

Christmas in Noisy Village

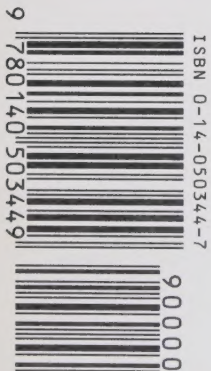
By ASTRID LINDGREN

and ILON WIKLAND




“A beautiful book for family sharing; the text recounts the joys of young children at Christmas in a Swedish setting. . . . a book to be looked at for many holidays to come.”

—*School Library Journal* (starred review)



Christmas in Noisy Village



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/christmasinnoisy0000lind>

Christmas in Noisy Village

By ASTRID LINDGREN and ILON WIKLAND

Translated by Florence Lamborn



Puffin Books

Jul i Bullerbyn. Copyright © 1963 by Astrid Lindgren and Ilon Wikland
Christmas in Noisy Village. Copyright 1964 in all countries of the International Copyright Union
by The Viking Press, Inc. All rights reserved



In Noisy Village there are three farms, North Farm, Middle Farm, and South Farm. Everyone calls the farms Noisy Village because there are so many children around making noise all the time.

Britta and Anna live at North Farm, Karl and Bill and I live at Middle Farm, and Olaf and his little sister, Kerstin, live at South Farm. This is how Noisy Village looks in the winter.





Christmas is a happy time, especially in Noisy Village. Even the sparrows are happy because we put up sheaves of oats for them, and for the bullfinches too, of course, and all the other little hungry birds.

We children enjoy Christmas even more than the sparrows do. I'm going to tell you what we did last Christmas in Noisy Village.

Three days before Christmas we baked gingersnaps. It was great fun, almost as good as Christmas Eve. You could smell gingersnaps all over Noisy Village.

"This cooky smell is the kind I like," Karl said. He made nineteen gingersnap pigs and I made fourteen and Bill made eleven. We made hearts and stars too.







All of us children have to help with the work at Christmas time. We spent one whole day bringing in firewood on our old sled.

“We can’t possibly burn up all this wood,” Olaf said suddenly. “This is more than enough.”

He only said that because he was lazy and didn’t want to work any longer. But then his mother said, “We can’t have any lazybones around in the middle of the Christmas rush. Everybody has to help.”

Not Kerstin, of course. She just rode on top of the load of wood and had a fine time. But then, she’s still very little.







The day before Christmas Eve we went out to the woods to cut Christmas trees. We need four Christmas trees in Noisy Village—one for North Farm, one for Middle Farm, and one for South Farm, and then Grandfather has a little tree of his very own.

My daddy cut all the trees but Grandfather's. Karl cut that one, and Britta and Anna pulled it home on their sled.

Skip, Olaf's dog, met us on the way home, and he barked at Olaf.

"That's because I wouldn't let him come along to the woods," Olaf said.





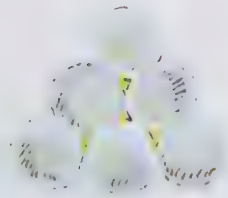
The evening before Christmas Eve we went around to all the houses in Noisy Village and sang Christmas carols outside the windows.

“God bless the master of the house,
God bless the mistress too,”

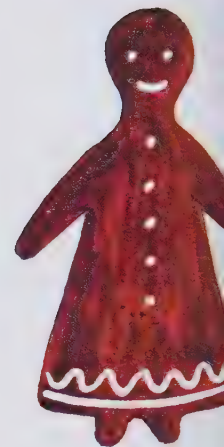
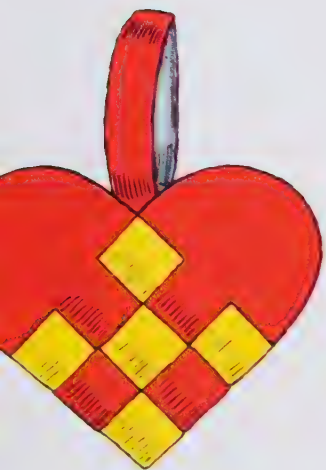
we sang.

At every house we made a snow lantern by piling snowballs in a cone shape, with a candle burning inside. All the lanterns glowed in the dark.

“Everything is so beautiful and Christmasy that it gives me a stomach-ache,” said Anna.







Grandfather is really only Britta's and Anna's grandfather. But we all call him Grandfather.

"With no more children than there are in Noisy Village, I can be a grandfather to all of them," he says.

We went up to his room and decorated his tree, and Anna kept on telling him how lovely it was because Grandfather is almost blind.

"But I can see inside my head how the tree looks," he said. "And I can smell it, too."
"I hope you can smell how red the apples are!" Anna said.





When I went to bed that night I was worried. I was sure our mother wouldn't get everything done in time. We won't have much of a Christmas this year, I thought.

But what did I see when I woke up on Christmas Eve? There in the living room stood the tree, all decorated, and a fire was crackling in the fireplace and everything was *beautiful!*







Christmas Eve is the longest day of the whole year!

