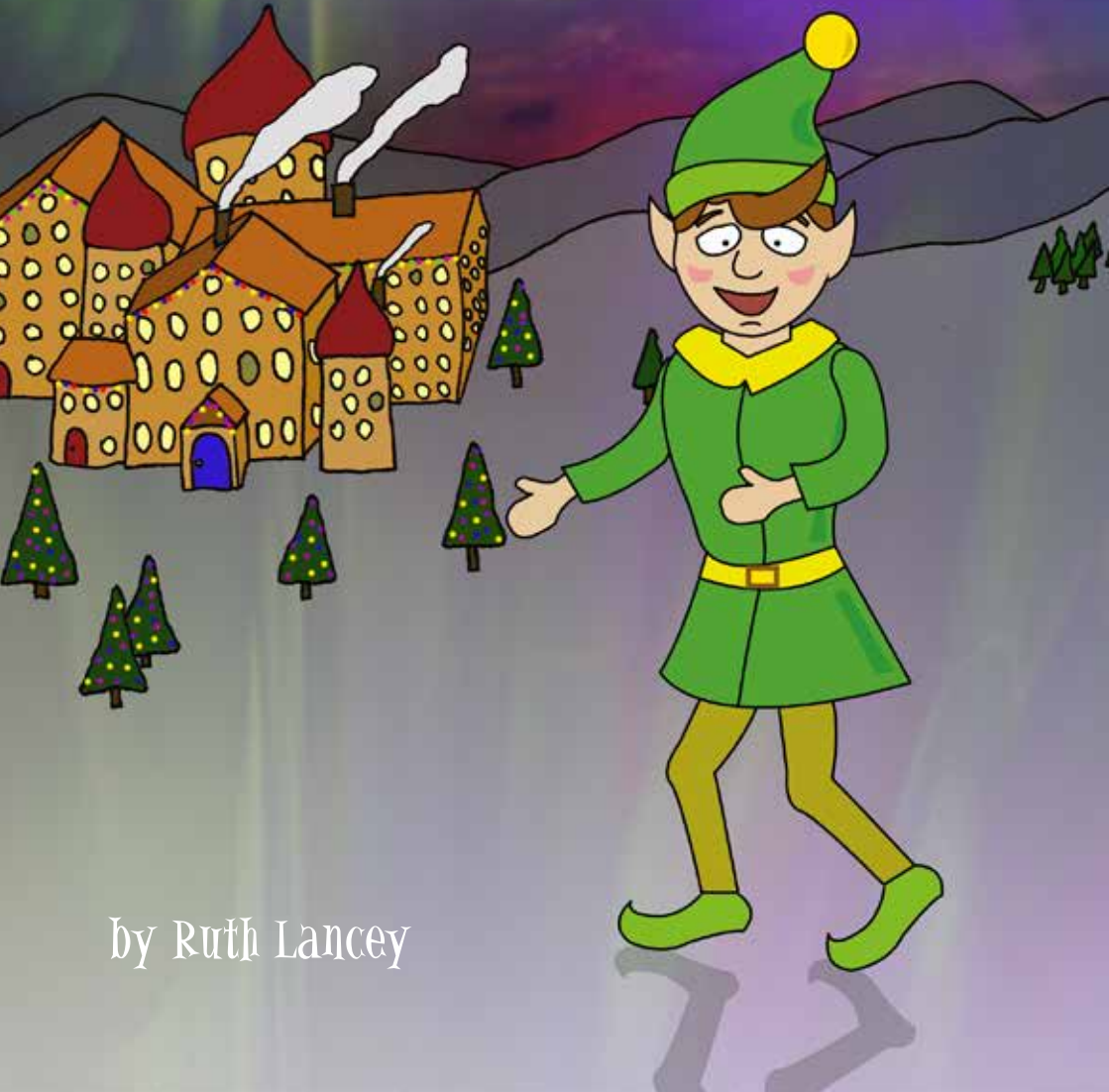


The Lost Elf

(called Clive)



