

# BRIAN, EDNA and AMANDA DO CHRISTMAS



**A Ladybone Book**

Seasonal Festivities Explained Series





The Publishers gratefully acknowledge the kind assistance provided by the DHRA and the RSCBE in the production of this book. They have also benefitted greatly from the consummate skills and unfailingly patient understanding of Mrs Amanda J Threadbone.

Publishers: Ladybone Books Ltd, Great Heaving, Dorset  
*Printed in The West Country*

# Brian, Edna and Amanda Do Christmas



by

Blake Midwinter

*after an idea by Mrs Threadbone*

A Ladybone "Season Festivities Explained Book"

It was December and everyone was getting excited about Christmas. In the Dorset town of Cheselbourne, Salmonella Festive Bakes from Frank's Burger Van were selling fast, especially since the Council had planted a tree in the middle of the road and traffic was at a complete standstill.



To

THEATRE

Paradise

POST OFFICE

CARIS  
TOYS

QUATRY

TURKEYS  
REDUCED  
\$4.60 off

HOLLY

In the village nearby, Brian and Amanda were foraging for food. They had found a promising shrub and were discussing whether to boil or roast it.

*“Boiling is a better environmental alternative”*  
Brian opined, *“and the flavour will be fuller.”*

Amanda wasn't sure. She'd tried Brian's Holly Dip and decided it was crap. She fancied one of Frank's Salmonella Festive Bakes.



Amanda and Edna were planting the tree instead. Brian had told them that Christmas this year should be bio-ethically sustainable and that two decorations and a sharks' tooth necklace were quite enough.

*“Bollocks to that”, Edna thought, “but at least the tub will cover the funny damp patch mummy and Donald made last night and stop Stuart from sniffing it.”*

Stuart looked a completely different dog now Brian had stopped taking it upstairs and interfering with it.



Out in the garden, Brian's friend Drusilla Likhtarovich was out with her friend Robin Parker-Knowles. They were hunting for mistletoe. "*We can hang it by the fireside*" said Robin.

*"Or we can shoot the dog and nip behind that bush"* Drusilla suggested. "*This stuff really works and it doesn't grow on trees you know*".

Brian's friends were often the source of his bio-ethical confusion.



An important Christmas tradition is that everyone goes to the local Amateur Dramatic Group pantomime and pretends to enjoy themselves. This year it was *Aladdin*.

*“Pantomime is a morally improving theatrical genre packed with aphoristic truisms”* Brian explained. *“Yes and as boring as fuck”*, Amanda thought. *“Still, mummy looks good in a pointy hat”*, Edna added, *“though Donald seems to have put his back out making that funny stain last night.”*



Outside the Department Store they met a small homeless child from the local estate.

*“Shall we take him home and share the joy and blessings of the newly-born Christ child with him this Christmastide?”* Edna asked.

“No”, said Donald firmly, *“he probably smells”*.



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At last the big day arrived and it was time to open presents . *“I will try to look pleased”* Brian thought, although he was disappointed Donald had opted to encourage an irresponsible interest in high-emission vehicles when hybrid alternatives were now available at perfectly reasonable prices.

*“Oh good .. a gender stereotype reinforcing doll”* Amanda exclaimed, *“just the thing for a thrusting future corporate Board chair to play with.”* *“Some people”*, she added bitterly *“and anyway it isn’t even one of those that wets itself”*.



Donald was also trying to look pleased. He had a feeling he'd seen a box like this before and remembered that he had assumed it was the decanter, two Waterford crystal glasses and bottle of 25 year old Glenmorangie he had asked for.

*“You’ll be lucky”, smirked mummy, “after what you tried on last night.” “You’re getting new webbing for your surgical truss... like it or lump it.”*



Donald was definitely having a flashback.

Mummy remembered as well. A modern woman didn't easily forget being surprised by 8 inches and a opportunistic reacharound even if it was 10 years ago.

*"I could tie you up with this"* Donald mused, *"then let's see who's smiling"*.



After that, nobody could be arsed to open any more presents ... and anyway the fire had gone out.



*Michael*

Later that evening a group of carol singers came to the door. "*How delightful*" said mummy ... "*I'll get some earplugs*".

*"Tell them to sod off"*, called a voice from indoors. Donald was on his fifth Glenmorangie and Christmas was definitely over!



