

Helena Kraljič



*Father
Christmas' Letter*

Illustrated by Ana Razpotnik Donati



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Translated by Nada Grošelj

It was December 24. Christmas time. The time when all the children of the world wait impatiently for Father Christmas' presents. All had written to him, and all were wishing that their presents would arrive as soon as possible.

They kept glancing under Christmas trees, rummaging in Christmas stockings, staring through the windows,



But Matthew the postman had a very special letter to deliver today.
And he was completely at sea.

'For the most unassuming child.'

Matthew the postman read from the snow-scented envelope.

'Dear, dear! Who can it be for, this letter sent by
Father Christmas himself?'

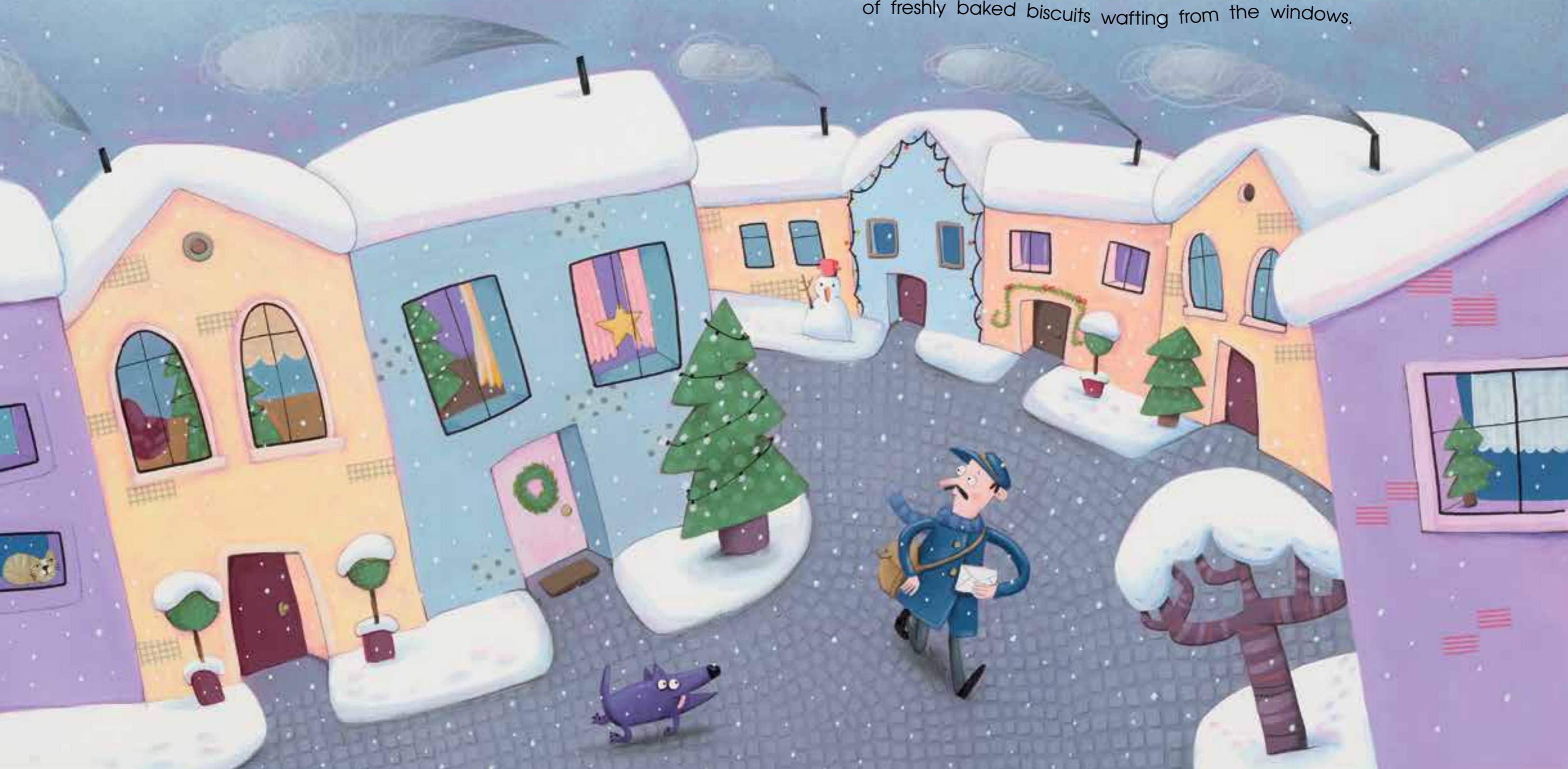
He decided to find the child to whom **Father Christmas**
had written the letter. He wandered from house to house,
muttering under his breath:

'This one won't do. No children here.'

'That one has just two lonely old people living in it.'

'This might be the one.'

He pointed at a beautifully ornamented house, with the scent
of freshly baked *biscuits* wafting from the windows,



He rang the bell, and it was answered by a friendly boy named Georgie.

'I'm supposed to deliver a letter from Father Christmas
to the most unassuming child,'

he said. Delighted, Georgie held out his hand. But Matthew the postman asked:

'Can you tell me what you wrote to Father Christmas?
What did you wish for?'

Georgie thought a bit, and then launched into a list:

'I need a new computer, my hi-fi's broken, and I've asked for
a sweet or two.'

Matthew the postman shook his head:

'This letter won't be for you, then.'

Georgie dropped his eyes and said goodbye in a hurry.



So Matthew the postman walked on and rang the Barths' bell. That was where little Ella and Luke lived. All aflutter with anticipation, the children opened the door, and Matthew the postman said:

'I'm supposed to deliver a letter from **Father Christmas**
to the most unassaming child.

Would you tell me what presents you're expecting?'

Standing on tiptoe, Ella rattled off: 'I really like playing with *dolls*. I've asked **Father Christmas** for a *doll house* and a *big car* they can all ride in.'

And Luke began to tick off even before his little sister had finished: 'Last year I got a big carpenter's desk with tools. And this year I'd like a pirate ship and pirates.'

Matthew the postman shook his head, saying: 'I'm sure this letter is meant for neither of you.'

The little brother and sister turned up their noses and made big pouts.

*'Never mind,' said Ella, sulking.
'I can't read anyway.'*



Matthew the postman walked on. He'd promised himself that he would deliver the letter into the right hands, even if it meant combing through the whole village. Soon he noted the home of Jim and Ken. Ringing the bell again, he said:

'I'm supposed to deliver a letter from **Father Christmas**
to the most unassuming child.

Would you tell me what presents you have wished for?'

Jim was only two years old. He babbled away, explaining about all the things he wanted. While Matthew did not catch everything, he did know that the letter was not meant for him.

But he would not hand it over to Ken either, for Ken told him that he had two footballs already and had ordered a third. He also explained that he needed a football outfit and football boots, for which he'd asked **Father Christmas**.

Matthew shook his head: 'No, no, this letter's definitely not for either of you.'

Offended, Ken pushed his baby brother into the house, muttering:

'I don't even like reading letters.'



And Matthew walked on. He came to a yellow house and rang the bell. The door was opened by Katie, who looked at him expectantly.

'I'm supposed to deliver a letter from Father Christmas

to the most unassuming child.

Can you tell me what you wished for this year?'

'I'm waiting for a princess' castle and dolls' clothes,' Katie told him. And once again, Matthew the postman felt certain that the letter could not have been meant for this girl.

Sadly, Katie gazed after him: How happy I'd be

to get a letter from Father Christmas.'



Five minutes later, Matthew stopped at Andy's house. Again he rang the bell and said:

'I'm supposed to deliver a letter from Father Christmas

to the most unassuming child.

Would you tell me what you're expecting this year?'

Andy's face lit up.