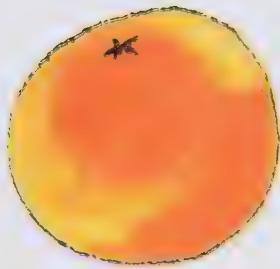
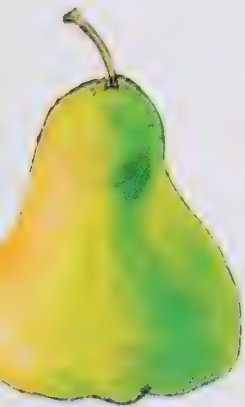
“All those hours you have to wait for your Christmas presents are what turn your hair gray,” Karl said.

Last year it snowed all day. We put on our Santa Claus caps and ran over with some little presents for Britta and Anna and Olaf and Kerstin and looked at their Christmas trees. Everything was so *pretty!*

Anna and Britta were wrapping their Christmas presents and fastening the paper with sealing wax, and their whole house smelled of sealing wax.







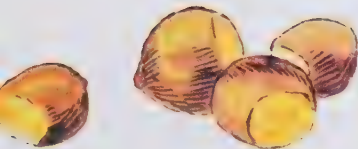
We always eat a lot here on Christmas Eve. We sit around the big kitchen table and eat and eat—ham and sausages and head cheese and Christmas fish and rice porridge and lots of other things.

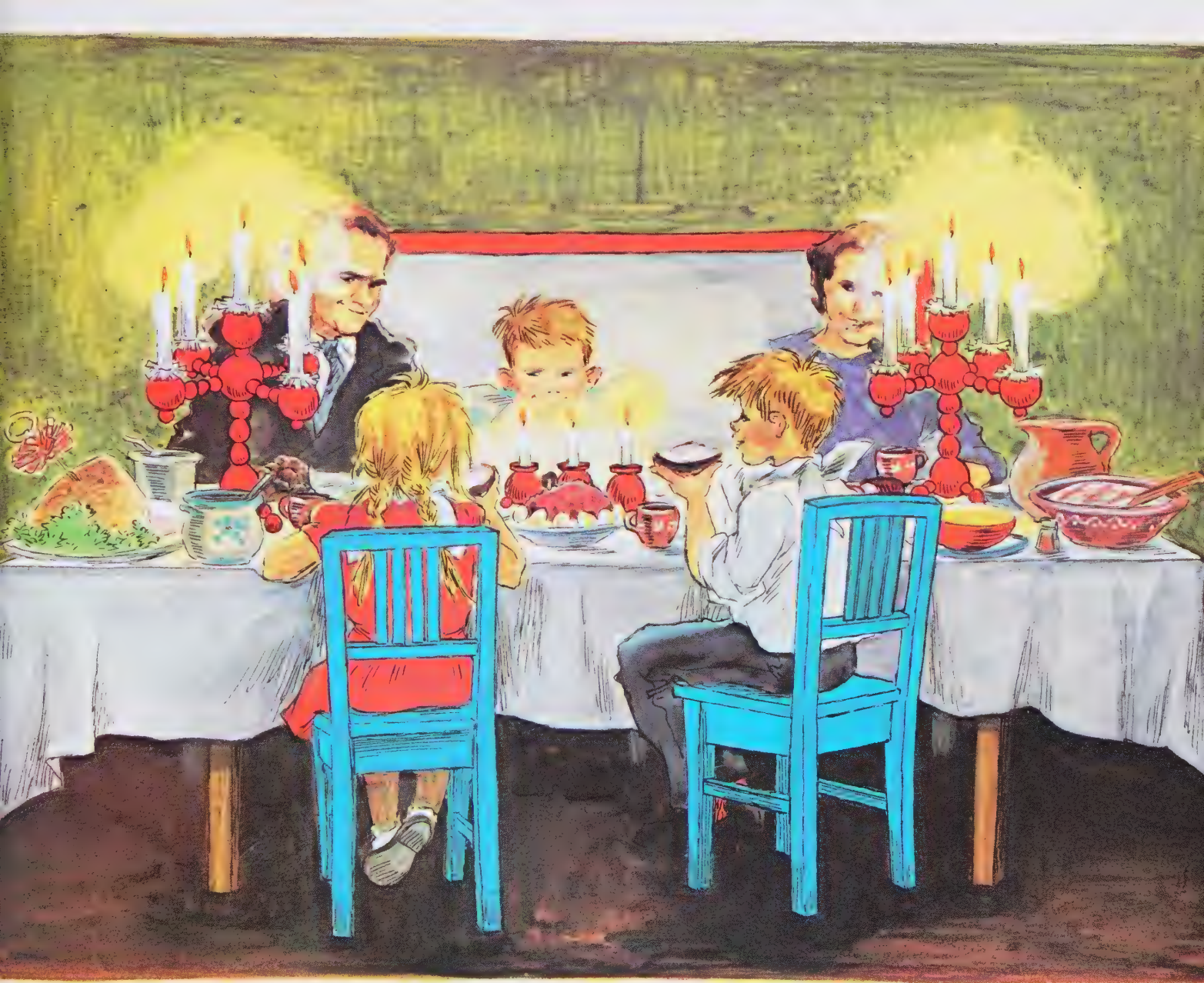
“Everyone has to make up a rhyme about the rice porridge,” Daddy said. “You have to do that on Christmas Eve.”

