



CHRISTMAS

SHORT STORIES COMPETITION



LENSTERRATUS
**CHRIS
TMAS**
**SHORT
STORIES
COMPETITION**

Glittering snow

Candlelight

A shower of Christmas presents

Gingerbread

Starry night

The scent of a Christmas tree

The sound of bells

The scent of Christmas cookies

Christmas spirit

Joyful families



LËNSTER LYCÉE
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

SHORT STORIES COMPETITION
FOR THE ADVENT SEASON 2023

Christmas cookies and gingerbread

The children were jumping up and down in joy, thousands of lights were burning on the green branches; and the smell of peppermint and hot cocoa filled the air. It was the night before Christmas. The Emersons lived on 26 Ingram Street, their house always smelled like a bakery, no matter the season.

Little Arthur Emerson absolutely loved Christmas—the scent of Christmas cookies and gingerbread, the sound of bells, the glittering snow—but he loved the presents under the Christmas tree the most. His brother, Phillip, was the complete opposite. He never had the Christmas spirit, it's almost like he was the mini version of Ebenezer Scrooge. Every year around Christmas Eve, their mother would go out in the freezing cold to buy presents for her sons with her salary for that month. They weren't poor, but they weren't rich either, they had enough money to eat 2-3 meals every day. After supper (which he gulped down quickly), Arthur ran upstairs to get some sleep, so he could wake up to presents under the tree. Phillip, on the other hand, took another 20 minutes to finish his plate of food.

After a while, both the boys got in bed, and their mom came to say goodnight. "Mother, can you tell me a story? I can't sleep. Pleaseeee", Arthur said with pleading eyes. "Oh, alright then. Do you want a Christmas story?" She replied. "Yes pleaseee".

Phillip had just laid on the other side of the bed, reading a book. "I will tell you a story that I heard when I was a little kid. Some say it's real, and some just don't believe it." She started off, crawling on their bed until she reached the middle, and she sat in the middle of the boys. "Most people think that every year on the night before Christmas Santa comes to your house, puts presents under your tree and eats the cookies and milk you prepare for him.

Most people also think he is a jolly, fat man with a long white beard and long white hair and he rides on a sleigh with flying reindeers." She spoke. "Yeah, that's because he is." Arthur said emphasizing the 'is. "Haha maybe. Only some people really know that Santa is a scrawny, young man with short black hair, and he

goes to people's house on a rocket." Phillip suddenly looked up from his book and shouted "That's ridiculous! And anyways Santa isn't real." His mom just smiled at him and said "he is if you believe he is. Well anyways get some sleep and I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight." Silence fell and the darkness grew. The starry night shined upon their house and the only thing you could hear was the light breeze. Suddenly there was a loud noise that startled Arthur and Phillip causing them to wake up. "Was that the sound of an engine?"

Phillip asked slowly. "I don't know..." Arthur said getting off his bed "Let's check. The boy quietly exited the room and made their way to the front door when all of a sudden there was a noise again but this time kind of like footsteps in the living room. Both of them turned around in a quick movement, they looked at each other and started walking towards the living room. Tip toe, tip toe they slowly peeked from the doorway but there was nothing there.

"Oh, it must have been the wind nothing to worry about. "Phillip said calmly but he knew that it was probably not the wind. "Phillip look! "Arthur exclaimed pointing towards the shower of Christmas presents under the tree. Right at that moment there was a loud roaring noise coming from outside the window.

Phillip and Arthur ran towards the window and what they saw shocked them. There was a rocket flying outside! In the rocket a scrawny man exactly like how their mother described them. "it's true! "Phillip said "Santa Clause does exist! ". "i have been trying to tell you that all this while! "

Arthur almost screamed. Both the boys just smiled and looked outside.



Bobby and Rajeev

It was a first for Bobby and Rajeev, spending Christmas on the streets, it's been 8 months since Bobby got kicked out of the house by his parents because of his drug addiction, at just 16 he was alone on the streets but luckily for Bobby he met Rajeev just 42 days later. Rajeev on the other hand had lost both his parents in a fatal car crash and with no relatives he landed on the streets. The two met behind a McDonald's, scowering through the bin for food.

