



The
magical
gingerbread
house



BY
MICHAEL WATTS



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PRINTED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

FIRST PRINTING, 2021.

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Tithē
PUBLISHING


WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND PRINTED
FOR
OWEN, THOMAS AND WILLIAM

- - -

CHRISTMAS 2021








The house was alive
With festive cheer,
The lights shone bright
The big day was near.

Dad was baking
His tasty festive treat -
Which Charlotte impatiently
Waited to eat.

The smell of ginger
Filled all around,
The radio played
Joyful Christmas sounds.

The oven door opened
Dad got the treat out.
“It needs time to cool”
Dad said with a shout.





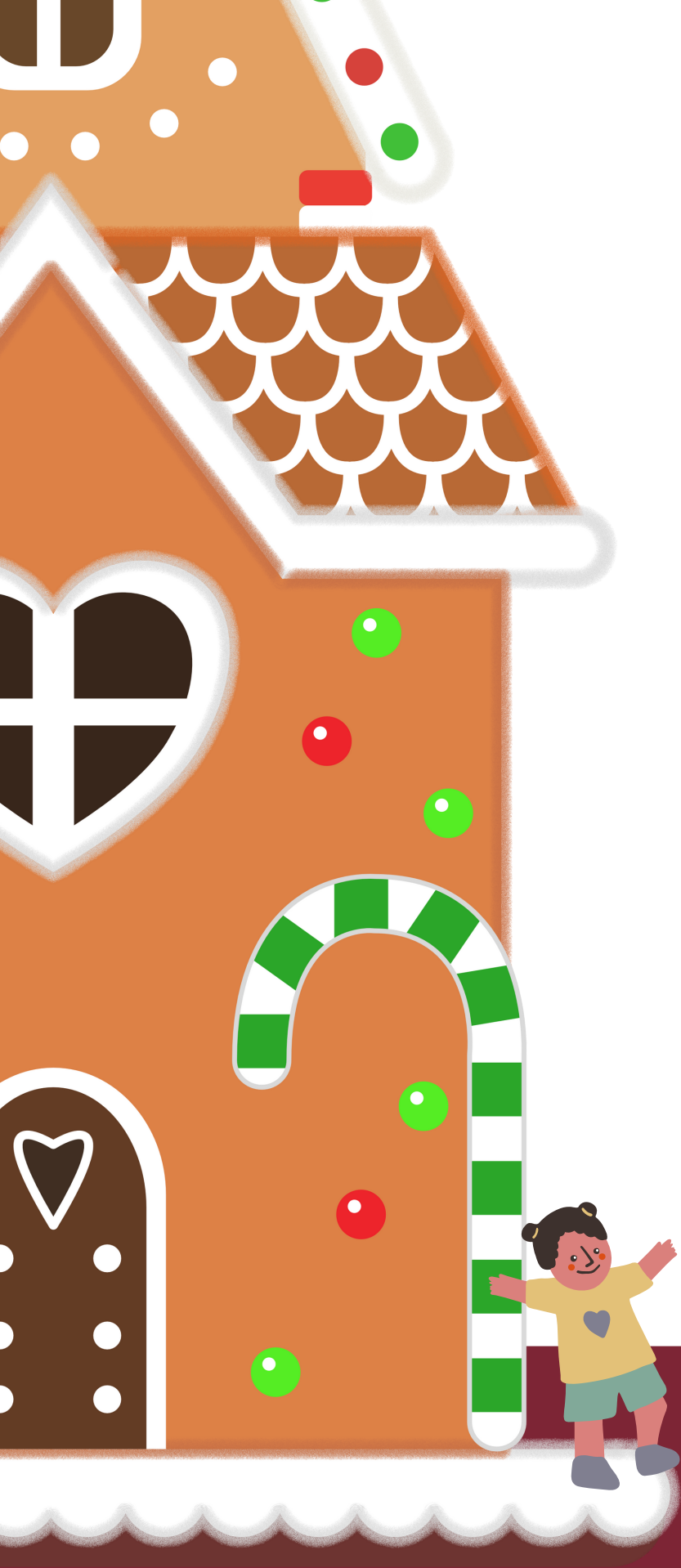
Charlotte was fed up
She had waited so long.
She ran in the kitchen
Singing and skipping along.

“Christmas is coming,
Santa is on his way;
With a ho-ho-ho and
Presents on his sleigh”.

Just as she sang
That magical song
The old grandfather clock
Gave a single bong.

The gingerbread shook,
It started to twinkle;
The frostings fell
With a magical sprinkle.





A flash, a crash,
It got very bright;
A boom, a rumble,
And a sparkling white light.


Charlotte was now
Inside the wee house;
She shrunk down to
The size of a mouse.

