



Santa and the Pirates

By Lucrece Hudgins Beale

Chapter 1

A BARGAIN WITH LUBI

Once upon a time there was a kingdom called Fairvania. The King of this country was very sad. The queen wept through the days. All the people were heavy hearted.

The reason for this sorrow was that the Prince of the land was sick. So sick, in fact, that there was no hope of saving his life.

Prince Jonathan was only a baby - hardly half past one. He lay pale and shivering in his crib while the beat of his heart grew weaker and weaker.

"It's a strange sickness," murmured the doctors "We have never seen it's like before. Our medicines are of no use at all."

Tears ran down the King's cheeks. "I would give my life to save him!" he groaned.

A strange creature with a pointed head popped past the weeping guards at the door. He scurried up to the King.

"I can save your son," wheezed the creature.

The King gasped. "Who are you?"

"I am Lubi from the land East of the Rising Sun. For 20,000 pieces of gold I will make him well."

"I have not so much gold," cried the King. "But I shall pay you though it takes me a lifetime."

"Pay me in full before 10 years are gone," said Lubi. "Or give me your kingdom and all your people."

"Agreed!" whispered the King, hardly hearing the stranger's words. Prince Jonathan gasped for breath and the King begged Lubi, "Save him if you can."

Lubi pulled his cloak over his head and covered himself and the child so that none could see what he did. Moments later he withdrew the cloak. From that instant Prince Jonathan began to recover.

"Have my gold in 10 year time," said Lubi. "Or I shall bring sorrow to all."

But no one heard him or saw him go. For all were bent above the Prince rejoicing in his return to life.

The next 10 years were happy ones in Fairvania. Prince Jonathan grew to be a fair-haired boy with a brave heart and a cheerful spirit.

The King remembered Lubi and resolved to pay him off on the promised day. But his was not a rich kingdom and as time

went by the gold in the King's Treasury grew less rather than more.

The years passed until Prince Jonathan was eleven years old. It was three weeks before Christmas and all the people were preparing for the joyous holiday.

Prince Jonathan was writing a letter to Santa Claus. He could not spell all the words. He rushed to his father's room for help. The King was reading a message. Then he looked up, his face was drawn and pale.

"What is it?" cried the Prince. He took the message from the King's hand and read it.

It said, "I shall come for my gold or your kingdom on Christmas Eve. From Lubi."

Then the King told the Prince how Lubi had saved his life and of the bargain the King had made.

"Can we pay him?" asked the Prince.

The King opened an enormous box by his desk. At the bottom lay 100 pieces of gold.

"That is all we have," he said.



The King opened an enormous box by his desk...At the bottom lay 100 pieces of gold.

At that moment they heard shouting outside. They looked out the window and saw their people raising a giant Christmas tree in the palace yard.

“For the King!” shouted the eager crowds. “For the Prince!”

The King’s hands trembled as he pushed open the window.

“What will you do?” cried the Prince.

The King’s voice was heavy with grief. “I must tell them there won’t be any Christmas in Fairvania for I have sold my kingdom to an evil creature.”

Chapter 2

THE PRINCE SAILS FOR HELP

“Father, wait!”

Prince Jonathan pulled at the King’s sleeve.

“I have waited too long,” said the King. “I should have told my people long ago of the bargain I made with Lubi. Now I have failed them and they must be told.”

“But, father, we still have three weeks to get the money!”

The King laughed. “In ten years I have not saved more than 100 pieces of gold. How can I get 20,000 pieces in three weeks?”

“There must be a way,” insisted the Prince. “Someone will help us.”

“Who can help: There are none richer than I in this land.”

“Then - perhaps in another land?”

“What land for instance?”

The Prince dropped his head in thought, He saw in his own hand the letter to Santa Claus he had been writing.

“Why - Santa Land, father!” he burst out. “Surely Santa would help us!”

The King could not help smiling. “Santa Claus has toys and trifles for children. He would not have gold for me.”

“But he might,” insisted the Prince. “He wouldn’t want there to be no Christmas in Fairvania. He’d know what to do, Father, let me go to Santa Land!”

“And how would you get to this land?” asked the King, stirred by the boy’s eagerness,

“Why, in our ship,” said the Prince. “And I must leave at once!”

“Go then,” said the King heavily. And he thought, “The boy will be away at sea when Lubi comes at Christmas and he at least will escape the doom that awaits us all.”

Now there was only one ship in the entire Fairvania Navy. They did not need a larger navy for they had never been at war with any other kingdom.

Prince Jonathan selected a crew from the best sailors in the land and ordered the ship to put to sea.

Dressed in crimson velvet with the royal dagger fastened at his belt, the little Prince dashed about the deck. He helped with the sails, took turns at the helm and sang chanteys with the men.

The sailors adored him. They did not ask the reason for this sudden voyage. They obeyed without questioning all that the Prince commanded.

So when the Prince said, “Hurry! We have no time to Jose!” the sailors piled on the sail and stayed on their jobs. The ship tore through the seas and all was well for three days and nights.



Great waves rolled over the deck Prince Jonathan stood clinging to the wheel....“We must get through!” he shouted.

But on the afternoon of the third day a great wind came from the east and the sky above burst open. Rain pounded the ship. Wind battered it. Great, big waves rolled over the deck. They cracked off masts and swept them into the ocean.

All that evening and through the night the ship battled the hurricane. Before dawn Prince Jonathan stood clinging to the wheel. He tried to encourage his exhausted men, “It must end soon! We must sail on!”

The ship rolled on its side. The men, thrown into the corners, screamed with fright as they clung to the railing.

“We must get through!” Shouted the Prince.

“No, No!” screamed the sailors. ‘We will never make it!’

“Unless we get through the Kingdom is lost!” cried the Prince.

The ship righted itself. But immediately there was another dreadful crash. Then came the sickening sound of splintering timber.

“We are finished!” groaned a sailor.

“Not I!” retorted the Prince. ‘I will never give up!’

Even as he spoke a flood of water surged over the deck. It tore Prince Jonathan from the wheel, hurled him across the deck and into the sea.

Chapter 3

THE PIRATES

Down and down went Prince Jonathan into the heaving waters of the ocean. He fought his way to the surface and gasped for air. A thundering wave crashed over him and sent him down again.

"Help! Help!" he cried when he came up.

But there was none to hear him. He had been carried far away from the floundering ship. He choked as the angry waters swept him under.

"I am done for!" he thought. But this time as he rose to the surface his head struck something hard. It was a small empty barrel which had, like himself been torn from the ship. Eagerly the Prince threw his arms around the barrel and clung to it for his life.

Now he was no longer sucked down into the ocean. He rode the tops of the waves. As long as he had the barrel he was safe.

So he rode until the storm finally ended. Now the Prince eagerly scanned the sea for his ship. It was nowhere to be seen. But, there was land! His spirits rose as he paddled his barrel towards the speck of an island that lay in the middle of the big ocean.

At last his feet touched bottom. He staggered out of the ocean and fell exhausted on the beach.

