A FREE BONUS FOR TWENTY-FOUR WINDOWS

Window Twenty-Five

and Eight Christmas Word Searches



Still reading the book? Print pages 1 to 15 only.

Large Print

BASALT BRACKEN

Window Twenty-Five

and Eight Christmas Word Searches

A free bonus to Twenty-Four Windows: A Murder Mystery Advent Calendar, made to be printed at home.

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Story, puzzles, design and illustrations by Basalt Bracken.

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Published by Basalt Bracken.



Before You Begin



This bonus belongs to Twenty-Four Windows: A Murder Mystery Advent Calendar. Its word searches come first, each set on a day between Christmas and Twelfth Night, and you may solve them whenever you like, even before you have finished the book. Their answers follow the last search.

In every word search the words read across, down, or on a slant, rising or falling, but always from left to right, never backward; spaces and hyphens are left out. Words may cross and share a letter.

Window Twenty-Five, an epilogue for Christmas Day, is kept apart at the end, from page 16. It speaks of who the man in the cape was, so open it only after you have read Christmas Morning. Still reading the book? Print pages 1 to 15 for now.

Boxing Day

Every errand boy in the parish came round for his Christmas box, and the lamplighter, who has earned his twice over this year.

A	P	P	L	U	M	C	A	K	E	T	P	O	O
B	E	I	L	E	P	H	A	Y	N	A	E	M	C
E	T	E	C	H	A	I	F	B	N	U	R	N	T
E	A	T	S	K	R	M	C	O	H	B	S	I	N
P	A	B	U	E	L	N	O	U	O	O	R	B	O
V	L	A	G	D	O	E	L	N	S	T	R	U	A
C	M	G	A	R	R	Y	D	R	E	Y	M	S	U
U	E	A	R	I	G	S	B	O	O	Y	E	A	E
E	T	T	M	P	A	W	E	F	N	D	B	F	N
F	O	E	O	P	M	E	E	L	O	I	E	O	E
T	I	L	U	I	E	E	F	O	A	R	O	H	X
O	I	L	S	N	A	P	D	R	A	G	O	N	H
S	A	E	E	G	N	E	S	I	K	A	M	M	C
U	L	W	L	L	E	F	E	N	R	I	I	U	E

BAGATELLE
CAB HORSE
CHIMNEY SWEEP
COLD BEEF
DRIPPING
FLORIN
FOOTMAN
MONEY BOX
OMNIBUS
PARLOR GAME
PICKLED ONION
PLUM CAKE
SNAPDRAGON
SUGAR MOUSE

Sunday at St. Anselm's

The church was full to the doors, and the choir sang the old carols as if it had been an easy year.

C	R	D	B	T	T	M	H	C	T	G	U	T	E
T	H	I	T	E	S	S	H	H	N	C	P	Y	B
C	B	O	E	N	I	N	A	U	I	Y	K	L	T
A	A	R	R	D	O	U	T	R	R	C	N	S	T
U	E	R	S	I	O	L	P	C	A	Y	E	U	A
S	S	M	O	S	S	R	E	H	D	B	E	R	Y
T	L	S	U	L	B	T	G	W	Y	O	L	P	W
A	S	B	R	A	S	S	E	A	G	L	E	L	R
B	C	S	T	I	E	H	D	R	N	E	R	I	E
O	I	M	R	R	O	N	E	D	E	L	H	C	I
H	Y	M	N	N	U	M	B	E	R	I	O	E	C
T	R	A	N	S	E	P	T	N	T	C	U	F	N
W	G	T	D	R	G	L	U	T	E	M	V	Y	T
T	O	I	I	Y	E	W	T	R	E	E	R	O	T

ALMS DISH
BRASS EAGLE
CAROL SHEET
CHORISTER
CHURCHWARDEN
CRYPT
HAT PEG
HYMN NUMBER
KNEELER
ORGAN LOFT
SUNDAY BEST
SURPLICE
TRANSEPT
YEW TREE

The Pantomime

I took the reading-room children to the pantomime. When the goose laid its golden egg, the gallery nearly brought the roof down.