6 and a half months later they're still together and now about to spend Christmas with each other.

Christmas spirit isn't high between the two. All Christmas is for them is cold weather and jealousy.

Watching all the joyful families getting excited for Christmas and getting into the Christmas spirit while they were all alone on the streets freezing cold, the scent of Christmas cookies and gingerbread isn't helping their hunger either. The two decided to go and try find some food to eat as they were starving, unfortunately though they didn't find anything as they were distracted by sound of bells on every corner so they went back to where they like to hang out and Rajeev had the idea to maybe make a wish for Christmas to help them get into the Christmas spirit.

Bobby wasn't very fond of the idea but still made a wish and so did Rajeev.

After the two made their wishes it was getting late so the two headed to bed. After a starry but cold night with the candlelight being the only thing warming them up on the streets it was Christmas Eve they woke up to people singing and the sound of bells. The glittering snow was blinding them through the reflection of the sun it wasn't sunny for long though because when they headed off to find breakfast it was already snowing again. They found a local shop giving out free gingerbread, the two munched on their gingerbread and when they were finished they went to drink a bit of their water supply but realised it was empty, so Rajeev went to go fill it up but they were both distracted as they reminded him of his family at Christmas and how much he missed them but then he heard Bobby shout from a distance to hurry up and that's exactly what he did and when he got to the fountain where they normally fill up their bottle but there was a lady trying to drink from the fountain but because of her

back she couldn't reach down to drink, Rajeev decided to give the elderly lady his bottle which meant he wouldn't have a bottle to drink from which isn't ideal for living on the streets after the lady thanked him she just magically disappeared. Rajeev didn't think much of it and just headed back to camp. When Rajeev got back Bobby wasn't happy that he gave his bottle to the old lady but Rajeev knew it was the right thing to do. Later that day Rajeev couldn't stop thinking about how the old lady just disappeared, he didn't have much time to think as an annoyed Bobby wanted to get lunch. Rajeev saw a guy dressed in a Santa costume run into an alley with the old lady but she also had a more Christmasy outfit on. He ran to look where they went but it was a dead end and they were gone, shocked, scared, interested, he wanted to investigate further. But he heard Bobby calling his name, when he got to Bobby his face lightened up as Bobby found a restaurant giving out free food so they munched. After they finished eating he saw the old lady and the old man were on a billboard.

They went to bed and when they woke up it was Christmas, Rajeev was wishing his wish came true. Little did he know it was about to become a reality. Bobby brought Rajeev a mug of coffee from the Christmas market but on the mug was a picture of the lady next to what looked like Santa. He explained the story to Bobby and he didn't believe him because there is no way he met Missus Claus.

Rajeev knew what he saw and realised it might actually have been Missus Claus with 4 hours to go before they celebrate Christmas. It was getting dark. He waited it out and 10 minutes to go Bobby gets a call from a no caller ID and he picks it up and it's his parents telling him they forgive him and are willing to take him and Rajeev in. Bobby was amazed his wish came true and so did Bobby's. A rain of Christmas presents at Bobby's house when he looked out the window there she was Missus Claus.



All I wanted was more to the family after my sister died from cancer. Of course, I didn't tell that to my parents because then they would just lecture me about how crazy I am. My parents didn't really criticise me that much just now, but they broke the news to me about how Santa isn't real, and I mean to me that's not really important. All I wanted was for my parents to be happy and prove everyone wrong. I am kind of grounded, but at least they didn't take this diary away.

1 day later after Christmas...

Hi, it's me again.

Honestly, I was excited for this Christmas, but it didn't really turn out as 'great'.

I did get what I wanted for Christmas, but it wasn't exciting because I would normally be so amazed about how Santa got me everything, but now that I know it's just my parents deceiving me it's not all 'jolly'.

Hi, it's me Jessica and today I feel like I could murder myself.

Oh yeah, I'm turning 15 today so yeah...

I just found this book again, and I know it's been quite some time since I wrote, it's just hard for me.

I wish my sister was here so I wouldn't suffer with my parents who only know how to lie.

