For Grandmas and Grandads everywhere,
and for all their grandchildren.

Special thanks to Kristina Petersen for her multi-lingual Santa mail, and to Mum for last-minute proof-reading.

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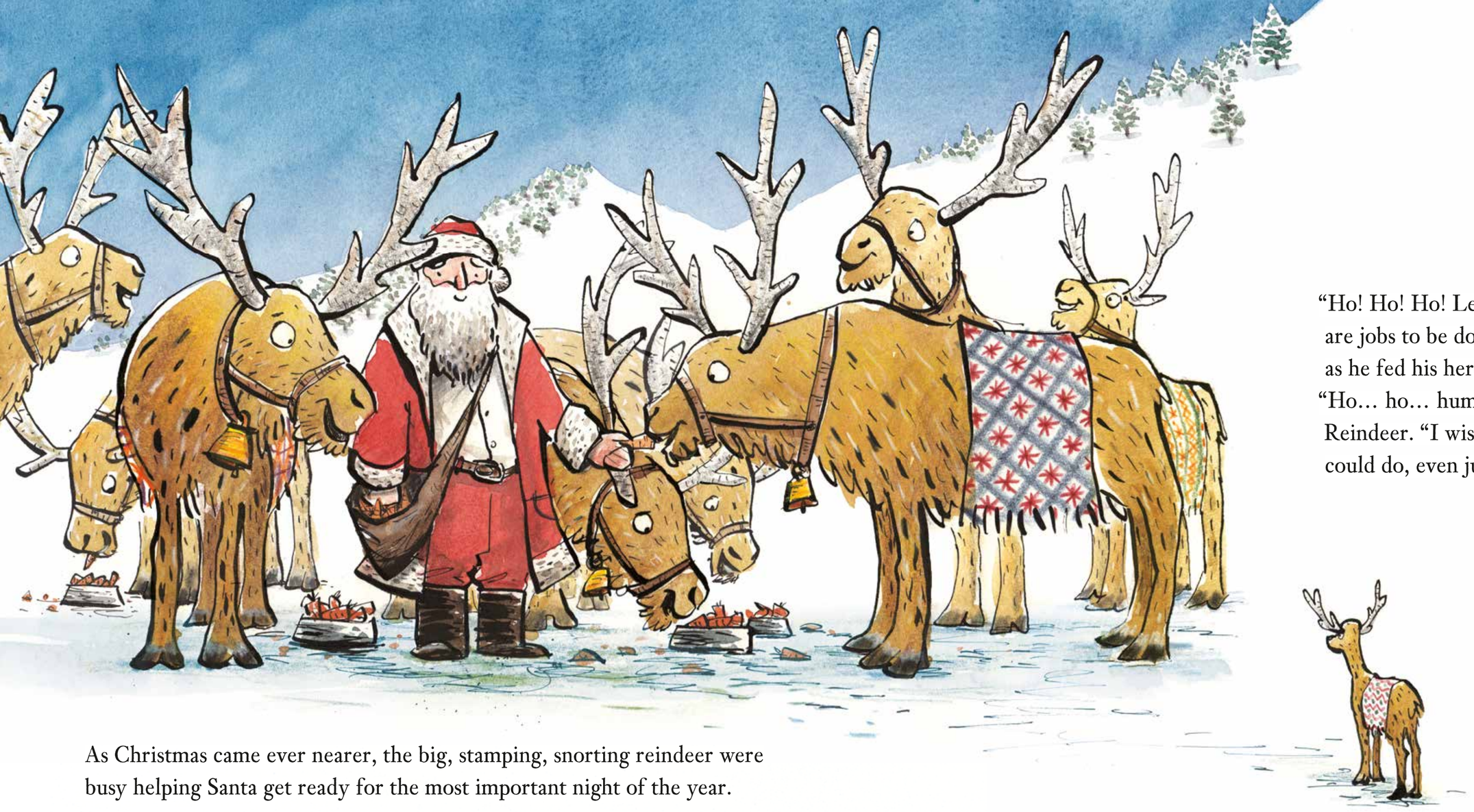
Tiny Reindeer

Chris Naylor-Ballesteros

Andersen Press

Tiny Reindeer was just like any other reindeer, but with one big difference. He was very, very tiny.
He wasn't just smaller than the others, he felt different too.
And never more so than at one particular time of year...

Christmas time.



"Ho! Ho! Ho! Let's get to it, there are jobs to be done!" boomed Santa, as he fed his herd.
"Ho… ho… humph," sighed Tiny Reindeer. "I wish there was a job I could do, even just a *tiny* one."

As Christmas came ever nearer, the big, stamping, snorting reindeer were busy helping Santa get ready for the most important night of the year.

Every year Tiny Reindeer tried very hard to find a way to help, but whatever he did went wrong. He got tangled in the reins and harnesses.

He fell into the water bowls.

And he had to be rescued from the sticky tape when he tried to wrap the presents.

On the day before Christmas Eve, Santa spoke to Tiny Reindeer. "Why don't you have a look in the Post Room? You might be able to help there," he suggested, kindly. "There's one last little pile of children's letters to sort."

Tiny Reindeer wasn't so sure.