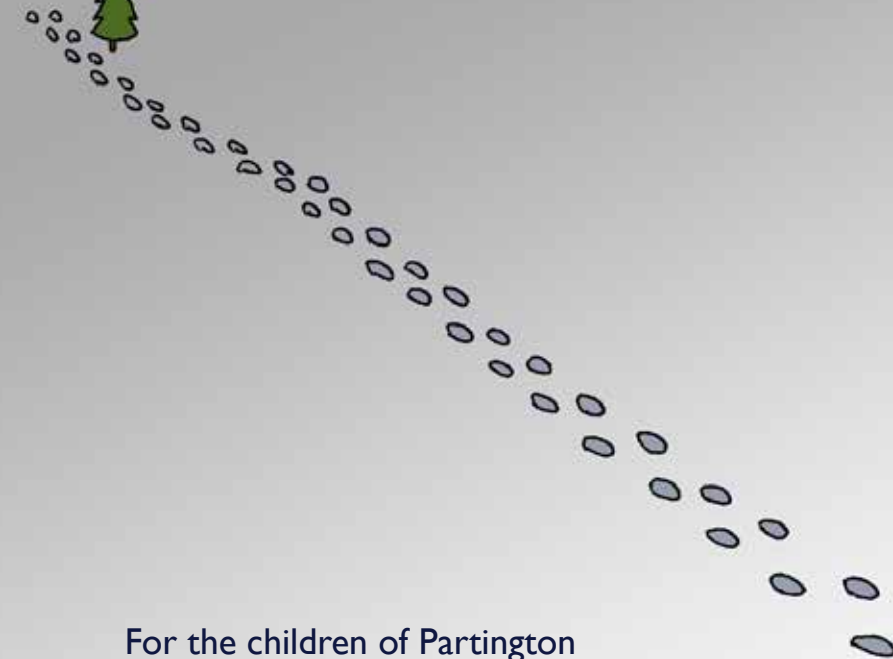
by Ruth Lancey

The Lost Elf

(Called Clive)

Written and illustrated by Ruth Lancey

With thanks to all our wonderful supporters
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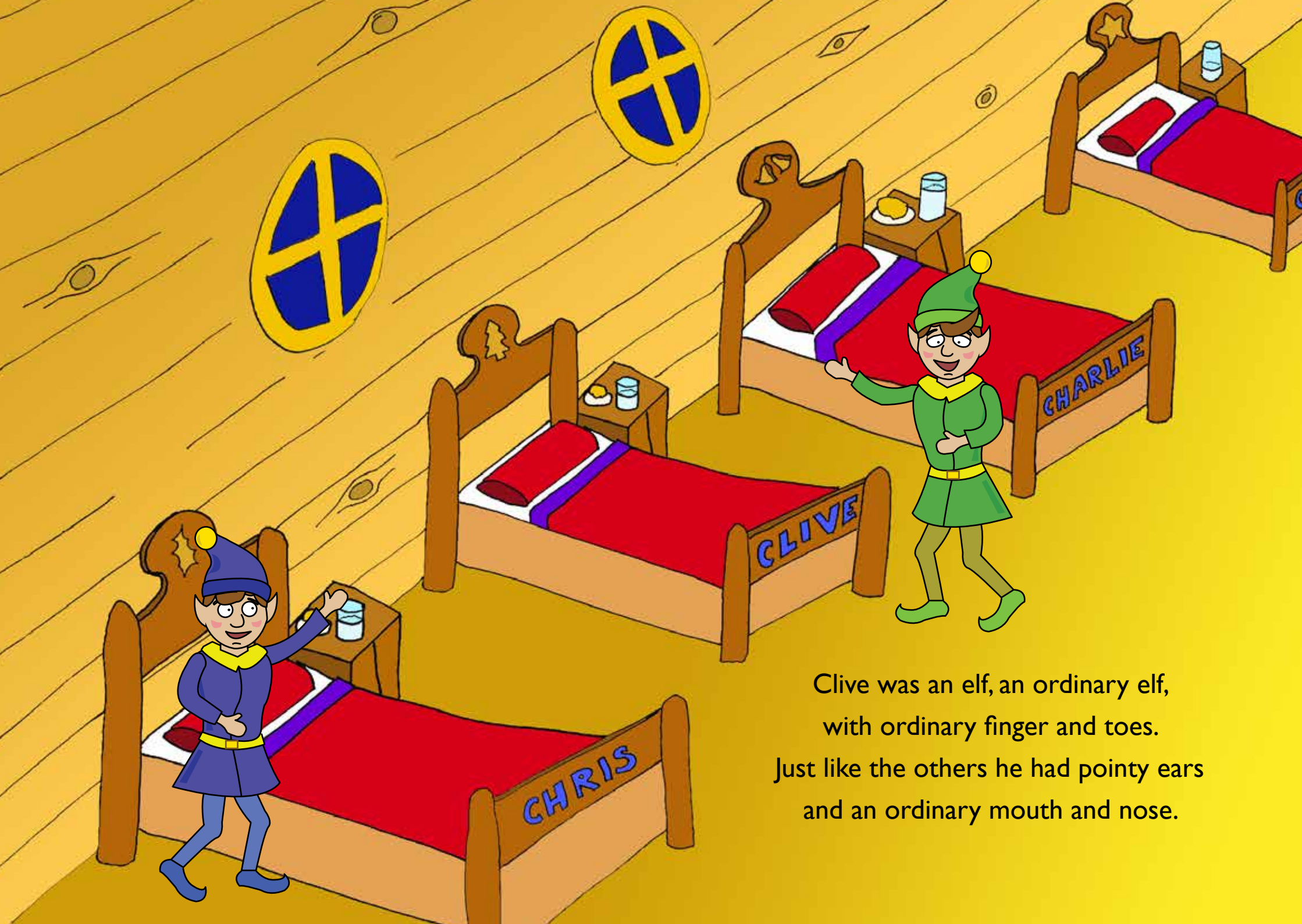


