



Dear K-Dogg, Bug, and Boo,

Sometimes things happen, and during the day I may fall,
Or get bumped or knocked over, maybe hit with a ball.
My magic only lets me roam free in the night,
So I won't be able to make myself right.

Please let your parents fix me, remember the rule,
You shouldn't touch me on purpose--don't be a fool!
When I am bumped accidentally, my magic may last,
But if you touch me on purpose, it fades really fast.

So last night I had enough magic to fly
Back to the North Pole to see the big red guy.
He healed me up with some magic recovery dust,
For a little magic drain, it really is a must!

I brought some back with me so if it happens again,
Your mum, dad, or aunt can quickly put me to mend.
But please try to be careful because it's really not fun
To lose any of my magic, no matter how it's done.

And Dad, Mum and Aunty, please hide away
My Magic Recovery Dust, safe for another day.
I'm all healed up and don't need it right now,
But in this house I may fall again--Ow!

Love Your Elf Clyde

PS. Bug, I'm trying to write my very best
So you can read my letters-I hope this passes the test!