Almost at once he fell asleep. The sun came from behind the clouds and warmed him. When he woke up he jumped at once to his feet. "I have been wasting time!" he scolded himself. He was filled with anxiety when he thought of his father and the people of Fairvania who would fall into Lubi's hands on Christmas Eve.



"Who might you be?" thundered this awful thing.

"I must get to Santa Land," he swore. "I will find a way."

He set off to explore the island. He left the beach and pushed his way through a woods. Nowhere did he see a sign that any other being was on the island. He came at last to a hill.

"Perhaps people live on the other side," he thought happily.

He climbed wearily up the steep sides. But when he reached the top and looked down there was still no house, no person to be seen. But as he raised his head he saw something that caused him to shout with joy.

A ship lay anchored off the shore!

"It's my ship!" cried Prince Jonathan. "The men are ashore looking for me!"

He tore down the side of the hill. He tripped over hidden vines, smashed into trees, scratched his face. He hardly noticed.

He reached the bottom of the hill, thrashed through the woods and burst onto the beach. He shouted "Here I am! Here I am!"

A group of men standing on the beach stared in astonishment at the shouting Prince. And the Prince suddenly stopped and stared in surprise at them.

They were no sailors from his majesty's navy. They were pirates. And then Prince Jonathan saw the anchored ship was not his at all. It was a pirate ship flying the skull and cross bones at her mast.

"All the same," thought the Prince, "perhaps they will help me."

The leader of the pirates stepped forward. He was a great big fellow with a nose ten inches long and red hair, with bangs that almost covered his eyes and curls that fell to his knees.

"Who might you be?" thundered this awful thing.

The Prince swallowed and smiled a trembling smile. "I am Prince Jonathan from the Kingdom of Fairvania," he said. "I was on my way to see Santa Claus when I was lost from my ship in the storm."

"A Prince!" exclaimed pirate with delight.

"Will you help me?" cried boy.

"A Prince!" murmured the pirate again. "Mmmm – a Prince!"

Suddenly he raised his voice to a shout. "Men! Grab the Prince! We'll hold him for ransom!"

Chapter 4

ESCAPE

“Aye!” roared the pirate Captain “We’ll snatch the Royal Prince and hold him for a royal ransom!”

Prince Jonathan stared horrified at the Captain. He could not believe his ears. The band of ruffians moved towards him. They grinned fiercely.

“Take me if you dare!” shouted Jonathan. He leaped away from hands outstretched to grab him. He darted up the beach.

“A boy of spirit!” chuckled the hideous long nosed Captain. “Good. He will give the men some exercise. They are getting fat from too much rich living.”

The captain settled down in the sand to await the boy’s capture. While he rested he curled his long red hair around his waist.

He had not long to wait. Worn out by his long battle with the hurricane Jonathan’s legs soon gave way. He stumbled to the ground. The pirates snatched him up and carried him kicking and screaming to their leader.

“I’m not afraid of you!” cried Jonathan.

“You need not be,” replied the captain. “I am Captain Longhair. I am the richest pirate on the seas. I do not intend to hurt you. I will simply keep you my prisoner until your kingdom pays a ransom to get you back.”

“My kingdom has no money!” exclaimed Jonathan.

“Your father, the King, will gladly pay to get such a fine son back,” smiled Captain Longhair.

Jonathan thought with sorrow of the king who already owed 20,000 pieces of gold to Lubi for restoring that same son.

“My father has no gold” said Jonathan. “I am on my way to Santa Land to ask Santa’s help for that very reason.”

“Does Santa have gold?” asked Longhair with interest.

“Perhaps.” said Jonathan. “Anyway he will help men, I know.”

“Well, we will attend to Santa later,” said Longhair. “In the meantime we will send the dagger at your waist to Fairvania and see what they will pay to get the rest of you.”

The pirate snatched Jonathan’s dagger from his belt. He put it in his own pocket. Then the men, laughing hugely, put the Prince in a row boat. They carried him out to the ship. When all the crew were aboard, the ship weighed anchor and sailed away.

Prince Jonathan was locked in a cabin. Twice a day a grinning pirate unlocked the door and shoved in a tray of food. At first the Prince was too proud to eat. Then he realized he was getting weak. After that he ate all he could to keep up his strength.

Most of the time he spent staring out at the sea through his port hole.

For four days they sailed. The Prince grew frantic. At last it was less than two weeks before Christmas and it, seemed certain that Fairvania and the King would fall into Lubi’s hands.

On the fourth night the Prince saw land from his port hole. He decided to take a desperate chance. He could squeeze through the port hole and swim ashore. But first he must get his royal dagger. Else the pirate could trick the King into believing they still held the Prince.

Jonathan squeezed out of his port hole. He swung from hole to hole in the side of the ship and made his way upward. He came presently to a large window.

“This must be the Captain’s,” he thought.

He climbed softly through the window. He stood, scarcely breathing, in the Captain’s own cabin.

The Captain himself lay snoring in his bunk. Jonathan saw by the light of the moon why the Captain slept so soundly. His long hair was done up in curlers and bound against his head by a scarf so that most sounds were shut out from his ears.

The pirate’s coat hung over a chair. Jonathan reached slowly into the pocket. He drew out an oil skin packet. He could feel something hard in the packet. Before he could open it, the Captain stirred on his bunk and mumbled to himself.

In a panic, the Prince placed the packet in his belt and climbed out the window. As quickly as he was able he lowered himself down the side of the ship.



Jonathan came presently to a large window.

Chapter 5

THE INVENTION DWARFS

The Prince landed with a loud splash in the water below the moving pirate ship. The man on watch rushed to the side and peered over.

“What’s doing there” he called out.

Prince Jonathan slipped quietly below the surface of the water. When he raised his head for air the pirate ship had vanished in the darkness. The Prince waited. When he was sure the ship was out of sound’s reach he swam towards land.

There was a wharf along the shore. The Prince climbed on it. He found himself in a strange village with amazing lamps. The lamps were lighted by thousands of fireflies.

There was only one street and it was in a perfect circle. Along the circle were dozens of little houses. The Prince ran from door to door. But nowhere could he get an answer to his knocks.

Finally he lay down in the street and went to sleep.

He awoke to find it was day and he was surrounded by dwarfs whose clothes were made entirely of flower petals.

The Prince sat up and rubbed his eyes. “I cannot believe what I am seeing!” he exclaimed. “Who are you?”

“We are the Invention Dwarfs,” said a dwarf clothed in daffodil petals. “We invent things.”

“What kind of things?”

“Why, anything. Our clothes, for instance. We invented a way to keep flowers fresh forever. Then we wear them instead of clothes like yours which scratch and shrink and aren’t very pretty to begin with.”

“We also invent things for people,” put in an eager little daisy robed dwarf. “We invent excuses for children to use when they haven’t done something they ought to have done. Or have done something they ought not to have done.”

Prince Jonathan was growing more and more excited. He said, “Do you invent things - I mean things that will do something.”

“Sure,” cried a dwarf. “We invent moving sidewalks and crayons that won’t break and alarm clocks that won’t wake anybody up.”