For the children of Partington
and all the children who love The Hideaway

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Written and illustrated by Ruth Lancey.





Clive was an elf, an ordinary elf,
with ordinary finger and toes.
Just like the others he had pointy ears
and an ordinary mouth and nose.

But poor Clive was glum, he didn't feel special,
and couldn't make toys very quickly.

When Charlie made nine teddies,
Clive managed four
with fur that was ever so tickly.





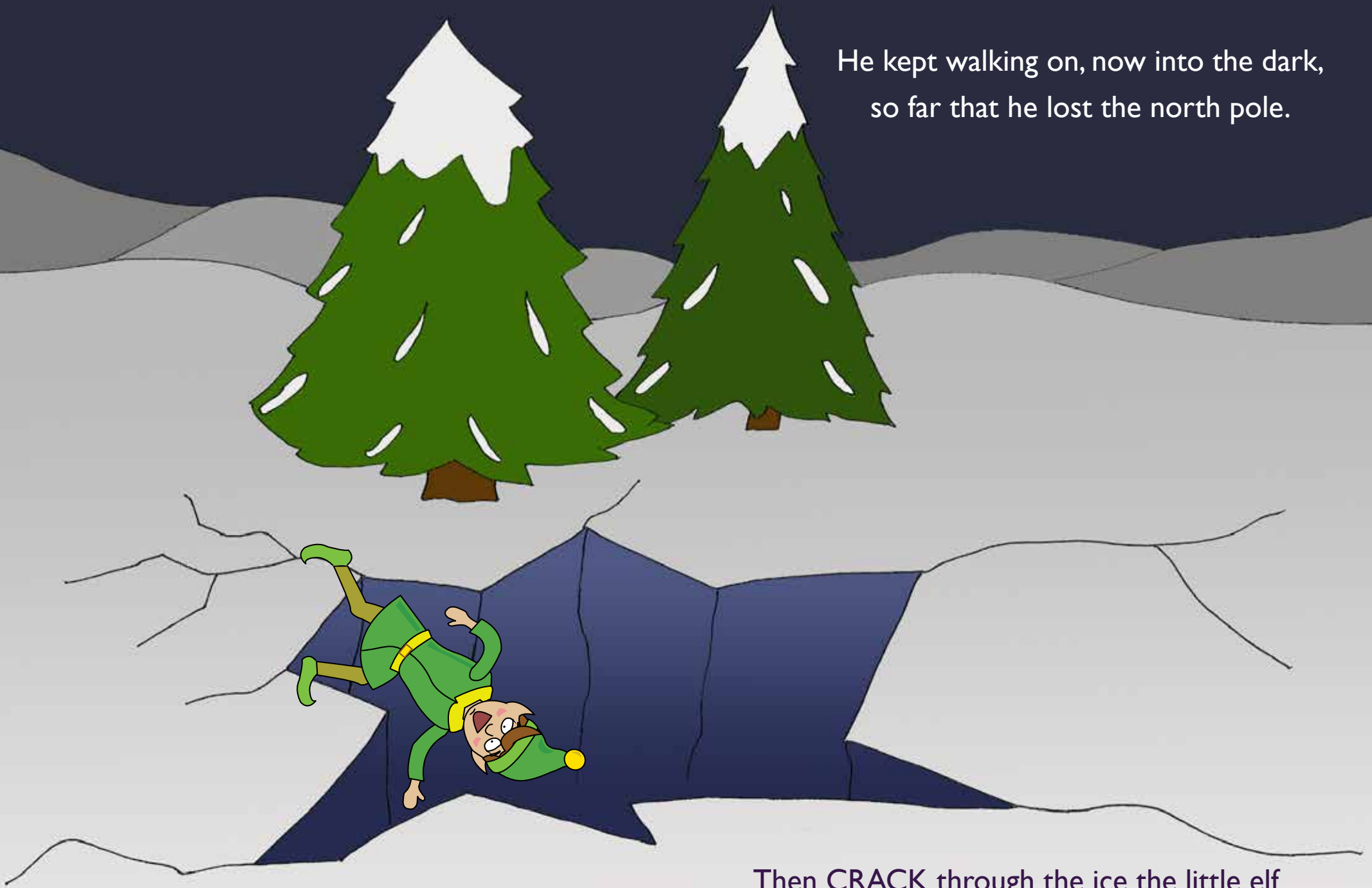
Clive often wondered if others would notice,
if one day he just up and left.
Maybe he'd find something else to be good at,
there must be *something* he guessed.

The elf packed his bag and set off in the snow;
at first it was just a small flurry.

