



The Elf not on the shelf.

BY
MICHAEL WATTS

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

FIRST PRINTING, 2023.



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Tithed
PUBLISHING

WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND PRINTED
FOR
JO, OWEN, THOMAS AND WILLIAM

CHRISTMAS 2023



THE YEAR FLEW BY
NOVEMBER WAS HERE,
IT WAS ALMOST DAD'S
FAVOURITE TIME OF YEAR.

November

IN THE LOFT THE ELF WOKE
FROM HER YEAR-LONG SLEEP.
DECEMBER WAS COMING,
WITH SNOW FALLING DEEP.





UP TO THE LOFT DAD CLIMBED,
BOXES OF LIGHTS AND TINSEL GALORE,
ALL THE DECORATIONS HE FOUND,
COVERING THE WHOLE ATTIC FLOOR.



IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX
THE ELF KNEW IT WAS NEAR,
HER TIME TO BE FREE,
AND SPREAD CHRISTMAS CHEER.

THE BOX SHOOK AND IT BOBBLED,
AS IT WAS LIFTED INTO THE AIR.
DAD WAS MOVING IT DOWNSTAIRS,
TO THE KIDS TO PUT OUT WITH GREAT CARE.



THE BOTTOM CRACKED AND WOBBLED,
THEN COLD AIR HIT THE ELF'S FACE.
SHE STARTED TO STUMBLE AND TUMBLE,
INTO THE DARK, DAMP LOFT SPACE.





THE LOFT HATCH WAS SHUT.
THE LIGHT BECAME DARK.
ON A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE
THIS ELF WOULD EMBARK.

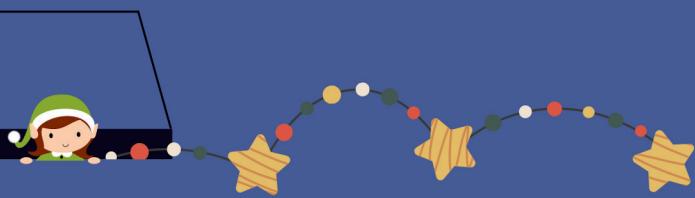


“CHRISTMAS CHEER I MUST SPREAD,
“BY SITTING ON THE SHELF.
“I MUST GET DOWN THERE”,
SHE SAID PROUDLY TO HERSELF.

A ROPE OF TINSEL SHE BUILT,
TO REACH THE FLOOR BELOW.
OUT OF THE LOFT HATCH
SHE KNEW SHE WOULD GO.



THE HATCH CREAKED OPEN,
SLIDING DOWN SHE WENT.
TOWARDS THE STAIRS SHE WANDERED,
AS SHE CAUGHT THE GINGERY SCENT.





CHRISTMASY CHEER FILLED HER BODY,
AS SHE SAW THE XMAS GLIMMER.
HER MAGICAL WAND SHE USED,
AS THE LIGHTS BEGAN TO SHIMMER.

FROM THE STAIRS IT GREW,
A CHRISTMAS TREE COVERED IN LIGHTS.
ON THE BRANCHES SHE CLIMBED,
ON THIS CHRISTMASY NIGHT.





BEFORE TOO LONG HAD GONE,
THE TREE WAS AGAIN SMALL.
THE ELF FOUND HERSELF,
IN THE DOWNSTAIRS FAMILY HALL.



ONTO THE RUG SHE CLIMBED,
AND THE FIREPLACE SHELF SHE SAW.
“THAT’S MY SPOT TO SIT”, SHE SAID,
“I MUST GET THERE ONCE MORE”.



THE FAMILY SAT TOGETHER,
ON THE SOFA AS THEY TALKED;
THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM
THE ELF CRAWLED AND SHE WALKED.

IN THE CORNER SHE WAITED
AS SHE SAT AND SHE HID;
WAITING FOR THE FAMILY TO LEAVE,
MUM, DAD AND HENRY, THE KID.

TO THE FIREPLACE SHE WENT,
CLIMBING UP THE GARLAND OF HOLLY.
REACHING THE SHELF UP HIGH,
SHE FELT OVERWHELMINGLY JOLLY.



“I’VE MADE IT”, SHE SAID,
“I’M ON MY CHRISTMAS SHELF.
“CHEER I CAN SPREAD TO ALL”,
SMILED A HAPPY, FESTIVE ELF.





THE TREE GLOWED BRIGHTER,
MORE HEAT CAME FROM THE FIRE.
HER CHRISTMAS MAGIC WAS WORKING,
AS THE FLAMES REACHED HIGHER.



FEELING THE FESTIVE CHANGES,
THE FAMILY CAME BACK.
UNDER THE TREE THEY SPOTTED,
GIFTS IN A BIG RED SACK.

“IT'S THE ELF” HENRY SHOUTED,
“I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST”.
AS THEY STOOD THERE TOGETHER,
OUTSIDE THERE BEGAN A FROST.





**SNOW STARTED FALLING.
THE GROUND WENT WHITE.
ON THIS VERY CHRISTMAS,
LOVE FILLED FAMILY NIGHT.**

THE
END



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