P	H	R	I	T	T	H	B	E	R	G	E	W	H
H	A	P	S	S	R	P	H	A	N	L	R	C	T
A	R	L	R	T	T	N	H	O	C	K	A	A	S
C	L	I	A	I	A	U	S	R	L	O	N	T	O
D	E	A	S	C	N	R	I	A	C	W	A	S	U
L	Q	U	E	U	E	C	T	N	O	E	S	T	A
C	U	O	H	T	R	S	I	R	S	E	T	V	I
N	I	E	T	E	N	K	C	P	A	N	O	L	W
A	N	A	P	A	P	L	A	E	A	P	S	C	W
A	P	P	E	M	E	E	T	I	N	L	N	E	T
D	U	B	U	S	H	I	G	M	E	E	B	O	N
P	T	P	N	C	L	W	E	U	F	D	W	O	N
F	A	I	R	Y	W	I	N	G	S	C	E	P	Y
S	T	A	G	E	H	A	N	D	I	A	T	T	I

BEANSTALK
CHEAP SEATS
FAIRY WINGS
GIANT
HARLEQUIN
PALACE SCENE
PATTER SONG
PRINCIPAL BOY
PUMPKIN COACH
QUEUE
STAGE HAND
STAR TRAP
TINSEL CROWN
UPPER CIRCLE

On the Ice

The pond in the park froze hard at last. I kept to the bank with the chestnut man and watched the young ones fall and laugh.

K	T	V	R	N	I	I	P	H	T	A	I	A	R
G	E	B	N	D	B	T	M	S	P	E	P	D	A
R	D	E	O	B	F	U	R	T	I	P	P	E	T
L	A	A	P	A	O	T	S	I	C	T	A	I	N
P	E	I	N	E	T	O	H	S	O	H	R	A	R
U	I	R	L	G	R	H	T	E	C	I	K	D	D
G	M	O	O	I	E	S	O	L	O	N	G	L	E
I	S	N	S	I	N	R	H	U	A	I	A	S	E
B	T	S	P	L	T	G	B	U	S	C	T	E	A
L	I	K	I	O	G	R	S	O	T	E	E	N	R
S	E	A	L	S	K	I	N	C	A	P	B	R	G
P	N	T	L	D	N	M	H	D	L	R	O	K	C
C	H	E	T	U	T	E	E	I	L	D	D	T	R
K	I	S	L	I	D	I	N	G	G	S	H	T	P

BOATHOUSE
BOOTLACE
COCOA STALL
DANGER BOARD
FUR TIPPET
IRON SKATES
KEEPER'S HUT
PARK GATE
RAILINGS
RIME
SEALSKIN CAP
SLIDING
SPILL
THIN ICE

The Street Sellers

Fog all day. You could not see the far side of the street, only hear it: chestnuts, muffins, and the man with the hot potatoes.

S	E	G	S	T	R	E	E	T	C	R	Y	W	R
H	P	P	T	A	B	W	T	C	G	R	T	T	O
K	L	R	E	D	O	N	K	E	Y	C	A	R	T
E	N	S	A	N	D	W	I	C	H	M	A	N	H
D	C	I	P	P	N	P	E	A	S	O	U	P	O
E	O	P	F	L	P	Y	G	R	A	E	E	T	L
A	E	N	E	E	A	L	W	H	D	E	R	E	L
V	A	C	K	D	G	C	E	H	W	R	E	N	Y
C	H	A	L	K	D	R	A	W	I	N	G	E	S
N	F	S	Y	T	L	L	I	R	O	S	F	C	E
L	O	E	H	K	Y	O	E	N	D	M	T	U	L
E	H	U	R	D	Y	G	U	R	D	Y	A	L	L
F	T	R	A	Y	O	F	L	A	C	E	S	N	E
S	L	D	F	L	O	W	E	R	G	I	R	L	R

APPLE WOMAN
CHALK DRAWING
DONKEY CART
FLOWER GIRL
HOLLY SELLER
HURDY GURDY
KNIFE GRINDER
PEA SOUP
PEDDLER
PENNY WHISTLE
PLACARD
SANDWICH MAN
STREET CRY
TRAY OF LACES

Watch Night

We saw the old year out at St. Anselm's. When the bells rang the new one in, I was not sorry to see the back of the old.

I	H	S	S	E	R	H	A	D	S	I	O	E	T
Q	T	D	C	T	H	C	I	W	E	S	L	L	H
C	U	W	R	H	O	L	I	U	R	D	D	E	E
D	A	A	E	E	U	N	W	N	N	K	D	M	A
F	B	R	R	L	S	R	E	A	E	S	E	O	R
H	R	A	R	T	V	S	C	B	E	S	B	N	T
Y	R	N	N	R	E	E	I	H	O	P	T	P	H
A	O	I	B	K	M	R	S	N	C	T	S	E	S
T	S	L	N	I	E	I	C	T	G	L	T	E	I
R	T	H	T	G	W	D	O	H	R	G	O	L	D
T	T	D	P	D	E	E	F	D	I	O	O	C	E
N	E	D	O	A	A	R	C	I	B	M	K	W	K
B	N	O	R	I	N	K	S	D	R	B	E	E	N
H	G	M	T	R	E	B	L	E	B	E	L	L	S

ASH PAN
BANKED FIRE
BEDTIME CANDLE
CHURCH CLOCK
DRESSING GOWN
GOOD WISHES
HEARTHSIDE
LEMON PEEL
OLD DEBTS
QUARTER CHIME
RINGERS
STONE BOTTLE
TREBLE BELL
TWELVE STROKES

New Year's Day

A working day, but every borrower wished me a happy New Year. The new calendar over my desk has not a mark on it yet.

