

Mr. Starfish's New Jumper

Mr. Starfish was busy decorating his tree when he heard a knock at his door.

"I wonder who that could be. I hope they like their biscuits Christmassy," Mr. Starfish said.

Mr. Starfish picked up a plate of biscuits and opened the door. Standing there was a jolly man in a familiar red suit.

"Ho-Ho-Ho! Merry Christmas, Mr. Starfish!" Bubbles belched from Father Christmas's snorkel, and he handed Mr. Starfish a present.

"Oh boy, oh girl, my mind's begun to swirl," said Mr. Starfish as he began to unwrap the gift.

"Ho-Ho!" chuckled Father Christmas, "I hope you like it! Go ahead, try it on, Mr. Starfish!"

Mr. Starfish admired the pattern on his new festive jumper.

"It's so cool, it's so neat. I'm so excited, this feeling can't be beat!"

Father Christmas helped himself to a few biscuits as Mr. Starfish put the jumper on.

Mr. Starfish was so excited he looked like he might explode! Instead, he let out a burst of grateful rhyme.

"It is so festive and bright,
that is so true.

Everyone will see me tonight,
all thanks to you!

I love my new jumper, there's no contest.

And to receive it without a present-gobbling pest!

I said it before, and now once more.

Thanks, Father Christmas, you're the best!"

"Ho-Ho-Ho! Mr. Starfish! You are indeed *The Christmas Starfish!*"

As Father Christmas swam away, he bellowed, "**Ho-Ho-Ho! Happy Christmas everyone!**"