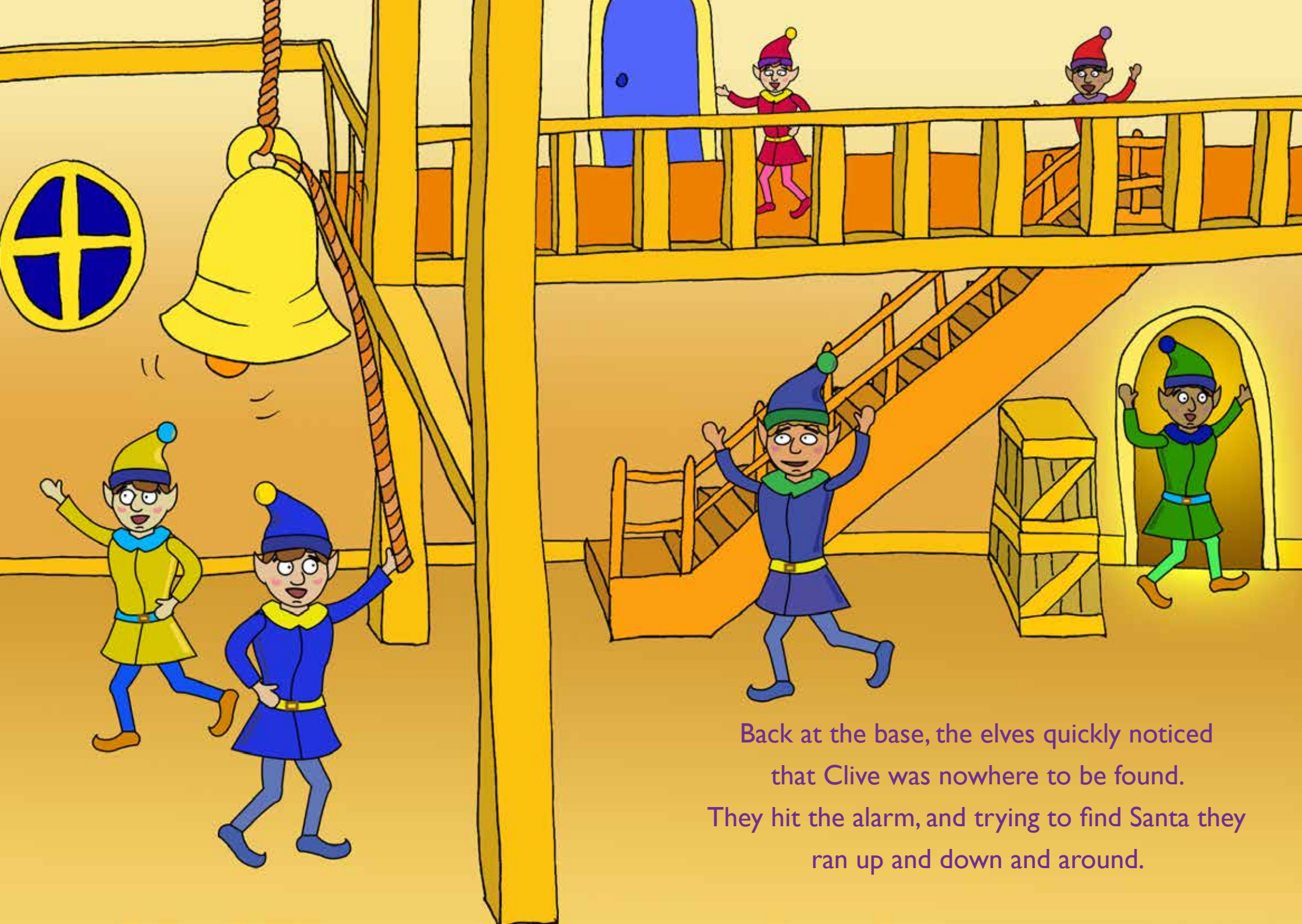


The night it grew colder,
the wind started howling and
poor Clive started to worry.

He kept walking on, now into the dark,
so far that he lost the north pole.



Then CRACK through the ice the little elf
tumbled, down deep into a big hole!



Back at the base, the elves quickly noticed that Clive was nowhere to be found. They hit the alarm, and trying to find Santa they ran up and down and around.

Chloe Elf spotted some tracks in the snow
