

NATE-NATE

THE CHRISTMAS SNAKE

NON-ILLUSTRATED PICTURE BOOK

If you can't draw a straight line, you're perfect for this - because **EVERYONE** can draw a great snake!



Story by Jimmy Huston
Illustrated by _____
(*your name here*)
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An Original U-DRAW Book

NATE-NATE THE CHRISTMAS SNAKE

**NON-ILLUSTRATED
PICTURE BOOK**

*FOR FEARLESS ARTISTS
and Timid Ones, Too.*

Story by Jimmy Huston
Illustrated by _____
(your name here)

First Edition

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*Dedicated to my favorite little artists, Georgia and Veronica.
And Merry Christmas to all!*

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Greetings to all Artists - and others.

Maybe you like to draw and color or maybe you don't.

Either way, these pages are easy.

Do them however you want to. Or don't do them at all.

Use any colors you want. Make a mess! Have some fun.

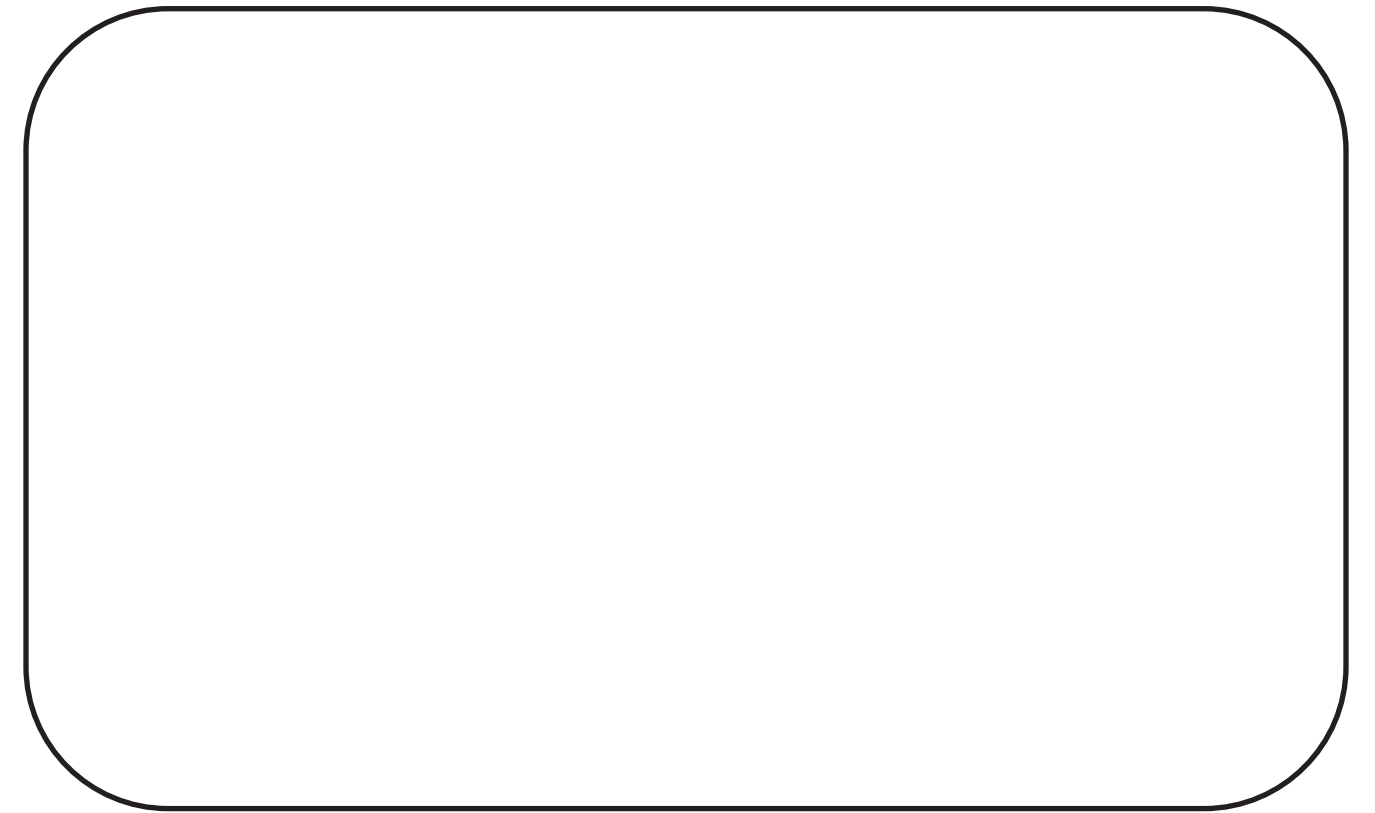
This is your book, so the art is all yours.

