SANTA VS THE NAUGHTY-LISTERS



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For Jude, Flynn,
and Archie,
my three
naughty-listers!
C.E.

For Phoebe,
always the top
of my nice list!
S.C.

CATHERINE
EMMETT

SAM
CALDWELL

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Alfie and Freddie and Wilbur McVoys,
were really quite simply **the naughtiest boys.**
They drew on the walls and they bounced on the bed,
and propped cups of custard to fall on Dad's head.



As Christmas grew closer,
they gift-wrapped Aunt Ness,





and hung decorations on
Great Grandma Bess.

They spiced up the cakes
at the Christmas bazaar,



and made Baby Evie their **Christmas tree star**!

'I've had it!' Mum thundered.
Dad bellowed, 'Enough!



I'm writing to Santa! It's time to get tough!
You'll go on his list of the naughtiest boys,
and when Christmas comes **you won't get any toys!**'

Under the covers, much later that night,
the brothers met up to consider their plight.



‘I think that they mean it’, said Alfie with dread.
‘D’ you think we should try to be nice now instead?’
Wilbur looked glum, ‘But there’s just a few days!
We’ve left it too late to start changing our ways . . .’

‘You’re right,’ agreed Freddie. ‘I don’t think we can . . .’
. . . so instead, they came up with a
dastardly plan!



Next morning, they pinched Uncle Jeremy's saw
and used it to cut up the old treehouse door.

They swiped all the tinsel to weave a **huge** net,
and only stopped work once their trap had been set!



The night before Christmas they **crept** out of bed,



crawled through the dog flap
and **climbed** on the shed.



They **shinned** up a drainpipe,
then **peered** way up high.
'Get ready!' called Freddie—
'He's there in the sky!'

