



# CHRISTMAS STORYTIME = SOUNDS =



It was Christmas Eve and Maisie was looking forward to Christmas morning. She had helped decorate the tree and put crackers on the table.  But the one thing Maisie really wanted was to meet Father Christmas...

That evening, when her parents had lit the fire  Maisie hung her stocking and told her parents she was going straight to bed. They were surprised – but really, Maisie had a plan.

Maisie snuggled under the duvet and put her favourite carols on her music player to keep herself awake  until Father Christmas arrived.

Hours seemed to pass, but suddenly she heard a noise.  Could it be? Maisie leapt up and crept down the stairs. She listened carefully and was sure she could hear something eating the carrots she'd laid out. 

Maisie pushed open the lounge door and... nothing. No reindeer, no presents and definitely no Father Christmas.

But Maisie was not a girl to give up. She searched the room for clues. The carrots had been munched, there was definitely soot around the fireplace and the tree decorations looked slightly wonky. Maisie decided to creep behind the tree to see if she could see anything... but nothing! She went further and further behind it but there was just darkness. "I give up!" She had no chance of seeing Father Christmas so pulled herself out and back into the room.

But when Maisie emerged she wasn't in her lounge. There was snow and children on sleds,  throwing snowballs.  Suddenly a sled whooshed up next to her. She got on and it carried her off towards a beautiful wooden lodge. Maisie shouted to a boy on a sled next to her. "Where are we?" "I don't know!!" he replied. "How did you get here?" "From behind my Christmas tree, I think!"

The sleds stopped at the lodge. There were a hundred children in pyjamas. The red front door opened and there was Father Christmas, complete with white beard and a very big belly!  But he didn't look very jolly. In fact he looked a little cross!

"Did you ALL stay awake on Christmas eve to see me?" he boomed. The children looked down. "Yes," whispered a little girl.

Father Christmas laughed,  he wasn't angry after all. "Well, seeing as you're here, let's take a tour and then try and get you all home."

The children were taken around and shown the elves making toys  and reindeer grazing in the paddock.  Finally they were taken to a grand hall with a huge table. "Please be seated," boomed Father Christmas. "There is only one way home and I'm afraid it's not pleasant." In front of each child there was a plate FULL of Brussels sprouts. "You must eat every sprout on your plate. The wind power will fly you all home."

"Bleugh!" said the children.

"No sprouts, no way home," said Father Christmas.

So Maisie and the children started to eat.  As each child finished, whoosh, they flew off through the air by sprout power.

Maisie gulped the last of her sprouts down and then, WHOOSH! Off she flew through the night! She saw the stars, the ocean, the city below, and then...

 Maisie landed in her garden with a thud. Wiping herself off, she rushed inside, climbed upstairs and fell into bed. She was glad she had met Father Christmas but knew she would never stay up late on Christmas Eve again.

# THE END

