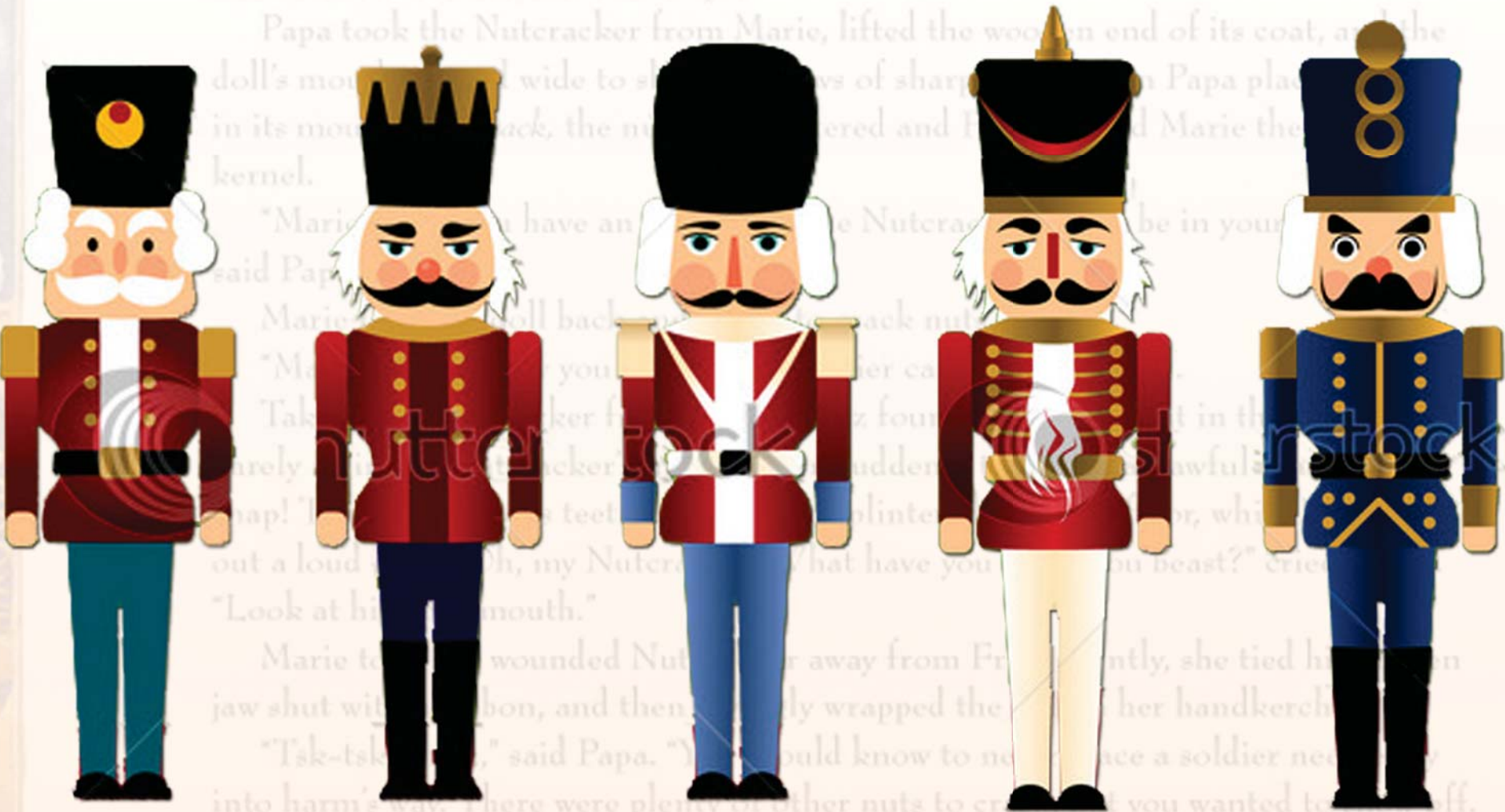
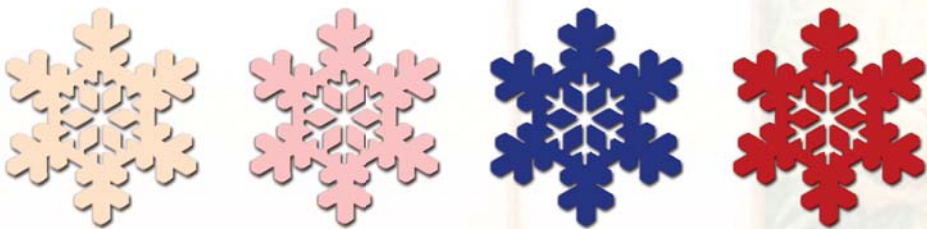


TIN SOLDIERS



100% SILK



100% SILK



100% WOOL



100% WOOL

"Papa," asked Marie, "whose present is this sweet little man?"

"Ah, my dear Marie, that is a nutcracker doll. It belongs to the entire family and will crack nuts for us all," said Papa.

Papa took the Nutcracker from Marie, lifted the wooden end of its coat, and the doll's mouth opened wide to show rows of sharp teeth. Papa placed a nut in its mouth, and the nutcracker cracked the nut and offered Marie the kernel.

"Marie, you must have an eye for the Nutcracker. It will be in your room," said Papa.

Marie took the Nutcracker back to her room and placed it on her bed.

"Marie, take care of the Nutcracker. It is a very special doll. It will be in your room," said Papa.

"Tsk-tsk," said Papa. "You should know to never place a soldier near a fire. It is in harm's way. There were plenty of other nuts to crack. If you wanted to, you could have a fire. Now, since this doll is wounded, it is in need of Marie's care."

Fräulein Drosselmeier and slipped out her other toys, as Marie cradled the Nutcracker in her lap.

Godfather Drosselmeier laughed. "How can you treat a broken toy with such care? Who could love such a thing?"

"I don't know," Marie said quietly. "If you were dressed in the same uniform, I would say you and the Nutcracker looked very much alike, Godfather."