



Mog's Christmas

Judith Kerr

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Nothing is right in Mog's house—not to mention the very large tree coming through the front door! Mog runs for the roof and there she stays . . . until she unexpectedly returns to the house with a bump!

Mog's Christmas Details

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From Reader Review Mog's Christmas for online ebook

Shovelmonkey1 says

When I was a smallish child (I have always been quite freakishly tall), I loved this book so much I thought my heart might burst. It is amazing. And it has christmas in it. A heartwarming tale of cat related happiness with all the goodness of a family Yule Tide thrown in. Plus I always enjoyed Mog's pissed off and fairly quizzical facial expressions.

Mog is just chilling at home then all of sudden all hell breaks loose. Being a cat she can't just jump up and shout "hey two-legs, what in the name of buddy christ is going on?". Instead she has to conduct her own investigation. The house fills up with people, objects are being hidden inside paper and ribbon, people are dancing and drinking and a big fir tree walks in and sets up camp in the middle of the living room.

"Sod this," thinks Mog and heads off to the roof to get a bit of peace and quiet. She falls asleep on top of a cold white cloud and has pink fluffy dreams about mice. This is all great until the cloud starts to melt and suddenly Mog finds herself slaloming down the chimney and into the grate. Looks like you fell asleep on top of the snow covered chimney Mog!

After an unpleasant bath, Mog is treated to a placatory meal of fish and soft boiled eggs and then she gets given some presents. In the interim period the house has become all spangly and the tree has made itself beautiful. Awwwwwww. See? Lovely.

Even sneaking into the kids section of Waterstones to read this can still melt my iced up old heart which is glacier thick in the hoare frost of adulthood and cynicism.

Recently I went to visit Mog in the bookshop and there was another book.
Goodbye Mog!

Eh? I opened the pages with some trepidation and began to read. Before a short while a tiny tear (melted heart-ice) formed in the corner of my eye. Mog is dead and she's been replaced by a kitten.

Judith Kerr, you may has well have torn out my heart and ground it into the carpet tiles with your heel.

Portable says

I've loved the books of Judith Kerr both as a child and as a teacher: beautiful, humorous illustrations and characters. While she is most famous for the perennially loved The Tiger Who Came to Tea, the Mog books were my favourite: I love them now even more because Mog is a great way of introducing growth mindset. She continually makes mistakes and causes trouble for her family, but her flaws are often what end up saving the day. Also, they are hilarious! Just wonderful.

Mog's Christmas is of course a great story for our celebrations Unit of Inquiry: not just for talking about how Mog's family celebrate Christmas, but for thinking about the communities that Mog is a part of.

Lemina says

Cute story

My 5 year old boy really enjoyed this story. He loves listening to all the Mog stories. :) :) :)

DadReads says

I admire Judith Kerr's realism. This may seem a strange thing to say of the woman who in 1968 wrote *The Tiger Who Came to Tea*, in which a tiger rings the doorbell, is invited inside by a young girl and her mother, eats all the food, drinks all the beer and leaves, and then father comes home from work, sees the destruction and cheerily says no worries girls, let's just go out for dinner. I guess even children's books were on hallucinogens in the late '60s.

But when it comes to domestic cats, Judith Kerr knows her stuff. Mog is stupid, forgetful, lazy, easily frightened, and selfish. Let me run through that checklist with our cat, Ruby. Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick. Mog is so realistic it's a wonder we never see her licking her anus. Mog even dies in the final book in the series, written 22 years after the first – despite her flaws, I hope we have that long with Ruby.

And so this festive season, what better book for DadReads than *Mog's Christmas*? When I was a kid, *Mog's Christmas* was a fixture of the holiday season. It wasn't my favourite Christmas book – that was *Lucy and Tom's Christmas* by Shirley Hughes. Maybe I related to it less because we didn't have a pet cat. But I still enjoyed it. Now, as a cat owner, *Mog's Christmas* resonates.

