

Nautilus  
7 metres under the ice,  
Strait of Bering,  
Arctic Circle.

*Christmas 2006*

Dear Father Christmas,

I've done my best to be a good boy: I didn't put my toys in the main turbine or stink bombs in the ventilation system as I used to do.

Please can you bring me...:

A new scuba with a diving suit. I've grown out of the last one I was given for my birthday.

A dolphin fancy dress to spy on the secret operations of the US Navy in the South Pacific. The one I've got isn't exactly discreet. I've been harpooned twice by the Norwegians!

A scale model of the Rainbow Warrior to play in the bath. I'm fed up to the back teeth with the yellow ducks.

A bag of lollipops for my dad. He's trying to give up smoking. It's not allowed at workplaces.

A whirlpool bath with multijets and karaoke for my mum. She loves to sing while she's taking a bath. She's a siren...

A recipe book for our cook. I can't stand his fish and chips!

Daddy's marked a radio buoy, so this time you won't get the wrong hole on the ice and leave all my presents in a Russian nuclear submarine, as you did last year.

Don't forget we haven't got a chimney but daddy is bringing up the periscope. Go on a diet!

Happy Christmas and thank you!

Love

*James Nemo*

P.S. I'll leave out some whale milk for the reindeers and those sea weed biscuits you love so much.