He jumped up and down. 'Hooray!' Andy said. 'That's the best present ever! Can I take Buzz and Woody?' He picked up his two favourite toys.

'I think it's better if you leave them here,' his mother said. 'You'll be so busy you won't have any time to play. Now come on. We have a lot to do to get ready.'

The moment the door shut behind Andy and his mother, the toys came to life. Buzz sat up. Woody straightened his cowboy hat.

'All right!' Rex the dinosaur said as he came out from under the bed. 'The trip is Andy's big present this year. That means no other toys to take our places!'

'I was worried Andy was going to get a video game,' Hamm added.

All the toys started talking at once.

'Hold on a minute,' Woody said. He walked to the centre of the room. 'Sure, it's great that there aren't going to be any new toys to replace us. But did you think about what else this means? It means Christmas without Andy.'

Everyone got quiet. Christmas without Andy? Why, Christmas without Andy wouldn't seem like Christmas at all! RC's fender drooped sadly. Slinky Dog hung his head. Even the Green Army Men looked glum.

Buzz Lightyear walked over to Woody. 'Andy will be gone, but that doesn't mean we can't have Christmas. We'll just make it a toy Christmas!'

Woody looked at the other toys around him. He forced a smile onto his face. 'Buzz is right,' he said. 'We'll have a great Christmas this year.'

But deep down, Woody knew it couldn't happen. It was true that they could have their own Christmas. But without the kid who loved them all, it wouldn't be much fun at all.

After Andy and his family left on their trip, the toys started getting ready for Christmas. They had a lot to do. They made decorations, practised singing songs and looked for presents for each other.

'Psst, Woody, over here,' Jessie hissed loudly. Woody found her hiding behind a stack of books. 'Look what I found,' she said proudly. She held up a red bandana.

'Jessie, Bullseye has been looking for his bandana for months!' Woody said.

'I know,' Jessie grinned. 'It's going to be a great present for him.'

'Come sing some Christmas carols,' Wheezy the penguin called to Woody.

'All right,' Woody said. He thought maybe the songs would put him in the Christmas spirit.

Wheezy grabbed Mike the tape recorder, and as the music began, his high squeaky voice dropped to a deep baritone. First he belted out a rocking rendition of Santa Claus Is Coming to Town. Then he glided into a jazzy Frosty the Snowman. But when Wheezy started crooning Blue Christmas, Woody had to move away. It made him think of how sad he'd be without Andy.

'Catch you later, Wheezy, Mike,' Woody said with a tip of his hat.

Wheezy and Mike continued to sing as Woody walked off. He was glad his friends were in the holiday spirit. But he couldn't stop thinking about how much he missed Andy. He went over to the other side of the room.

'Hey, Woody, want to help us decorate?' Slinky Dog asked. 'Watch this.' He gave Woody a poke in the ribs, then yelled, 'Hit it!'





In a flash, two Aliens bounced super high and draped a string of red and green buttons along the edge of the bookcase.

'Pretty neat, Slink,' Woody said with an approving nod.

'And nice job, Sarge,' he called to the army commander and his troops. They were hanging sparkly silver jacks that looked like 3D snowflakes around the room.

'We've got a Christmas tree, too,' Slinky Dog told him. He pointed to a tree made entirely of cotton balls. Red and green hair ribbons were wrapped around it and tied into a bow at the top. There already were presents under the tree. They were wrapped in shiny paper and topped with colourful bows.

'Looks like it's a white Christmas,' Sarge said.

Woody smiled a little bit. He was impressed that all the toys were working together to make Christmas a happy holiday.

Woody kept track of the days on the calendar in Andy's room. Finally, it was the big one, 24th December. Christmas Eve.

Hours passed with secrets and whispers and before long, it grew dark outside. The toys all gathered together to celebrate the holiday, but Woody held back. He was thinking of Andy.

'Hey there, Sheriff,' Buzz said. 'Why so down? It's a beautiful night out there and... it's Christmas Eve!'

'I don't know, Buzz,' Woody said. 'It's just not the same without Andy.'

'You're right,' Buzz said. 'It's not the same. But you have other friends besides Andy. Come on.' He put his arm around Woody's shoulders.

Woody and Buzz walked by Bo Peep. She was reading a Christmas story to the newest toys, the ones who had never had a Christmas before.

Bo winked at Woody. Lo and behold, Woody's heart felt a little lighter.

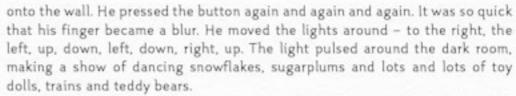
Then Buzz led Woody over to the Christmas tree. Etch A Sketch stood by the tree, a roaring fire drawn on his screen. Nearby, someone had set up the wooden blocks to spell out MERRY CHRISTMAS.

'Get the lights, Sarge!' Buzz shouted.

