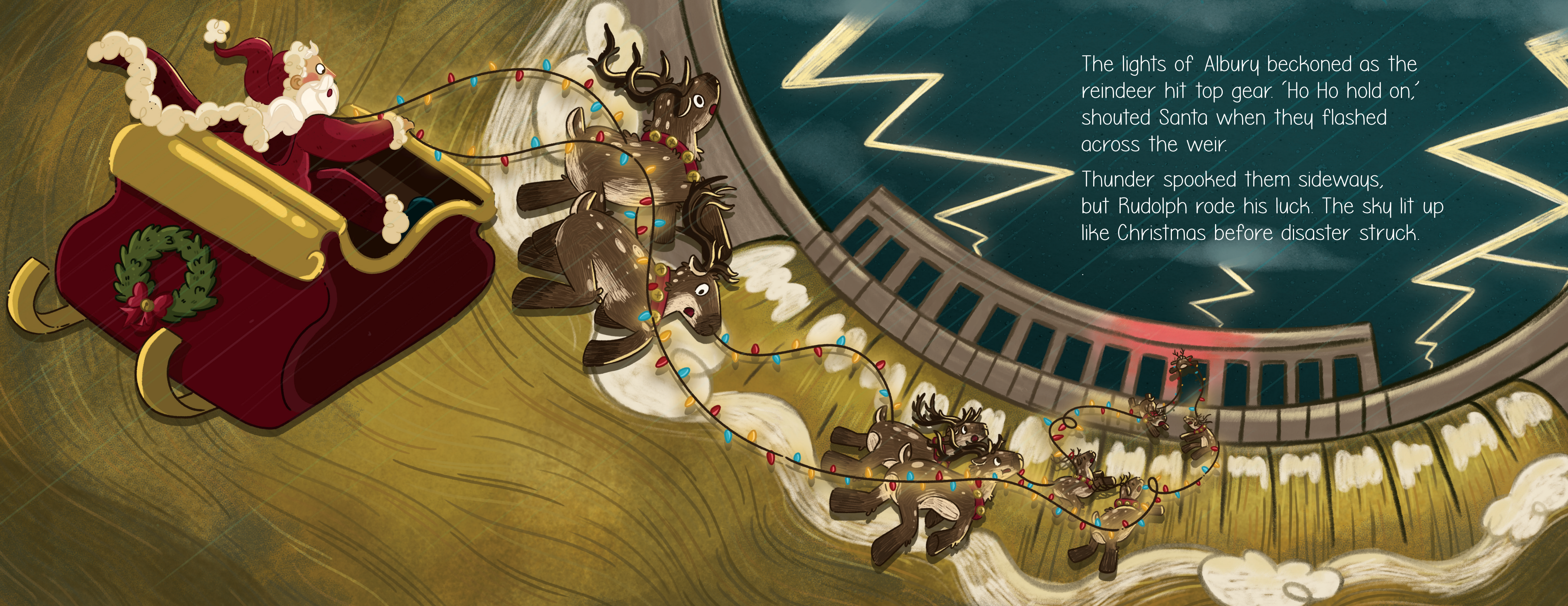


The reindeer sensed it first on that faithful training flight.
A whisper on the wind that rippled through the night.

The storm was soon upon them as Santa seized the reins
and sprinted south along the Great Dividing Range.





The lights of Albury beckoned as the reindeer hit top gear. 'Ho Ho hold on,' shouted Santa when they flashed across the weir.

Thunder spooked them sideways, but Rudolph rode his luck. The sky lit up like Christmas before disaster struck.



Down they dove at breakneck speed, enough to make you quiver.
But somehow missed the willow trees and landed in the river.
'Oh, jingle bells,' spluttered Santa as the sleigh quickly sank.
He saved his favourite hat and clambered up the bank.