When you're finished, sign it with pride.

Nate-Nate and friends.

It was cold when Nate-Nate woke up in the dark. He hated being cold. And he was hungry. Darned hungry.

He should still be asleep - hibernating really - but his jaw was vibrating. He was pretty sure there was something going on up above - something noisy. Not that he could hear it - he didn't have any ears after all. It's not easy being a snake.



This one is easy. Just draw a snake underground in a hole at night in the dark.

Even without ears, Nate-Nate knew vibrations and this was big. So, he stretched his neck so his head could reach into the narrow tunnel, stuck his tongue out to smell what was going on, then slithered up through the darkness. He could taste the cold air long before he reached the entrance. He hated the cold, but his curiosity pushed him forward. Why was his jaw vibrating?

After traveling dozens of inches, he cautiously poked his head through the dead grass and leaves. What he saw was a shock. He thought he knew the neighborhood pretty well, day or night, but this was crazy.

It was definitely night. He could tell because the sky was black and starry, but it was so, so bright that it wasn't really dark at all. But more surprising than that, all the light was full of colors. Every color imaginable, coming from thousands of sparkling colored lights, big and small, decorating every house in the neighborhood and every tree and every fence and every shrub. Wow.



This is a big one. Draw the whole street with lots of houses.

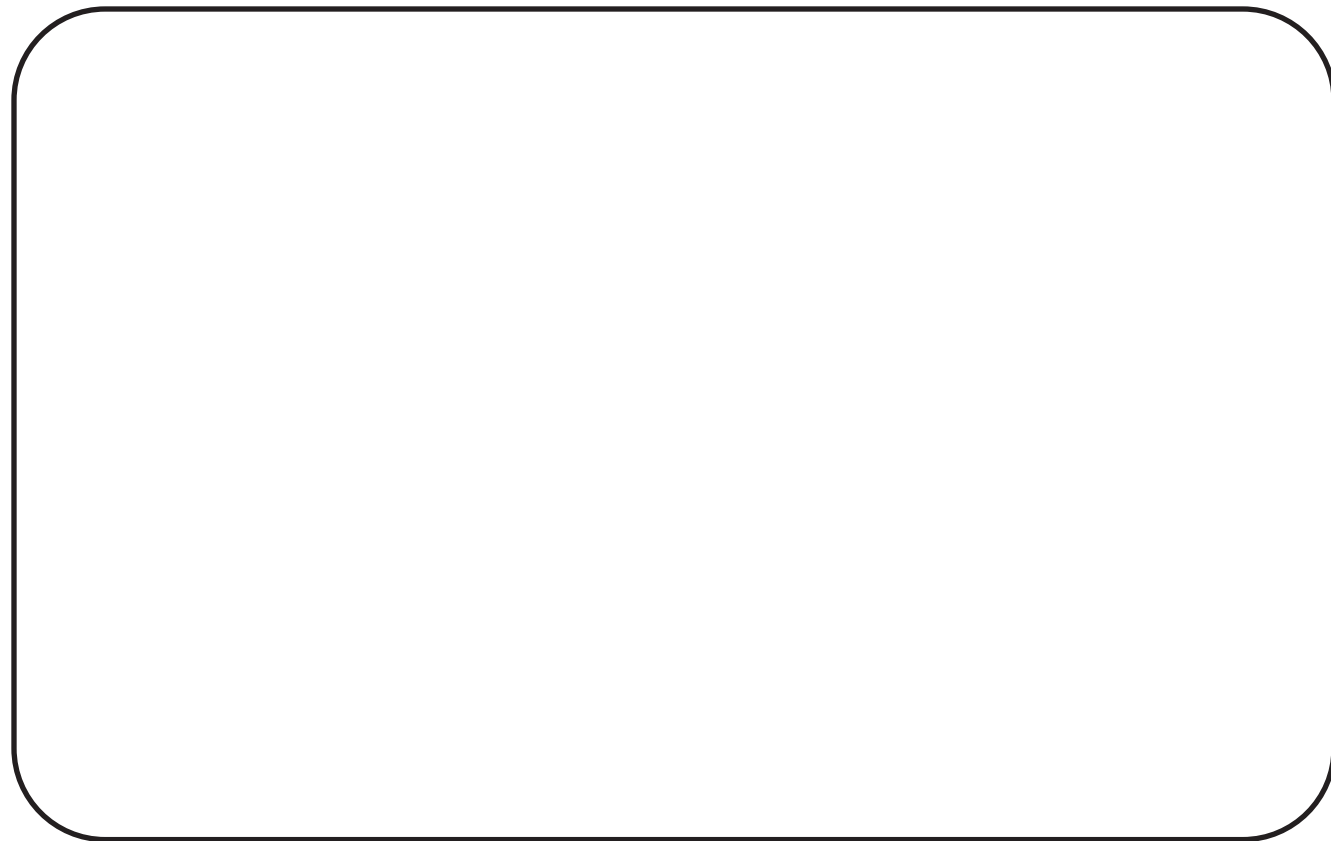
If he hadn't come up to investigate on his first ever winter visit, Nate-Nate would never have learned that he lived in a neighborhood that was known far and wide as Candy Cane Lane.

