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Kes Gray

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DAISY



and the TROUBLE with

CHRISTMAS

by Kes Gray

RED FOX

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CHAPTER 1

The **trouble with Christmas** is it's
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EXCITING!!!

If Christmas wasn't sooooooooo
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oooooooooooooo exciting, then what happened in the school Christmas play this afternoon would never have happened in the first place.

WHICH ISN'T MY FAULT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ask Gabby. Ask Paula Potts. Ask anyone who isn't Mrs Peters, or any of the other teachers, or my mum or

Gabby's mum and dad!

It's all Christmas's fault. Not mine. If Christmas hadn't made me get so excited, then everything would have been just fine.

Except it wasn't fine.

It was a bit embarrassing really.

CHAPTER 2

The trouble with Christmas excitement is it gets you all over.



It goes into your toes and your fingers and your elbows and your hair and your eyeballs and up your jumper. It wiggles into your brain through your ears. It gets you in your lips so you can't stop smiling. It gets you in your



legs so you can't stop skipping.

It gets you inside your tummy so your heartbeat won't stop going *bibbidy-bibbidy-bop* ALL the time. It even gets you in your eyelashes, so you can't close your eyes properly when you go to bed.

And it lasts for AGES!

My Christmas excitement started in September!

September is when all the Christmassy things come into the shops. My mum says it's a disgrace putting Christmassy things in the shops in September. My mum says that shops should only put their

Christmassy things on the shelves in about November when it's nearly Christmas, not September when it's still nearly summer.

But I think she's wrong. I think shops should get rid of all their normal things

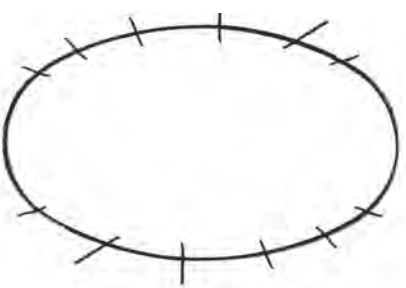


(apart from sweets) in about January, and then have Christmassy things on their shelves until Christmas.

I LOVE Christmassy things! In fact when I'm about twenty-seven that's what I'm going to be; a Christmassy-thing shop owner! Who only sells Christmassy things!

Unless Santa gives me a job, that is.

The **trouble with Santa** is you never get to actually see him.





Even when he comes down the chimney with all your presents, you won't see him. That's because he magicks you asleep before he comes.

Did you know that when Santa touches the side of his nose with his finger, it makes him small enough to go up and down chimneys? It's true because I've seen it in a book. You will never ever get to see the real Santa because his magic is so good.

You can still write to him though. I wrote a letter to Santa in October. It said:

To Santa
Santa's House
The North Pole

Dear Santa,

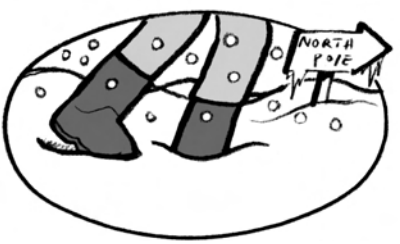
Please when I grow up can
I be one of your helpers?
I will try not to grow up too
much because I know elves
are usually very short, but I'm
really good at wrapping presents,
plus I can bring my own red
scissors, plus I would be really
good at feeding Rudolph.
So please can I have a job
when I'm about seventeen?

Love,
Daisy

The **trouble with writing letters** to Santa is they have to be sent to the North Pole, which is the farthest away place in the world.



The **trouble with walking to the North Pole** is it will really make your postman's feet ache.



My mum says the quickest way to send a letter to Santa is to magic it there. I thought she was going to say by hovercraft or something, but she didn't. She said if I gave my letter to her on Bonfire Night, she would post it for me then.

So I did. Plus I wrote my Christmas list to Santa too!

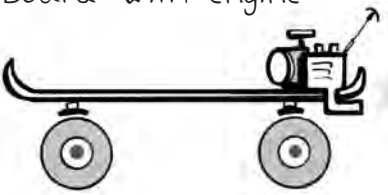
Dear Santa,
I know it isn't even December yet, but my mum says she's going to magic my letter and my Christmas list to you on Bonfire Night. In case you didn't know, I've been really good all year. Well, nearly all year.

And when I wasn't that good, it wasn't my fault! So please can I have these things for my Christmas presents:

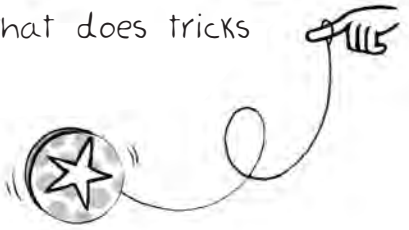
- pogo stick that doesn't fall over



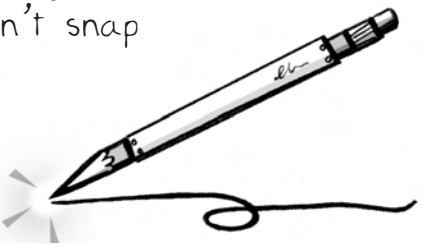
- skateboard with engine



- yoyo that does tricks



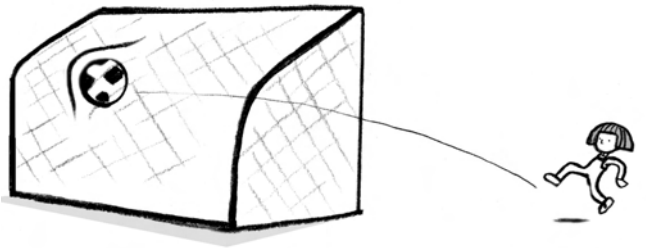
· colouring pencils
that don't snap



· colouring pens
that don't
run out



· red and white football
that scores goals



- quite a fluffy hamster



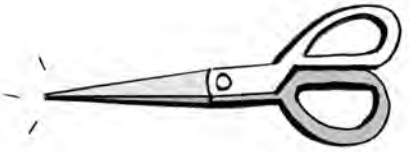
- bike that fires torpedoes



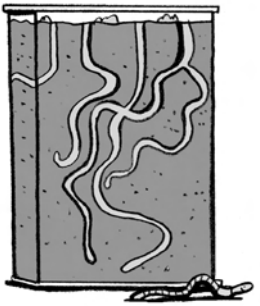
- bubble bath that makes the water green



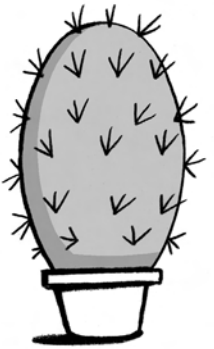
- craft scissors with pointy ends



· worm house with real worms



· big cactus



· chocolate money (or real money to buy chocolate money)



· skipping rope long enough for about twenty people



· super Soaker water pistol with about ten different action squirts



· new watch

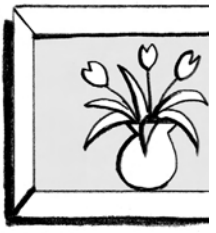


PS. If you run out of room on your sleigh, can I definitely have the bike that fires torpedoes first?

Love,
Daisy

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx





When my mum read my Christmas list, she said Santa didn't make bikes with torpedoes. Then she said that I would need to be on my very best behaviour right up to Christmas Day if I was going to get even half of the things I'd written down.

So I promised I wouldn't get into even the slightest bit of trouble.

Not before Christmas. Not during Christmas. Not even after Christmas.

I was doing really, really well – until today.

Sighhhhhh.

I do hope Santa wasn't watching the school Christmas play this afternoon.