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TOM FLETCHER

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THE CHRISTMASAURUS AND THE NAUGHTY LIST



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THE CHRISTMASAURUS AND THE NAUGHTY LIST



TOM FLETCHER

Illustrations by Shane Devries

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For Buzz, Buddy and Max



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THE NAUGHTY LIST

Ronnie Nutbog,
who's always been a bully.



Truly and Utterly Snottersworth –
two truly spoilt and utterly horrid princesses in a land far, far away.



Marvin Johnson,
otherwise known as GAMERKIDD3000 – who *used* to be the best big brother in the world.



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Ella Noying,
who never eats a single vegetable (and can't even bear to hear the words 'Brussels sprouts').



Gemolina Shine,
who's determined to be a star, no matter what.



AND A SURPRISE ENTRY
ON THE NAUGHTY LIST:

William Trundle –
the boy who saved Christmas . . . twice!



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Chapter One

PREVIOUSLY ON THE CHRISTMASAURUS

Everyone knows about the Naughty and Nice Lists, right? Well, just in case you've had your head buried in a box of tinsel for your whole entire life, let's imagine for a moment that you've been a good kid all year – I know that might be hard for some of you, but just go with me for a minute – and on Christmas Day you wake up to the presents you've wished hardest for since writing your letter to Santa: toy cars, dolls, train sets, video games . . .

BAM!

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There they are, wrapped up in loads of glittery paper and ribbons that your parents will spend the rest of Christmas tidying up.

Congratulations – you made it on to the

NICE LIST!

But now imagine what might happen if maybe, just maybe, you did some things that someone could possibly think were *not nice*. Perhaps, even, dare I say it . . . *naughty*?

Well, in that situation, you would wake up on Christmas Day to a very different, very unpleasant sight. There are rumours of children receiving coal instead of toys, or even of piles of reindeer droppings in stockings (don't eat chocolate raisins on Christmas Day . . . trust me)! But the truth is worse. Much worse. *What could be worse than deer poop in a sock?* I hear you ask. So, imagine waking up to find . . .

NO PRESENTS.



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Uh-oh, looks like you're on the

NAUGHTY LIST!

Don't worry – I'm not judging you! After all, it's not up to me who makes it on to the Naughty or Nice List, I'm just an author writing words on this page – I don't have that kind of power! But there is someone who, if the legends are true, sees you when you're sleeping *and* knows when you're awake, and I'd guess if he can do both those things, then he most certainly knows if you've been BAD OR GOOD! I am, of course, talking about the big man himself, father to the season of seasons, Mr Kris Kringle, St Nick, Sinterklaas or, as we shall call him in this book – **SANTA**.

You might think that the Naughty and Nice List is just the difference between getting a pile of toys or a stocking full of fresh air, but it's MUCH MORE important than that. In fact, the very future of Christmas itself depends on children understanding right from wrong, good from bad, naughty from nice. You see, if there weren't children on a Nice List to deliver presents to, Santa



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wouldn't have a job! He wouldn't have meaning, or a purpose for us all to believe in. And if we don't believe in him, then, well, he wouldn't exist at all. And think of what a disaster that would mean for Christmas!

And I'm not just talking about the presents. Don't get me wrong – Santa loves a good gift more than anyone – but it's not really about the toy.

It's about the JOY.

That warm feeling you get inside as you open up the thing you've most wished for all year. It's pure happiness, and it all came from being nice. THAT'S why Santa brings presents.

Now, if you've read the first two Christmasaurus books: firstly, well done, you're definitely on the Nice List; and, secondly, the following information will come as no surprise. Santa is an enormous, jolly, fantastic person with eyes as deep blue as the Arctic Ocean and a beard



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as white as ice. He lives in the North Pole in a snow ranch made of pine and in the company of some rather merry, constantly singing elves. And once a year, when he makes his Christmas deliveries, he flies a sleigh pulled by eight Magnificently Magical Flying Reindeer and . . . hmmmm, I'm sure I'm forgetting something important? ONLY JOKING! Of course, that sleigh is led by the creature whose name is sprawled across the front of this book in nice shiny letters: the one and only

CHRISTMASAURUS!



