



**A Christmas gift just for you,
from Mrs Christmas and all
of us at Busy Bees**

Mrs Christmas and the magic penguins.



"I'm back!" called Father Christmas as he stomped through the door after taking the reindeer out for their evening stroll.

Mrs Christmas stuck her head out from the workshop. "Are you ok, dear?" she asked.
"You sound ever so glum."

Father Christmas lowered himself onto the sofa and sighed. "Plastic bottles!" he said despondently. "You cannot move for plastic bottles out there at the moment!" Mrs Christmas came and sat next to him, taking his hand. "What on earth do you mean, plastic bottles?" she asked.

"They're everywhere! Our beautiful environment is being ruined by people just throwing their plastic bottles away. Do they not realise that if they don't recycle them properly, they can end up in rivers and seas and even as far up as the North Pole? I just about managed to stop Rudolf eating one yesterday."

"Now that is just dreadful," Mrs Christmas agreed. "All those poor creatures having their homes spoiled and getting poorly. It just won't do Father Christmas; something must be done." She patted Father Christmas's hand, went to the door, and pulled on her wellington boots.

"Where are you going, Mrs Christmas?" Father Christmas asked.

"I told you, Father Christmas, something must be done. And I might just have had a very good idea. Be a love and pop the dinner on, would you? I won't be long," and with that, Mrs Christmas pulled the door firmly shut behind her, heading out into the winter's night.



Sometime later, Father Christmas had just finished putting the casserole dish in the oven when he heard the front door open.

"Mrs Christmas?" he called. "Is that you, dear?"

"Yes, dear," came the reply, "and I've brought some friends with me".

Father Christmas hurried into the lounge before what he saw next stopped him in his tracks. "Mrs Christmas!" he cried. "What on earth?"

"Penguins dear," said Mrs Christmas, hanging her coat up. "I've made some penguins."





"Well, I can see that!" Father Christmas said, astounded, looking all around him. The lounge was full of sacks overflowing with the cutest, fluffiest penguins that Father Christmas had ever laid his eyes on. "But how?" he stuttered, as Mrs Christmas walked past him into the kitchen, planting a kiss on his cheek on the way through.

"Just a spot of Christmas magic, dear," Mrs Christmas replied. "You know how I'd been racking my brains for weeks, trying to think of a special Christmas gift for all the children at Busy Bees nurseries?"

"Yes, dear," said Father Christmas, bewildered, trying to keep up.



"Well, with a little bit of elf dust, some will, and a lot of determination, I managed to make each one of those penguins out of four of the plastic bottles that were littering the North Pole. I thought they'd make a smashing Christmas present for the little Busy Bees. What do you think, dear?"

Father Christmas suddenly looked worried. "Mrs Christmas, well, it's a lovely idea, and they really are charming, but..."

"But what, Father Christmas?" she asked.

"Well, there are quite a lot of Busy Bees children, you know... I'm just wondering, will there be enough for everyone? You know I hate to let the children down."

Mrs Christmas smiled and plonked herself back onto the sofa. "Don't you worry about that, dear," she said. "These are just the ones I couldn't fit in the workshop, of course, there's enough for everyone! Now, that's sorted the plastic bottles outside for the time being, but we really must remind everyone that it is so important to recycle, mustn't we dear?"

"We must, dear," said Father Christmas, looking at his wife adoringly. "You really are rather clever, Mrs Christmas," he said.

"I know, dear," said Mrs Christmas. "Now then, what's for dinner?"