N	A	O	T	G	H	O	R	S	E	S	H	O	E
N	E	W	S	T	A	R	T	T	I	R	E	O	C
F	R	U	I	T	B	O	W	L	E	E	T	E	N
S	I	L	V	E	R	S	A	L	V	E	R	E	E
F	R	O	S	T	Y	M	O	R	N	I	N	G	V
H	K	C	P	O	C	K	E	T	D	I	A	R	Y
P	I	A	N	O	S	T	O	O	L	P	G	T	W
B	N	R	S	A	A	W	R	H	C	O	I	K	O
W	D	D	G	N	M	O	S	A	P	R	F	A	O
O	W	C	S	E	R	E	N	D	O	T	T	D	L
W	O	A	I	A	R	A	D	E	I	W	B	E	W
V	R	S	O	F	M	S	T	K	R	I	O	L	O
T	D	E	H	L	C	I	N	S	P	N	O	H	R
T	S	F	A	S	E	H	B	O	A	E	K	R	K

ALMANAC PAGE
CARD CASE
FRESH LINEN
FROSTY MORNING
FRUIT BOWL
GIFT BOOK
HORSESHOE
KIND WORDS
NEW START
PIANO STOOL
POCKET DIARY
PORT WINE
SILVER SALVER
WOOL WORK

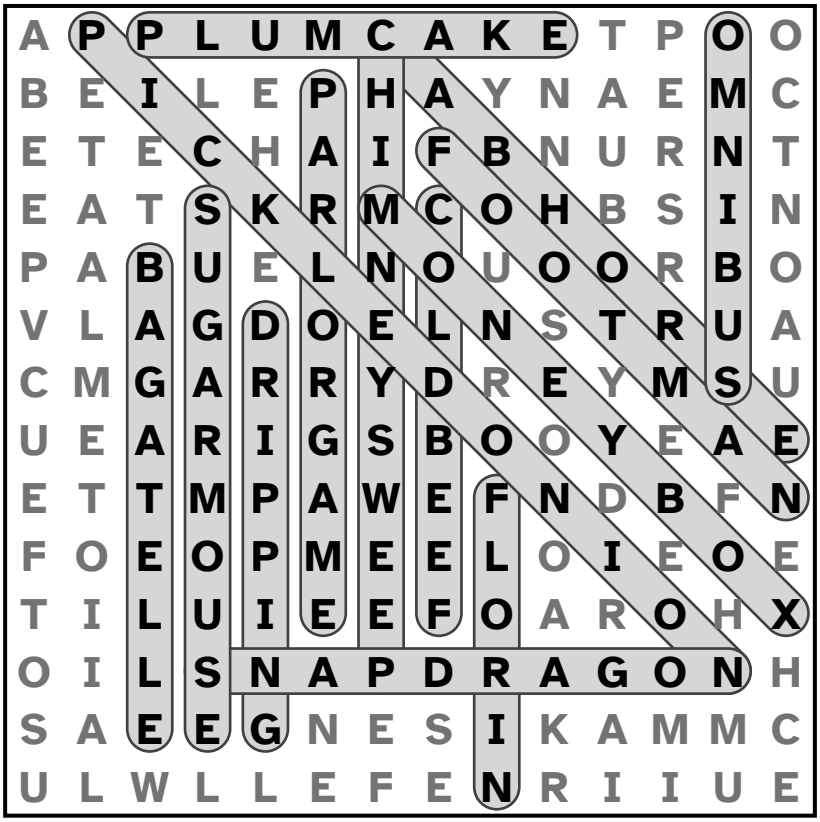
Twelfth Night

The greens came down tonight and the Twelfth cake was cut. I drew the pea, so I am queen until bedtime.

