



2024



Christmas House,
Liddle Lane,
The North Pole.

Dear little friend,

It's been a hair-raising night tonight and no mistake! Thank goodness I've got here in one piece. I ran into pirates my dear, pirates! Far up in the freezing northern seas, just left of Fairyland and a couple of hours slight from my home at the North Pole. They were the magical kind, of course. They'd have been completely invisible to grown-ups, though you would have seen them as clearly as I. And they were quite something to set eyes on, my dear, oh yes indeed. Their ship was black, their sails were black and when you got up close, you could see a number of their teeth were black too! At the front of the ship, (which we should really call the "prow", shouldn't we?), was the head of a great dragon, roaring at the ocean as it cut through the waves. I have drawn it for you as best I can, but I fear I haven't done it justice, as my hands are rather old and shaky these days. I expect you could do a fine drawing of a pirate ship yourself, why don't you give it a try?

Anyway, to get back to what happened... at first I didn't see the ship at all. It was nothing but a tiny black dot to me and my reindeer as we sped across the sky. But then, all of a sudden, we heard a shrill cry, "There he be me hearties! Net him!" and as I peered through the gloom I saw a brightly coloured parrot streaking its way towards my sleigh, accompanied by a huge flock of seagulls.

It was the parrot who had spoken, and now he screeched again, "Sack ahoy! Sack ahoy! There be treasure inside for all! Net him!"

I knew at once when I heard this that they were after my presents and as they drew nearer, I saw how they planned to get them, too. The flock of seagulls was carrying a great net, stretched out across the sky and that wicked parrot was directing them to drop it over us so that they could capture my sleigh. Rudolph, who is the cleverest of my reindeer, also saw it coming. He tried his best to zigzag between the clouds and give them the slip but it was no good. They were just too quick.

"Why, you bad birds!" I shouted, waving my fist at them as the net came down. "It will be a hot day at the North Pole before I let any of you have a Christmas gift!"

They paid no attention. The net swooped around us and they dragged us down towards the waiting ship.



ONE OF THE PIRATES



THE PIRATE SHIP



THE PARROT LED A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS TOWARDS US, CARRYING A GIANT NET!!



SOME OF THE SPIDERS WHO LIVE ON MY SLEIGH HAVE CRAWLED INTO THIS LETTER. CAN YOU COUNT THEM ALL?



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