It's nearly Christmas in the Thomas household, and everybody is busy. Mog doesn't like strangers visiting, so she hides outside. Ruby doesn't like strangers visiting; she usually squeezes herself under the coffee table and waits until the coast is clear. In fact, Ruby doesn't like anyone getting right up in her face. As well as a cat owner, I'm a baby owner, and Heidi enjoyed *Mog's Christmas* so much that she tried to "read" it to Ruby by shoving it in front of her face. Good intentions, but Ruby scarpered.

Suddenly she woke up. She saw something. It was a tree. It was a tree walking. Mog thought, "Trees don't walk. Trees should stay in one place. Once trees start walking about anything might happen." She ran up the side of the house in case the tree should come and get her. "Come down," shouted the tree. "Come down, Mog!" "First it walks," thought Mog, "and now it's shouting at me. I do not like that tree at all."

Mog thinks that the Christmas tree is walking because Mr Thomas is carrying it towards the house. Are cats that stupid? The first Christmas we had Ruby, she was exactly the same when I brought our Christmas tree inside. She ran away and hid. But then she got used to the tree and spent the next month eating pine needles and throwing them back up. Spiky? Yes. Indigestible? Yes. But damn they taste good. I guess anything would, compared to her own anus.

To be fair to Ruby, Heidi also had Christmas tree "issues". When we collected it from the local Rotary Club a few weeks ago and shoved it in the car, Heidi was a blubbering mess. Mog only had to see a tree walking.

Heidi had to share the back seat of the car with one. She didn't handle it well. If trees shouldn't walk, they definitely shouldn't go cruising in a Volkswagen Polo.

Anyway, Mog retreats to the roof. It starts snowing, but Mog is stubborn, and won't come down. She goes to sleep on top of the chimney and then as the snow melts underneath her, she plummets down through the soot and lands in the fireplace. Her timing is fortuitous; one page earlier, Mrs Thomas was stacking logs in the fireplace, preparing to light them. It was nearly roast cat for Christmas dinner.

When Mog lands in the living room, one of the senile aunts cries "It's Father Christmas!" "No, dear," says the other aunt. "Father Christmas does not have a tail." This, I think, is evidence that the aunts are blood relatives of Mrs Thomas, who displayed a tenuous grasp on reality in *Mog and the Baby*.

All's well that ends well, and *Mog's Christmas* finishes with everyone standing around the Christmas tree unwrapping presents. At least, I hope that's what's happening, because one of the senile aunts is holding a pair of pantyhose. If she hasn't just unwrapped them, she's taken them off, and the daft smile on her face makes me wonder which it is.

Mog's creator Judith Kerr, now 93, has had an interesting life. Her father Alfred Kempner (he later changed his name to Kerr) was a well-known German theatre critic nicknamed the Kulturpapst, or "Culture Pope". Judith was born of Jewish origin in Germany in 1923, not an ideal time to be born of Jewish origin in Germany, and the family moved to Britain when she was 10.

As of last year, she was still publishing new works – *Mog's Christmas Calamity* was the latest. I haven't read it, but maybe the calamity was that the Thomases only just realised Mog had been dead for 13 years. Given Mrs Thomas' absent-mindedness – in *Mog and the Baby* she lets a neighbour's child escape the house and run into oncoming traffic – this would not be a surprise. If you told me Mrs Thomas had been feeding Mog's corpse since 2002, I'd believe you.

<https://dadreads.blogspot.com.au/2016...>

Carolina Carriço says

Can't believe this will be the first book on my reading challenge.

Miriam says

Aw, poor Mog! Everyone is ignoring her and telling her to go away. Change and bustle are scary for kitties. Especially dumb ones.

jean jones says

Fabulous book

As a cat lover I came upon this book many years ago and bought it for my two young grandchildren , every

Christmas Eve it came out and we read it knowing the words almost off by heart . The grandchildren now teenagers still sit with me Christmas Eve doing the same thing. It is such a wonderfully written book and funny . I've now transferred it to Kindle so it will never get lost . Grandchildren not with us Christmas Eve this year , but I will still read it..... to my Cat .lol

Jess says

A wonderful little Christmas read for children as well as adults. Really enjoyed reading this book and got me into a festive mood.

