

# How Sparklefarts saved Christmas

An uplit Christmas tale

Maddy Newman



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*A very special lady once knitted me a Christmas pudding with a  
beautiful Holly decoration,  
It's still the first decoration we put on the tree to this day.  
This ones for you, Granny Lucy x*



# How Sparklefarts saved Christmas

‘Frank? Are you out there?’

‘Strewth, Rosie!’ cried Frank, spilling his beer as he jumped in his seat. ‘Don’t sneak up on me like that!’

Lucky, the dog, snoozing on his bed next to Frank’s chair, yelped in alarm, startled by the crack of Rosie’s bark at her brother.

‘It’s okay, mate,’ said Frank, reaching for a dog treat stowed in his pocket and patting Lucky, who gently took it, fears forgotten.

Frank had escaped to their private balcony, enjoying a quiet beer and the sunset, the twinkling fairy lights woven through the balustrade beginning to light up the front of the pub. He had closed the bar early, much to the disgust of the local barflies. Frank told them all to go home, politely, though. It was Christmas Eve, after all.

‘We’ve got to get over to the kids,’ said Rosie. ‘Holly doesn’t want them up too late.’

Frank looked up at his sister.

‘Will we be okay, Rosie?’ asked Frank quickly before Rosie returned inside.

‘What?’ she said, turning back to Frank. ‘Of course! I will read the kids *The Night Before Christmas*, and we’ll have Eggnog and cookies—’

‘Not for Xmas Eve, Rosie ... I meant us taking over the pub from Mum and Dad.’

‘Haven’t we worked at the pub all our lives?’ replied Rosie.

‘Well, yeah, but not actually *running* the Mullet, all by ourselves.’

Rosie paused before answering and came around to stand beside Frank’s chair.

‘Change can be a good thing, Frank,’ she said in a kinder tone, her hand resting on Frank’s shoulder in reassurance. ‘Yes, it will be different, but it’s still the same Mullabrook Hotel, just run by the next O’Grady’s. Us. Haven’t Mum and Dad trained us for years now? We’ll be fine, Frank.’

Frank nodded and rested his head on Rosie’s hand in a rare tender gesture between the twins.

‘Come on,’ she said, with a final pat on Frank’s shoulder before she walked back inside. ‘The kids are waiting for us.’

Frank got up from the chair, Lucky rousing himself to follow.

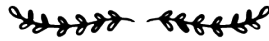
‘Hang on,’ said Frank. ‘I gotta grab a beer ...’

‘For the love of Pete! It’s across the courtyard, Frank!’ snapped Rosie, back to her usual tone with her brother. ‘Surely you can wait 5 minutes!’

Frank rolled his eyes, grumbling, but followed Rosie out of the family quarters, Lucky trotting at his heels, pausing as Frank shut the main door before taking the stairs.

‘Come on, Lucky. Let’s go drink bloody egnog then,’ muttered Frank.

‘And no swearing around the kids, either,’ said Rosie over her shoulder. ‘Oscar is like a parrot these days.’



Oscar and Ruby, dressed in their Christmas pyjamas and Santa hats, screamed in wild delight at the arrival of Granny and Unka Frank.

‘Calm down!’ shouted Holly over the din, kissing her Mum and Uncle hello, though they’d only seen each other an hour before at work.

‘Unka Frank! Unka Frank!’ cried Oscar. ‘Look at all the presents under the tree!’

‘And there’s one for you, Unka Frank!’ said Ruby, grabbing her great Uncle’s hand and dragging him over to the Christmas tree. ‘Look!’

‘Excuse me?’ said Rosie, mock-sternly. ‘What about my hugs and kisses?’

Oscar ran back and squeezed his grandma in a tight hug.

‘There’s one for you too, Granny!’ shouted Ruby. ‘Come see!’

‘I’ll get us Egnog,’ said Holly, smiling at her rather excited children. ‘Extra shot of brandy in yours, Uncle Frank?’ She winked at him, laughing at her mother’s raised eyebrows.

‘Want a hand, darling?’ asked Rosie.

‘All good, Mum,’ replied Holly. ‘You hang out with the kids.’

Rosie and Frank pulled faces of surprise at each other as Holly went through to the kitchen to get the goodies for their Christmas Eve fare. The kids, oblivious, enjoyed looking at the decorations on the tree, their Gran pointing out the special ones and telling stories of their origin.

