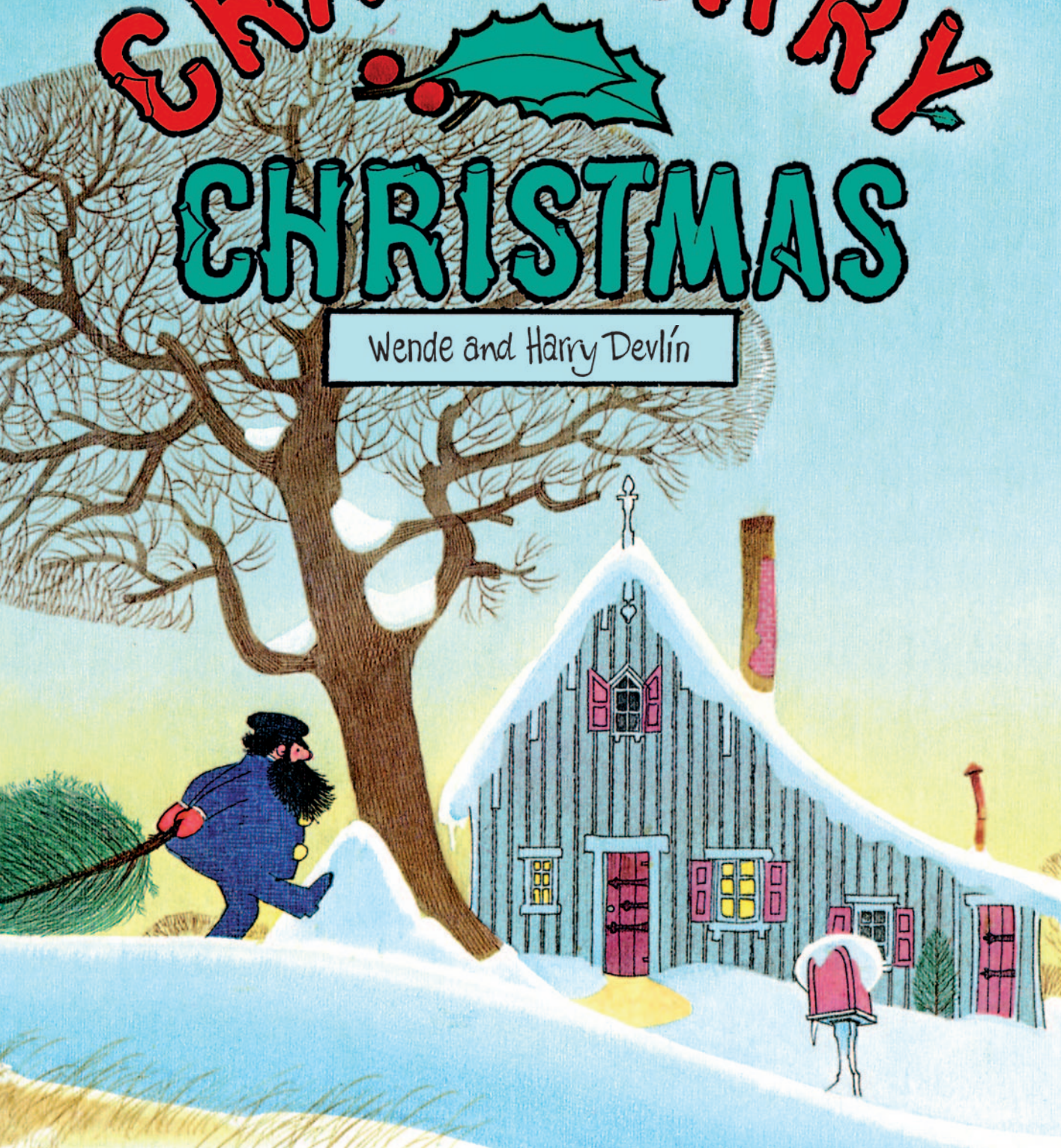


# CRANBERRY CHRISTMAS

Wende and Harry Devlin



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Wende and Harry Devlin

Purple House Press

Kentucky

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Cranberry Christmas  
Cranberry Valentine  
Old Black Witch!  
Old Witch and the Polka-Dot Ribbon

