

The Snowman Chase

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The blustery wind was passing through the gargantuan trees making the night more mysterious. There was a child, looking out of his bedroom window, waiting for somebody.

Santa was packing the presents into his claret velvet sack for the most important night of the year. The full moon was beginning to rise, and the eerie blanket of mist grew thicker and thicker. Mrs

Claus was trying to fix the broken and battered sleigh, but the neglected engine was coughing and spluttering. Mrs Claus gave up and stomped upstairs. As she did so, she shouted “Nick! We must set off on foot! The sleigh is broken!” There she saw him quickly demolishing all the mince pies! “Nick! What do you think you’re doing?!” exclaimed Mrs Claus furiously. “Well, I decided to take a short break.” Santa said phlegmatically. “Let’s go!” she said.

They set off on foot, holding the sack and pulling along the broken sleigh through the fluffy snow. One hour later they realised that they had forgotten their map that would lead them around the world! They were lost, and in the distance, they heard a loud, rumbling, thunder-like grumble which grew louder and louder...

The Land of Snowmen



In a captivating, immersive, mysterious land, Mrs Claus asked, "Are we in The Land of Snowmen?" "I think we are," said Santa. "Doesn't anybody who sets foot here get eaten alive?" questioned Santa. "That is what the myth says," said Mrs Claus.

The deadly, threatening snowman, Bob, was the leader of the snowman army, and they were slowly coming into sight. "RUN!" said both and they split

up in opposite directions. The snowmen were hot on their heels, but the prey, which were fighting for their lives, kept running.

Face to face with the evil



Their first idea was to climb up a tree and shake the snow off onto Bob so he would not be able to see. However, that did not work out as well as they'd hoped, and the snowman magically split into two and pushed both trees over.

Their next idea was to spill water over him, but he was too cold, and the water froze instantly.

They were about to give up when they saw deep footprints in the soft, fluffy snow. This led to red squirrel's hut where they found an old, weathered map. Mrs Claus picked up the map and put it into her pocket to keep it safe in case they should need it in the future. The pack were closing in towards them by the second, so they needed to act quickly. Armed with a little more knowledge, both left in a hurry, looking behind them. They found a shelter that was disguised in the white

snow and hid in it. The snowman missed them and crashed into an oak tree. CRASH!

Walking



They had been walking for ages and it seemed they were completely lost. They did not have any devices on them, for if the children woke up while they were delivering the presents, they would be disturbed.

After a few minutes, Mrs Claus exclaimed, "I just remembered! We still have the map we found. It

is in my pocket! We can use it to find our way to the nearest house!” “You’re a genius!” said Santa.

Santa and Mrs Claus were so tired from walking, so they sat down on a stone and thought about how they were going to get home. “I think Christmas will have to be postponed,” said Santa. “NO!” exclaimed Mrs Claus, “I think the cold has gotten to your head, come on, lie down.” Santa

laid down on the pure white snow and let the cold ice cool his body. A finch, up above, in the tall trees, was singing a beautiful lullaby. This made Santa very dreamy, and he fell asleep...

The Dream



Santa dreamt that a little boy named Jim was tucked up in bed on Christmas Eve, waiting, patiently. Jim couldn't resist so he looked at his Santa tracker just one more time. It was good that he did because Santa and Mrs Claus were flashing red on his tracker! They were lost in the forest, just outside his house, but they had stopped, dead still and Jim was very worried. He pushed his duvet onto the floor and made his way to his mum and dad's room and he shouted, "MUM! DAD! Christmas

might be CANCELLED! I saw on my Santa tracker, that Santa and Mr Claus are lost in the forest! Please, can I go out to see them?"

"Of course, honey! Go, go, go!" So Jim pushed open the door and stepped out into the dead of night.

The Rescue



Santa woke up with a fright, “Santa! Santa! Are you ok?” shouted somebody in his blurry eyesight.

“Yes, yes, I’m fine.” he said, struggling to his feet.

“But who are you?” “I’m Jim,” said the figure.

“Wait a minute, I had a dream about you, about the Santa tracker, the bedroom, the house.”

“Yup, that was all true,” said Jim.