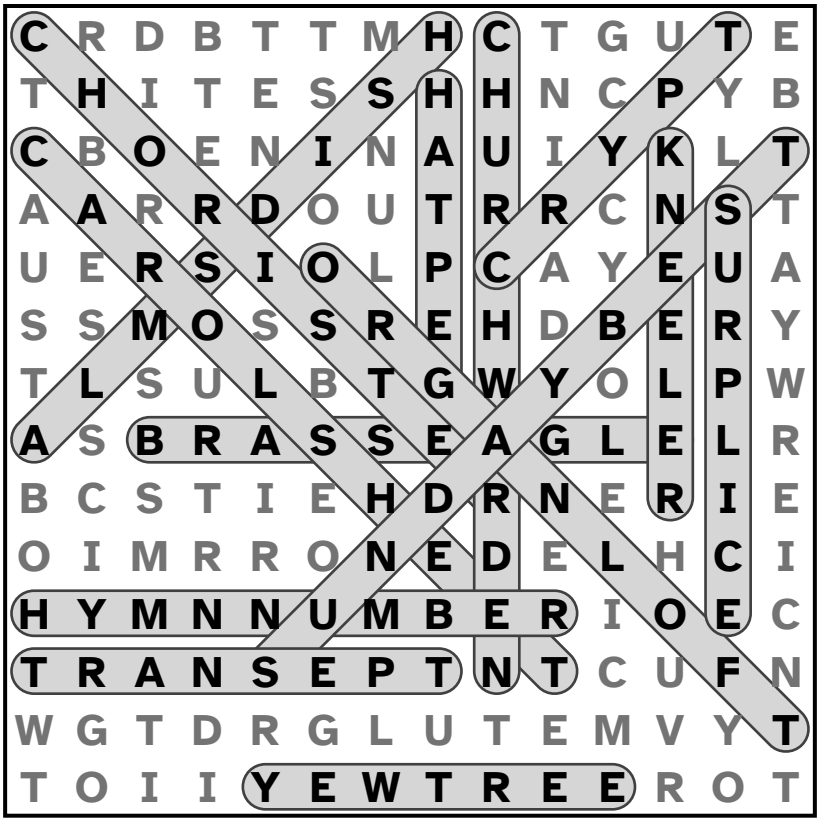
E	S	P	E	P	B	L	G	N	S	Y	P	S	P
A	S	A	C	E	B	N	C	N	S	V	E	O	S
I	C	H	O	L	I	A	E	E	L	L	K	L	P
D	E	R	U	K	E	E	V	E	B	E	I	E	I
B	P	E	N	U	R	A	L	U	L	A	S	N	C
I	T	A	T	G	E	L	A	D	R	D	S	A	E
C	E	E	R	L	I	B	A	T	Y	O	I	N	D
B	R	E	Y	R	S	L	Y	T	S	M	N	V	A
L	V	A	D	S	H	V	L	D	S	I	G	S	L
E	B	A	A	C	I	D	R	R	T	N	B	M	E
U	U	L	N	E	M	P	T	Y	H	O	O	K	S
Q	G	U	C	O	U	R	T	I	E	R	U	C	A
A	P	B	E	R	N	Y	S	R	G	H	G	V	A
U	C	H	H	L	R	L	D	H	C	A	H	B	M

BAY LEAVES
BEAN KING
COUNTRY DANCE
COURTIER
DOMINO
EMPTY HOOKS
EVERGREENS
GLASS BAUBLES
IVY TRAILS
KISSING BOUGH
PUNCH LADLE
QUADRILLE
SCEPTER
SPICED ALE

