A LETTER FROM YOUR ELF

I met the baby!

Dear .....

Guess what? Last night I tiptoed in for a peek at the newest person in your house.

The baby is called .....

They are very small and very new, and they smell like warm towels. I didn't make a sound. Not one jingle.

Here's my plan for this Christmas: quiet mischief, spots up high and nothing that goes bang. And if you'd like a job, I could do with a Big Helper. Only if you fancy it.

Love from .....

P.S. Babies are the only people allowed to sleep through my best tricks.