If I could go back into time, I'd want me to be the one that had cancer and not my sister.

I would also probably change making that stupid plan to catch Santa.

Anyways, I plan to throw this dumb book of memories away.

Good bye...

Hi, Sweetie it's your mom on this book.

Why you threw this away I will never know but you should know that me and your dad and your sister Ava will always love you.

Hi, my mom force me to take this book and what?

My mom wrote that in my book.

Just wait a second, I need to talk with her.

IIII love her.

15 years later...

Hi, I found this book again, and a quick update.

It's Christmas right now and I have two kids a wonderful husband and the

best life I could have now.

Mom... I wish I could have told you 15 years ago that I love you.

The time before Christmas

"We're almost home.", my father told us. As I lazily opened my eyes to see the spruce trees through the car window.

I decided to open the car window to get a breath of fresh air. When the buzzing window finally stopped, I inhaled deeply smelling the scents of petrichor and Christmas trees. The glittering snow on the treetops dazzled my eyes, but the most eye-catching thing of all was the starry night, high above all of our heads.

As we finally made it into our little town, I was fascinated by all of the colourful decorations that people had set up. My eyes darted from house to house, trying to see as much as possible until they finally landed on the only one in the whole town without a single decoration. My house. Even though it was a bit upsetting, I knew that it was only because my family and I had been on holiday for a really long time now.

We parked and I grumpily got out of the car. The pull of sleep dragged me through the front door and up to my room and I collapsed onto my bed. The sound of bells kept me awake as I heard them strike eleven times. One hour until the day before Christmas. I was awakened by the glow of candlelight in my room. When I looked up to see my father's illuminated face, I raised an eyebrow in confusion. "There is something wrong with the power and because it's still dark out we need to be able to see where we're going.", he said, answering my question. Gingerly, I got up and made my way downstairs with him, not bothering to take my pyjamas off. My eyes snapped open the moment that the scent of Christmas cookies snaked into my nose. I grinned at my father, and he returned it as we both started to go a bit faster.

As we made it into the kitchen, I saw my mother baking cookies and gingerbread on the countertop. "Don't you even think about taking any of Santa's cookies or the gingerbread before breakfast.", she scolded before I could even try. "Just go outside with your brother. It snowed last

night." I made it outside in under two minutes, snow boots and all due to the rush of excitement, only to be shocked by an immediate snowball to the face.

The moment I finally managed to get the majority of snow away, I could see my brother hastily making his escape before I could do anything back. As we chased each other up down the street, one snowball after the other, I could see that we weren't the only ones out. Joyful families were among us as the ludicrous war raged on, and laughter rang out. After we finished our breakfast, I decided to hang some decorations in and out of the house. When I finally put the last decoration for the interior up, I advanced onto the exterior with the help of my father and brother to move things along. As we became far too tired to continue without a break, we decided to make pillows in the snow to sit on and my brother named them snow-couches.

We finished off with enough time to make snow people and it seemed like others had the same idea. Everyone was so happy, you could practically see the Christmas spirit in the air. As the clock struck eight times, everyone gradually started to make their way back inside, including us. My father wished me a good night after I finished getting ready for bed and just before the warm blanket of sleep had completely covered me, I thought of the wonderful shower of Christmas presents that I would receive in the morning.



Christmas cookies

Hello, my name is Jaquavious Thomson, and today I'm going to tell you how my Christmas was in 1995.

One starry night I was baking Christmas cookies and gingerbread men, as I heard someone knock on my door. This year my best friend batholomew and his girlfriend quandale couldn't come so it was definitely not them. It was Batman!, And.. a yelper?(a food critic who rates food on yelp). They were covered in glittering snow. As I let them in Batman said: "Did you make cookies?" I nodded. "I bet they taste as good as they smell" I could tell that Batman had a Christmas spirit unlike the yelper. He hated joyful families and the sound of bells. Jeez why did he even come to my house if he hated Christmas. *Ding dong*. Girtha is here! I informed the others that I was going to open the door and that they should make themselves at home. As I opened the door, I saw Girtha holding a shower full of presents, like always.

