



A Magical Christmas



It was Christmas Eve and Marnie was gazing out of her bedroom window. The poor girl was sad from her head to her toes because she'd forgotten something very important. She hadn't posted her letter to Santa!

"What's this under the sofa?" Marnie's mum had asked that morning. She pulled out a red envelope with a Rudolph sticker in the corner.

"Yikes! It's my Christmas wish!" Marnie yelled. "It's far too late to post it now!" Tears slipped down her cheeks and she trembled like a leaf.

There was a reason for Marnie's sadness. Three weeks ago, she'd lost her favourite toy in the whole world. Her granny had given her the fluffy owl with big eyes when she was just a baby. Marnie called him Toot and she took him everywhere. Toot went to the park, the shops and even the dentist. But one day, the owl vanished.



Marnie, her mum and her granny searched high and low, but Toot was nowhere to be seen. He was lost in the cold and all alone. Would Marnie ever see him again?

There was only one thing on Marnie's Christmas list, but Santa hadn't got her letter.



“Never mind,” her mum had said, cuddling her child tightly. “Come and help me make the mince pies.”

At bedtime, Marnie’s mum opened the tin of sweet, spicy pastry treats.

“Let’s leave a mince pie for Santa,” she whispered with a wink. “You never know, he might still visit. He’s magic after all!”

After closing her curtains, Marnie climbed into bed and fell asleep. She dreamt of swirling snow, tinkling bells and swooping owls. She had no idea that a special visitor was racing through the night sky.

What a lot of gifts Santa had to deliver before sunrise! He was so busy that he didn’t notice a parcel falling from his sleigh.

Bump! It landed on Marnie’s doorstep and burst open. Out of the shiny paper crawled a dizzy owl. It was Toot!

“Ouch!” he cooed, rubbing the bump on his head. “Hang on, I know this house!”

Silently, the owl slipped through the cat flap, tiptoed across the kitchen and fluttered up the stairs. Then, he snuggled into bed beside his dear friend.

In the morning, Marnie woke with a gasp. What was this beside her? Holding her breath, Marnie looked at the toy carefully. It wasn’t just any owl, it was her owl! Toot was home!

“Mum, Mum!” she cried joyfully. “Even without my letter, Santa knew exactly what I wanted! He’s as magic as magic can be!”