



 **abela**
Publishing

Excerpt from POSIE PIXIE AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE - book 5 in the WHIMSY WOOD series

Rudolph the red-beaked robin ,

Had a very shiny beak .

And if you ever heard him ,

You would even say he squeaked !

Sang Whimsy Woods carol-singing dormice , one frosty December evening .

Wibble ! Can you hear that ? squealed an excited Posie Pixie , as she sat with Wibble Woodlouse in her copper kettle house , toasting chestnut crumpets by the fire . It's the carol-singers ! With that , she jumped up off her red , spotty toadstool and skipped towards her dock leaf front door .

Mr and Mrs Dusty the dormice and their six little ones were walking towards Posies house , swaying their firefly lanterns and singing festive songs as Posie opened her front door.

Oh that was lovely ! cried Posie , clapping her dinky pixie hands together with delight when they'd finished singing . Come inside and warm yourselves up with some hot holly-juice and snowberry pies , she said kindly .

Oh yes please-um Miss Posies ! squeaked the rosy cheeked dormice , as they put their firefly lanterns down on the frosty ground .

Daisy , Dora ! Wellies off please ! Mrs Dusty squeaked as the young dormice hurried and scurried inside . My oh my , Dillon ! Your button nose is running like a tap ! she sighed , using a cheesecloth hanky to wipe the tiny twitching nose of her youngest son , whilst he clung to her leg like a limpet .