

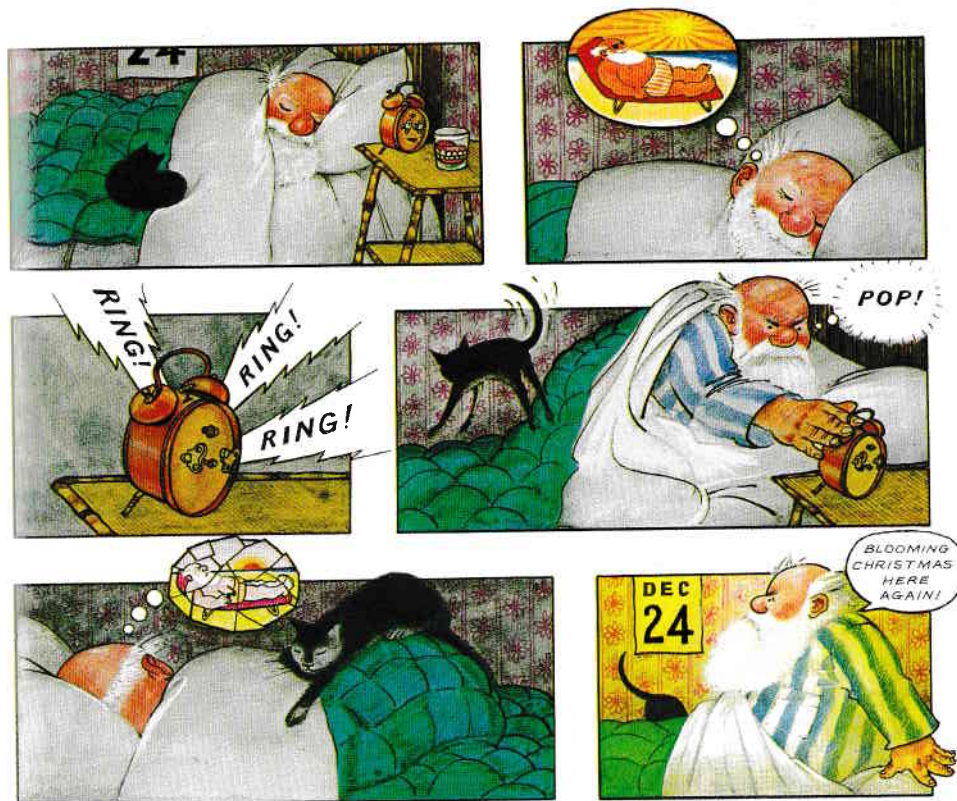
This brilliantly-produced miniature *Father Christmas* made me see how realistic it is. Every detail in Father Christmas's house is exactly like my mum and dad's house where I grew up: Dad's old brass alarm clock, the scene outside our back door, the lavatory nearby with iron hands holding the toilet roll, the red tin labelled TEA (which I've still got) and the tooth mug in the scullery, the home-made wooden draining board. But letters from children have pointed out that I made a mistake with his sandwiches. When he is preparing them they are cut diagonally, then, when he eats them, they are cut at right angles. Sorry!

The cottage with coloured glass in the porch in Father Christmas's first visit is my Auntie Betty's where I was evacuated in the War. The first modern house he visits is where I live now – the hideous pink bathroom, my VW van, and the bird shelter in the tree. The terrace of houses is in Wimbledon Park – number 65, lit up, is where I was born and grew up. Then he meets my Dad, busily delivering milk: "Still at it, mate?" says Dad.

I'm still at it, too, so I'd better stop now.

Raymond Briggs

Father Christmas



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