Everyone always came from all over to view the millions and billions of blinking lights and strobing lights and winking lights and flashing sequences of moving lights.

And that's not all. There were strange new things on the lawns, like plastic reindeer, giant bells, gift-wrapped boxes, strands of tinsel, huge candy canes, and a festive silver sleigh. Even the trees had been decorated. It was insane. And - it looked like fun.

Snakes don't usually have a lot of fun. Snake life is mostly about either hunting or being hunted, so Nate-Nate was intrigued by all the happy things he was seeing.

Color the Christmas decorations however you want.



It's time to draw your first snake. (No straight lines.) And it should probably have eyes and a mouth. Easy, right?

And there were a lot more of the two-legged giants than usual. It's worth mentioning that when your eyeballs are only an inch above the ground, everything looks pretty big to you, and that's just one more reason - it's not easy being a snake.

There were giants on the sidewalks, giants passing in cars, and giants in the windows of the houses. Big giants, little giants, tiny children giants, and even a few cute baby giants. Nate-Nate wondered why everyone seemed so happy to be visiting all the festivities on Candy Cane Lane....

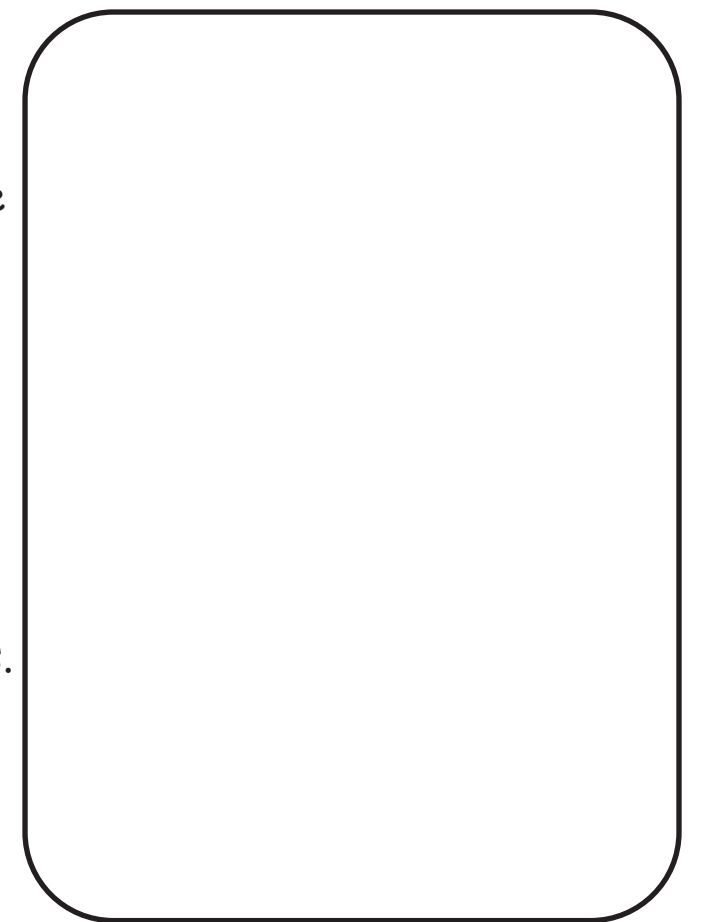
And then he saw the singing giants.