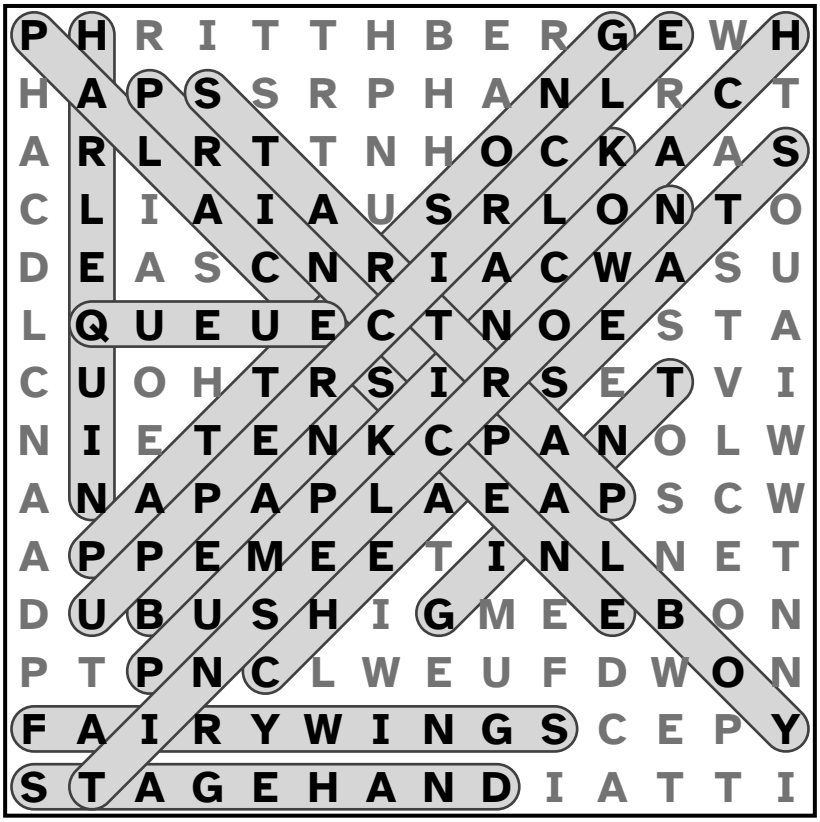
BOXING DAY



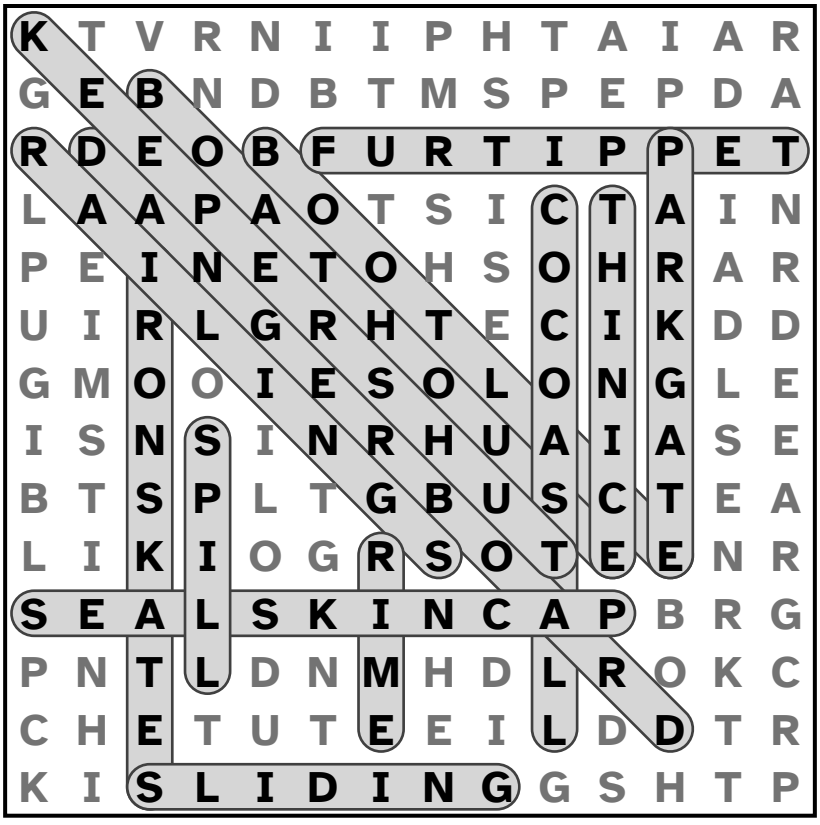
SUNDAY AT ST. ANSELM'S



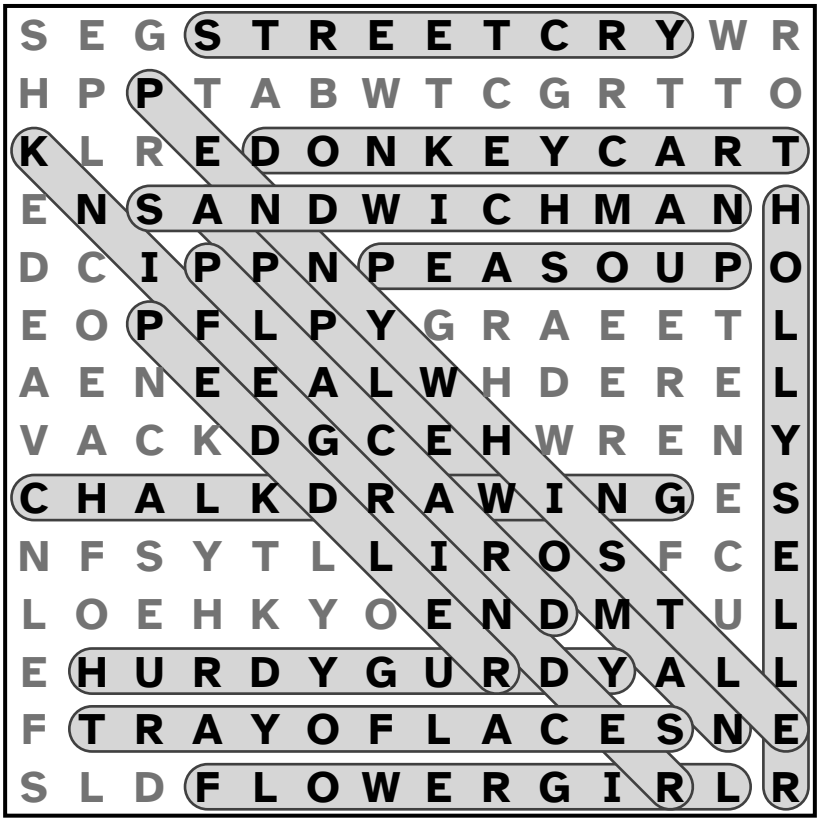
THE PANTOMIME



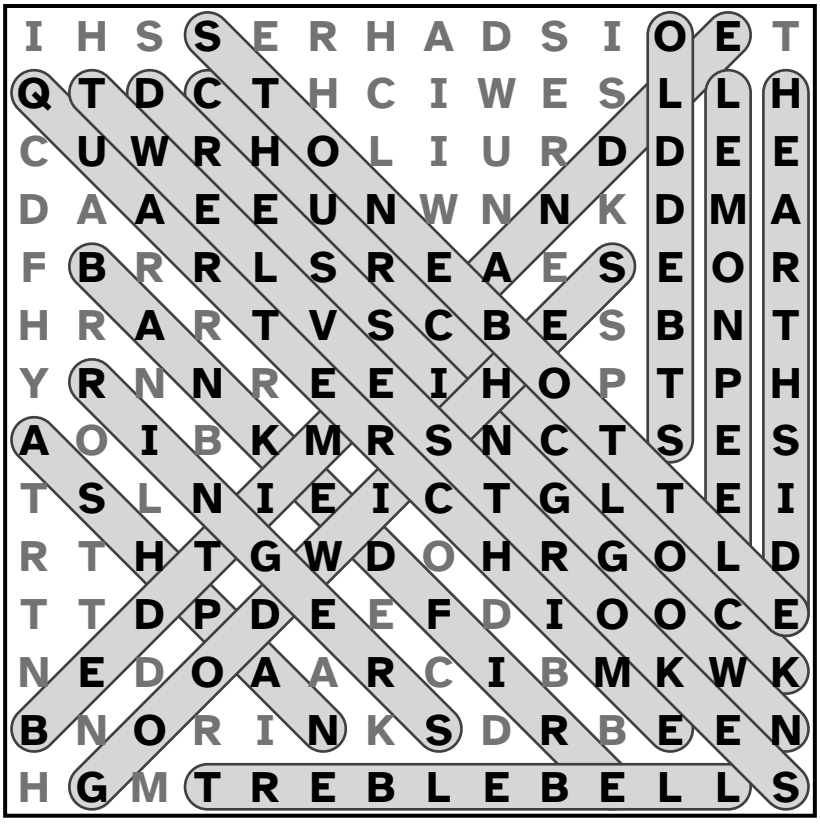
ON THE ICE



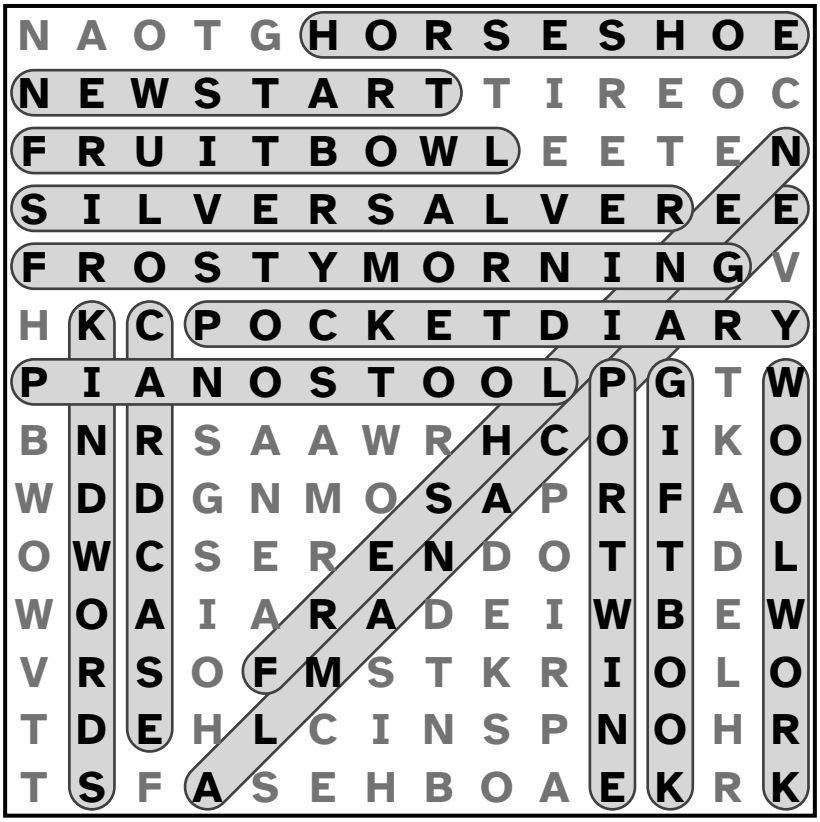
THE STREET SELLERS



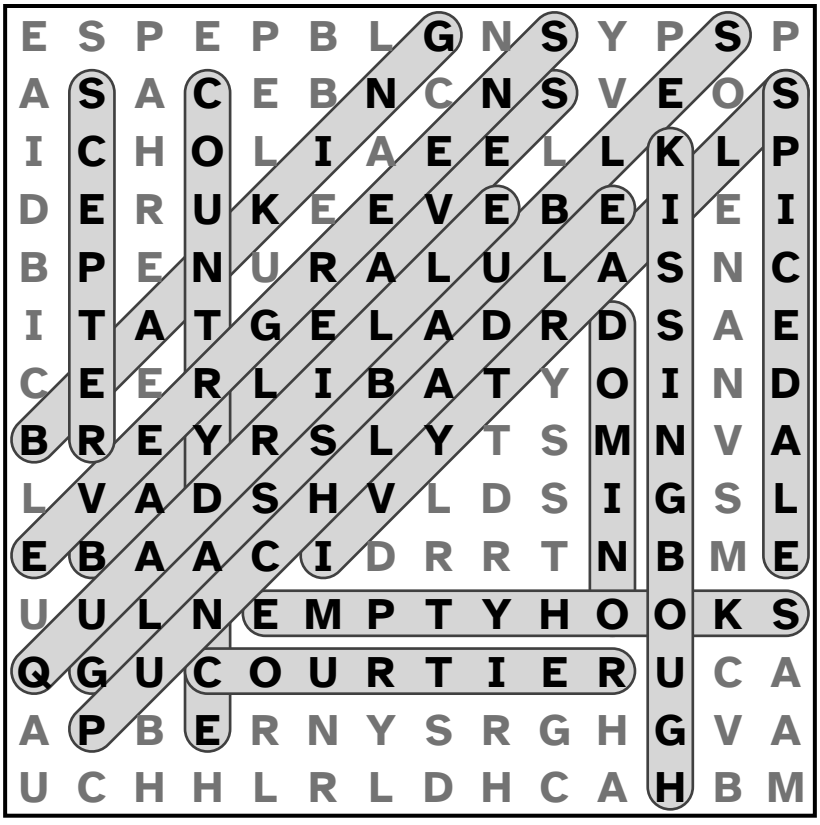
WATCH NIGHT



NEW YEAR'S DAY



TWELFTH NIGHT



Window Twenty-Five



An epilogue for Christmas Day. It speaks of who the man in the cape was: turn the page only after you have read Christmas Morning in Twenty-Four Windows.



Window Twenty-Five hides a clue in its square. Find and mark every word in the list on the diary page. The words read across, down, or on a slant, always from left to right, and in a clue square no two words share a letter.

The letters you do not use, read from left to right, row by row from the top, spell the last line of a letter. Write them in the blanks under the square. The answer follows it.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH WINDOW

25



The Circulating Library

Miss Dora Finch, librarian

Not to be unveiled before you have read Christmas Morning

WINDOW TWENTY-FIVE · FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25

The Twenty-Fifth Window



Christmas Day, and for once the window that is unveiled is my own. Wren Street has decided that the librarian shall not keep Christmas by herself, so tonight the whole street is coming down to the library for tea, and the reading room has been swept, the shelves dusted, and every chair in the house carried in.

When I came home from the police station this morning, there was a letter on my mat. Lavinia Thorne had put it through my door in the night, before ever I knocked at hers, so that I should read it alone. It is written in the small, careful hand that has made out every bonnet bill on this street for five years.

She does not ask to be pardoned. She writes of Tom, of the green door he painted the spring they were married, and of the stairs. At the foot of the page there is one line more. I have set it out as a puzzle, because that is how I keep what matters.

I have read it until I know it by heart. Every window on Wren Street is lit tonight but hers. Tomorrow I take the letter to the Christmas Club.

