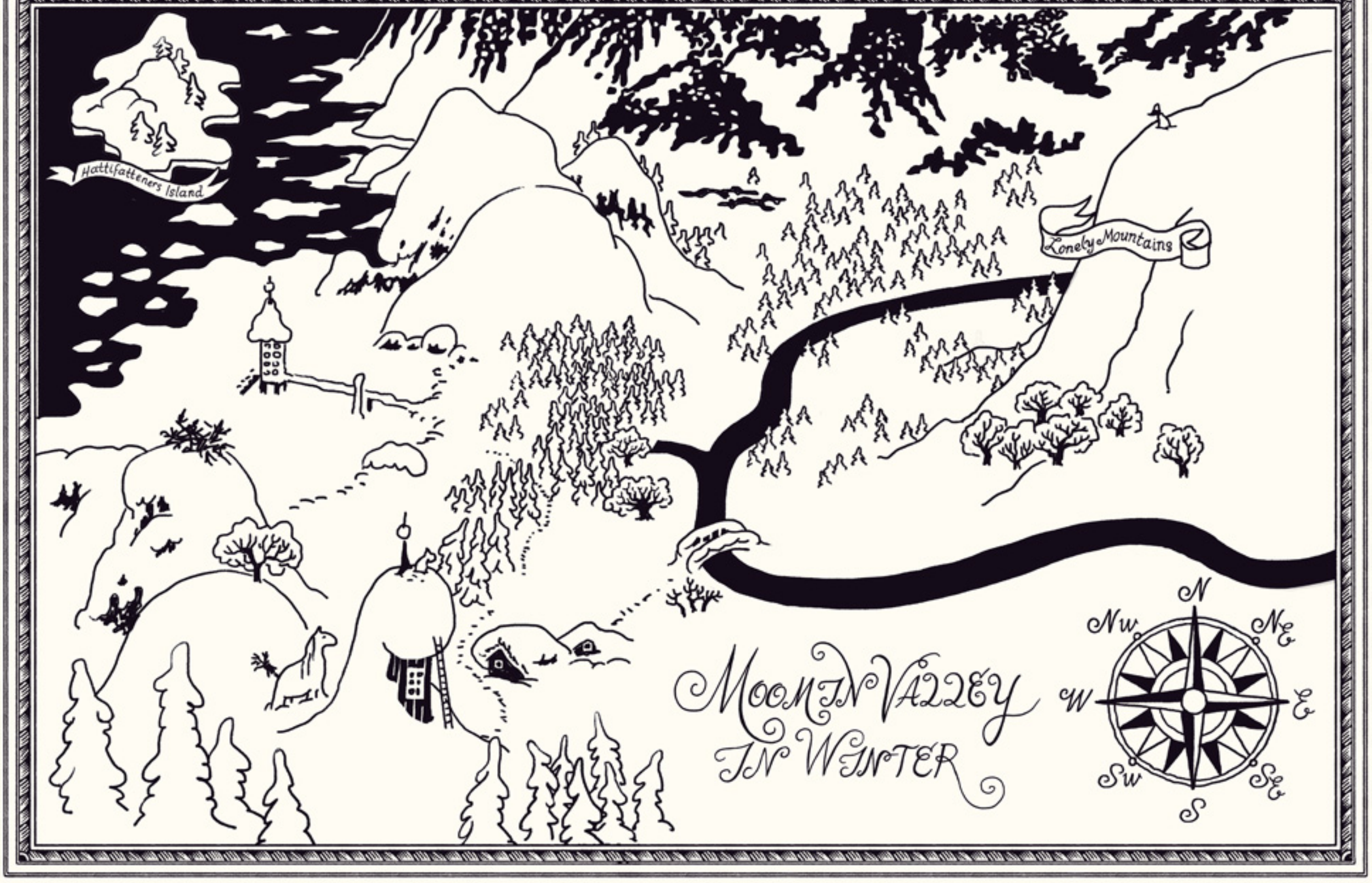
Hattifatteners Island
Lonely Mountains
MOOMINVALLEY
IN WINTER
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Some of Moominvalley's inhabitants



Moomintroll *is a curious and friendly troll. He loves going on adventures, especially if it means spending time with his friends. If ever the adventure becomes too scary, he always has his Moominmamma to come back to.*



Moominmamma *is soft in all the right places and has a handbag full of dry woolly socks, stomach powder and sweeties. She never loses her cool, and makes sure that every little creature in Moominvalley has a place to sleep if they need it.*

Moominpappa *is a very well-travelled fellow, at least according to him. He often longs for wild adventures like the ones he experienced in his youth. Then he sits in his room and writes his memoirs, a long book about his great escapades.*





Snorkmaiden *loves everything that is beautiful, just like her. She is smart and inventive, but wishes that life in Moominvalley could be more grand and dramatic.*

It was winter in Moominvalley. Under the ice, the sea was silent and still. Under the ground, all the little creepy-crawlies were curled up asleep. And the Moomin family were cosy in bed, sleeping their long winter sleep.

They had been asleep since October and planned to continue until spring, as they did every year.

But the Hemulen didn't understand this.

He was standing on the roof, scrabbling through the thick snow until his woollen gloves became quite wet and unpleasant. He was searching for a roof hatch.

"Those trolls just sleep and sleep, and here I am working my tail off just because Christmas is coming," he muttered.

Finally he found the hatch. But he couldn't remember whether it opened inward or outward. He stamped on it, carefully. The hatch swung open and down tumbled the Hemulen, into the darkness.



"This is most un-Hemulenish!" exclaimed the Hemulen as he landed in a pile of clutter that the Moomin family were storing in the attic until spring.

Now he was well and truly annoyed. He stomped downstairs, threw open the door to the drawing room and shouted:

"Christmas is coming and here you are asleep! This won't do at all!"

A cold, troubling draught blew into Moomintroll's dreams. A heavy sigh came from deep beneath the blanket. The little troll wanted nothing more than to carry on sleeping and dreaming of sunny summer afternoons.

But alas he could not, for the Hemulen began yanking off his blanket and shouting at him to wake up.

"Is it spring already?" mumbled Moomintroll. "Is our sleep over?"

"Spring?" said the Hemulen. "Christmas is coming, don't you see, Christmas! I've so much to do, and on top of it all, they send me here to drag you out of bed. Everyone is rushed off their feet and nothing is ready. I've had quite enough of you and your sleeping!"

Then he stomped back upstairs and disappeared through the roof hatch.





"Mamma, wake up," said Moomintroll. "Something dreadful is coming! It's called Christmas."

"What's that?" said Moominmamma sleepily, poking her nose out from under her blanket.

"I'm not sure," said Moomintroll. "But the Hemulen says that nothing is ready and everyone is rushing about. Sounds like we ought to prepare."

Then he woke Snorkmaiden and whispered:

"Now don't be alarmed, but something dreadful is coming."

"Everybody stay calm," said Moominpappa. "We'll investigate the matter."

They followed the Hemulen's wet footprints up into the attic and climbed out onto the roof of Moominhouse.

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Written by: Alex Haridi and Cecilia Davidsson
Illustrated by: Fillipa Widlund
Translated by: Annie Prime

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