Half were the big ones and half were the little cute ones. He guessed that there were about twenty of them, but couldn't be sure. Nate-Nate had never quite learned how to count because he didn't have fingers or toes. It's not easy being a snake.

The group huddled around the big yellow house he lived under, where several of the giants' children were watching from the front door in their Christmas pajamas. The giants all had golden songbooks and the leader was waving his finger. Together, they all sang the songs that sent the sound waves that made Nate-Nate's jaw vibrate.

Nate-Nate didn't know a *fa-la-la-la-la* from a *doo-wop-de-wop*, but he could tell the giants were all swaying together and it sure looked like fun. Nate-Nate knew he couldn't sing - whatever singing is - but he could definitely sway. He could sway with the best of them.

So, he slithered to the sidewalk and the huge Christmas carolers. Their big mouths opened wide, thick unforked tongues wagging wildly. The snake raised himself as high as he could and joined in their swaying with what he thought was probably a smile.



Can snakes sing? Draw Nate-Nate at the carolers' feet.

He had to admit that it felt pretty good, and it was fun and exciting - but suddenly everything changed. Nate-Nate noticed that his jaw had stopped vibrating - because the "singing" had stopped.

Then the vibrations began again - but they were urgent and loud. They came from a small giant girl who was staring down at the snake, pointing and screaming - "Nate-Nate!"

Suddenly the once-happy giants were shouting vibrations in all directions as they ran away yelling his name. "Nate-Nate! Nate-Nate! Nate-Nate!"

It's not easy being a snake.



Show a snake being yelled at as the giants run down the sidewalk.

As always, he wondered how everyone knew his name. He remembered the first time it happened. The little-girl-giant who lived upstairs had seen him among the petunias in the garden and he, of course, flicked his forked tongue a few times at her, just to be polite.

Her shocking vibrations said she was shouting at him directly, but since he didn't have any ears it was hard to understand her - so he asked a nearby rabbit who was nibbling on some clover near the rose bushes.

Rabbits were known for their magnificent ears and their superior listening skills, and that was good, but it didn't quite solve Nate-Nate's problem. Rabbits can't talk. They don't bark, or meow, or quack, or cluck, or moo, or even cockadoodledoo.

The rabbit heard quite clearly that the little-girl-giant was yelling, "Snake, snake!" - but, because the bunny couldn't speak, and the snake couldn't hear, their communication was clumsy at best. The only thing the snake could half-understand was that the little-girl-giant seemed to be saying, "Nate-Nate."

And that's how he got his name.

Now, as he watched all the carolers run screaming, Nate-Nate remembered that he was still cold and hungry. He decided to move on and find something to eat - maybe a nice frog, or an egg, or even a grasshopper. It's not easy being a snake.

He slid on the sidewalk, still trying to sing, past a gleaming electrified plastic snowman and some humongous Chanukah candles.

Pages 8-45 are not shown in this sample.



Do-it-yourself illustrations are a delightful activity for young readers and artists.

Follow little Nate-Nate as he explores Candy Cane Lane on Christmas Eve and through his adventures becomes the legend known far and wide as Nate-Nate the Christmas Snake.