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An icy-blue dinosaur whose egg was discovered frozen solid, deep in the ice mines by Santa's elves many Christmases ago.

The Christmasaurus couldn't always fly, but, thanks to the belief of his best friend, William Trundle, now the special dino can speed through the sky fast enough to make even the most magical reindeer look like Bambi on a frozen lake. So now each year, as Santa delivers presents to all the children who are lucky enough to make it on to the Nice List, it's the Christmasaurus leading the way.

Which brings us back quite nicely to where we started: the Naughty and Nice Lists! Which is what this book is all about. So, now that you've had a little recap, let's begin!

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Chapter Two

BACK TO THE NORTH POLE

This story starts in the most Christmassy place in the world – the North Pole. It was the first of December and, under a blanket of swirling greens, blues and purples of the Northern Lights, Santa's Snow Ranch stood like it was posing for a Christmas card. Deep within this cosy pine building, Santa was sitting in his letter-reading room at the foot of an old, crooked Christmas tree – the oldest Christmas tree in the world, in fact – dunking a generously buttered crumpet into a mug of warm custard. *By the way, if you've never tried a crumpet dunked in custard, then you really must – you'll thank me for it!*



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WHAM!

A great crash at the window startled Santa, causing him to drop a dollop of yellow custard on to his white beard.

'Blinking baubles!' he grumbled, turning to see what had made such a clatter. 'Oh, Christmasaurus, it's you. I might have known,' Santa said as he stood and threw open the large, stained-glass window to let his dinosaur companion inside.

'If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times: just because you *can* fly, it doesn't mean you *have* to fly everywhere. We do have doors in the North Pole too!' Santa chuckled and gave the Christmasaurus a little pat on the head as the creature flew through the open window and into the warm room.

The brilliant blue dinosaur landed with a thud, his translucent claws clopping on the wooden floor. He

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shook off his icy scales like a dog that had just been for a dip in a pond, sending a shower of snowflakes across the room.

'Mind the list!

MIND THE LIST!'

Santa cried, shielding an awfully important-looking book on his desk from being covered in snow.

At the mention of lists, the Christmasaurus bounded across the room to get a glimpse at the names of those who were on the Nice List this year.

'Nothing to get excited about, I'm afraid, Chrissy,' Santa said, settling himself back down at his desk. 'I'm afraid I'm checking the *other* list tonight.'

Santa pointed his buttery finger at the top of the page where the words **THE NAUGHTY LIST** were written in beautiful golden letters. The Christmasaurus's icy mane drooped with sadness.



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'I know, I know,' Santa said with a sigh. 'I don't like it either, but I'm afraid it has to be checked once now and then a second time on Christmas Eve. Don't ask me why I do it twice, but it says so in that song, so I feel like I should.'

The Christmasaurus slumped even further. He hated knowing that every name on that list was going to get absolutely zilch for Christmas! And, worse still, he hated seeing how sad it made Santa to read through all the naughty names.

'First things first, it's time for the weigh-in!' Santa said nervously, as he lifted his big, beautiful, brass weighing scales on to the desk. The scales were the old-fashioned kind with two bowls dangling on either side: one of them had the word **NICE** engraved into its polished surface, while the opposite bowl was inscribed with the word **NAUGHTY**.

'The weigh-in is the first stage of checking the lists,' Santa said to the Christmasaurus as he adjusted the scales to make them level. 'It's also an indication of just how naughty or nice children have been this year. Hand me the Nice List, please. It's there on the shelf. Chop, chop!'



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The Christmasaurus flew over to the bookshelf, scooped up the thick book with **THE NICE LIST** embossed on its spine and dropped it into Santa's open palms. Santa carefully placed it on the Nice side of the weighing scales and the bowl sank under its weight, almost touching the desk. Then Santa turned back to the intimidatingly chunky Naughty List on his desk and cracked his knuckles before heaving the hefty book towards the opposite side of the scales.

'Now, not to worry if the balance is a little off. It's never perfect at the first weigh-in, but by the time we get to Christmas these scales should be even –'

THUD!