Even if I'm used to it I still get really excited to get many presents. I welcomed her in after I told her to hide so Batman would be surprised and get excited. Out of nowhere I hear a yell from the kitchen "DUDE WHY DID YOU DO THAT". I rushed to the kitchen to see the yelper.. and HE ATE ALL THE CHRISTMAS COOKIES AND THE GINGERBREAD MEN?!?! "It tasted horrible, 0/10, if you had a bakery no one would go and buy your stuff", he announced with his mouth full. At that moment I realised how much I HATE YELPERS. Full of anger I took the nearest candle and threatened to burn him with the boiling wax and the fire. "Ugh I'm not scared of a wimpy candle", the yelper said, clearly afraid. I put the candle closer to him and the candle light was reflecting in his eyes. "OKAY, OKAY I'M SORRY, JEEZ", the man yelled. For some reason batman pushed the candle out of my hand and it landed on the Christmas tree.

The scent of the Christmas tree.. it smells, like melted plastic..

OH NO ITS ON FIRE, quickly I grabbed Batman, took Girtha out of her hiding spot and rushed out of the house. When I was outside with the others I realised I forgot the yelper in the house. "Oh gosh, I have to go get him!", I thought to myself.

Speedily I run into the burning house with no sight of the yelper. I look for him full of caution so I don't get burned. As I begin to prepare for the worst and tell the others the bad news I hear a creepy giggle behind me. "Hello jaquavious ", the voice behind me began. "It's me the yelper, I did it.

I fulfilled my dream."Confused and relieved I turned around and saw something horrifying,
THE YELPERS 'SKIN' IS MELTING."OH MY GOODNESS ARE YOU OK!?YOUR SKIN IS MELTING SHOULDN'T YOU BE SCREAMING IN PAIN RIGHT NOW?".He looked me dead in the eyes and said,"No,actually this is just a costume",at that moment I knew who he was..
IT WAS THE GRINCH TRYING TO RUIN CHRISTMAS.Evil or not I had to get me and the Grinch out of the burning house.Since it was indirectly my fault that the house is on fire,I pushed the Grinch out of the front door before I saved myself.

"..why did you think of saving me first,I ruined Christmas for you and your friends",the Grinch said.Girtha looked at me in a way that you could tell she agreed with the green man."Well," I started,"It was kinda my fault that the house is on fire,and I was the one that left him in the house,so it was obvious that I had to save him first."I heard wailing sirens on their way to the burning house.."I'm just glad everyone is fine".
Batman looked at me like he was going to apologise.Before he started talking I stated "It's ok,one day we'll just laugh about **this**".

Santa got tired

Last Christmas was perfect like every single year . But this year Mark which is 15 years old was watching the news with his mom like every single day and suddenly the news said that Santa got tired !!! So what that means is that he just doesn't want to work anymore and the news also said that the only way they could think of to save Christmas is by killing Santa "whaaat , there should be another way to save Christmas "
Mark shouted with a very angry voice "I'm sorry but there isn't another way to fix this problem, the news just said that"Marianne said with sad voice like she wanted to help but she couldn't (Marianne = Marks mom)
Mark: the police will probably go to Santas house and shoot him while he's sleeping. That's so bad we have to prevent that happening !

Mark went in to his room and started constructing a machine that will get him to Santas house . He didn't go to school , he didn't eat lunch because he was so busy and his mom was really worried about him. Days later he made the machine and when his mom went in to his room to tell to stop

doing that because she won't let him go there because it's so crazy and dangerous she walks in to his room about to say all of that but he wasn't there and the window was open she runs to the window she sees him on his mini flying ship and shouts "come back here right now" and he just disappears , meanwhile the police was trying to get in his kingdom .

Some of elves were trying to wake Santa up even though he was supposed to sleep for another two weeks , and some of the elves were trying to not let the police in they were making some kingdom of magical barrier that is around the whole kingdom and also that is unbreakable but only if you and he stopped talking because the other elves started whispering to each other saying that he should not reveal the secret of how to brake the magic safe bubble and suddenly it was all gone 'I did it!' One of the policeman said it ,everyone started running around,fighting,shouting,the kingdom was a total mess meanwhile Mark went in to Santas house. Santa was sleeping and Mark slapped him as hard as he could .Suddenly Santa started moving his cheek exactly where Mark slapped him everyone stood quietly and as soon as he stopped moving his red cheek , everyone started screaming for him to wake up.