and Santa called for his suit.

Wasting no time he ran out in the dark,
stumbling around in one boot.





As the snow fell, the tracks disappeared,
and Santa was losing his way.
He shouted Clive's name into the dark,
how he wished he'd remembered his sleigh!



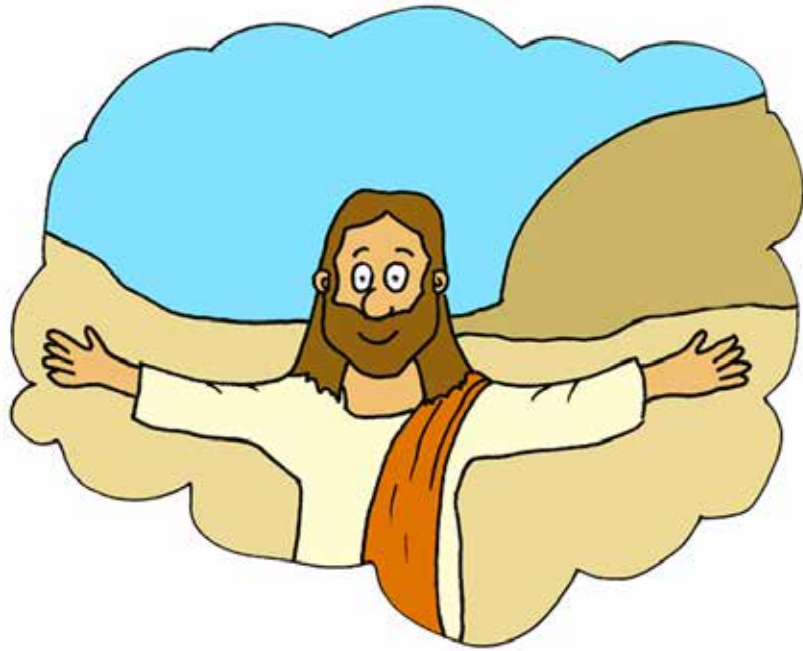
He slid on the ice and with a great skid
he tumbled down with a dive.
Face down in a hole, a voice shouted “help”,
Santa’s heart leapt for joy, it was Clive!