“Could you invent me something?”

“Most certainly. We can invent anything.”

“Then,” said the Prince, “invent me a way to get to Santa Land just as quickly as I can!”

The dwarfs were delighted to have something to invent. They drew plans, consulted books, hammered and sawed, whispered endlessly. At last it appeared that they had made a rocking chair.

“Sit in it,” the dwarfs ordered Jonathan. “It will rock you to Santa Land.”

The Prince was amazed and delighted. He sat in the chair and rocked gently. Nothing happened.



The prince rocked harder and harder until he felt his head would rock off. But he never got one inch closer to Santa Land.

“Rock harder!” ordered the dwarfs.

The Prince rocked harder and harder until he felt his head would rock off. But he never got one inch closer to Santa Land.

“Guess it’s a failure,” said the dwarfs cheerfully. “Lots of our inventions are failures. We’ll try again.”

So again they set to work drawing and hammering. By and by they presented the Prince with a pogo stick which is a stick with a spring in it that will jump you up and down.

“Jump with it,” said the dwarfs. “It will jump you to Santa Land.”

Jonathan was a little discouraged but he did as he was told. He climbed on the stick and jumped and jumped. But he never jumped higher than a few inches and never got closer to Santa Land.

“Never mind. We will try again,” said the dwarfs. “You mustn’t get discouraged if you are an inventor.”

But the Prince was very discouraged.

“I must get to Santa Land now – at once!” he cried. “Or it isn’t any use in going at all!”

Chapter 6
SANTA LAND

While Prince Jonathan struggled to get to Santa Land, the King back in Fairvania told his people the dreadful news.

“When my baby son was dying,” he said, “I promised a strange creature named Lubi 20,000 pieces of gold to make him well. If I could not get the gold in ten years time I promised him my kingdom.

“Ten years have now passed and I have not even 100 pieces of gold in my treasury, Lubi comes on Christmas eve to collect.”

Then the King told them the Prince had sailed away for help but that he himself was sure no help would come.

At first the people were stunned by the news. Then they thought. “The Prince is a great one. He will find a way. In the meantime let us do what we can.”

So instead of buying Christmas presents for one another the people brought all their gold to the King. No longer could you smell the cooking of fruit cakes and Christmas cookies and ribbon candy in Fairvania. No more trees were decorated in the streets. No more letters were written to Santa Claus.

Instead of spending, the people saved. But when the money they saved was counted and added to their rings and necklaces and silver tea sets and jeweled watches which they brought to the King - it still did not equal more than 300 pieces of gold.

The King was greatly moved by the love of his people. “They would not fall me.” he thought sadly. “Yet I failed them.”

Meanwhile in the village of the Invention Dwarfs the Prince watched anxiously as the dwarfs worked on a third way for him to get to Santa Land.

“Don’t you worry.” said the Buttercup dwarf. “We never give up until we succeed in our inventions.”

The Prince thought it might be quicker if he just started walking to Santa Land. But before he could say this the tulip dressed dwarf began suddenly to smoke from the top of his head. This meant he had an idea. The other dwarfs rushed to him.

They whispered together for a long time. They counted on their fingers. They measured the ground with their feet. They mixed strange seeds in their hats. They climbed trees and wove vines.

At last they called the Prince. “It is finished. Come and I try it.”

“Surely this one will work.” thought Jonathan. But when he saw what it was his hope vanished. It was simply a child’s swing hanging from the branch of a giant oak tree which stood atop a small hill.

“We will swing you,” explained the dwarfs. “And when we say for you to let go then you must let go.”

Jonathan sat in the swing. The dwarfs gave a mighty push and Jonathan rose high in the air. Then back and the dwarfs gave another push sending him high again. Back and forth the Prince swung, going higher and higher. He could see over the

tree tops and over the mountains and he thought in a few more moments he would see over the moon.

Suddenly the dwarfs shouted. “Let go!”

Jonathan was at the very top of his outward swing. He did as he was told and the instant he let go he felt himself lifted off the seat and shot into the clouds above the mountains.

I do not know what the wonderful swing was made of but it was certainly a successful invention. It catapulted the Prince straight to Santa Land and dropped him into a snow bank in Santa’s own back yard.

Jonathan ran to Santa’s back door and pounded. The door flew open and there was Santa himself, all shiny faced and smiling and big and red. Jonathan forgot for a moment that he was a Royal Prince. He threw himself into Santa’s wide open arms sobbing, “I’m so glad to be here!”

“Well, now,” chuckled Santa. “I’m glad to have you here. I guess you’ve come to tell me what you want for Christmas, eh?”

“Yes, if you please.” said the Prince. “I want 20,000 pieces of gold.”



He shot into the clouds above the mountains and dropped into a snow bank in Santa's own back yard.

Chapter 7

THE MAP

Santa's eyes popped when Prince Jonathan asked for 20,000 pieces of gold.

"You just have to help me," cried Jonathan. "I must have the gold by Christmas eve!"

Santa said gently, "Tell me all about it, son."

So Jonathan blurted out the whole story of how his father, the King of Fairvania, must pay the gold to Lubi or the whole kingdom would belong to Lubi on Christmas. When the boy finished Santa walked back and forth in the kitchen deep in thought. Suddenly he strode to the kitchen door and pulled it open.

A tiny whiskered dwarf fell plop onto the floor.

"I thought you were there," said Santa sternly. "Eavesdropping again!"

"My sakes!" grumbled the guilty dwarf, rubbing his knees. "I was only leaning against the door to rest."

"This is Patrick Tweedleknies," said Santa to the Prince. "He thinks he has to know everything that is going on. Well," Santa turned to the dwarf. "Now that you have heard everything through the keyhole what do you think?"

Patrick sniffed. "I think the boy is trying to trick you. I don't believe he's a prince at all. He certainly doesn't look like one."

Jonathan sprang to his feet. "Now, Tweedleknies," scolded Santa, "You had -"

"I have proof!" interrupted the Prince. He drew out of his belt the packet which he had taken from Captain Longhair's coat. "You'll find my royal dagger in there." He tossed it to the dwarf's feet.

Tweedleknies tore open the packet. He pulled out a large folded paper and with the paper was a dagger. Engraved on the dagger were the words: "His Royal Highness, Jonathan, the Prince of Fairvania"

"I did not doubt you," said Santa quietly. "But I am afraid I cannot help you. My workers are skilled indeed but they cannot make gold and I do not know where we might find any."

Jonathan dropped his head. He had counted with all his heart on Santa. Now there was no other place for him to go.

All this time Patrick Tweedleknies had been studying the paper which had been folded in the packet with the dagger. Suddenly he exclaimed. "I say, Majesty! Does it have to be gold you want or would any old diamonds and rubles and such stuff do as well?"

The Prince smiled in spite of his sorrow. "They would do quite as well," he said.

"Well," said Tweedleknies, "There appears to be a heap of diamonds and rubles and gold and everything else on this pirate map."

"Pirate map!" exclaimed Santa and the Prince.