The sarge saluted and turned out the lights.

'Here's a little thing I like to call Christmas magic,' Buzz said.

He pressed the laser button on his right arm and a beam of light shot out



Woody's jaw dropped and his eyes grew wide. 'Wow, Buzz,' the cowboy said. 'That's really great! I didn't know you could—'

His sentence was cut off by a jolly 'Ho, ho, rrrrroar!' as RC rolled into the circle. RC was decorated to look like a sleigh. And following behind him was Rex with a white cotton beard and a red sock hat.

'Sorry about the roar,' Rex said, even though no one had been scared. 'Sometimes I forget I'm Santa Claus, not a fierce bone-crunching carnivorous dinosaur!'

Rex went to the Christmas tree. He picked up presents to give to each and every toy. Bullseye was thrilled to have his bandana back. Mr. Spell got brandnew batteries.

'Your speaking was getting a little slow there,' Slinky Dog pointed out.

Buzz got a Star Command four-way outer space signal interceptor. His friends had put it together out of a small cardboard box, some sequins from an old doll's dress and lots of duct tape.

'Thanks, guys!' he said. 'It's just what I always wanted!'

One of the dolls gave Jessie a dress. Hamm's present was a quarter.

"Woohoo!" he shouted. 'That's as good as twenty-five pennies! Five nickels! Two dimes and a nickel! I'm feeling flush!"

And then Bo Peep pulled Woody over and gave him a big kiss. He turned as red as the Christmas lights. 'Aw shucks, Bo,' he said.

Woody looked at his friends. Buzz was right. Christmas without Andy wasn't better or worse. It was different. Spending time with people, and toys, you loved was what Christmas was really all about.

'Hey, Buzz, Woody, everyone!' Slinky Dog yelled from the edge of the bed. 'Check this out!' He pulled the window curtain aside. Outside, snow drifted down.

'It's a white Christmas!' he shouted. 'Merry Christmas, everyone!'

Woody smiled. 'Merry Christmas,' he replied.

FUN FOR

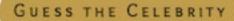
CHRISTMAS DAY

It's Christmas Day! Here are some ideas for fun games and activities you and your family can play.



PLAY CHARADES

Have everyone write down five to ten charades on a piece of paper. They could be names of books, films, songs or musicals. Put them all in a bowl and take turns acting them out. Remember – no talking allowed!

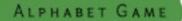


Write a celebrity's name on a post-it note and stick it to the forehead of another player. They have 20 questions to guess which celebrity they are!

HUM THE CHRISTMAS TUNE

Take turns humming a Christmas song or carol while everyone else guesses!





Choose a letter of the alphabet and a category, for example, the letter A and food. Everyone takes a turn saying an item that fits both criteria, for example, apple or avocado. The first person who can't think of an item loses!



FESTIVE JOKES

Ask everyone to tell a funny Christmas joke – here are a couple of examples!

What happened to the elf who ate Christmas decorations?

They got timesl-itial

What goes, 'Oh, oh, oh!'? Father Christmas walking backwards!



What did one Christmas tree say to another? Lighten up!

GUESS THE DRAWING

Have everyone write down five to ten objects, animals or people on a piece of paper. Put them all in a bowl and shuffle them up. Split into teams – each team will take a turn drawing their chosen item while their teammates guess.

Set a timer for one minute for each turn.



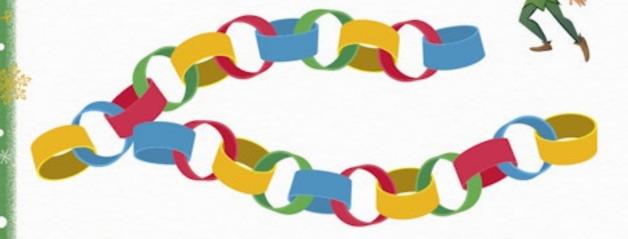




BONUS ACTIVITY

MAKE A PAPER CHAIN

Paper chains are a great way to cheer up an empty room in the run up to Christmas!



YOU WILL NEED

 coloured paper or scraps of wrapping paper



- · glue
- scissors



- Cut strips of paper roughly 2 cm wide by 20 cm long.
 The number of strips you cut will determine how long your paper chain will be around 30 is a good number but you can make your chain as long or short as you like!
- Make a circle with one strip of paper and stick the ends together with glue.
- Take another strip of paper and pass it through the circle. Glue the ends of the strip together so you have two connected circles.
- 4. Now take a third strip, put it through the second circle and glue the ends together again. This is how you make your paper chain!
- Continue the process until you have used up all of your paper strips you can stop early if you'd like a shorter chain, or cut more strips to make it longer!
- 6. Once you're happy with the length of your chain you can hang it up!



You could use your paper chains to decorate your Christmas tree!

Use this page to count down to Christmas and keep track of all the fun, festive activities. Have you done them all?





16























