



Sunday 28 October

Dear Diary,
Really worried about Dad.
He's not as young as he used to be. He's coming up to his 56th birthday, and I think it's all getting too much for him.

I know it's only October, but when I think of all the things he has to do before Christmas, my mind boggles.

First on the list is the grotto here at the North Pole, when he meets all the elf children of the village, marking the start of the season. Then he's off on tour around the world, visiting nurseries, schools, shopping centres, fairs and just about everything in between. If that wasn't enough, on Christmas Eve he has to deliver at least one present to every child in the entire world!

Every child on the Nice List, that is.

This morning at breakfast, he couldn't stop sneezing. I think he's coming down with something and Mum had to find him a fresh hanky. Then another one. It was gross. Not that any of my nine older brothers and sisters noticed – they were all too busy arguing over the last toffee apple.

I wish there was some way I could help him.



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