He threw down a rope, with a heave and a shove,
but poor Clive had taken a bump.
Carefully Santa pulled up the small elf whose
head had grown a huge lump.



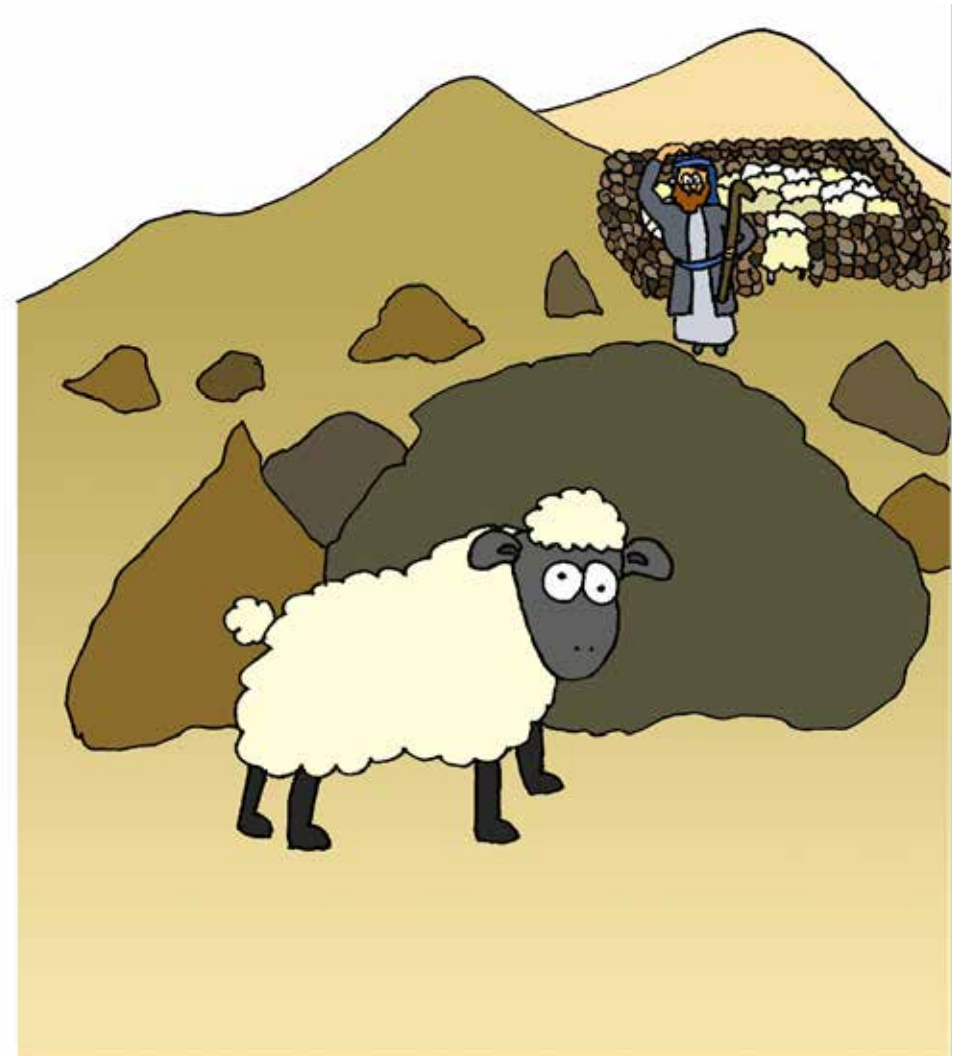


Santa put poor Clive over his shoulder,
carrying him back to the base.
Clive asked the big man why he came looking
and searching all over the place.

