



Tuesday 27 October

I'm so lucky!

When I pulled back the curtain of my attic bedroom first thing this morning, I gasped in wonder. It had snowed in the night!

A bright crescent moon was smiling in the crisp dark sky, and all the rooftops in the East Village were gleaming white.

Quick as a flash, I rushed downstairs, pulled on my curly-toed boots, and burst out into the street. We live in the most crowded part of town, but there were no footprints or sleigh tracks anywhere. Everywhere I looked, the snow was completely untouched!

Dragging my foot, I wrote my name in the snow:

TOG
WOZ ERE.

Then I stood still, looking up at the stars, breathing in the icy air . . .

As I skipped back inside to make breakfast for my younger brothers and sisters, I felt so grateful to

be alive. Grateful to be a Christmas Elf, helping to make the toys for Father Christmas; grateful for my family, even though being the middle child of ten can be tricky at times; and grateful for my friend Holly, Father Christmas's daughter, because she always has my back, and together we've shared so many adventures.

But then, as I dusted the snowflakes from my cap, I remembered that underneath all that fresh snow, everything was still the same.

And my heart sank.

Because to be quite honest with you, things at the Workshop have been a little tense recently . . .

