

Dear Pilgrims of the Flying Temple,

I come from a cluster of twelve worlds that share a holiday tradition. When the weather is coldest and there is little to do but wait until planting, we like to honour friends and family with presents. Everyone puts the gifts they want to give under the big tree on their world. One person in the cluster is chosen by lottery to deliver the presents to every house in one night, but no one must see them do it.

I've been chosen to be the Messenger this year and I have no idea how to get to every house in one night. I'm the clumsiest person I know and I am sure to wake someone. The Messenger from the previous year is supposed to help the new one, but she died in an accident, so there is no one to pass on the secrets.

If I can succeed in giving everyone a wonderful holiday, my family will be given the honour of managing the traditional orchards for a year, but if I fail I will be sent out of the cluster forever.

Everyone is counting on me,

Please help,

Nicolaus.

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|---------------|---------------|
| 1. World | 11. Accident |
| 2. World | 12. Wake |
| 3. World | 13. Nicolaus |
| 4. Cold | 14. Nicolaus |
| 5. Clumsy | 15. Nicolaus |
| 6. Friend | 16. Night |
| 7. Family | 17. Present |
| 8. Everyone | 18. Present |
| 9. Trees | 19. Tradition |
| 10. Messenger | 20. Cluster |