Jim led them towards his house and Santa and Mrs Claus settled into the armchairs. “I don’t understand,” said Mrs Claus. “I can’t seem to bring myself to think that what you dreamt actually came true!”.

“It does seem very odd, doesn’t it,” stated Jim.

“Well, we better be off,” said Mrs Claus.

“Before we go,” said Santa, “I shall give you something,” and with that, in his hands, Jim had the

most beautiful present you could ever imagine, a bottle of love. The mix was magically moving, transforming into the shape of a heart. Jim thanked Santa and started to fix the sleigh that lay in a crumpled heap.

When the sleigh was fixed, Santa and Mrs Claus hopped onto the sleigh, promising that they would visit again, and then, they were out of sight.

Later in Life



When Jim was a lot older, he still had the bottle of love that Santa had given him. His baby had just been born and he was ready to pass on the gift that he had loved throughout his life and would never forget. He looked into his hazel eyes, opened his baby's hand, put the bottle in, and rolled his fingers to a close.

A moment later, the bottle had vanished, and a little bit of dust swirled into a whirlwind and floated away into thin air.

That night, Jim was tucking his baby into bed when he heard a faint jingle bell noise, and after that, he heard a familiar figure say, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

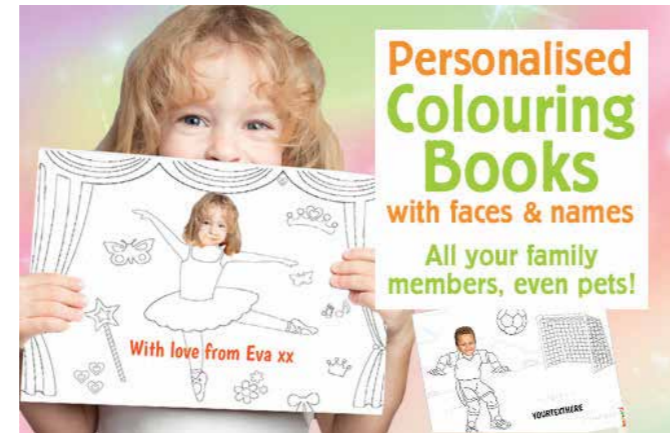
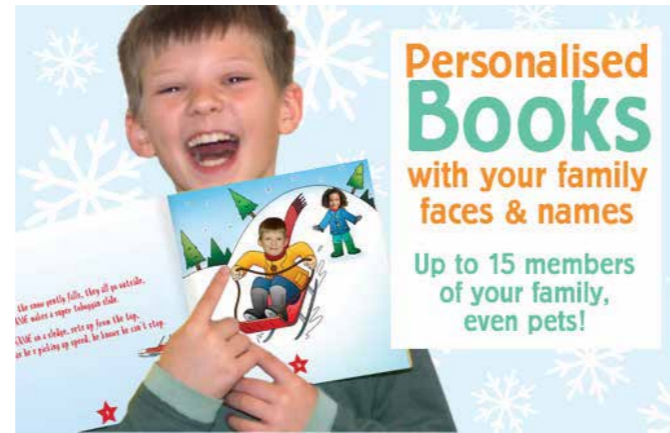
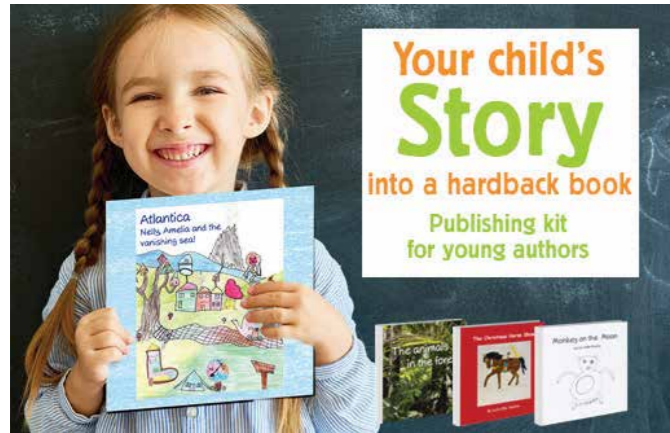
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It is the night before Christmas and Santa & Mrs. Claus are setting off to deliver the presents, but when they come face to face with evil, will they save Christmas and leave a present under every tree?