



The  
*magical*  
gingerbread  
house



BY  
MICHAEL WATTS



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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.





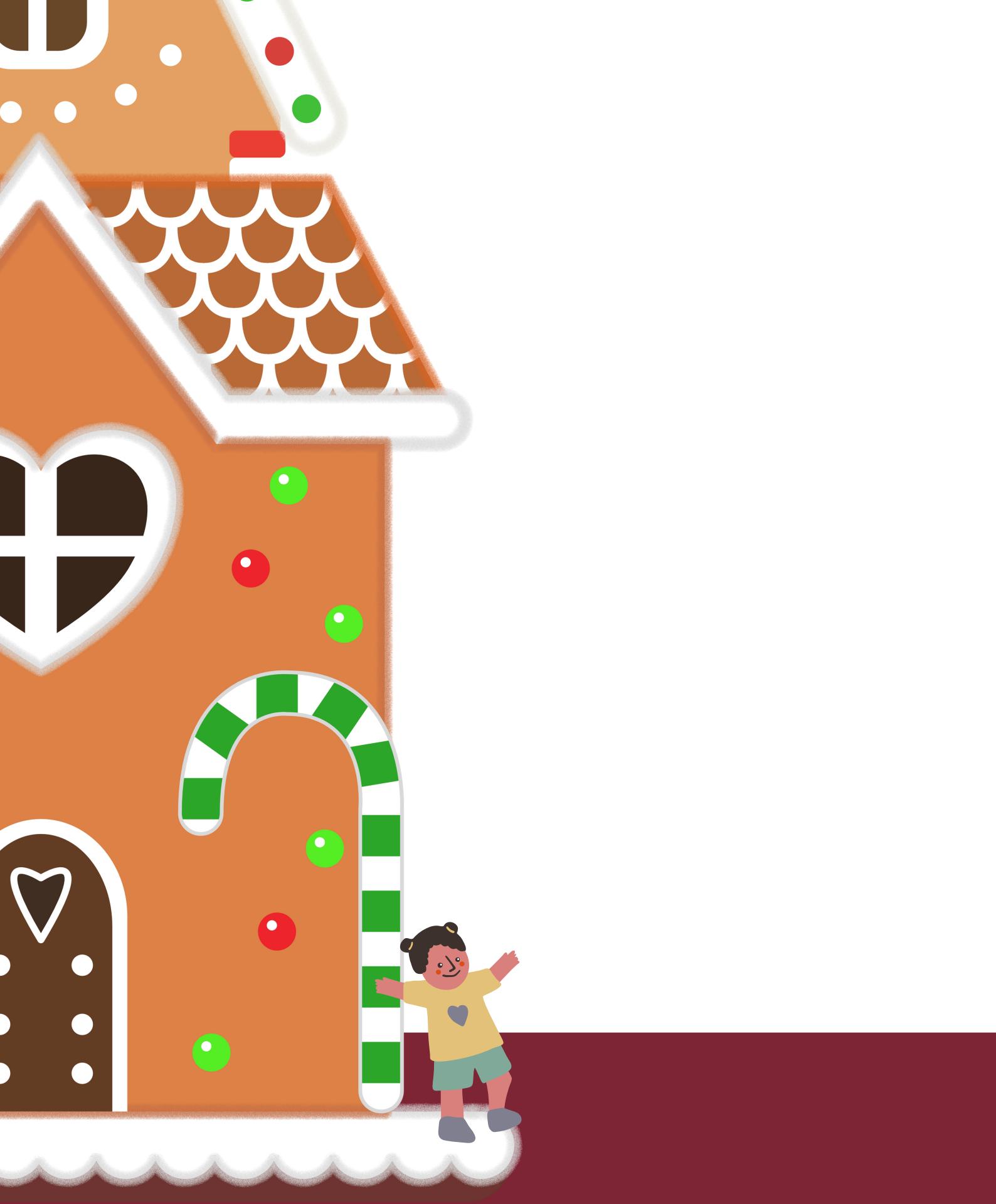
Charlotte was fed up  
She had waited so long.  
She ran in the kitchen  
Singing and skipping along.

“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,

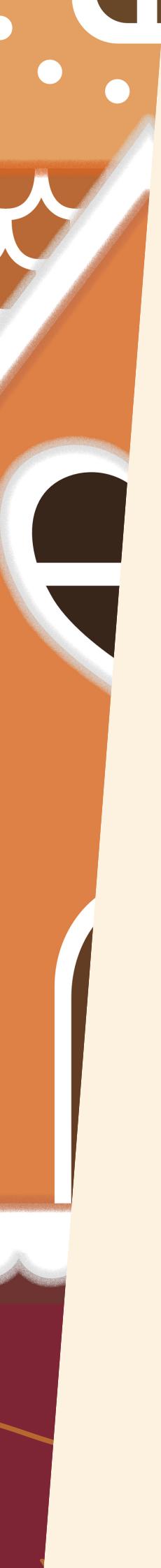
She opened it up  
And walked out the gate;  
Her dad was there smiling  
He knew to wait.

“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”.







