

It was Christmas Eve  
And all through the house  
There was not one noise  
Not even a mouse.

A girl was snug and warm  
In her bed like two Eskimos  
And the name on her bedstead  
Was a lovely lass named Elka-Rose

She lived with her sister  
Her name was Poppy  
She was much younger  
And sometimes she was Stroppey

So our story begins on Christmas Eve  
When Santa had something up her sleeve  
The girls were in bed snug as can be  
But what will happen next? Let us see...

'Elka, go upstairs please and brush your teeth otherwise Santa will know you have not been a good girl for Mummy, and won't bring you any presents,' Abigail said. 'But Mummy...' Elka started. 'Elka, Mummy has had a hard day making jewellery for Santa's sleigh and for each of his reindeers. Remember what I said, no presents for girls who don't go to bed when they're told. Your sister is in bed, now go be a good girl.'

After some resistance, Elka went upstairs, she brushed her teeth and got into bed. Abigail came up to read her a bedtime story, a special one about Santa and his grown-up elves, Charlie, Mick, Adam and Gary making toys for the little elves, Matthew, Mark and Sam. Even though Elka was excited about Christmas, she was gradually falling asleep, while waiting for Santa to come....

'It's Christmas!' Elka Holder woke the whole house with her tribute to Slade's Merry Christmas Everybody. She looked outside with expectation. There had been deep snowfall overnight and she asked her Mum if she could go and play in it. 'I thought you'd want to open your presents first.' 'Mummy, it's so magical outside, please please can I go and make a snowman?' 'Ok darling, as you have asked nicely, I grant you your wish of going out to build a snowman! Just don't go Walking In The Air cos Elka It's Cold Outside!' Abigail guffawed to herself. 'Ok Mummy, be in soon.' Abigail's joke was lost on Primrose though.

After she had built her snowman, Elka noticed something not quite right. The slice of turkey, the mince pies, the orange juice and the Santa's Chocolate Orange that she had left out the previous night were still on the doorstep. How could this be? Did Santa not come? 'Mummy, mummy, Santa didn't come! My goodies are still there.' Her mum comforted her the best she could. 'Santa told me last night direct from the North Pole that he wasn't hungry.' But, despite all of her Mum's best efforts to cheer Elka up, she was devastated that Santa hadn't come. Suddenly, there was a knock at

the door. It was one of Santa's elves, Chris Christmas, who said that Phil the stocking up had told Chris that Santa had got stuck in a snow drift. His sleigh had malfunctioned just past the northern lights and the reindeer got a bit shaken up but they are okay.' 'But Mummy, where are my presents from Santa?' Elka asked. 'I'm afraid they got thrown into the snowdrift when Santa crashed.' Abigail answered.

Even though Elka was disappointed not to have gotten any gifts from Santa, she had a wonderful time opening her other presents and playing with her sister. It was still snowing so they all went outside and had a snowball fight. 'You know darling, when Santa recovers he might come tonight.' said. 'But Mummy, it's not really Christmas tomorrow,' Primrose said. 'You never know.' Came the reply...

Later that night, Elka saw a sleigh in the sky with lots of presents on. 'Mummy, mummy, come up here, Santa's all better again and he's come just to deliver my presents,' Elka called downstairs. Hazel came up and saw for herself that colourful sleigh in the sky...