They bent over the paper in Tweedleknies hands. It was a map showing an island with an x on it. Underneath there were written directions. On the back there was a list of diamonds and rubies and jewelry and gold.

"It's Captain Longhair's map!" cried the Prince and he told how he had been captured by the pirates and escaped with the packet containing the map.

"I bet that's where they hide all their treasure! Oh, if only I had a ship!"

Santa said, "I'll supply the ship." He put his hat on at a rakish angle. "I've always wanted to hunt for pirate gold!"

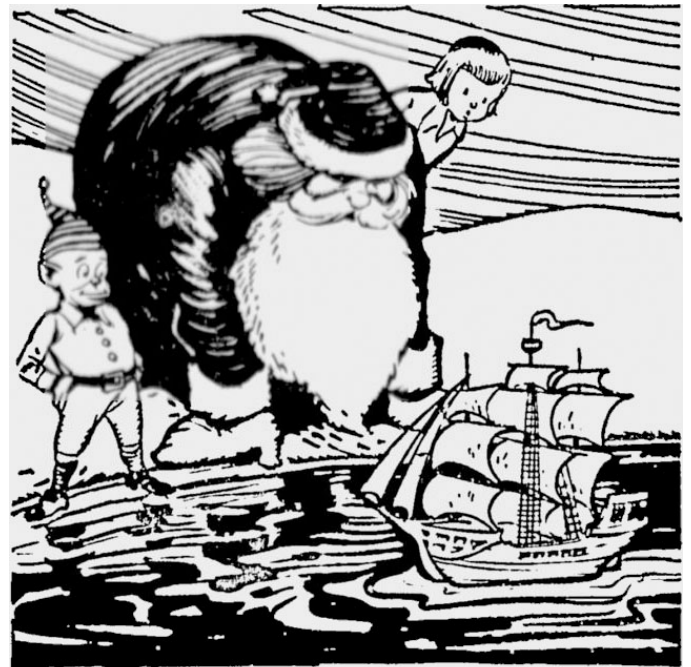
With that Santa rushed out of the house with the others behind him. He burst into a toy shop where Santa Land elves were making ships for Christmas.

Rows and rows of toy sailing ships, big and small, lined the shelves around the room Santa studied them all. Finally he selected a lovely three masted schooner. He carried it gently to the beach and set it in the water.

The Prince and all the Santa Land workers except Patrick Tweedleknies gathered around and watched with excitement Santa leaned over the water and mumbled strange words.

All in a magic moment the toy ship became a real ship strong enough to sail the wildest seas.

"There's a ship fine enough for hunting pirate treasure," said Santa, "But we must hurry for the magic lasts but 48 hours. After that she will be a toy ship once more and can never become real again."



Santa leaned over the water and mumbled strange words.

Chapter 8
THE VOYAGE

“Hurrah! Hurrah!” shouted the Santa Land folk. “We’re going treasure hunting for the Prince!”

“Yo heave ho!” shouted a fat little elf named Horace. He had once read a book about the sea. Ever since he had longed to be a sailor and sing “Yo heave ho!” all the day.

“What shall we call our ship?” Santa asked the Prince.

“Call her the Merry Christmas,” exclaimed Prince Jonathan. “For that is what it will be in Fairvania when I bring back the pirate gold.”

A freckle faced brownie named Tricket produced a can of red paint and painted “Merry Christmas” on the brow of the ship. Then the little folk started to clamber aboard.

At this point there was a shriek from the distance. Patrick Tweedleknees hurtled towards the beach carrying two large sacks and scolding and muttering as he came. He marched straight to Santa and dropped the sacks at his feet.

“Just look at that!” he snorted, pointing to the bundles.

Santa twisted his hat nervously in his fingers. “Now, Patrick,” he soothed the dwarf. “We are just going after pirate treasure -”

“Pirate treasure when Christmas is almost here!” fumed Tweedleknees. He tore open the sacks at Santa’s feet. “Look! Hundreds of Christmas letters I found stuck under your desk Who is going to fill out these orders?”

Santa looked at the letters in dismay. He could not for the life of him remember why he had stuck these letters under his desk.

Tweedleknees reminded him. “They are from children who wanted rubber balls in their stockings. You said you would get to them later.”

“Oh, yes.” said Santa.

“Now,” said Tweedleknees, “It’s almost too late and there’ll not be one rubber ball in the sleigh on Christmas eve. How can you think of letting everyone go away on a pleasure cruise at this time?”

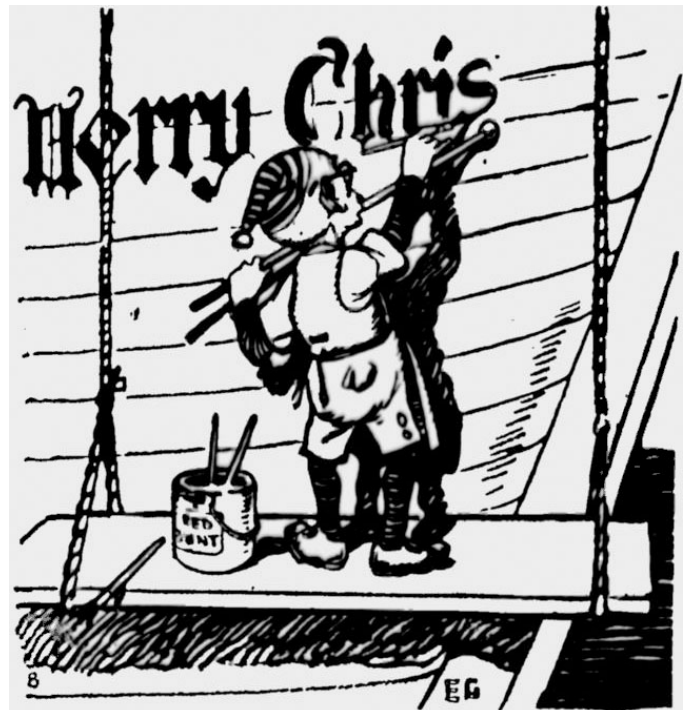
“You are right,” said Santa. “We had better not go.”

Suddenly Prince Jonathan said, “Could we not make rubber balls on the ship while we voyage to the island?”

Santa laughed with relief. “Of course we can!”

And before Tweedleknees could protest further, Santa ordered the delighted workers to load the ship with all the material and equipment for making rubber balls. For good measure they loaded Tweedleknees, too, just to make sure the balls were made.

Then all the workers who could manage it squeezed onto the ship. Santa took the helm, the Prince weighed anchor, and the Merry Christmas set forth.



A freckle faced brownie named Tricket produced a can of red paint and painted ‘Merry Christmas’ on the prow of the ship.

“Yo heave ho!” cried fat Horace. And all the elves, none of whom had ever been to sea before, chorused joyfully, “Yo heave ho!”

Tweedleknees strode the deck “Get to work!” he thundered. “Stir up a batch of rubber. I want 20 balls from each of you before the trip is over,”

The little folk grumbled and stuck out their tongues but finally they settled down to work as Tweedleknees wished. First they filled an enormous bucket with powder and paint. They added tar and chewing gum. They threw in some banana peel and sugar. Then came a dash of rubber salts and a bottle of liquid bounce.