Santa jumped of his bed and said 'what's happening' 'the police is trying to kill you and they're very close , only you would know what to do' Mark replied, Santa took his Time Machine and started screwing it back words. He turned the time back with his machine to the moment it was all started And everything got back to normal .

Like nothing happened. Santa was spreading Christmas spirit and preparing presents for the kids .



My adventure with Santa

Last year, I went to a village in Switzerland for Christmas vacation with my family. On Christmas Eve, the whole village was super quiet. Being a curious lad, I asked my parents if I could go for a walk with my elder brother. They said "Ok". As we strolled through the quiet village, we were looking at the snowflakes glittering from the mild light of a starry night. When we reached the border of the village, a soft jingling sound of bells caught my attention.

I asked my brother, "Did you hear that?"

He told me „Yes... May be it is coming from the cattle."

But I was not convinced. Deep down I knew it is something else. Around hundred meters away in the woods, I saw a small hut brightened by candlelight. My instinct told me that the sound of bells were coming from the hut.

I lied to my brother, "A delicious scent of Christmas cookies is coming from the hut there !!! Let's go and check it out !!!"

My brother being my brother instantly agreed thinking about the gingerbread and cookies waiting for him.

We reached the hut and knocked the door. An old man with a long white beard and a red suit opened the door. We could see a shower of Christmas presents and a wooden sleigh. I pinched my brother to check if we are really seeing Santa Claus himself. The moment my brother yelled, "Why are you pinching me so hard?", I knew it is real.

"Hello, young adventurers! Want to go for a ride?" Santa asked us with a twinkle in his eye. We nodded, and before we knew it, we were soaring through the sky on a sleigh pulled by enchanted reindeers.

"Santa, where are we going?" I asked.

"To the heart of Christmas, my dear lads" Santa replied mysteriously.

We landed in a snow-covered forest with a pleasant scent of Christmas trees. Santa said, "Tonight, we celebrate the Christmas spirit: the spirit of giving and kindness." Santa handed me a magical lantern and told me that the light within it could erase all the sorrows from a family.

We started our journey in the sleigh, visiting homes where families were in need, and with the magic of the lantern, we brought smiles, warmth, and hope. During those few hours, I knew that I helped Santa in creating several hundreds of joyful families. As the night unfolded, I realized the

true meaning of Christmas wasn't just about receiving presents but about spreading love and kindness. As dawn approached, Santa guided the sleigh back to where our adventure began.

„Thank you guys, for joining me on this adventure," Santa said with a warm smile. "Remember, the magic of Christmas is within you. Keep spreading joy, kindness, and the spirit of giving."



The over the top Christmas

It was a cold, cold day and the glittering snow was falling from the sky. It was around 4 days until Christmas Day and a woman, named Holly, was decorating her house with her kids. She realised a few of the ornaments and decorations were damaged from being in the attic for so long and she needed to go get some new ones.

Holly's husband who her family call 'the grinch' was a very moody guy and just said that she shouldn't bother even buying a tree this year. She exclaimed: "I couldn't care less about your opinion and you better drive me to the nearest place so I can get my tree!" He looked shocked but then let out a sigh. He grabbed his car keys and walked out the door. They all got in the car. The so called 'grinch' drove and his wife who her family call 'the saint' sat in the passenger seat. And the two kids in the back.

They finally arrived for the tree shopping. She got out the car happily and started searching for the perfect tree. She walked around for a while but realised most of the trees were ugly and sold really quickly. She finally saw the perfect tree. A massive spruce tree! It was double the size of her ten year old son. So about 2 meters! The tree could barely fit on top of the car. After struggling and struggling to strap the tree on top of the car they finally did it. They stopped off at near by shop that had this massive Christmas sale going on.

They stepped inside and Holly gasped loudly as she saw all the decorations. She told her kids to grab a shopping basket and fill it up to the brim. She grabbed as many things as she could.

