



Dear George,

It has been a while since I last saw you, and now you are a year older! I have heard that you are doing your best to be a good boy. Keep it up and you will get a nice gift from me.

Up here, the snow has been falling for months. It already comes up to our waists, so I wear the same warm woollen hat I got when I was a boy, probably the same age as you are now. I am a lot bigger than I was then, so it looks quite funny sitting on top of my head. Well, it puts a smile on the elves when they see it.

I remember when I wanted to be a footballer. I would run around with my ball all day long, in the kitchen and the hallway. And from time to time I would hit a clay pot or some china plates. Now that was fun. My granny always told me to be good, but when there was a ball involved, I did not want to listen.

I loved scoring goals, but I wasn't very good at it. The ball always landed on the roof of our stable. Then one day, late in the evening, a little gnome knocked on my window. When I let him in out of the cold, he looked up at me and said in a stern voice, 'You have to be good from now on and listen to your granny.' My eyes went wide as I listened. 'Every time you tidy up after yourself, I will write a little tick next to your name on the Nice List.' Then he jumped out through the window as quickly as he came. From that day on, I was a good boy. Just imagine my surprise when I found my dream present under the Christmas tree – a new football and kit. I ran to the local playground's football pitch as quickly as I could to try out the new ball. I kicked it as hard as my little feet could, and scored a perfect goal.

I notice four tick marks next to your name so far. A few more would be good. As I look out my window and in through the workshop doors, I can see there is something pretty special waiting for you in the gift pile. If you are a good boy, it will make its way to you in time for Christmas.

Santa Claus



Santa's

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