They cooked this mixture for several hours. When it cooled they took handfuls of the sticky stuff and pulled it back and forth like taffy candy until it was just right - not too soft and not too hard. Then they shaped it into balls and set them aside to dry.

They worked faithfully through the day and night. Santa workers never sleep before Christmas. Why should they? They sleep steadily for six months after Christmas.

At dawn Horace, all black and sticky with rubber taffy, cried, “Land! I see land!”

Santa and the Prince rushed to the rail. They looked where Horace pointed. There was an island straight ahead, calm and peaceful in the morning sun.

“That’s it!” exclaimed the Prince joyfully. “That’s where the treasure lies!”

Chapter 9

HUNTING THE TREASURE

The Santa Land folk dropped the Merry Christmas anchor and went ashore on the island.

“Where’s the treasure?” clamored Horace glancing over the peaceful beach. “I don’t see any treasure!”

Tweedleknives snorted. “You have to hunt for it, silly. That’s why it’s called a treasure hunt.”

Santa and Prince Jonathan bent over the map and studied the directions. The first direction said, “Giant Fir.”

Santa called his workers together. “Scatter and hunt for a giant Fir,” he said. “The first to find it, whistle.”

The brownies rollicked into woods. Santa and the Prince waited and waited but they never heard a whistle. Santa finally said “We had better hunt, too, for time is short. The Merry Christmas will be turned back into a toy in another day and night.

They set out from the beach. In no time at all they came to a huge fir tree stretching into the sky. It was clearly the Giant Fir they were hunting.

Santa whistled and all the brownies raced to him.

“Here’ the fir plain enough,” Santa reproved them.

“Oh,” cried the surprised brownies, “We thought you meant a fur animal—not a fir tree!”

Santa and the Prince laughed. Then Santa said, “The next direction says ‘Tree Top’.”

Immediately the Prince started climbing the tree but he got only a little way up when he came tumbling down. He tried again and slid down a second time. The branches of the tree were so high that he could not climb to them.

Santa said, “Make a ladder, fellows.” Horace climbed on Tricket’s back. Donnie climbed on Horace. Ronnie climbed on Donnie. Bricker climbed on Ronnie. And so on until there was a ladder of brownies beside the tree.

Then the Prince climbed from shoulder to shoulder until he came to the lowest branch of the tree. After that it was easy to climb the branches to the tip top of the fir.

When he got there he could see the tops of all the trees in the woods. He could see the beach, too, and the Merry Christmas riding at anchor. But he could not see any treasure or any sign of treasure anywhere.

He started to climb down. Just by accident his food dislodged a bird’s nest. He reached over to straighten the nest and found that instead of eggs or birds the nest held a small white stone.

Written on the stone were the words: “Fifty steps East, eighty steps North East. Twenty steps North.”

The Prince dropped through the branches, slid down the ladder of brownies, and read the words on the stone to Santa.

Immediately Santa, with the Prince and brownies following and counting, paced off fifty footsteps East of the tree. Then



Horace climbed on Tricket’s back. Donnie climbed on Horace...
...And so on until there was a ladder of brownies.

eighty steps north east. But they couldn’t pace twenty steps north because they had come to a pond and twenty steps would have carried them into the water.

They stared in dismay at the water. Tweedleknives said, “That’s the end of that. We could never dig treasure at the bottom of a pond.”

The Prince thought, “If we couldn’t dig it there, neither could Captain Longhair have buried it there!” Suddenly he knew what was wrong. “We measured this with our feet,” exclaimed. But Captain Longhair has much longer feet and his steps would have been twice as long. I. bet this isn’t the spot at all!”

“Of course!” cried Santa.

They went back to the giant fir tree and started again. This time they measured 100 steps East and 160 steps northeast, well past the pond. It was easy to take 40 steps north.

They came to a little clearing and the Prince said. “This is the spot. This is where we dig.”

They set to work with spades and pickaxes. They dug and dig until they had a hole 4 feet deep. Suddenly Prince Jonathan’s axe struck something hard under the dirt.

“Is that it?” cried the brownies.

“Dig it out.” said Santa. “And we shall see.”

Chapter 10

THE CHASE

Prince Jonathan cleared dirt from the hole the chest had struck. It was a great chest with a brass lock.

“Hooray!” shouted the delighted brownies.

“Heave ho!” shouted fat Horace.

“Fifteen elves yanked and pulled to lift the chest. It would not budge. The Prince could wait no longer to see what was in the box.

“Stand back!” he ordered. Then he raised his axe high and brought it crashing down on the brass lock. Three times he did this. The third time, the lock snapped, the top flew open and a king’s ransom burst from the chest.

Diamonds and rubies, sapphires and emeralds were there. Silver plate and silver vases. Ivory bowls and Ivory combs. And gold! Gold jewelry, gold bars, and gold coins.

For a long moment everyone stared at this vast treasure. Then Prince Jonathan whispered, “My father is saved!”

Santa said, “There is enough gold and treasure to pay your father’s debt and enrich your kingdom forever.”

“I shall want only 20,000 pieces of gold,” protested the Prince. “The rest goes you and Santa Land.”

Santa shook his head: “We are toymakers. We have no need for gold and diamonds in Santa Land. It is all yours.”

Then Santa said, “Make haste, now, and load it on the ship.”

The brownies dug piles of treasure from the great sea chest. Patrick Tweedleknees, wearing 3 rings on each finger, a dozen bracelets on each arm, a rope of pearls around his neck, and a golden crown on his head, staggered off to the snip.



Santa and the Prince hauled the chest from the hole and staggered with it to the ship.

Fat little Horace filled his shirt with diamonds and marched away carrying a stack of gold plates twice as high as himself. Tricket hung earrings from his ears and nose, filled his pockets with gold and his mouth with rubies and carried a glittering punch bowl on top of his head.

Each brownie made three trips to the ship carrying treasure. At last the chest was half empty and Santa and the Prince hauled it from the hole. They lifted it to their shoulders and staggered to the ship.

Just as they got aboard Horace called out, “Sail ho!” They all looked where Horace pointed. Sure enough there was a great ship caring down on them.

“It’s the pirates!” shouted Prince Jonathan. “It’s Captain Longhair and his crew!”

“Weigh anchor!” ordered Santa.

The brownies fell over each other pulling the heavy anchor aboard.

“Pile on sail!” ordered Santa.

The brownies plied on all the sails the Merry Christmas carried. Just in time, too. No sooner had they pulled away from the island than there was a tremendous splash in the spot where they had been.

“They’re firing at us!” gasped the Prince.

Another cannon ball landed off the stern. It sent a storm of spray over the ship’s deck.

“Don’t worry.” said Santa cheerfully. “They will never catch us.”

The Merry Christmas led the pirates a gay chase. For a while they were just beyond reach of their cannon fire. Then Santa said, “Now we will lose them.” Immediately they began to pull away and very soon the pirate ship was lost to sight.