She was even a regular at the store and had her OWN poster with HER name AND a picture!

When they finally got to check out the price was insane! They left a few things behind which to Holly was like leaving the most important thing behind, Christmas. After they packed everything into the car, they made their way home. 3 days until Christmas, Holly immediately started decorating the tree.

She put that many lights that it started to spark! It got that bad that it began lighting on fire. The tree began to burn, and she called her husband downstairs. They called the fire department and they arrived, extinguished the fire and began to explain that she was way to over the top and that she should dial it down a few notches to stop this situation

from happening again. And soon after they left she began bringing out stuff to help clean. Holly was in shock, but her husband chuckled. She waited a little, cleaned up the mess and decided to play a Christmas movie. The burning smell of the Christmas tree filled the room, but she tried to cover up the smell with the scent of Christmas cookies. It slowly got darker and darker outside, it became a starry night. She suddenly heard a jingle noise coming from outside. The sound of bells and Carollers singing filled the streets. Holly was too upset to hand out the Gingerbread cookies she had made for them, but her husband decided it was the right thing to do so he handed them out for her. She was amazed.

They decided that they should make a Christmas spirit line. They shouldn't overly celebrate, and they shouldn't forget about the holiday. With candlelit dinners and showers of presents every year and the joyful family continued to celebrate Christmas the way it should be. Together.



Mysterious Christmas

There was a family who loves a Christmas so much, except their daughter. She hates Christmas. But there is a reason, why she hates this day. Because she's scared. She tried to tell her parents that something wrong happens in this day, but they don't believe her and just laugh, thinking it's a silly joke. But it's not. Every time it happens, trembling covers her body, and seems like heart stops beating. Horror don't leave her, and feeling of helplessness intensifies every second. The most terrible feeling.

It was a week before a high day, the scent of Christmas tree was so inviting, you could already feel the Christmas spirit. Alice came to the kitchen and saw gingerbread, cooked by her mother. Joyful smile disappear when she saw Alice.

-Why are you so dissatisfied, don't ruin my mood.

-You know the reason. - Answered Alice.

-Oh, stop doing this, it's not even funny anymore. - Her mom was annoyed.

-But I'm not joking, there really was someone in my room last year, and not only last year! Every Christmas this happens, I can't sleep, because I feel like someone stares at me. How can you not believe me!?

-That's enough! Stop saying nonsense, I'm going to work, hurry up, and go to school.

Alice feels how unfair life is, even her parents don't believe her, so what can she expect from other's? But she didn't have time to think about it, so she came to school.

Outside was still dark and freezing. Glittering snow shines, but Alice doesn't feel Christmas spirit, she feels apathy and helplessness. The only way to school through the forest, and because of it fear pursues her. A lot of things haunt her, but she tries to drive them away.

When she came to school, the dim light barely illuminated the classroom. The school day was long and boring, but during a math lesson the school principal and someone's crying mother burst into the classroom. The child is missing. The whole class tensed.

-Attention, the main thing is not to panic, I am sure that the child will be found soon. - said the teacher.

When Alice was getting ready to go home, there was already a missing child poster on the school wall. It was a boy; Alice was sure she didn't know him.

It got dark outside, and it was scary to go home alone, but it was no

other choice, because her parents were still at work. When she went outside, the cold wind pleasantly felt across her face. She walked through the forest, and when she finally reached the house, she was able to stop worry. She felt a smell of Christmas cookies. Her parents got home earlier than usually. She went straight to her room, because Alice had no desire to talk to them. The night has come. Stray night and candlelight shined. She finally fell asleep.

The week passed quickly, and Christmas was approaching. Surprisingly, nothing happened this week. The boy wasn't founded yet.

Evening has come.

Well, Christmas is finally here! - happily said her father. Alice just shrugged. But deep down she was really scared. Her mom noticed this.

-just relax and enjoy, okay? - Alice just smiled weakly at her words. They didn't really calm her down, but she decided to forget about everything bad that was happening.

The sound of bells ringed everywhere. When it was time a shower of Christmas presents Alice finally relaxed. She had fun time with her family, she felt really happy.