FIND THESE WORDS

BLOTTING PAD
BOOKPLATE
BORROWER
CARRIED
DUSTED
ENDPAPER
JAM TART
LIBRARIAN
MAGAZINE
MATTERS
PARDONED
PERIODICAL
SWEPT
UNVEILED
WRITTEN

WINDOW TWENTY-FIVE

Tonight's Clue

L	E	E	D	U	S	T	E	D	T	D	I	D
A	C	N	M	A	R	S	T	H	A	P	B	P
M	A	D	H	A	V	P	E	P	M	E	O	A
A	R	P	Y	S	E	H	G	O	P	R	O	R
T	R	A	A	W	N	N	D	N	K	I	K	D
T	I	P	S	E	I	N	A	D	E	O	P	O
E	E	E	E	T	E	I	E	N	P	D	L	N
R	D	R	T	T	R	L	I	M	Y	I	A	E
S	W	O	T	A	I	Z	I	N	D	C	T	D
O	L	I	R	E	A	W	L	I	T	A	E	E
B	R	B	V	G	V	E	R	Y	E	L	V	E
W	I	N	A	J	A	M	T	A	R	T	N	I
L	U	M	B	O	R	R	O	W	E	R	N	G

The letters left over, read row by row, spell the last line of her letter:

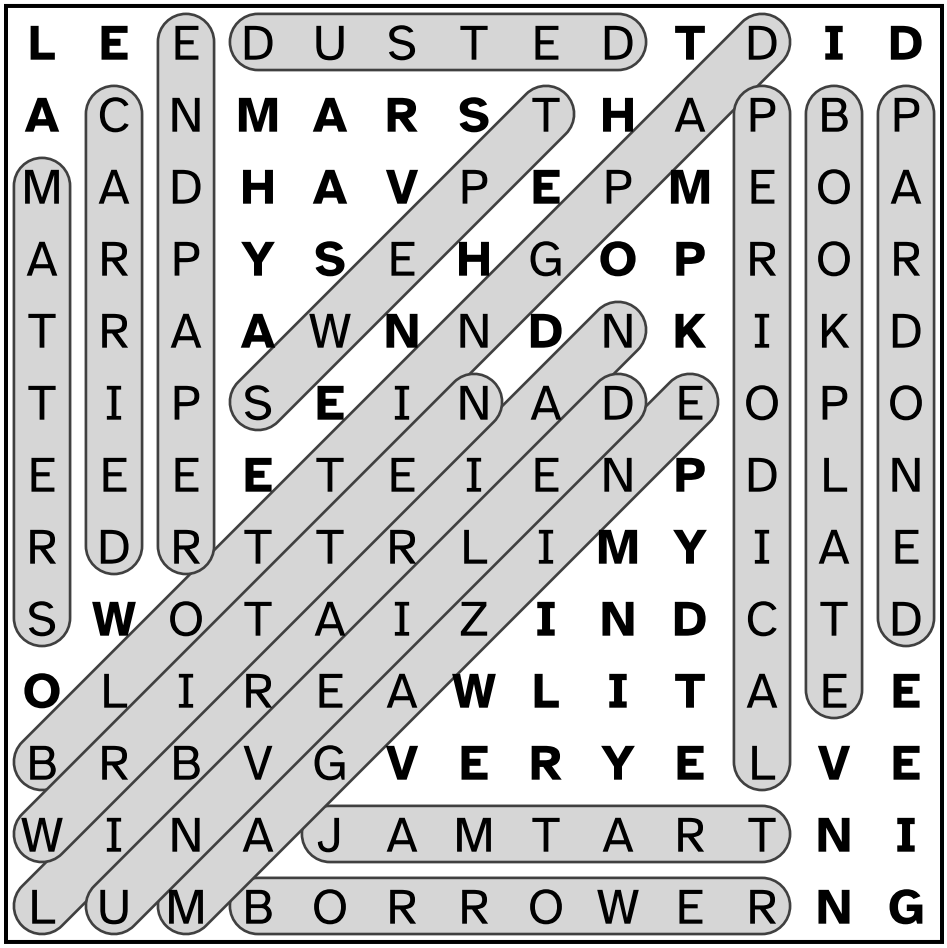
__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

__ __ __ __ __ __ __

WINDOW TWENTY-FIVE · TONIGHT'S CLUE



Let Ida Marsh have my shop, and keep my window lit every evening.

Merry Christmas



Thank you for keeping Christmas with us on Wren Street,
from the first window to the twenty-fifth.

BASALT BRACKEN



If you enjoyed this bonus, you are welcome
to join the Basalt Bracken mailing list:

basaltbracken.com/newsletter