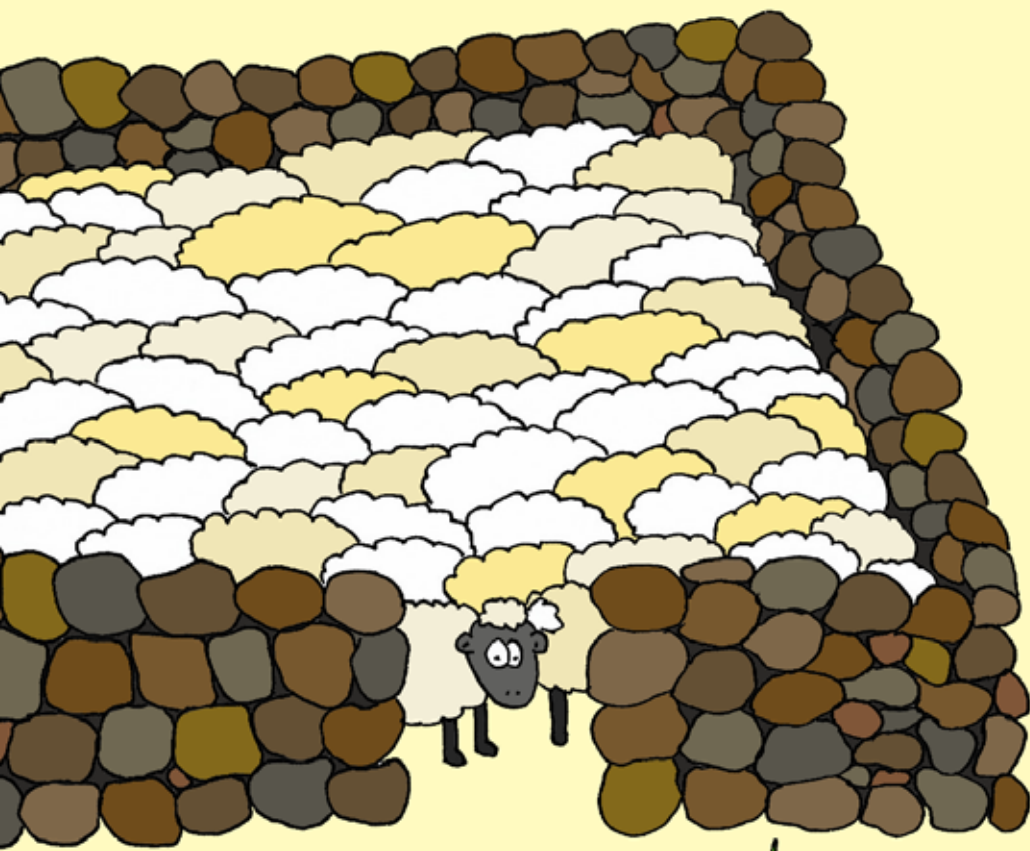


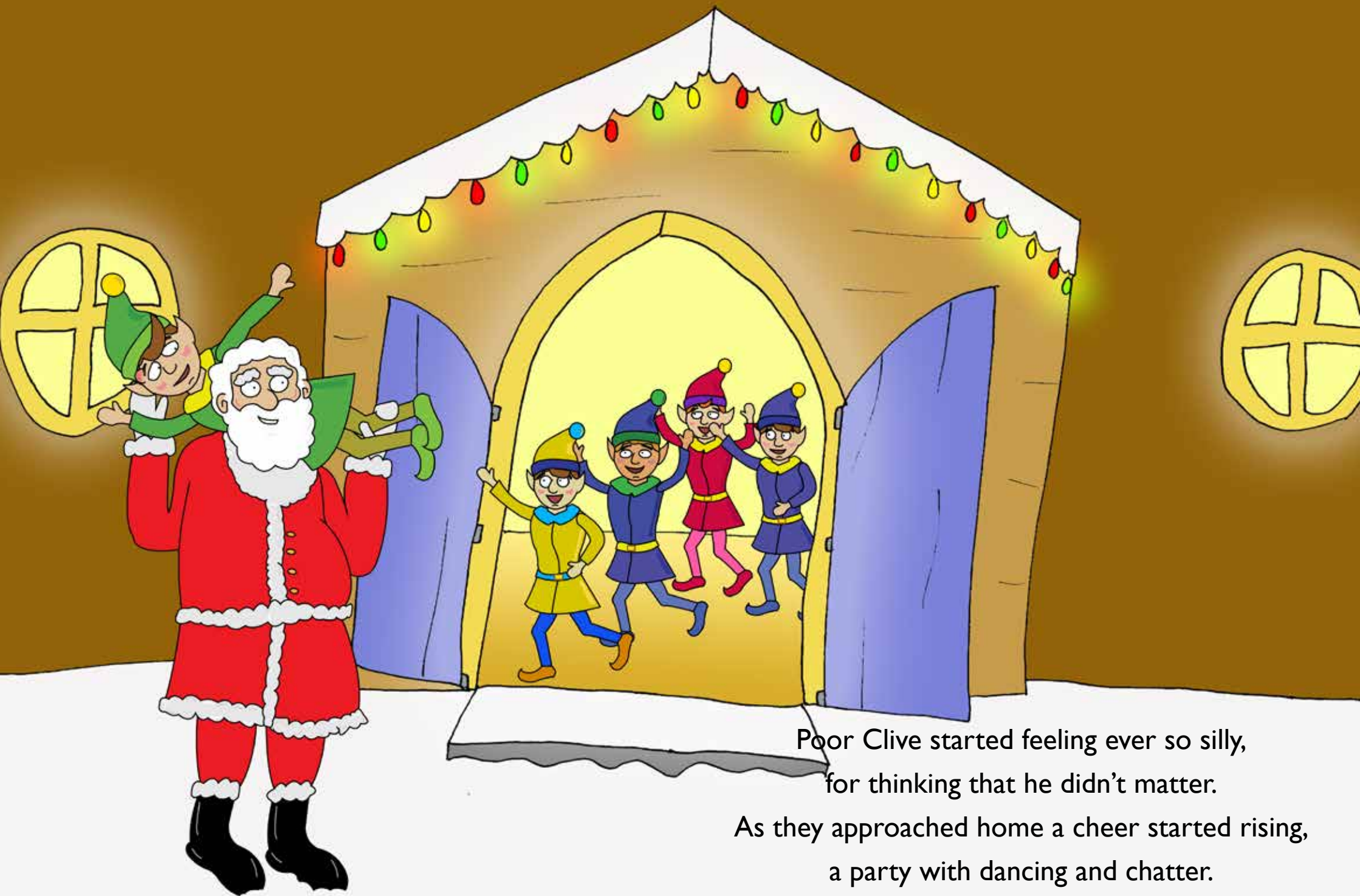
Santa told Clive
about a young sheep
in a story that Jesus once told.

When the sheep had gone missing,
the shepherd went searching
to bring him back into the fold.



The shepherd had left 99 sheep behind,
as soon as he realised he'd gone.
Even little lost sheep are important enough to
leave the whole flock just for one.





Poor Clive started feeling ever so silly,
for thinking that he didn't matter.

As they approached home a cheer started rising,
a party with dancing and chatter.



They elves were so happy
to have their friend home,
the air was filled with delight.
Clive then said sorry to Santa who loved him,
they hugged and then partied all night.

Clive was an ordinary elf, but was he a little bit too ordinary? This book tells the story of Clive's search to find his place, and the adventure he embarks on as he learns the biggest lesson of all.

Written for younger children, the Lost Elf is a unique rhyming story and the follow on from Santa's Special Gift.



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