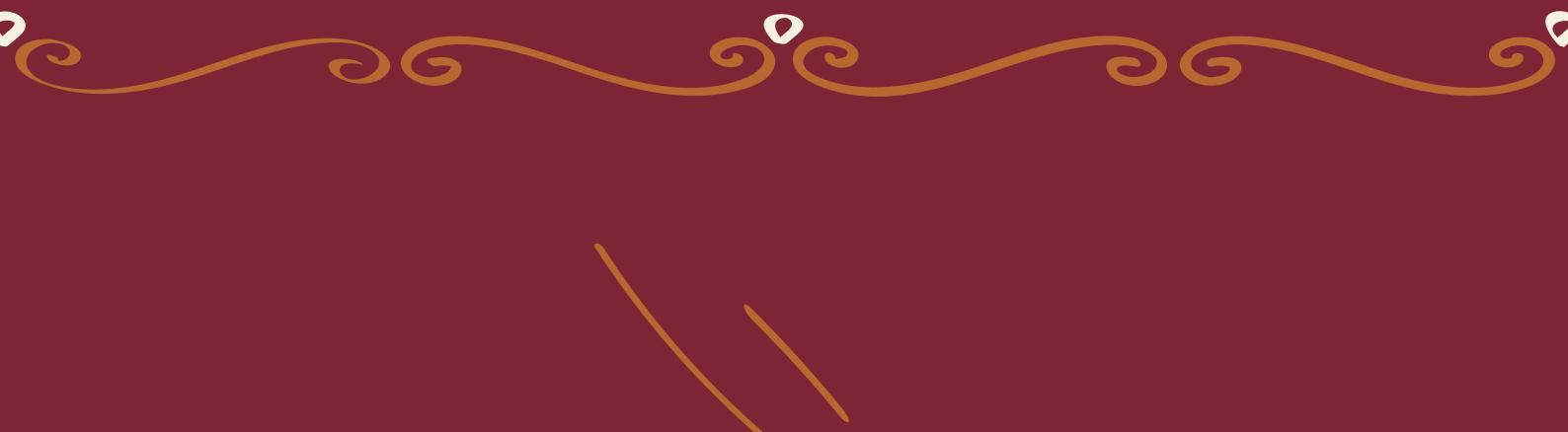
The smell was intense  
It was all around her;  
It made her fill happy  
And her feet started to stir.

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.



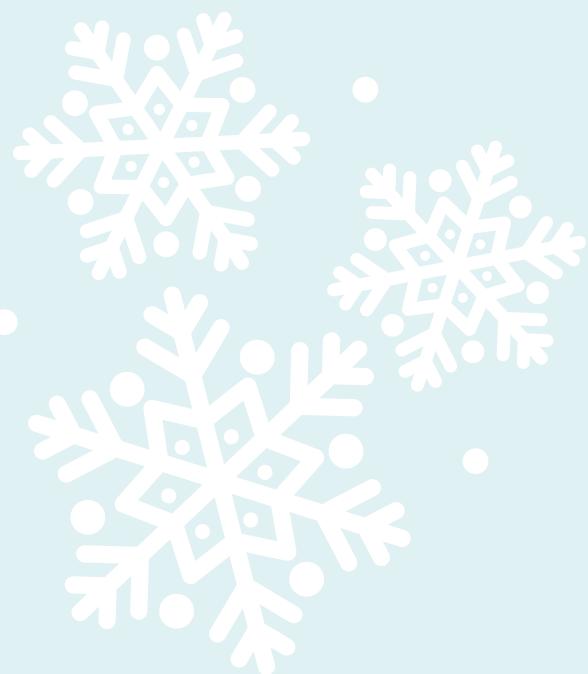


“What shall we do?”  
He asked the young girl.  
“I want to sing carols  
And ring the Christmas bell”.

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.





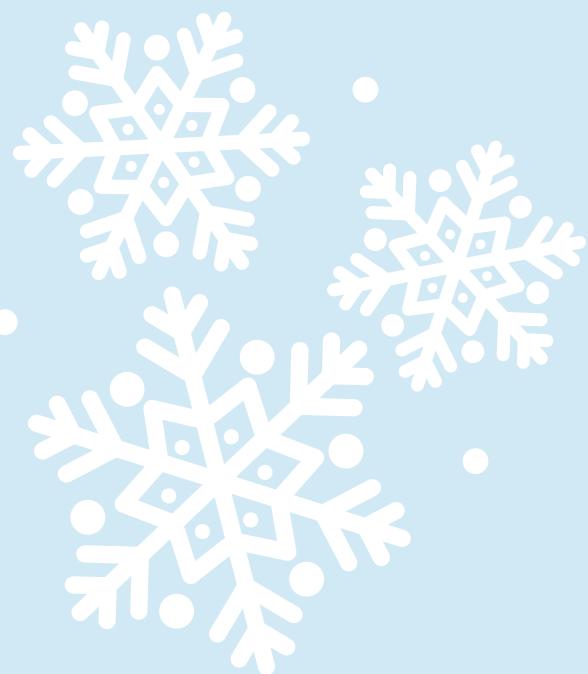


Snow started falling  
Her dad started singing,  
The Christmas bell's magic  
Came from the ringing.

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 -





The background of the image features a dense, abstract pattern of overlapping circles. The circles are primarily orange and yellow, with some being solid and others having a translucent, glowing effect. They are arranged in a way that suggests a network or a cloud, with many thin, light-colored lines connecting the centers of the circles.

# Tithe

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