Frost and Bite at Christmas



To all the little monsters out there – W.M.

To John – M.M.

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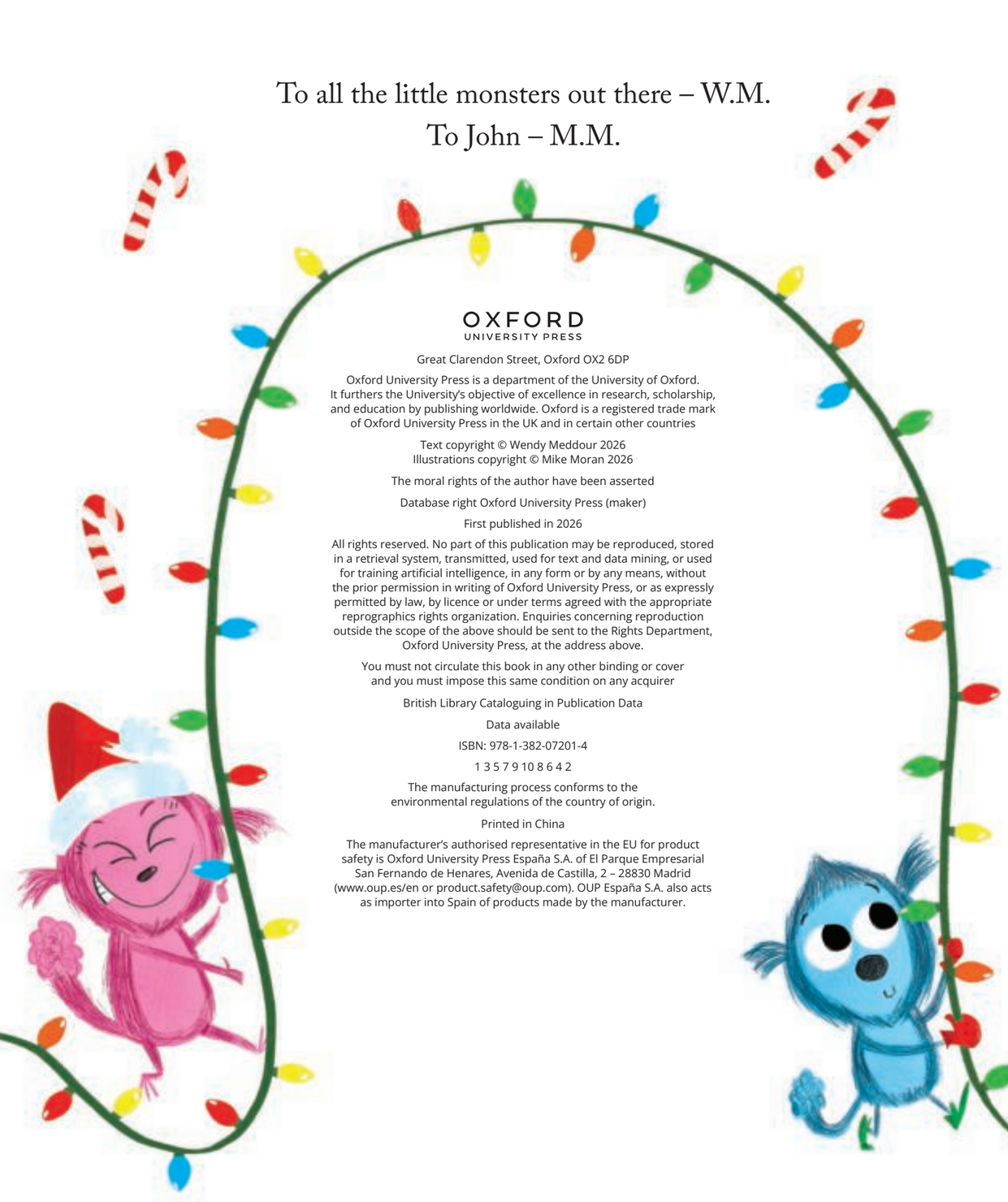
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It was Christmas Eve and the Gobbits were giving out presents.

But Frost and Bite were sulking in their gloomy cave.

They **hated presents** nearly as much they **hated Christmas.**

'If those Gobbits try to give us a present,' growled Frost,
'I'll **thwack** them with my tail.'

'And I'll **dribble** all over them.
Like I did last year,' slurped Bite.



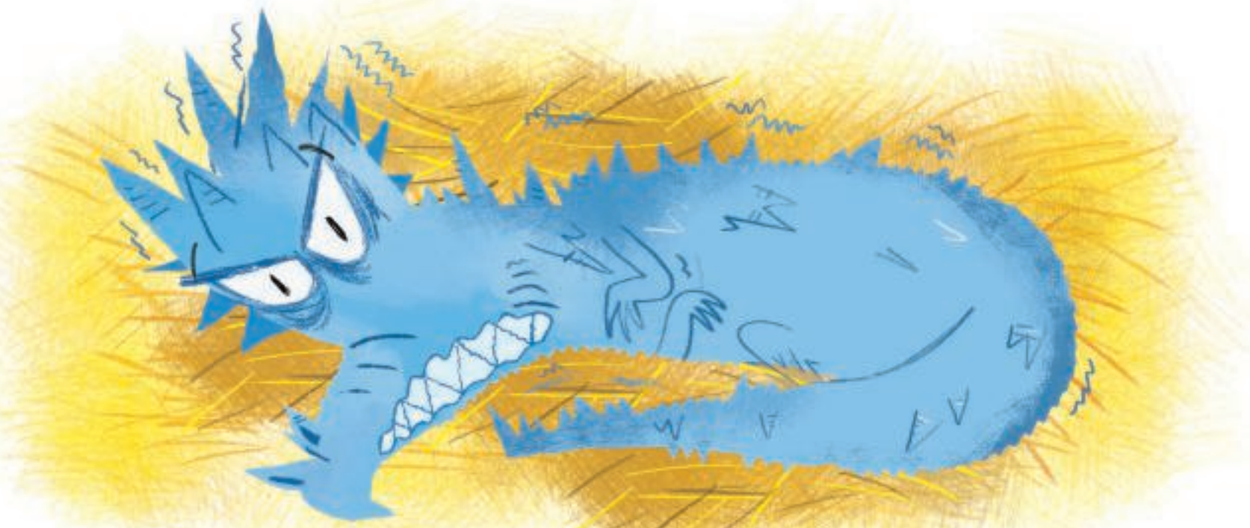
Frost and Bite were always arguing.

'Euw. Stop dribbling on **MY SIDE!**'
yelled Frost, pointing at a line of rocks.
'You're getting my straw all damp!'

'Well, get your lumpy old tail off
MY SIDE then,' snarled Bite.
'You're messing up my moss!'



The only time the monsters didn't argue was when they were fast asleep.



And it was hard getting to sleep when it was **so cold.**



'I hate this gritty, bitty winter,' groaned Frost.
'Not as much as I do,' shivered Bite. 'Oh no! Here they come again!'



Three little Gobbits were carrying some Gobbity pies towards the monsters' cave!

'Ready?' growled Frost.

'Steady,' snarled Bite.

‘GGGGGRRRRRRRRR!’

‘Arghhhhhhhhhh,’ screamed the little Gobbits as they ran all the way back . . .