Santa and the Prince and all the Santa Land folk burst into happy cheers. But suddenly Tricket tugged at Santa’s sleeve. “Where is Tweedleknees? I can’t find him.”

“Tweedleknees!” called Santa cheerfully. “Let’s make some rubber balls!”

“Tweedleknees!” chorused the workers gaily. “Come and make us work, Mr., Tweedleknees!”

But there was no Tweedleknees anywhere. The gay chatter died away. The Prince’s legs grew weak, Santa turned pale.

They stared at one another and all knew the awful truth.

Patrick Tweedleknees had been left behind.

Chapter 11

CAPTURED

There was nothing to do but turn back and rescue Patrick Tweedleknees from the island where he had been left behind.

No longer did the crew sing. Santa stood with anxious face at the wheel and turned the ship about. The Prince stared grimly across the dark seas.

All knew they laced two terrible dangers, the pirates and the loss of the Merry Christmas. It was deep in the night now and by noon on the morrow the ship would lose its magic power and become again a bath tub toy.

Fearfully they sped through the night. At dawn they spied the island. At anchor, near the island, lay the pirate ship flying the Skull and Crossbones.

But no shot was fired from the pirate ship. Closer and closer moved the Merry Christmas. Still there was not a sign of life from Captain Longhair and his men.

“Drop anchor,” said Santa “The’ pirates are probably ashore.”

“What will we do?” asked Horace.

“The Prince and I will hunt for Tweedleknees.” said Santa.
“The rest of you stay and guard the ship.”

Santa and the Prince went ashore. Soundlessly they crept through the woods until they neared the spot where the treasure had been buried. Presently they heard angry voices. They peeped through the bushes.

There was the whole pirate crew and tied to a tree was Tweedleknees himself.

Captain Longhair stood twirling his long red bangs through his fingers.

“Where did you get my treasure map?” asked the Captain.

“I found it in my Christmas stocking,” snapped Tweedleknees.

“I know the Prince stole the map!” shouted Longhair angrily.

“I want to know how you got it and who owns the ship that carried my treasure away.”

“Well, I won’t tell you,” growled Tweedleknees.

“We will make you tell.” said Longhair. “Men, lay a fire around his feet. When he begins to burn he will tell.”

In the bushes Santa whispered to the Prince. Then Santa crept around into the woods on the other side of the clearing. Just as the fire was started at Tweedleknees feet, Santa called from the woods.

“Here I am! I’m the one who stole the treasure”

Captain Longhair sprang forward. “After him!” he shouted. He rushed into the woods followed by all his men. When they had gone Prince Jonathan ran into the clearing. He stamped out the fire. He untied the ropes that held Tweedleknees.

“Run!” whispered the Prince.

But poor Patrick had been tied up so long his legs refused to work. When he tried to run he fell to the ground.



“Where did you get my treasure map?” asked the Captain.

The Prince could hear the pirates shouting in the woods. Soon they would be back. He lifted Tweedleknees onto his back and ran towards the ship.

“What about Santa?” asked Tweedleknees.

“He’ll outrun them,” panted the Prince. “We’ll all be safe in a few minutes.”

But alas! the prince was wrong. For as he burst onto the beach he ran right into the arms Of Captain Longhair himself!

The Captain gripped Prince and the brownie by their arms. “Ha!” he cried. “I suspected just such a trick. Now my men will wait for your friends.”

They had not long to wait in another moment Santa, too, came out of the woods and was captured by the pirates.

Then Captain Longhair called out to the Santa Land folk on the Merry Christmas: “Surrender your ship or it will be the end of Santa Claus!”

There was nothing the little brownies could do but surrender. The pirates boarded the ship and the precious treasure of gold and jewels was once more in pirate hands.

Chapter 12

THE END OF THE MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Santa Land folk and Prince Jonathan stood in a line on the deck of the Merry Christmas.

Captain Longhair, hideous leader of the pirates, counted the jewels and gold in the treasure chest. His men prepared a plank over the railing of the ship.

“W-what’s that for?” quavered Horace, the brownie.

“For you to walk off into the sea.” explained the pirates.

“But I can’t swim!”

“Too bad for you!” laughed the pirates.

Meanwhile Santa looked at the sky. The sun was nearing the top of the heavens. In a short while it would be noon. Then the Merry Christmas would lose its magic power and be a toy ship again.

“What shall we do?”” whispered the Prince.

“I have a plan.” said Santa.

But the Prince was in despair. He looked at the chest filled with treasure. He thought how the gold would have saved his father and the Kingdom of Fairvania. Now all was lost. Even if Santa had a plan to save their lives he could not save Fairvania.

Captain Longhair finished counting the treasure. He swaggered up to Santa. “It’s all there.” he said, “Too bad I have to punish you.”

Santa said, “If you make us walk the plank you punish all the children in the world. They’ll never have Christmas again.”

“I’ve thought of that,” said Longhair. He looked sad. “But if I let you go free it would make me appear soft hearted. My men would despise me. I must have something to show for all the trouble you have caused us.”

“True,” said Santa. He looked again at the sun climbing towards the noon hour. Then he said, “Why not take our ship? It’s shiny and new. It can sail all the oceans of the world and ride out any storm. Yours is old and battered. We will trade you and that should be punishment enough.”

Longhair had already fallen in love with the beautiful Merry Christmas. Now he cried. “It’s a trade!”

Santa hustled his little folk off the ship. “Goodbye,” he said hurriedly.

“What’s the hurry” asked Longhair. “We are enemies no more. Let us have a party.”

“Er-no thank you.” said Santa in great haste. “We have our Christmas work to think of.”

“That reminds me.” said Tweedleknees suddenly. “We want to take our rubber ball making equipment with us.”

Tweedleknees and his men snatched up the pails of goo they used for making rubber balls.

In a few minutes all the Santa workers had transferred to the pirate ship. Only Prince Jonathan remained with the pirates on

the Merry Christmas. He started to climb over the side to join Santa on the other ship.

Suddenly Captain Longhair was by his side shouting. “Not you!”

The Prince turned in amazement.

“You’re not part of the bargain.” said Longhair with a laugh. “I’m still holding you for ransom.”

On the pirate ship Santa was giving orders to his men to sail way. Now Tweedleknees cried, “They are keeping the Prince!”

Santa looked up in alarm. All hope left him. He had only to set sail and he would be free of the pirates forever. But he could not leave the Prince.

The Merry Christmas weighed anchor. With white sails shining she began to move.

At this very moment the sun reached the top of the sky. Instantly the proud Merry Christmas shrunk until it was a tiny play thing on the waves. Pirates and Prince were thrown into the water and the great pirate treasure sank to the bottom of the sea.



The "Merry Christmas" shrunk until it was a tiny plaything on the waves. Pirates and Prince were thrown into the water.

Chapter 13

THE BATTLE

What confusion there was! The Merry Christmas was now nothing but a toy ship. The sea was filled with screaming pirates. The treasure was at the bottom of the water.

