



opening extract from

A Creature was Stirring

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You all know this tale, but read this, you'll see: One creature was stirring, that creature was me!

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Dicholas soon would be there. I don't want to butt in, but I'm wide awake, and in Santa's book that's a naughty mistake.