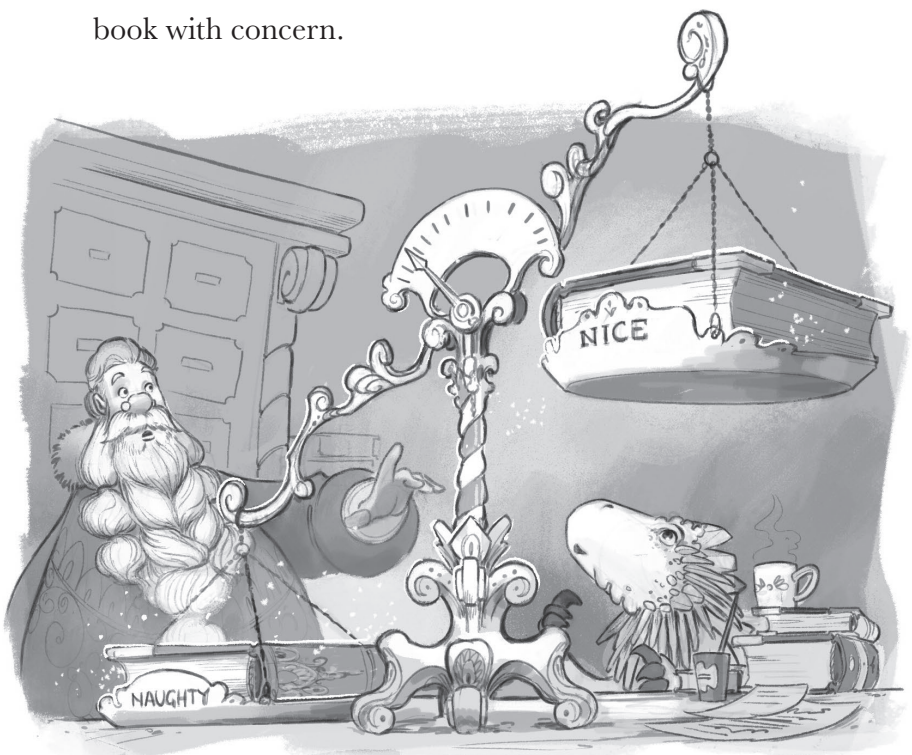
The scales shifted instantly as the Naughty List hit the desk and sent the much lighter Nice List rocketing up towards the ceiling.

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'Ho, ho, oh dear . . .'

Santa sighed, gazing at the Nice List, which was rocking precariously on the weighing scale above the Christmasaurus's head. 'This is all wrong. All wrong! I've never seen such an unbalanced first weigh-in. There must be far too many names on the Naughty List!'

The Christmasaurus stared at the heavy book with concern.



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'I mean, of course it's impossible for EVERY child to be on the Nice List, but it shouldn't be *this* uneven, even on the first weigh-in! It's about finding that perfect balance, and these scales should be in harmony,' Santa explained, pointing to the totally unbalanced scales on his desk. 'If they stay tipped too far on the Naughty side, there will be no coming back! It's like rolling a snowball down a hill: the bigger it gets, the harder it is to stop, until eventually there might even be . . .' He gulped.

'No Nice List at all!'

The Christmasaurus curled his tail beneath his legs; his icy mane fell flat, and all the magic in the room seemed to vanish for a moment.

'No Nice List means no nice children who need presents delivered, and that means . . . well, a world without me!'

The Christmasaurus turned a pale shade of his usual vibrant blue. A world *without* Santa? Could the future of Christmas actually be at risk?

'I suppose we should take a look and see what some of these children have been up to. Although with this



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many names, it may take all night . . . Come on – let's read through the Naughty List together,' Santa said.

He noticed that the Christmasaurus was looking a little concerned (to say the least), so, knowing that snacks always cheered up his friend, Santa reached out and snapped a fresh icicle from the top of the window frame and threw it to the Christmasaurus to munch on.

But the moment the Christmasaurus caught the icicle in his mouth, he felt a sharp, zapping sensation searing through one of his bottom front teeth, causing him to drop the snack and roar in pain.

'Goodness me, whatever is the matter?' Santa asked.

The Christmasaurus wasn't sure. He opened his mouth and scooped up the icicle again for another go but as his tooth crunched down . . . **ZAP!**

The pain shot through his mouth again and he leapt back like he'd been given an electric shock.