What had happened,
Why was she so small?
The gingerbread house
Was now extremely tall.

But she was not scared
She had heard it before;
A story of a girl
Who wanted even more.





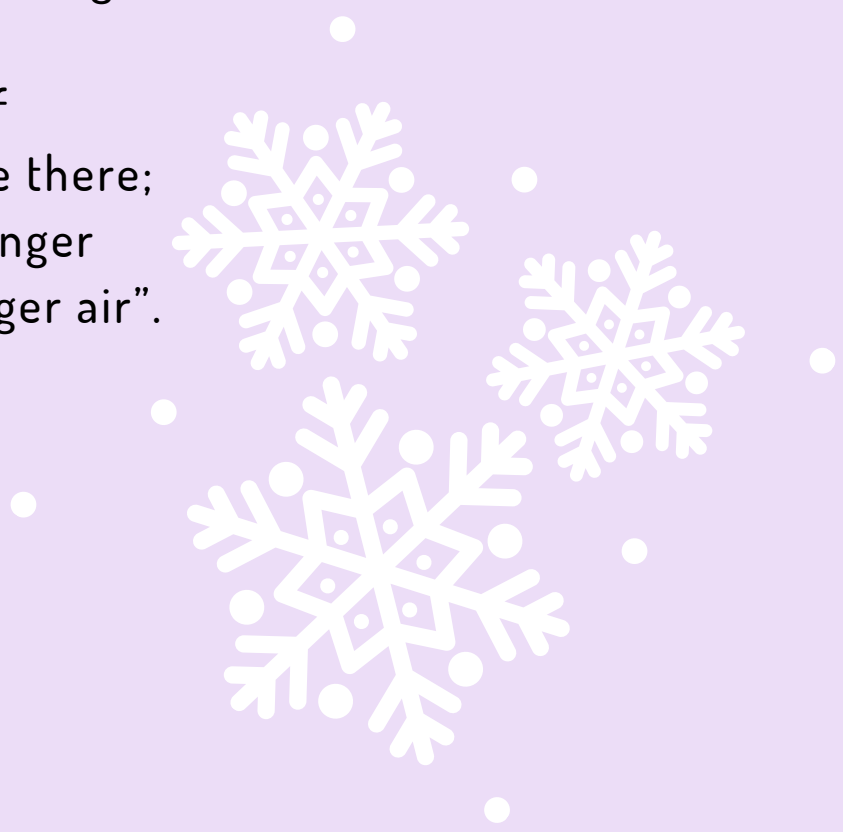


She stood in the house
Looking at the floor;
She stepped forward
Towards the door,

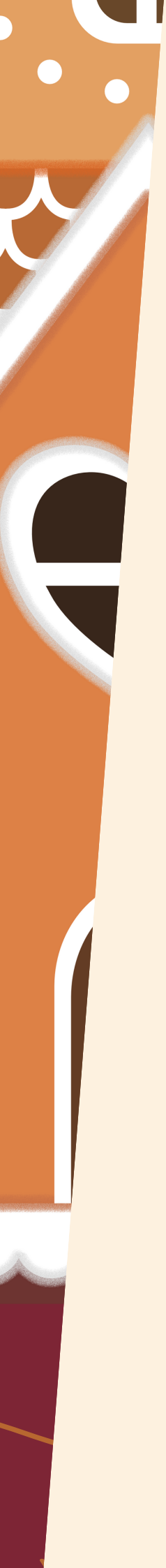
She opened it up
And walked out the gate;
Her dad was there smiling
He knew to wait.

“Hello Charlotte” he boomed
“You sang that magical song;
For the next hour you
Will be two inches long”.

“Make the most of
The time you have there;
Wait a moment longer
And smell the ginger air”.





