

## Fr Doyle and the Christmas pudding.

On December 13<sup>th</sup> 1916, Fr Doyle received a big parcel in the post.

Inside, was one of his favourite things in the whole world to eat, a plum pudding that his very kind sister-in-law had made especially for him.

Immediately, he knelt down and prayed that he would survive the war until after Christmas at least, so he could eat some.

About a week later, as Fr Doyle sat in the kitchen, he noticed something moving on the table, quite near to where he had stored the pudding.

He couldn't believe his eyes - a big, hungry rat had made his home inside the plum pudding.

Now, there was very little left of his beloved plum pudding that he had been saving for Christmas Day dessert.

Fr Doyle, always cheerful, said that the little that was left tasted all the sweeter.