‘And Granny Nancy knitted the Christmas Pudding one, especially for your Mum,’ said Rosie.

‘Puddo!’ shouted both Oscar and Ruby.

Holly returned with a tray of decorated Christmas cookies and Eggnog for the adults in mugs with holly motifs and the kids’ cups with gingerbread men.

‘This plate is for Santa and the reindeer,’ said Holly, placing a separate plate on the coffee table. ‘We’ll leave Santa a beer too when we go to bed, so it stays nice and cold.’

‘And our letter to Santa?’ asked Ruby.

‘Right here,’ said Holly, placing the note under the plate.

‘We helped decorate the cookies, Granny!’ said Oscar.

‘And Oscar got told off cos he was eating all of the decorations before they went on the cookies,’ said Ruby.

‘I did not!’ retorted Oscar.

‘Enough!’ snapped Holly. ‘Santa’s watching, you know!’

‘How about *we* watch a movie,’ said Rosie, as she winked at Holly, who mouthed thanks at her Mum. ‘What do you say, kids?’



The family settled on the lounge, enjoying the Christmas fare and watching *Elf*. It was rare indeed to have some quiet time out of the pub these days.

‘Who wants a story before bed?’ asked Holly when the movie ended,

‘Frank! Wake up!’ snapped Rosie.

‘What’s that?’ he said groggily, sitting up straighter in his chair. ‘I was just resting my eyes.’

Ruby giggled.

‘But I wanna stay up and see Santa!’ cried Oscar.

‘Me too,’ piped in Ruby.

‘Santa doesn’t come to boys and girls who argue with their Mum, you know,’ said Holly.

Uncle Frank stepped in.

‘Tell you what, how about I tell you a story, and then Granny reads you a story, but then you have to go to bed as your Mum says.’

‘Okay,’ said Oscar, resigned as he snuggled up between Rosie and Holly on the couch.

Ruby snuggled up to Frank, upside down with her arm dangling down, patting Lucky at their feet.

Frank began the story.

*“It was Christmas Eve at Santa’s workshop at the North Pole, and Jingles the elf was busy checking off Santa’s list as the workshop Elves loaded the big, red sack on the sleigh with presents for all the good little boys and girls in the whole world.”*

‘But how do they fit all the presents in the sack?’ asked Oscar.

‘It’s a magical sack with endless room,’ answered Frank, then continued with the story.

*“With the sleigh fully loaded, Santa patted each reindeer and gave them sugar cubes as the elves harnessed the gentle creatures into their positions before they set off to deliver the presents.*

*But then, an almighty sneeze nearly blew Santa’s hat right off his head!*

*‘Who sneezed?’ asked Santa, full of concern, for he loved his reindeer very much.*

*Rudolph, the head reindeer, sneezed again. Santa went straight to him. Rudolph’s nose, though red, was not glowing. Now, without his glowing nose, he can’t light up the night sky for the sleigh. Poor Rudolph dipped his head, and Santa knew he felt very sad that he had let Santa down.”*

*‘Oh dear!’ said Ruby, eyes wide.*

*Frank patted her soothingly.*

*“But Jingles the elf came to the rescue.*

*‘You can borrow Sparklefarts, my unicorn!’ cried Jingles.”*

*Oscar and Ruby giggled at their Uncle, though Rosie looked disapprovingly at Frank.*

*“We can make his golden horn light the way for Santa with Elf Magic!!*

*‘Jingles, that’s marvellous!’ cried Santa. He turned to the reindeer and asked, ‘Rudolph, are you feeling up to the run?’*

*Rudolph nodded his head.*

*‘Wonderful news, dear friend! You can guide Sparklefarts tonight! Jingles, pop Sparklefarts right up front next to Rudolph.’*

*Rudolph chirruped and nuzzled Santa.*

*‘There’s just one hitch, Santa,’ said Jingles. ‘Sparklefarts has a bit of a flatulence problem; he constantly farts a glittery cloud that smells like cupcakes.’”*

*Oscar and Ruby burst into peals of laughter.*

‘Frank!’ snapped Rosie. ‘I don’t think this is appropriate!’  
‘Lighten up, Mum,’ said Holly, giggling too. ‘The kids love it!’

Frank, smirking, continued the story.