*for Elizabeth Wende*



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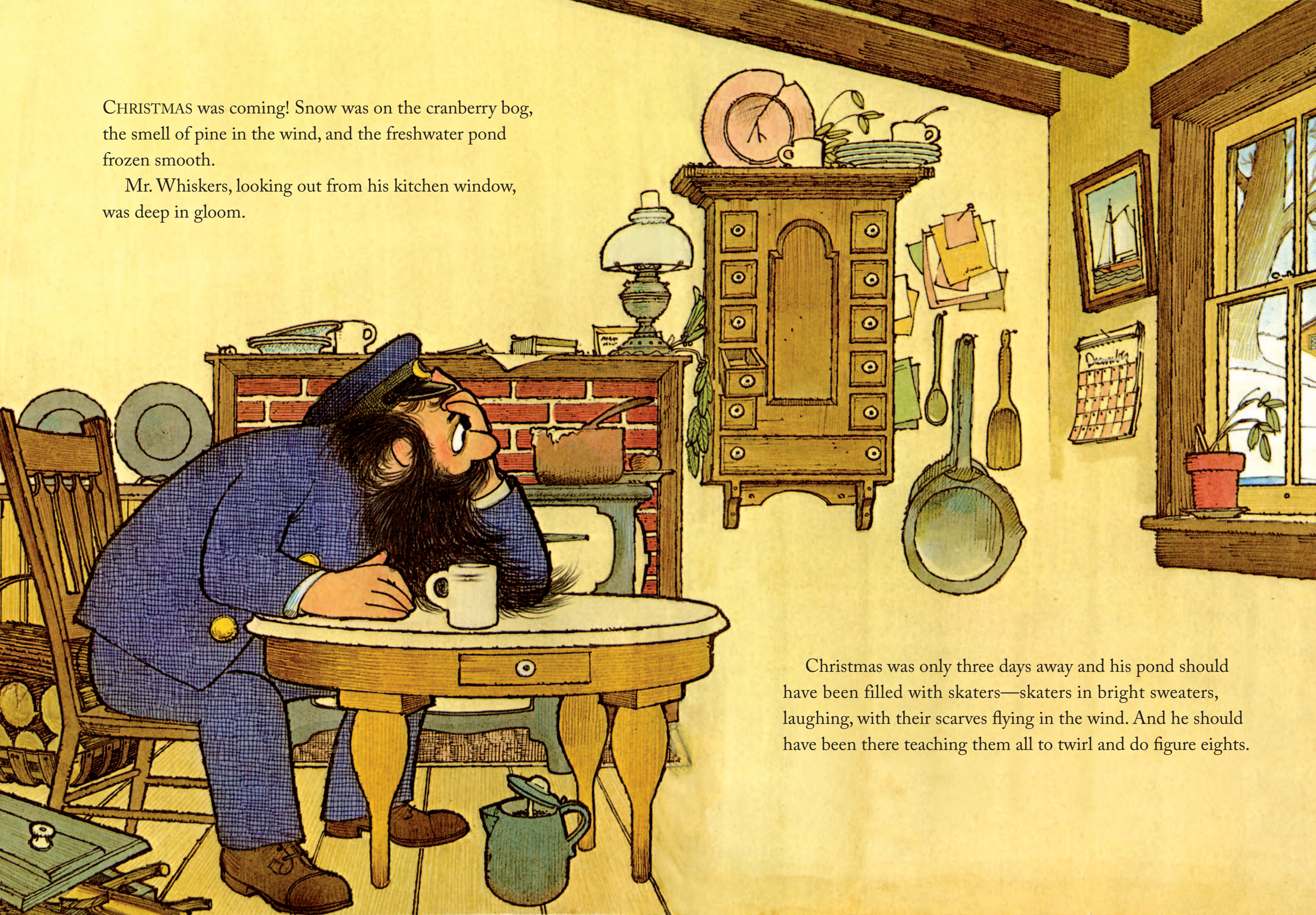
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Summary: Mr. Whiskers faces a gloomy Christmas until Maggie and her grandmother help him straighten out his house and find the deed to the nearby pond.

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CHRISTMAS was coming! Snow was on the cranberry bog, the smell of pine in the wind, and the freshwater pond frozen smooth.

Mr. Whiskers, looking out from his kitchen window, was deep in gloom.



Christmas was only three days away and his pond should have been filled with skaters—skaters in bright sweaters, laughing, with their scarves flying in the wind. And he should have been there teaching them all to twirl and do figure eights.

But old Cyrus Grape had changed all that. He had moved next door to Mr. Whiskers, into the stone house on the rise, and claimed that the pond was on his land. Cyrus didn't like children. Whenever he saw them on the pond, he would hop on his sled and slide bumpity-bump down the hill.

"Scat! Off my pond or I'll have the sheriff after you!" Cyrus would shout as he shook his cane and chased the skaters to the snowy banks.

"It's my pond, you old scoundrel! Mine!" Mr. Whiskers would boom back.

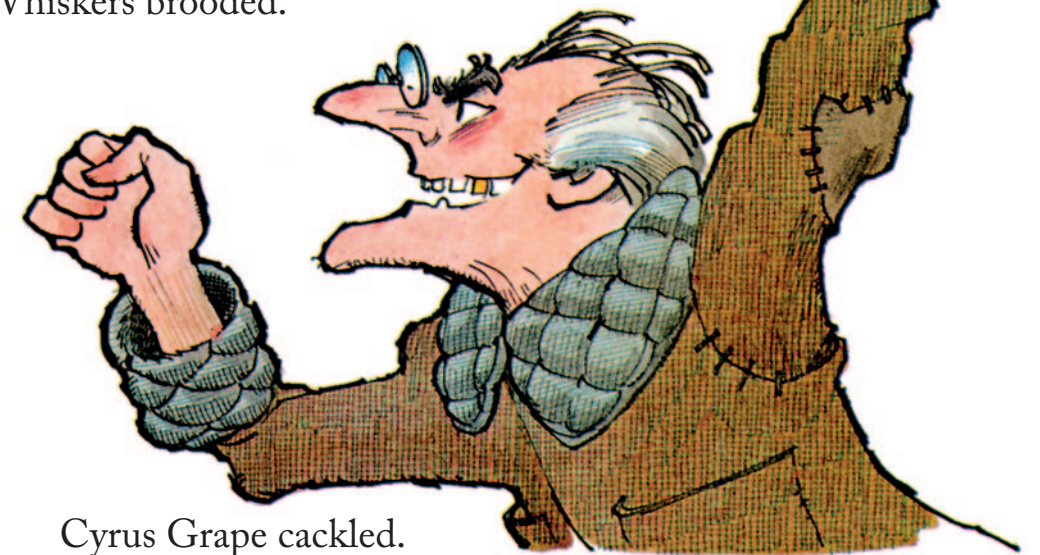




But when the old sea captain searched through the attic, the desk, and the cellar of his little gray cottage, he could find nothing to prove that he owned the pond. He began to wonder if he *did* own the pond.



Mr. Whiskers brooded.



Cyrus Grape cackled.



And the little children sadly hung up their skates.