



Flying Grandma and her magical silver compass

By Yvonne Weatherhead M.B.E.

Illustrations Andrew Chubb

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The sunrise tickled, so Grandad arose,
He wrapped a Christmas surprise or two,
He made Flying Grandma, a Christmas card,
Something special, he knew he could do.

Hid a present, in her silver chariot,
For Bella and Tess, a specially made bone,
Polished the chariot, it gleamed and sparkled,
Sneaked in, Flying Grandma's mobile phone.



Flying Grandma, blew a loving kiss to Grandad,
This Christmas Eve, she knew where to fly,
To Scotland and Wales, she was destined,
Flying time, would swiftly, sneak by.

With a whistle, the Collies jumped on board,
So excited for their Christmas Eve ride,
The silver carriage, silently rose in the sky,
Bella and Tess, cuddled side by side.

Flying Grandma, found her surprise present,
Wow, a silver compass that would never fail,
To find all the children, who couldn't sleep,
Dreams blown in, on a ship's silver sail.

To Scotland, her first mission took her,
Whale's sad song, drifted through the night,
They arrived at the rugged Orkney islands,
The whale was trapped, such a terrible sight,

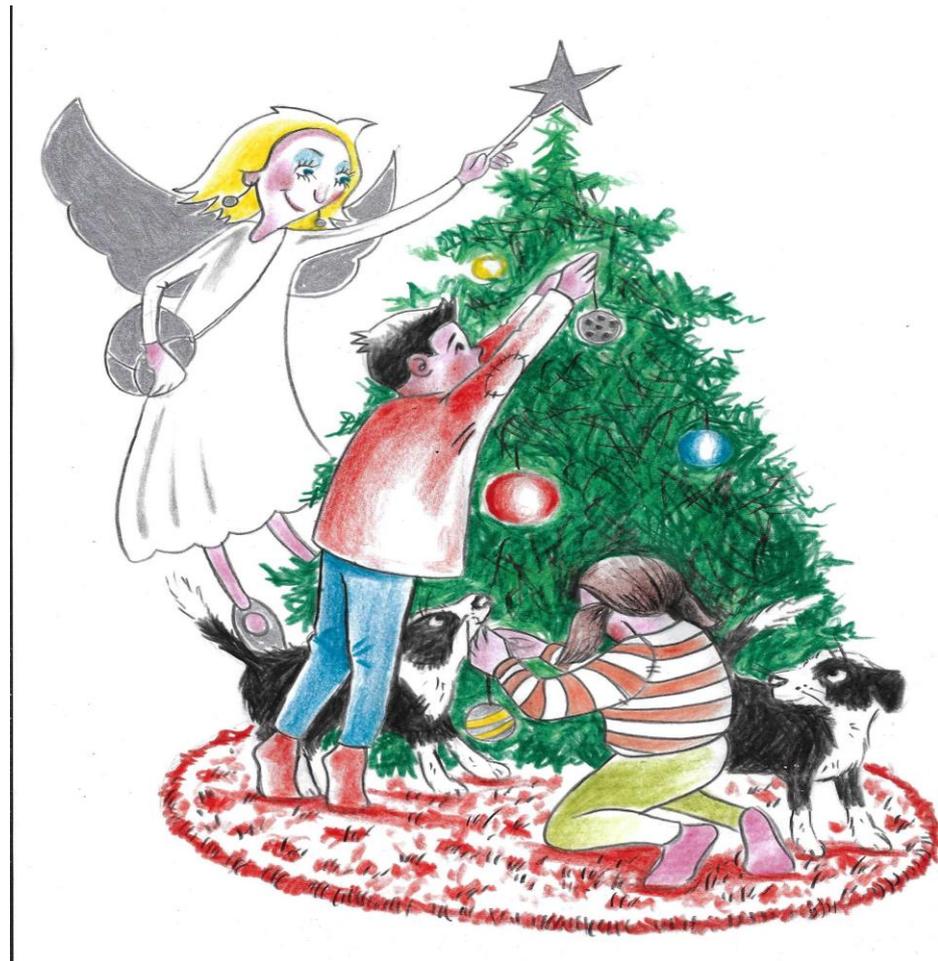
The silver carriage, glided silently down,
Sailed lightly on those waters so calm,
Bella and Tess, nibbled the entangled net,
Whale soon free, he had come to no harm.



Whale thanked them, with splash of his tail,
Silver carriage gently rose, flying so high,
Compass guided them to a lighthouse in Wales,
Two tired children, were beginning to cry.

There wasn't Christmas cheer, in the lighthouse,
Flying Grandma had to act quickly, then fly,
Bella and Tess stayed, snuggling the children,
Flying Grandma sped off, to a forest nearby.

She soon returned, with a tree all a- glisten,
The children decorated it, giggling with joy,
Bella and Tess guided them, up swirling stairs,
Christmas Eve dreams, were of Santa and toys.



Homeward bound, rainbow glitter was scattered,
Flying Grandma blew to children, far and near,
Swirled through windows, in stables, under doors,
Christmas dreams would soon magically appear.

The silver carriage, floated into the garden,
Dancing snow, swirling, twirling, so fast,
Grandad was waiting patiently, in the doorway,
He was delighted they were all safe at last.



With a bound and a kiss, the collies greeted him,
They chased each other, played rope tug of war,
Flying Grandma shook snow off her silver wings,
With a smile, silently closed the back door.

Warm mince pies were ready, on the table,
Sparkling Christmas tree, with presents under galore,
“Nearly Christmas, Grandad,” she gently whispered,
“Santa is on his way to every child, I am sure.”



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All proceeds to go to Bolton Hospice