

A Moffle Christmas Story







Sleepy Grammy Moffle Was snuggly in her bed. Until the sound of their scampering Paws Filled up her curly head.



Just for a moment grumfily, She ofened up her eyes, Fluffed out her rainbow-coloured fur And yawned away her sighs.





Then tucking her bushy tail Underneath her silky arm, She went to check the noisy ones Were safe from any harm.

She found the little moffles With their big eyes oren wide. Sitting by the burrow door And staring at the sky.



Their tiny faces were covered In chocolate from the tree. Their Christmas stockings on the floor Not where they ought to be.







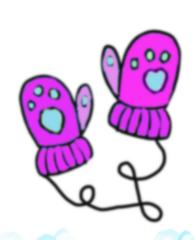


They huddled close together, Fearful that Grammy might shout. With furfle faws over their ears, Their words came tumbling out.



Will Santa know where to find us?
What do You think he'll bring?
Have we been good enough for Christmas?
Will you let him in?

Grammy Moffle Paused, then sat And drew the small ones near. They felt the soft warmth of her fur, Felt her kind eyes see their fears.







Oh my whiskers! said Grammy Moffle, No wonder you're out of bed. So many thoughts and Jumblies In your tummies and your heads.





I can see its a big worry, When you've moved so many times, To know if Christmas is coming here And what you're going to find.

The little moffles nodded And their fur turned shades of blue. It felt ok to show sad colours, As if Grammy already knew.







All three sat quietly a while, Under twinkling stars and moon, Before Grammy tucked them back in bed, Softly humming a Juliaby tune.

And as the little moffles sleft, She whisfered - this much I know, That You are very precious, Like the sparkling flakes of snow.

However long it takes
For You to hold this in Your hearts,
I'll be right there beside You,
This Christmas is Just the start.