Aboard the pirate ship the brownies clustered anxiously at the rail. If they stayed where they were the pirates would board the ship. If they sailed away they would leave the Prince behind.

"We must stay and fight!" said Santa.

The little folk looked at the pirates who were swimming to the ship with their knives in their mouths.

"B but what shall we fight with?" asked the brownies.

"We'll fight with whatever we can lay our hands on!" cried Patrick Tweedleknees. He remembered how the Prince had saved him from the pirate's bonfire. He was now eager to fight for the Prince and no one would have known how his knees shook with fright.

Santa looked about the ship. There were two pirate cannon but there was no cannon ball in sight. As Santa searched desperately he stumbled over the pots and jugs of rubber ball making equipment they had brought with them from the Merry Christmas.

"Quick! Stir up a batch of rubber!" he ordered.

The brownies stared at him in amazement. Were they to make toys at the very moment they were fighting for their lives?

But Patrick Tweedleknees saw what Santa had planned. "You, Horace! Got the tar! Donnie, pour in the powder and paint! Trickert "where's the chewing gum? Charles, make up a fire! Get the kettle on!"

The brownies followed orders. Tweedleknees himself poured a bottle of bounce and an ounce of rubber salts into the black sticky goo now bubbling on the fire.

Now the angry pirates reached the ship. Captain Longhair grasped a rope and began pulling himself up the side. Donnie and Trickert and Horace chewed furiously on the rope until it snapped in two. Captain Longhair howled and fell back into the sea.

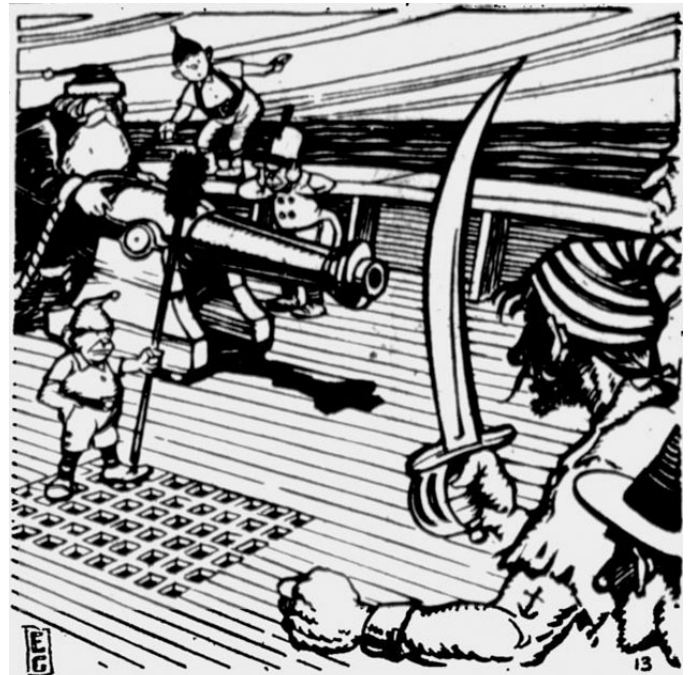
At the stern there was a wooden ladder nailed against the ship. The pirates climbed the ladder. Patrick Tweedleknees waited at the top. When the first pirate head shoved above the rail Tweedleknees gave a mighty shove. Down went the pirate carrying with him all the men below him on the ladder.

The pirates took their knives from their mouths. They chopped hand holds into the wooden sides of the ship. Slowly they climbed the side. Suddenly the whole pirate band clambered over the rail.

But the Santa folk were ready.

"Get set!" shouted Santa.

The brownies bent over the two cannon. The pirates stopped still. "Go on!" screamed Longhair. "The guns have no shot!"



"Get set!" shouted Santa. The guns pointed directly at the pirates. "Take aim!" said Santa.

The guns pointed directly at the advancing pirates. Captain Longhair stood to one side and laughed. "You can't trick us!"

"Fire!" said Santa.

There was a puff of smoke. Two great black blobs flew from the cannons' mouths and squashed squarely onto the stupefied pirates.

They roared with rage. They ran circles. They tore at their faces. They tripped and somersaulted. They stuck to each other.

For, of course, the brownies had made their cannon balls out of half cooked bouncy rubbery balls!

Only Captain Longhair was untouched. He stared at his men as they bounced about. When they tried to move away from each other they were snapped together like the ends of giant rubber band.

Captain Longhair flung back his long red hair. He snorted through his hideous nose.

"Now it's my turn." snarled he.

It was indeed the pirate's turn for the brownies had not drop of rubber left nor did they have a single weapon among them.

Longhair drew his sword and advanced on Santa. "I'll take you first." he said and raised his sword to strike.

At that moment there was a shout. Prince Jonathan himself climbed out of the sea and leaped to the deck.

"Hold it!" cried the Prince. He pulled his dagger from his belt. "Take me first." He said. And added with a grin. "If you can."

Chapter 14
THE DUEL

Prince Jonathan leaped to the deck of the ship. Captain Longhair advanced slowly towards him. He drove his long and deadly sword again and again at the heart of the Prince. But each time the boy danced away.

The pirates and Santa Land folk watched the duel with anxious hearts. They knew that the fate of them all depended on the winner.

Prince Jonathan darted tirelessly around the Captain. Whenever the pirate thrust his sword, the Prince leaped aside and lashed out with his own short dagger at the pirate.

But it was a hopeless fight. Captain Longhair had fought hundreds of duels. This was the first the Prince had fought. Twice the Captain scratched the boy's cheeks and once his sword ripped the boy's shirt from his back.

Steadily the pirate pressed forward until the Prince was backed against the mast. He twisted from side to side but he could not escape the pirate.

"Now I have you!" cried Captain Longhair

But at this moment a gust of wind blew across the deck. It swept the pirate's long, red hair across his eyes. He lifted his hands to brush the hair away. In that moment Prince Jonathan lunged forward and with one desperate slash cut eight inches from the pirate's long, red bangs.

Captain Longhair howled with anger. Prince Jonathan darted under his arm and raced across the deck. When he reached the cabin he turned with his back to the wall and faced the charging pirate.



The Prince leaped on the Captain's back and held his dagger at the pirate's throat.

But as the Captain gave a mighty trust the Prince ducked and the sword stuck deep in the wood of the cabin. As Longhair struggled to free his sword the boy reached out and slashed the long, red hair from the pirate's head.

Longhair freed his sword but at this moment the Prince leaped on his back. He wrapped his legs around the pirate's waist and held his dagger at the pirate's throat.

"Give up!" cried the Prince. "Or die!"

The pirate could not strike behind him with the sword. He could not duck away. He was helpless. He threw his sword to the deck and burst into tears.

How the Santa folk cheered! They bandaged Jonathan's wounds and called him a hero. Santa smiled down at the defeated Captain who sat weeping on the deck.

"Why cry?" asked Santa. "You have lived to fight another day."

"I shall never fight again." moaned the Captain. "For I have lost my bangs and I have lost my hair. Without them I am a joke and will be laughed at by all the pirates on the seven seas."