*“Oh well,” said Santa. “I think we can put up with the smell of cupcakes in order to get the toys delivered to the children on time! And a little extra glitter never hurts!”*

*Jingles harnessed the unicorn next to Rudolph, who nuzzled Sparklefarts as if to wish him luck. Santa took his seat on the sleigh and shouted, “Up, up and away!” and off they went on the magical toy run, the golden unicorn horn lighting the way. And that’s how Sparklefarts saved Christmas!”*

The kids cheered, shouting Sparklefarts repeatedly and clapping at their Uncle’s story. Even Rosie chuckled.

‘What do unicorns eat?’ asked Ruby.

‘Christmas cupcakes, of course!’ said Holly, ‘Hang on ...’ She darted to the kitchen, returning with a decorated cupcake with glittery sprinkles. ‘This should be good for Sparklefarts!’

‘Oh good,’ said Ruby, relieved. She took the little cake from her mother and carefully placed it on the plate with the carrots for the reindeer and the cookies for Santa. ‘Lucky we made some, Mummy!’

‘Can we have a cake, Mum?’ asked Oscar.

‘They’re for tomorrow, Oscar,’ said Holly. ‘You’ve had enough treats for one night, Christmas or not.’

Oscar scowled at his mother.

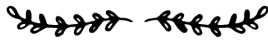
Rosie interjected.

‘How about a nice hot chocolate, and we read *The Night Before Christmas*?’

‘Can we have marshmallows in it?’ asked Oscar, pushing the Christmas cheer as far as he could without getting another scolding.

‘Only if you gather up the empty cups and help Uncle Frank,’ said Rosie. ‘He makes the best hot chocolate ever, you know!’

‘Never a truer word said, Rosie girl. Come on, kids,’ said Frank as they gathered the cups and trooped into the kitchen.



Rosie and Holly both sighed in relief for a moment’s peace.

‘Thanks for coming over, Mum,’ said Holly, scooching across the couch and resting her head on her Mum’s shoulder. ‘I know it’s a tradition that we come over to you guys, but it’s just easier to settle the kids here.’

‘That was Mum and Dad’s way. High time to make our own tradition,’ said Rosie. She paused, gazing at the tree, lost in thought.

‘You and the kids are my whole world, Hols. Never forget that,’ said Rosie, adding, ‘Frank’s too.’

‘I’d be lost without you two,’ said Holly.

‘Sweet little girl,’ murmured Rosie, stroking her daughter’s hair.

They sat silently for a few minutes, enjoying the moment and watching the twinkling lights on the tree.

‘Make way! Make way!’ shouted Frank, returning from the kitchen, the kids mimicking their Uncle at the top of

their lungs. ‘The best hot chocolate you’re ever gonna taste is coming through!’

Both the kids giggling with delight, helped hand out the drinks as requested by Frank. Then, sipping happily, they all settled down to listen to Rosie read, Ruby now cuddling up to Holly and Oscar, his uncle.

‘Granny Nancy reads this story every Christmas Eve,’ said Rosie. ‘She read it to Uncle Frank and me when we were little, *and* your Mummy, *and* you two. But as Granny and Gramps are in Noosa this year, it’s up to me! Everybody ready?’

Both the kids nodded eagerly, sipping their drinks.

Rosie began reading.

*“‘Twas the night before Xmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ...”*

Tears prickled the corner of Frank’s eyes as he looked around at his family; his niece’s gentle smile at her mother and the children’s happy faces, listening avidly to their Granny.

Perhaps the most important things would stay the same after all.



# Thanks for reading!

*Dear Reader,*

*Thanks for reading How sparklefarts saved Christmas! I hope you enjoyed it and had a giggle!*

*Frank, Rosie, Holly and the kids are a huge part of the Mullet, so I thought it would be nice to introduce you to the family on Christmas Eve!*

*Special thanks to my family, Ant & Max & Bobby, for making every Christmas truly magical.*

*Merry Christmas all,  
See you at the Mullet ...*

*Love & kindness,  
Maddy x*





**M**addy's quirky uplit stories are about the ordinary heroes of the world, set in Australian suburbia, where marvellous misfits find their inner magic.

A practical dreamer, Maddy is currently working through years of chicken scratchings in her very untidy scrawl, creating her fantabulous story world, with kindness at the core. Her memorable characters stay with you long after the book is closed.

She also enjoys cooking up a feast, crocheting miniature creations for whimsical tea parties while binge-watching her favourite geek shows, and hanging out at home in the garden with her husband, daughter and the dogs, the best people ever.

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