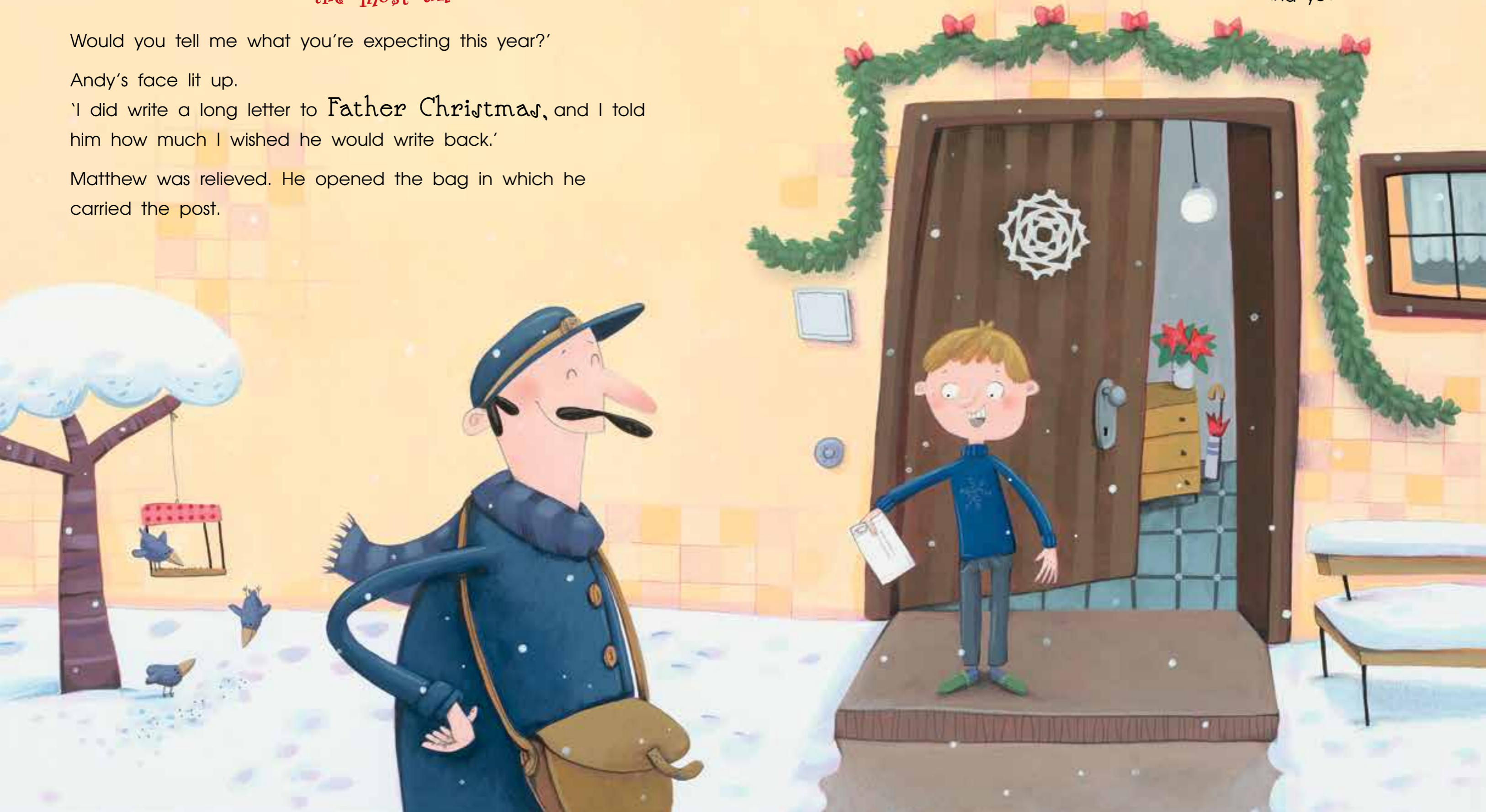
'I did write a long letter to Father Christmas, and I told him how much I wished he would write back.'

Matthew was relieved. He opened the bag in which he carried the post.

'You have a letter for me?' Andy was startled.
'From Father Christmas?' he asked, disbelieving.

Matthew's lips stretched into a broad smile:

'I've found you at last!'

