I KILLED FATHER CHRISTMAS

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This book is in a super readable format for young readers beginning their independent reading journey.



To Gabe and Rosie –
my own Jo-Jo and Poo-face



CONTENTS

1	My List	1
2	The Sad Words	6
3	Onion in My Eye	10
4	The Best Idea Ever	15
5	A Pile of Presents	20
6	A Sort of Superhero	22
7	My Father Christmas Plan	29
8	The Worst Idea Ever	38
9	Ho! Ho! HO!	49
10	Hold on Tight	56
11	Lights Like Tiny Stars	61
12	Goodbye, Father Christmas	68



Chapter 1

My List

It was Christmas Eve, and Mum and Dad were fighting again. Mum shouted at Dad and Dad shouted at Mum. I put the pillow over my head and tried to shut out the sound.

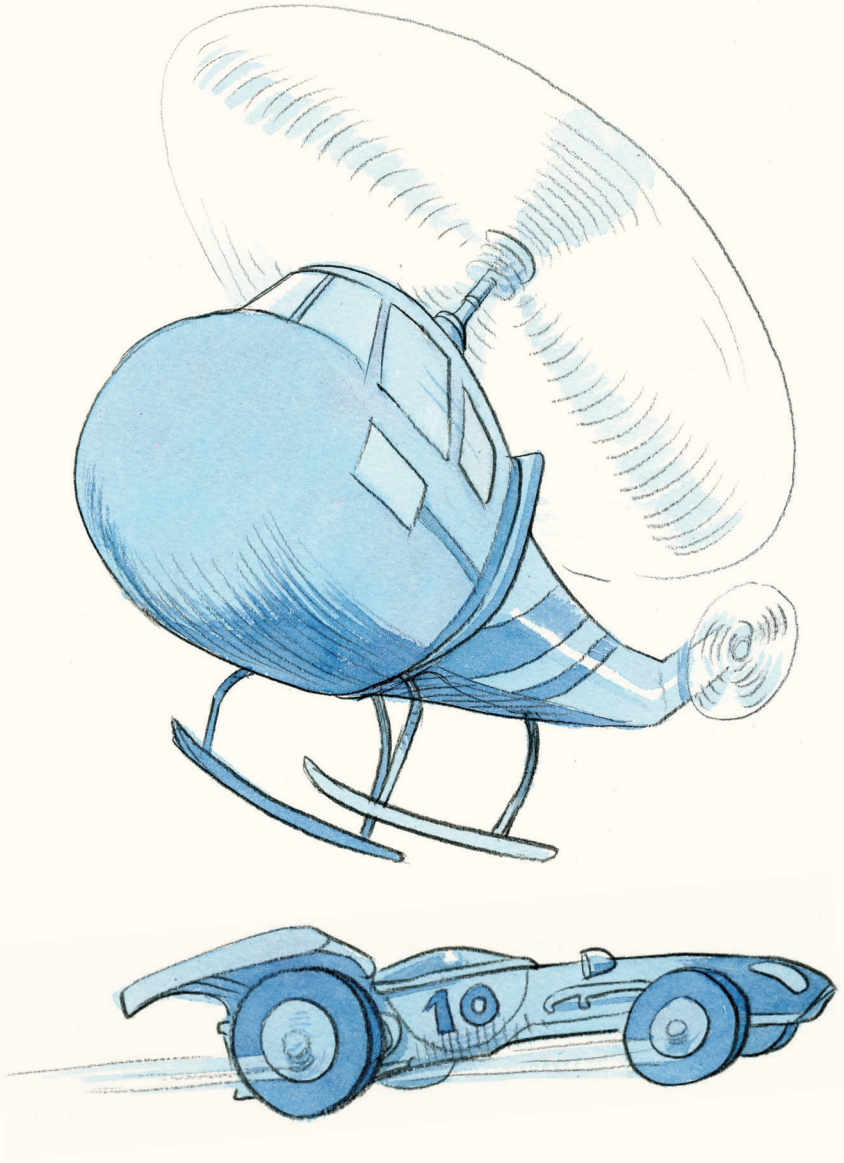


I felt bad because I was to blame. It was my fault. I'd been naughty.

Dad said I was greedy because my list for Father Christmas was so long. He said Father Christmas and the reindeer would be tired out if they had to carry all that. He said all my extra presents would mean Father Christmas might not be able to reach the poor children in far-off countries. And then he said Father Christmas didn't have

very much money to spend on presents this year because the economy was so bad and nobody could be sure of their job any more.




10

"I don't care about poor children or the economy," I said. "I want a robot, and a racing car, and a helicopter that really flies."

But now I didn't care about my list. All I wanted was for my mum and dad to stop fighting.