'Hmmm, I'd better take a look. Open wide,' Santa said, sliding on the pair of thick *oggle-goggles* he wore to make special tiny toys. His eyeballs looked like enormous blue planets as he gazed into the Christmasaurus's gaping mouth. 'Ah, I see the problem. You seem to have

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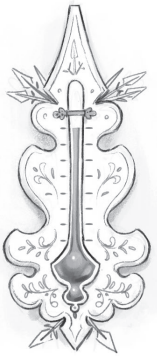
something stuck in your teeth. In fact, you have rather *a lot* of things stuck in your teeth! I think you need a –'

The Christmasaurus quickly snapped his mouth shut. He knew what was coming next and did not want to hear it!

'You need a dent–' Santa was cut off again by the Christmasaurus burying his scaly, scared head in his claws, which is difficult when you're a distant relative of a T-rex.

'Oh, stop being such a Scared-o-saurus,' Santa teased. 'You have to see the DENTIST!'

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Chapter Three

THE SHADOWS OF THE NAUGHTY LIST

'Gumdrop!' Santa boomed, and clapped his hands together.

Before you could say *jingle bells*, a small elf dressed in blue scrubs with the letters **NES** embroidered on the pocket – National Elf Service – appeared in the reading room.

'So sorry that I took so long.
I heard your call – whatever's wrong?'

Gumdrop chimed elfishly.

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'It appears that our dinosaur friend here has toothache, and I thought it was best to seek advice from an elf professional. After all, I'm Santa, not the Tooth Fairy!' Santa chortled and slapped his thigh.

'Absolutely right you are.
I'll sort this out, Santa.
Now, Christmasaurus,
Please say, *AHHHH*!'

Gumdrop sang (remember, all elves LOVE to sing whenever they can and especially when it comes to getting jobs done). Then she peered closer as the Christmasaurus reluctantly revealed a row of sharp teeth in a mouth big enough to swallow an elf whole, which of course he would NEVER do!

'Well, roast my spuds, what have we here?
So much, so much for me to clear!'

Gumdrop tutted as she rolled up the sleeves of her scrubs and leant into the Christmasaurus's mouth!

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Santa watched in total astonishment as the tiny dentist pulled out a whole feast of festive food that was wedged between the dinosaur's teeth. Gumdrop listed them all with a merry melody as she worked . . .

'On the first day of Christmas,
Stuck in this dino's teeth:
Twelve candy canes,
Eleven mince pies,
Ten pigs in blankets,
Nine roasted chestnuts,
Eight gingerbread houses,
Seven Christmas puddings,
Six roast potatoes,
FIVE BRUSSELS SPROUTS!
Four yule logs,
Three fruit cakes,
Two stuffing balls . . .'

Unable to help himself, Santa leapt to his feet and at the top of his voice boomed: '*And a partridge in a pear tree!*'

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Silence.



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If there's one thing a North Pole elf dislikes more than anything else, it's having the final line of their song stolen.

'Sorry. I couldn't resist . . .' Santa said, looking a bit sheepish. 'Well? How's the tooth?'

'THERE'S NO PEAR TREE OR A PARTRIDGE.
Just a lot of undigested garbage!
You haven't brushed, you silly thing.
Your tooth will not be staying in.'

Gumdrop huffed and gave the troublesome tooth a little kick, causing it to wobble and the Christmasaurus to yelp. Gumdrop climbed down her ladder, shaking her head, while the dinosaur rubbed his cheek. There really is nothing worse than toothache, but for a dinosaur who has never brushed his teeth and lives on a diet of candy canes and Christmas treats, it was a miracle he had any teeth left at all.

'Not to worry, my dear dinosaur. Teeth come and go. Give it a little wobble – go on . . . Let's see it!' Santa said excitedly. Why grown-ups love it when you wiggle

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a wobbly tooth is one of life's great mysteries.

But the Christmasaurus did NOT want to wobble his tooth. He squeezed his mouth shut and shook his head.

'It's his first wobbly tooth.' Santa beamed at Gumdrop like a proud parent, as though Gumdrop, a professional National Elf Service dentist, didn't already know!