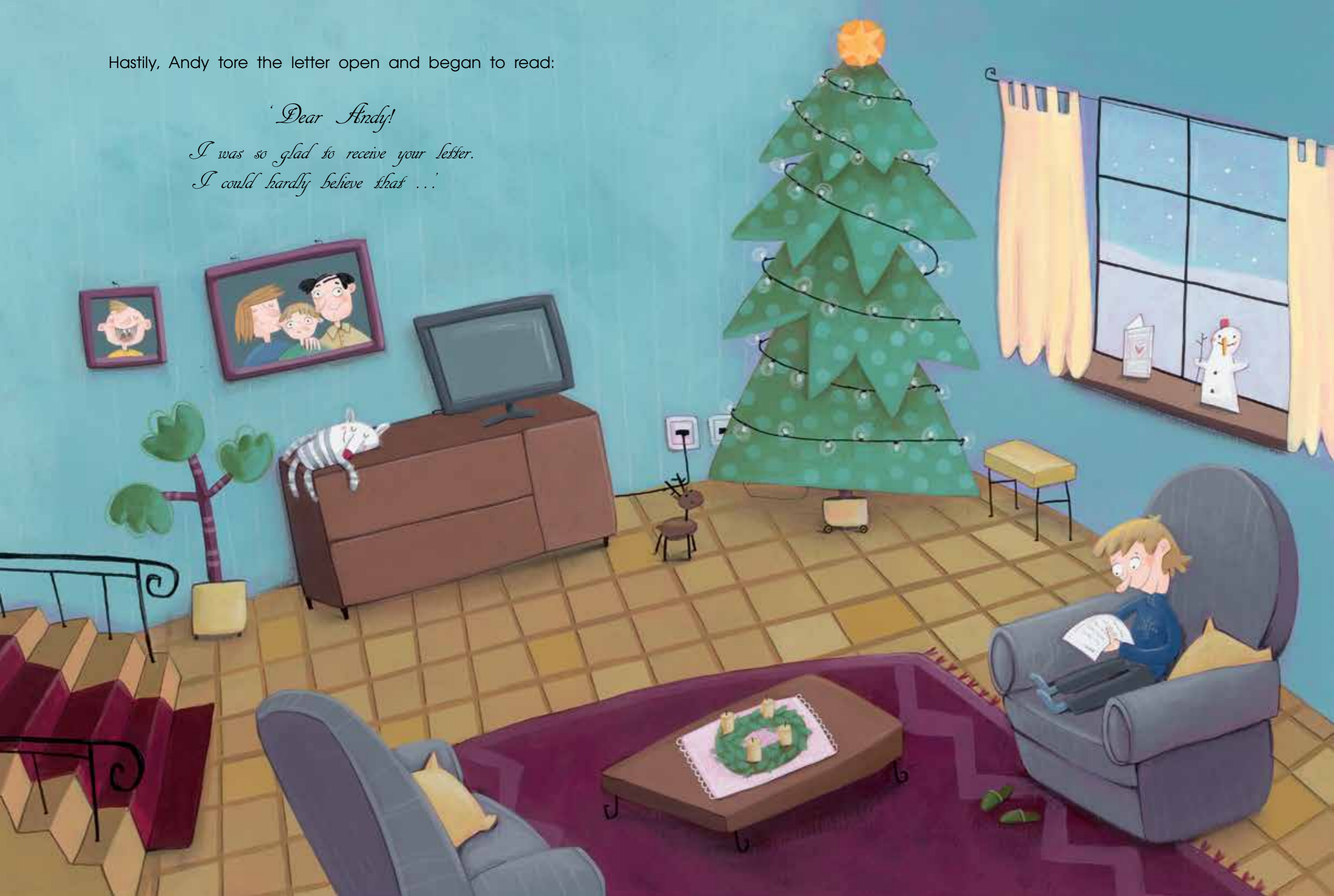


Hastily, Andy tore the letter open and began to read:

'Dear Andy!

I was so glad to receive your letter.

I could hardly believe that ...'





morfem
Rajstua besede

