

For Harriet ~ M P T

To my mum, my dad and my brother,  
for giving me the best childhood  
I could ever have ~ H G

# THE CHRISTMAS DEPARTMENT STORE

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Benji's gran had always said,  
"Magic happens on Christmas Eve."

This Christmas needed some magic.  
There wasn't enough money for a tree  
or even a turkey, and everyone felt  
a little sad.

Benji passed dazzling shops and excited shoppers.  
"I wish I could buy my family spectacular presents,"  
he sighed. "That might make them smile again."

But Benji's gran was right about Christmas Eve,  
because when he turned to go home . . .



... he was bowled over by  
a gigantic polar bear.  
“Sorry, sorry! I’m late  
for work!”

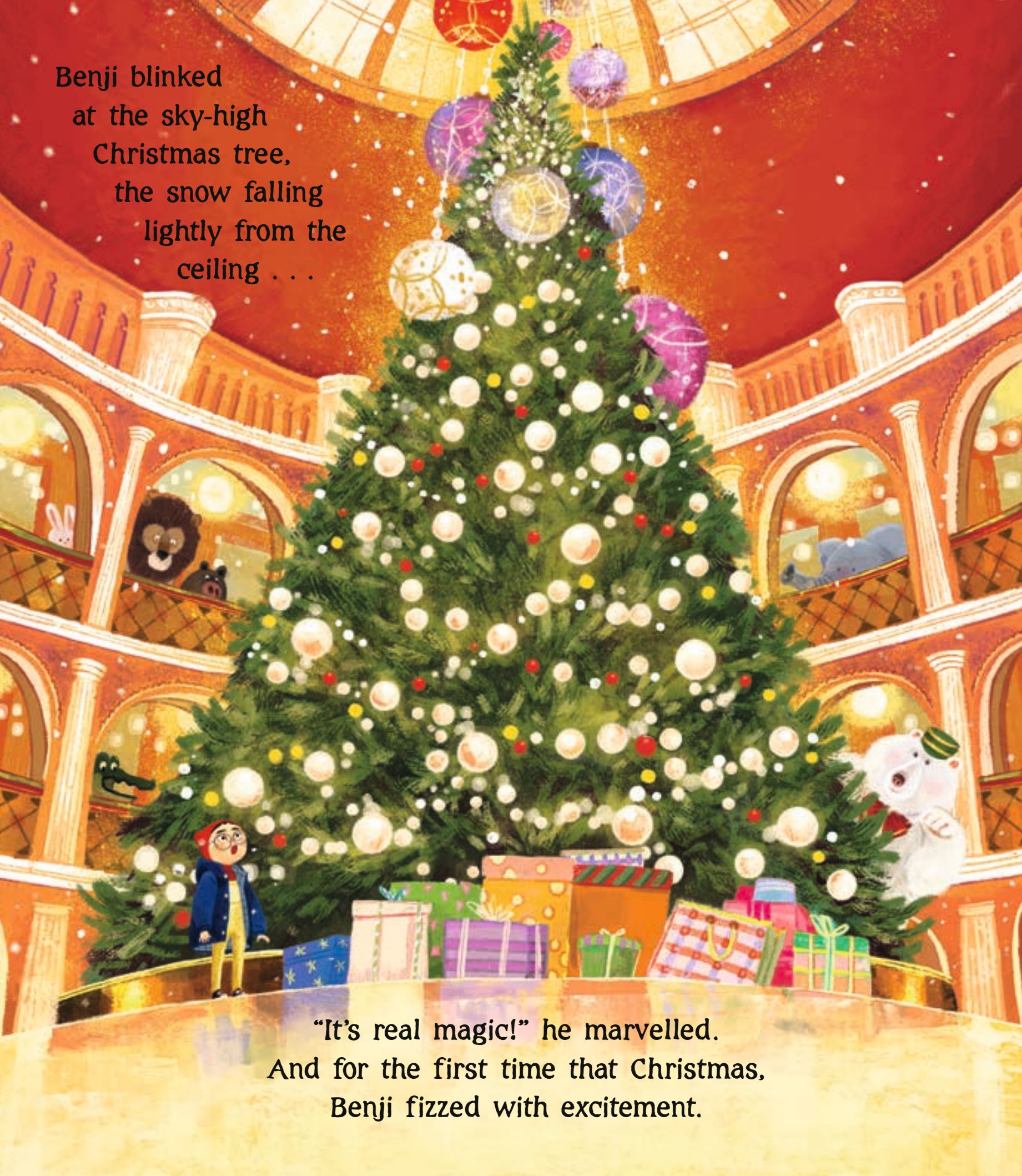


Benji scrambled to  
his feet and gasped . . .



A huge, glamorous department store had  
appeared, shimmering in the frosty air.  
“This way, sir,” said penguin doormen, tipping their hats.

Benji blinked  
at the sky-high  
Christmas tree,  
the snow falling  
lightly from the  
ceiling . . .



“It’s real magic!” he marvelled.  
And for the first time that Christmas,  
Benji fizzed with excitement.

**TOOT TOOT!**

A shiny steam train puffed around the corner.  
“Hop on,” grinned the polar bear.  
“Let’s find those presents!”



They raced along a golden track, spiralling  
higher and higher! Benji’s head spun with  
candy canes, lights and sparkly baubles.