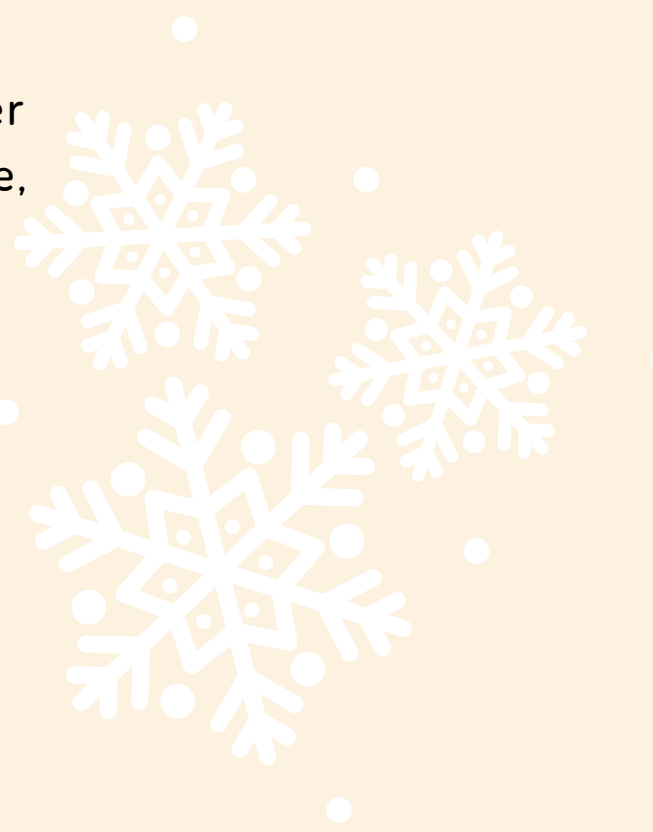


The smell was intense
It was all around her;
It made her fill happy
And her feet started to stir.

She danced on the table
To the Christmas Choir;
Playing on the Alexa
Next to the fire.

She loved Christmas
And feeling very merry;
She loved the smell
Of granny's sherry.

Up jumped the Nutcracker
With a stamp and a salute,
He sparkled in his red
Uniform and black boot.





“What shall we do?”
He asked the young girl.
“I want to sing carols
And ring the Christmas bell”.


Together they went
To find the singers,
Through the house
Towards the bell ringers.

The song that they sung,
Echoed all around,
“Here comes Santa clause”
Was the only sound.

Together they stopped
To listen some more.
Before they moved on
To towards the top floor.








Up the stairs they climbed
Towards the roof top,
She was so excited
She has to hop.

The bell was glowing
In the roof space,
And Charlotte gave it a ring
And a smile graced her face.

She dreamed of ringing
The Christmas bell.
The magic it started
Was beginning to tell.

Outside the house
The festivities grew.
Decorations emerged,
Some old and some new.



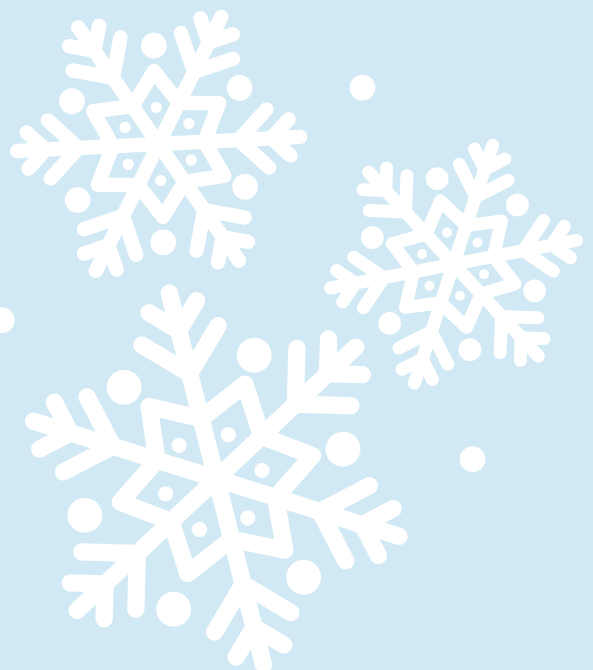


Snow started falling
Her dad started singing,
The Christmas bell's magic
Came from the ringing.

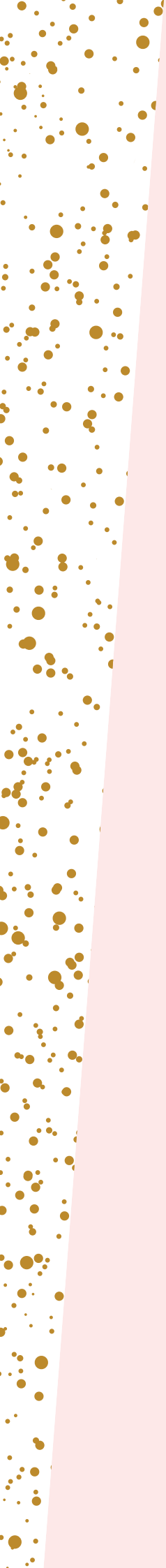
Then a bong filled the air,
with a white flash;
A boom and rumble,
And finally a crash.

She was back to being
Full size standing there,
He dad watching
Sitting in his chair.

She looked at the house
It gave a final glimmer,
The gingerbread has
A magical shimmer.








She smiled to herself,
“I can’t eat it now.
It’s magical and special”
She said with a vow.

The magical gingerbread
This christmasy night;
One last twinkle
And out went the light.



- THE END -





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