Truly he made a sad picture with his shorn hair. Never again would the mere sight of him frighten all who saw him.

"The boy might as well have struck me through the heart," said the Captain. "For I have no other way to make my living except by piracy."

Santa said. "We could use you in Santa Land?"

"What could I do?" sniffed the Captain.

"You would be in charge of all pirate toys - pirate stories, pirate costumes, pirate flags, and pirate weapons. We get a great many requests for such things at Christmas time."

Captain Longhair beamed. "I'll do a good job" he cried.

But the Captain's men scoffed at such a future. "Please, your majesty." They said to the Prince. "We'd like to serve you the rest of our days."

"But I am not a pirate!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Then we will serve you in the King's Navy." replied the men.

And so it was agreed. But while men and brownies worked to clean the rubber from the reformed pirates, Prince Jonathan stared mournfully at the spot where the pirate treasure had fallen to the bottom of sea.

He thought, "There be no such thing as a King's Navy any more. For it's three days until Christmas and Fairvania is doomed."

HOMeward BOUND

Captain Longhair's nearly bald head glistened in the sun. He watched Prince Jonathan staring sadly over the sea.

"I should think you would be happy," said Longhair. "You have defeated the fiercest pirate on the seven seas."

"It does me no good," said the Prince. "I needed your treasure to save my kingdom."

"Well, take the treasure!" exclaimed Longhair. "You have won it. Besides, I have no use for treasure now that I have a steady job in Santa Land."

"You forget," groaned the Prince. "The treasure is at the bottom of the sea!"

"Only for the moment," laughed Longhair. "In six hours it will be high and dry on land."

"But - how?"

"There is a strange tide on this island," said Longhair. "It rises 40 feet. When the tide goes out in six hours your treasure will be sitting there on the sand."

The Prince's heart leaped with joy. Could such a thing be true? He ran to Santa with the news. Santa said six hours was a short time to wait and they would see what happened.

Tweedleknives said while they waited, they better make more rubber balls - this time some properly done balls for Christmas stockings.

They moved the ship further from shore so that the low tide would not leave them as well as the treasure sitting on the sand. Then everyone - pirates and brownies alike - set to work making rubber balls.



He blew a mighty wind. And the wind filled the sails and sent the ship across the waves.

As the hours passed the tide went out. Sure enough, in six hours the water that had covered the treasure had been swept to sea and there was the chest of gold and jewels gleaming on sand.

They loaded the treasure on the pirates' ship and sped toward Santa Land. But when they arrived it was the day before Christmas Eve and the Prince said. "My father will lose his kingdom on Christmas day. How shall I ever get there in time?"

Santa said. "You will need a good wind blowing all the way. You must go to the West Wind and ask him to help you."

"Wherever would I find the West Wind?" asked the Prince.

"He spends the winter sleeping in a hot house over yonder hill. If he refuses to help tell him I will fill his house with snow and ice and he won't be able to sleep again all winter long."

The Prince hastened to a red brick house beyond the hill. He found the West Wind, all shapeless and hollow, sitting snug before a fire.

The Prince told him how he needed his help but the West Wind said he never worked in December. Then the Prince told him that Santa would freeze his home if he did not help.

The West Wind muttered and groaned and coughed and said he'd never, never be able to stand the cold if he went out. But the Prince said he would fix things if only he would try.

So finally the West Wind agreed. He hobbled down to the ship. The Prince thanked Santa and his workers for all their help and said goodbye to Captain Longhair.

Then the pirates (who were now sailors in Prince Jonathan's navy) took their stations on the ship and set out to sea.

The West Wind perched on the rail in the stern and the Prince put hot water bottles at his feet and wrapped him in seventeen quilts and gave him hot soup to drink.

Finally the West Wind growled that he guessed he wasn't going to freeze to death after all. He cleared his throat and gave a few practice huffs and puffs. Then he filled his great, shapeless, hollow self with air and began to blow

He blew a mighty wind. And the wind filled the sails and sent the ship skimming across the waves straight towards the troubled Kingdom of Fairvania.

Chapter 16

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve in the Kingdom of Fairvania. But not a stocking was hung. Not a tree was decorated. Not a gift was wrapped.

The people expected no Christmas this year - or perhaps ever again. For the King must lose the kingdom to the strange creature named Lubi because he could not pay his debt of 20,000 pieces of gold.

The King sat now in his palace surrounded by his sorrowing ministers.

"Perhaps Prince Jonathan will save us yet," the ministers said. But they knew they were fooling themselves for no word had been heard from the Prince since he had sailed away three weeks before.

But now as they sat there a messenger came running to the King.

"A ship! A ship is at the wharf!"

"It's the Prince!" cried the King's people and all ran joyfully from the palace.

The King himself, trembling with hope, snatched up a spy glass and climbed to the topmost turret of his castle. He peered anxiously across the city and saw the ship at the wharf.

"My son!" wept the King with joy.

But when he raised the spy glass to his eye and peered more closely at the ship his heart sank. For it was a foreign ship and not Prince Jonathan's at all.

The spy glass fell from the King's hand. The disappointment staggered him. He stumbled down the steps to his room.

There, sitting on the King's own throne, sat Lubi himself come to claim his 20,000 pieces of gold.

"Have you my gold?" asked Lubi.

"I cannot pay you," moaned the King.

"Then I shall have your kingdom!" retorted Lubi.

"What will happen to my people?" cried the grieving King.

"They will be my slaves," smiled the ugly creature.

Suddenly there were shouts in the palace courtyard. Footsteps pounded through the corridors. Hands beat on the door to the King's room.

"Open up! Open up!"

The doors crashed open. In marched a pirate band bearing a massive chest. Behind them came Prince Jonathan surrounded by a shouting crowd.

"What is this?" cried Lubi springing from the throne.

"My father's ransom," said the smiling Prince and he flipped open the chest.

Lubi's eyes popped to see the fortune glittering there.

"Count him out 20,000 pieces of gold," the Prince ordered his men.

Then the Prince embraced his overjoyed father. The people shout and laughed and cried. When Lubi's gold was counted out the strange creature vanished and was never again seen in that land.

The pirates said, "There is still a fortune left. What shall we do with that?"

"It is for my father," said the Prince.

The King said, "Then I give it to all my people for, whatever is mine, is theirs forevermore."

So the laughing people helped themselves to the diamond necklaces and rubied crowns and sapphire rings; the gold plates and jewel broaches; the silver and ivory; and all the other treasures there.

Then a great tree was raised in the palace yard and decorated with sparkling lights. And all the children and all the grownups danced and sang. Food appeared. Musicians played. Clowns cavorted. Oh, nothing like it had been seen before in Fairvania!

The King and his son stood watching from the balcony above the courtyard. At the stroke of midnight the people cried, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Between the shouts Prince Jonathan suddenly heard the far away tinkling of sleigh bells in the sky.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the Prince.

And he could have sworn he heard a well known voice from the clear midnight sky shout in return,

"A Merry Christmas to all!"

THE END



Then a great tree was raised in the palace yard. And all the children and all the grownups danced and sang.

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