-It's late, time for you to go to bed- said her mother.

-No! Can I be here with you a little bit longer?

-Alice, we go to bed too. It's time to sleep. - said her dad strictly.

-But I told you what was happening!!

- Stop it and go to bed. You say it only because you don't want to sleep, I know it. -Said her dad.

Alice was so offended, so she ran to her room.

-Okay then. If anything will happen to me, it will be not my fault, it will be their fault! - she lay and looked out the window. And she heard it. She tensed. Someone was in the room. Through the darkness she saw a silhouette. Someone in a red suit...? Is this really... Santa Claus! And then it dawned to her that Santa Claus had put gifts under the tree and was about to leave. She was so happy that she couldn't resist and ran up to him. But when she did... Something hard hit her on the head. She lost consciousness and the only thing she remembered was "Santa Claus" carrying her somewhere.

The Story

On a snowy morning my brother and I woke up to the scent of Christmas cookies. When me and Rare go into the living room we see our mom baking Christmas cookies. I could also smell the amazing scent of a Christmas tree. I go to the table and start eating my breakfast and talk about Christmas with my joyful family. We start eating our Christmas cookies and gingerbread men. When I look down at the Christmas tree there is a shower of Christmas presents, and I want to open them and so does Rare, but our mom said that we had to wait. After breakfast me and my brother went to change our clothes and get ready to go to the biggest mall in our town. After everyone was ready, we all got in the car to go shopping, my parents went clothes shopping and me and my brother went to shop for Christmas decorations. Whenever I enter any Christmas shop, I always feel the Christmas spirit even more!

First, we were shopping for our Christmas tree, but then I heard the sound of bells, so I rushed out of the shop to see what was going on. And I saw the glittering snow and a Christmas parade outside. Then out of nowhere the Christmas decorations were alive, it's like the bells were a spell, turning the Christmas decorations to life. The gingerbread men started chasing people and the statues of Santa's reindeers came to life. Rudolph and Cupid started stepping on food stands and the rest of reindeers just left to go to the North Pole. I told my brother that we had to rush out of there as fast as possible, so we started running like our life depended on it because it did, but then I remembered that we left our parents. So, I told my brother to hide because I was going to search for our parents. I could tell that Rare was really scared, but I couldn't bring him with me because it's too dangerous for him to go with me, so I had to leave him. I went to search for my parents and after a few minutes I found them, but it was too late because I saw them turn into decorations. I didn't know that if you get caught that you would also turn into a decoration. I was devastated seeing my parents turn into a decoration, but it was too late for me to do anything about it, so I went to return to my brother. I saw him hiding behind a bush crying because people were turning into decorations left and right. So, when I went to him, he was so happy that he saw me as a human and not a decoration, but then he saw that our parents weren't with me so he started crying and could barely ask what happened to them, so I explained that they were caught, and he got even more scared. I told him that we have to get out of here, so we took the bus home. I had

a spare key in my pocket, so we managed to get home safely. We were both very scared and miserable especially because we didn't have our parents, but I said that this can't get the best of us, and we have to find a way to turn everything back to normal. Me and Rare don't always get along, but I told him that we have to work together if we wanted to save the world. He agreed to work together so we started thinking of plans to save the world. I told him how it all started, and he suggested that we try to go see Santa since it was the sound of bells that started all of this. We planned the whole afternoon on how to save the world, and it was getting dark, so I made us a small dinner to eat before going to bed. We were eating under a candlelight because I thought turning the lights on would give us away to the decorations that were roaming the street. After we finished, we got ready for bed. I was looking outside and looking out into the starry night, and I was feeling like this whole adventure was feeling like an action movie. The next morning, we ate our breakfast, this time I made us cereals since it was the easiest thing to make. Our plan was to get to the North Pole and to tell Santa what was going on. But our biggest issue was how to get there and since we also didn't have the right equipment. We thought for some time, but our only idea was to get on a plane. Now what we thought was a problem was that who would fly the plane! But it didn't matter because we needed to save our parents. So, we put some costumes on to disguise ourselves. We walked forever until we finally got to the airport. To my surprise it was actually full of people who were trying to get out of the country. And the good thing was that you didn't have to pay, so when me and my brother got in the airport, we took off our disguises and ran to the line. Since we were kids without our parents we got to get to the front of the line. I told the nice lady at the desks that we need to get to the North Pole as fast as possible, but she said that we would have to get our own plane since no one else was going there so I said OK let's get our own plane. And she was nice enough to agree to fly it for us since we didn't know how to. So, we got on the plane and buckled our seats. 3, 2, 1, takeoff! And we were off. I was looking outside at all the decorations that now looked like dots and I thought they looked pretty funny. I told my brother that we had to rest so we would have the energy for later, so we took a nap. 3 days later we were there, I was so excited and so was Rare. The nice lady gave us the equipment we needed like shoes, jackets and everything. I told the lady thank you and goodbye. Me and Rare went looking for Santa, luckily the