Bill’s rhyme was the best:

I’ve eaten so much I can’t eat any more
Because if I do I can’t get through the door.

But Karl said, “That’s the worst rhyme I’ve ever heard in my life.”







When we'd finished supper we sat in the living room while Daddy read to us about the Christ Child in the manger, and afterward we sang "Silent Night, Holy Night."

Then Karl shouted, "Look, here comes Santa Claus!" We all ran to the window and looked out, and there in the darkness came Santa Claus with his sleigh loaded with gifts. He carried a lantern to light his way.

"I feel all shivery inside," said Bill.

"I don't," Karl said. "Now we'll get our Christmas presents. What's shivery about that?"







I got ever so many presents, even more than I had wished for. Then we danced around the tree. Everyone in Noisy Village came to our house and danced around our tree—Grandfather, too, except that he didn't dance. He just sat still and kept on saying, "My, oh my!" The rest of us danced and sang all the more. "Christmas is here again," we sang.

And then we cracked nuts and ate oranges and almond candy.





Next morning we got up at six o'clock and went to church.

"Guess what I like?" Karl said. "I like riding in a sleigh by torchlight."

"Guess what I like?" Bill said. "I like sleigh bells and the smell of horses."

"Guess what I like?" I said. "I like Christmas."

"Well, of course," Karl said. "Everybody likes Christmas!"





When we got home from church we all took the skis we'd got for Christmas, and our toboggans, and went skiing and tobogganing all day.

Olaf had got a pair of skates, so he went skating down on the pond all by himself.





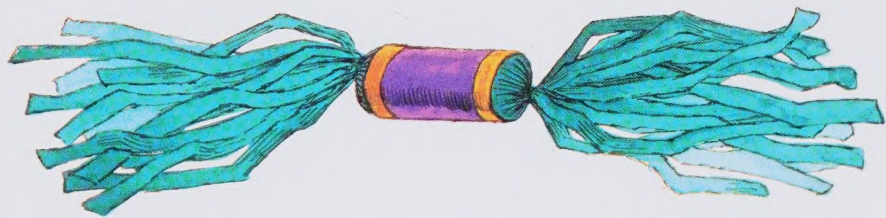
That evening we went to a Christmas party at Britta's and Anna's house. We played Blind Man's Buff and bobbed for apples and had a wonderful time.

Kerstin climbed up and sat on the table because she was a little afraid of the Blind Man. But she certainly wasn't afraid when we had fruit cake and tarts to eat!

Oh, isn't Christmas a jolly time? I wish it would come oftener, don't you?







Some Other Picture Puffins

The Adventures of King Rollo *David McKee*
Amos and Boris *William Steig*
Bunny Rabbit Rebus *Adler / Linden*
Daniel O'Rourke *Gerald McDermott*
Father Christmas *Raymond Briggs*
Gilberto and the Wind *Marie Hall Ets*
The Glorious Flight *Alice and Martin Provensen*
Henri Mouse *Mendoza / Boucher*
I Know a Lady *Zolotow / Stevenson*
Jenny's Baby Brother *Smith / Graham*
Loudmouth George and the Cornet *Nancy Carlson*
Madeline and the Gypsies *Ludwig Bemelmans*

Miss Rumphius *Barbara Cooney*
Mouse's Marriage *Junko Morimoto*
One Morning in Maine *Robert McCloskey*
Peter and the Wolf *Prokofiev / Mikolaycak*
Princess Pearl *Nicki Weiss*
Ridin' That Strawberry Roan *Marcia Sewall*
The Story of Holly and Ivy *Godden / Cooney*
Thy Friend, Obadiah *Brinton Turkle*
Tight Times *Hazen / Hyman*
What's Under My Bed? *James Stevenson*
Wings: A Tale of Two Chickens *James Marshall*
The Witch Baby *Wendy Smith*

PUFFIN BOOKS

A Division of Penguin Books USA Inc.

375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014

Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ England

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4

Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published by The Viking Press 1964

Published in Picture Puffins 1981

10 9 8 7 6

Jul i Bullerbyn

Copyright © 1963 by Astrid Lindgren and Ilon Wikland

Christmas in Noisy Village

Copyright 1964 in all countries of the International Copyright Union

by The Viking Press, Inc.

All rights reserved

ISBN 0 14 050,344 7

Library of Congress catalog card number: 64-21473

Printed in the United States of America

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser



Christmas in Noisy Village

By ASTRID LINDGREN

and ILON WIKLAND



Ages 3-8

CAN. \$5.95
U.S.A. \$3.95

ISBN 0-14-050344-7



50344