The Christmasaurus, however, was not in the least bit excited about losing his first tooth. In fact, the thought of it falling out made his *whole head* feel more wobbly than the tooth was.

'Lay off the candy canes a while
Or there'll be a gap in your dino smile,'

Gumdrop sang, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a stick of celery.

'Lots of vegetables in your diet
Makes a dentist's day nice and quiet.'

She popped the green stick at the Christmasaurus's feet before slipping away, leaving Santa and the

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Christmasaurus to get back to their important business.

There wasn't much that the Christmasaurus wouldn't eat, but he would rather eat a sprout from last year's Christmas dinner than a stick of celery!

Seeing the Christmasaurus's nostrils flare with disgust, Santa opened a drawer in his desk to reveal a red telephone. It looked like the kind of phone that was only used in emergencies in cartoons, and it had just one button on it . . . a direct line to the kitchen!

'Hello? Yes, this is a *veg-mergency*,' Santa said into the mouthpiece and chuckled to himself. 'I said *VEG*-mergency! It's a vegetable emer– Oh, never mind. Just hurry!'

Less than three and a half seconds later, there was a knock at the door, and an elf entered the room wearing a frilly apron and pushing what looked like a tiny kitchen on a trolley!

'Ah, Buttercream, what took you so long? We have a stick of celery that needs your immediate attention,' Santa said to his most trusted elf-chef. 'The Christmasaurus is on strict orders to eat more vegetables, but he doesn't seem very keen.'



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'Let me see. Hmmm, celery . . .' Buttercream pondered, adjusting her star-shaped spectacles and examining the stick of celery that was almost as tall as she was.

'Do you think you might be able to make it taste a little more fun?' Santa added, winking at the Christmasaurus.

'There is nothing less fun
Than a plain stick of celery.
If I'm to transform it,
It must be done cleverly!'

Buttercream sang, then from the bottom of her trolley she slid out a large recipe book.

'Ho, ho, ho, Christmasaurus – you're in for a treat! Buttercream has been known to make swede more scrumptious than sweets; peas more palatable than pecan pie; and kale . . . well, kale is always a bit gross, I suppose – but, still, if anyone can do it, Buttercream can!' Santa said, rubbing his hands together as Buttercream began chopping this, stirring that, dicing over here, slicing over there. It was like watching an artist paint a masterpiece.

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'Voilà!' she announced, presenting the Christmasaurus with his newly transformed treat.

'Buttercream, you've done it again!' Santa beamed, admiring the snack, which now looked like a bejewelled royal sceptre.

'Peanut-butter-stuffed celery
Bejewelled with freshly chopped cherry,
Smooth and yet crunchy, delightfully munchy.
Is it tasty? The answer is: VERY!'

Buttercream smiled as she replaced her recipe book on her trolley and strode out of the door.

'Try it,' Santa said excitedly, and the Christmasaurus took a teeny nibble. Suddenly his tastebuds felt like they were exploding. The celery was sweet, syrupy, salty and savoury all at the same time! He munched up the whole stick of celery and desperately wished there was more.

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'See, Buttercream makes eating your five-a-day a piece of cake!' Santa winked. 'Hopefully now we can stop any more nasty toothaches! So, let's get back to it, shall we? Time to tackle that Naughty List! Would you be a good dinosaur and dim the lights?'

While Santa heaved the Naughty List from the scales back to the middle of his desk, the Christmasaurus flew around the room in a flash, creating a gust of wind in his wake that blew out the warm glow from the lanterns. Darkness engulfed the room.

Then, once the Christmasaurus had landed, Santa clicked his forefinger and thumb together. He caught a spark of stardust that fell from his hand and lit a dark green candle that was sitting in the centre of his desk.

At the first flash of a flame, the thick woven cover of the Naughty List swung open as though under the command of a magic spell, revealing name after name on page after page, in inky letters that appeared as if being scrawled by the hand of a ghost.

'Let's begin with . . . Ronnie Nutbog.' Santa had barely whispered the boy's name before the green candle's flame flickered as though it were dancing in a breeze.

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The candlelight started to form shapes and movements on the ceiling that clearly resembled a person – the shadows of the Naughty List.