For my full review please visit ladybookdragon.com

Judith Johnson says

Adorable! And just the thing for cooling down in a heatwave (heat tide I call it!).

Hilary says

We love Judith Kerr but don't feel the mog books are her best. Still they have something nice about them. 3.5 stars rounded up due to Judith's other work.

Chinara Ahmadova says

Çox ?irin, klassik üslubda illüstrasiyalarla yaz?lm?? bir hekay?. Yeni il a?ac?ndan qorxan pi?ik Moqun mac?ras?ndan b?hs edir. Vaqıfl? sev?-sev? d?f?l?rl? oxuyuruq v? dekabr ay?na da yara??r :)

Kaethe says

Mog's Christmas - Judith Kerr Picture books serve the same place in my reading that the cartoons do in The New Yorker. They lighten things up, and make me smile, and refresh me before I dive back in to something denser. Tash* mocked me for checking out a Christmas book in February, but I had to wait for the library to get it in. I rarely make blind suggestions for acquisitions, but I've read at least one of Kerr's Mog books before, and I expected it would be great. It is. Mog is adorable, the family is amusingly doing weird stuff in preparation for the holiday, confusion ensues and all is happily resolved on the day itself. This copy came with a cd, which I didn't bother with, but would have loved when the kids were young and wanted everything over and over again. Library copy.

*Tash or Tosh? Short for Natasha. Give me opinions and/or rationales. Opinions within the family vary. That is to say, everyone else is wrong.

Abigail says

This book had me sniggering on my morning commute! Poor Mog, that adorably befuddled kitty who debuted in Judith Kerr's Mog the Forgetful Cat, once again finds herself on the outs with her human family in this adorable Christmas tale. Finding the house in an uproar one day, with all of her usual playmates - Debbie, Nikky, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas - all too busy to spend time with her, she retreats outdoors, only to be confronted by a walking, talking tree! Fleeing to the rooftop, from which she refuses to be roused, Mog huddles by herself in the cold and snow, eventually curling up on one particularly high surface. It isn't until the next morning that she returns home, by a most unusual route...

Like the other Mog books, Mog's Christmas presents an engaging and well-written story. The scene in which Mog confronts the moving tree (propelled, unbeknownst to her, by Mr. Thomas), is particularly amusing: *Mog thought, "Trees don't walk. Trees should stay in one place. Once trees start walking about anything might happen." She ran up the side of the house in case the tree should come and get her. "Come down," shouted the tree. "Come down, Mog!" "First it walks," thought Mog, "and now it's shouting at me. I do not like that tree at all." And she ran right up to the roof.* Then again, when Mog tumbles down the chimney, ala Father Christmas, that too was hilarious! Entertaining, heart-warming, and visually appealing - I really liked Judith Kerr's artwork here! - this is a wonderful addition to the Mog series, and a sweet little Christmas story as well. Recommended to all young cat lovers, and to fans of Mog.

Sarah Sammis says

<http://www.pussreboots.pair.com/blog/...>

Sarah says

Knowing I love cats, an English friend of mine sent me a link to the Sainsbury's Christmas Advert for 2015 entitled *Mog's Christmas Calamity*. I loved it and then watched the video about the making of the advert. It featured the creator of Mog, Judith Kerr, who is now 92 years old. What an inspiration! (I say this as someone whose 89-year-old mother is extremely frail and has dementia. I visit her regularly and find it so hard that we can no longer have a conversation, although thankfully she still knows who I am.) Judith Kerr is still wonderfully alive and vital. She was thrilled to see Mog in three dimensions and moving around.

So---I ended up getting three of Kerr's books from the library: *Mog's Christmas* and *Mog the Forgetful the Cat* as well as *The Tiger Who Came to Tea*. And I discovered that Judith Kerr not only wrote the books, she also illustrated them. She obviously loves cats and both Mog and the tiger who came to tea are full of cat character.