The author would like to thank the illustrator Dierdre Eastman-Kodakawzcki for bringing her tale so beautifully to life. He would also like to thank Mina Careless-Hands, RCM, RCO Organist of Our Lady of Small Mercies for advice on Christmas Carols

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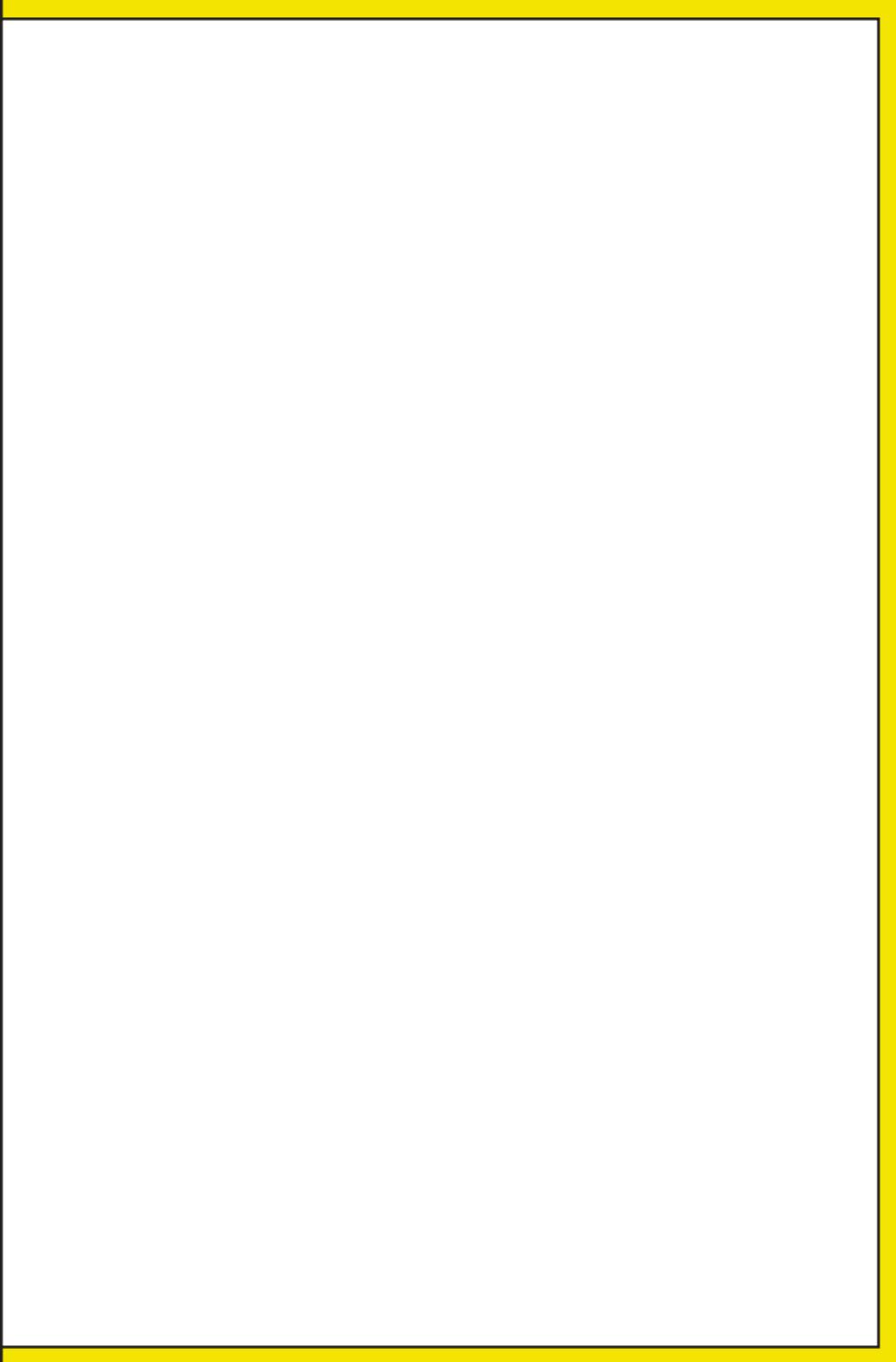


First published 2016

Printed in the West Country  
at threadbone **craft**print ltd.

ISBN: 985-0-632-187654-3

[www.thethreadbonepress.com](http://www.thethreadbonepress.com)





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