'Oh yes, I remember Ronnie. He's been quite a regular face on the Naughty List, I'm afraid.' Santa sighed. He and the Christmasaurus watched the dancing shadow of Ronnie Nutbog hold out his hand while other smaller shadow-figures appeared and reluctantly handed over something golden and glowing.

'Stealing lunch money,' Santa whispered. 'No wonder he's on the list again this year.'

The shadows danced on the ceiling, and the scene changed to show Ronnie stashing his stolen cash in some kind of box.

'Next!' Santa boomed. His voice disrupted the flame, causing the candlelight to flicker and make room for the next Naughty-Listers.

Parker Jax Falcone.

Cooper Jones.

Summer Rae Cawley.

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Kit Judd.

Buddy Fletcher.

Orli Daren.

Santa sent up name after name into the air, and shadow after shadow appeared on the ceiling, revealing children at their naughtiest – a girl sneaking out of her house at night; a boy running through his school with no clothes on; twins who wouldn't stop fighting . . . The list went on and on. Checking it was a long, difficult task, but it was about to get a whole lot worse. Even Santa, the man who had seen everything, wasn't ready for the name that was about to appear on the Naughty List.

The golden, ghostly scribed letters reflected in Santa's blue eyes as he began reading them, then his white beard twitched as the Naughty List revealed the child's last name, and Santa's whispered words became a stunned gasp strong enough to suck out the flame of the green candle.

The room plunged into darkness, but not before both Santa and the Christmasaurus had seen the unmistakable shadow of someone they both knew very well flicker across the ceiling in his wheelchair . . .

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William Trundle was on THE NAUGHTY LIST!

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Chapter Four

BREAKING RULES

HOLD IT! Let's rewind for a nanosecond – William Trundle, as some of you may remember, is the nicest, kindest, bravest kid on the planet. He and the Christmasaurus are like peanut butter and celery: at first glance they are total opposites, but together they make the ultimate team and, due to their Christmas adventures, William is almost as famous as Santa in the North Pole –

the boy who saved Christmas . . .
TWICE!

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Surely *the* William Trundle wouldn't do something naughty, would he?!

'It can't be true,' Santa whispered nervously in the dark. 'It's . . . it's . . . not possible. Little Willypoos would never, ever, ever do anything bad enough to get himself on the Naughty List.'

The Christmasaurus paced back and forth frantically in the darkness, his claws scratching at the ancient pine floor. Santa was right: William was the Christmasaurus's best friend and would never, ever, ever do anything bad enough to get himself on the Naughty List. Something must have gone horribly wrong. Perhaps William was in trouble!

While the dinosaur worried, Santa clicked his fingers a few times, snapping out a spark of fresh stardust to relight the candle.

As the flame ignited and the shadow of William reappeared, the Christmasaurus angled his mane of pale blue icicles so they caught the candlelight like prisms, sending shards of rainbow beams into the room and extinguishing William's shadow.

'I'm afraid it will take more than a ray of light to take



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someone off the Naughty List,' Santa said with a voice full of sorrow.

The Christmasaurus huffed determinedly and growled in the direction of the book.

'I can't!
I'm not allowed
to interfere!'

Santa said, able to understand the Christmasaurus as easily as reading the candlelight shadows. 'I don't want to see our dear friend on the Naughty List any more than you do. In fact, I'd give the whole Naughty List presents if I could, but there are rules, and if children misbehave they *put themselves* on the list. I can't just hop down chimneys dashing out presents willy-nilly. I'm not the Easter Bunny! I've sworn an oath.'

He nodded at a framed plaque on the wall that said:



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The Christmas Oath

I, Santa, do solemnly swear
To deliver each Christmas Eve
Toys and presents to boys and girls
And all who still believe.
But only if they're nice throughout
The year that's been and gone.
The naughty ones get nothing;
That's the price for doing wrong.
I must not try to change it.
I will not interfere.
Just check the lists and give the gifts
On one night, every year.

The Christmasaurus stared intently at the Naughty List, desperately hoping that a way to help William would pop into his head, and wishing that his dino-brain was just a few million years further down the evolutionary chain.

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