lady dropped us off close to the North Pole, so me and Rare only had to walk for a bit. When we finally got there me and my brother were so happy that we started jumping up and down of excitement, but there was one problem, we couldn't just enter. We had to have a passcode which we didn't, so I just rang the doorbell, and a small squeaky voice answered. They sounded a bit scared since they didn't know who we were, but they finally had the courage to ask who we were. I told them that we were 2 kids looking for Santa because something horrible happened to the Christmas in Luxembourg. The little voice said that that was a disaster so the voice said that he was going to tell Santa what happened and ask if we could come in. So, we waited for almost 10 minutes until he we heard the voice of Santa. Ho ho ho, what are you doing here kids he asked so we told him what happened so he let us in to talk about what we should do. Santa told us that we need to have a secret potion and to give it to any decoration we find for them to drink and then everyone will be back to normal. So, he went to his secret room where we weren't allowed to come into. So, me and my brother just sat on a couch and talked for almost an hour until Santa came back holding a purple potion. He told us that we would have to be really careful with the potion. Then Santa said that we have to go so he gave us a small early Christmas present and left.

Me and Rare walked back to the plane and told the nice lady to bring us back to Luxembourg. 3 days later when we got back, we put our disguises back on and went looking for a decoration. When we finally found one, I opened the potion and poured it into its open mouth. 5 seconds later all the evil decorations turned back to normal and all the people that got turned into decorations are now back to normal people. Now that everything was back to normal everyone is a bit more scared of Christmas now, even more scared than on Halloween. The one issue is, is that we still haven't found out who started all of this, but now me and my brother went back to the mall and found our parents there. So, we went back home and enjoyed the rest of our Christmas together as a family. And we opened our presents and watched some Christmas movies.



Fatter Christmas

"WHY?" shouted a man. It was a starry night, November 1st 2025. Most people wouldn't consider it Christmas, but well, some people just couldn't wait. People couldn't just wait a couple of weeks for all the wonderful sounds of bells, those showers of Christmas presents, and all those joyful families enjoying the Christmas spirit. No. People couldn't wait. I mean it was only yesterday I had been trick or treating in the North Pole with my other friends (the short ones of course) I work all year round just to waste it all on one night, that one night doesn't NEED to be a WHOLE month! I know Father Christmas is supposed to be responsible, but I mean think of it, I'm just a 2000-year-old man with a big fat belly, how in the North Pole have I not retired yet? But this one day where all the gingerbread men told me about a man in New Jersey, I was stumped.

This man had been going all around New Jersey to prove this one thing. The one thing that could ruin me, ruin Christmas, and blow out all those candlelight's in people's hearts. This isn't the story about Christmas, nor about how someone killed it. It was about a man who wanted a fatter Christmas. Yes, you heard me right. A fatter Christmas, a Christmas that was to be extended for a longer period of time. This man I was talking about, he started it all in New Jersey. But in just a millisecond, this idea of a 'fatter Christmas' had spread around the entire world. The story was that he wanted to start Christmas on November 1st until January 30th. Christmas was to be extended a whole extra 2 months. Kids hated the idea because that would mean more possibilities for their birthdays to fall into Christmas. So, a fatter Christmas was born. Though not for long, because thankfully I have very hard-working gingerbread men.

I flew all across the world just to see him, and when I finally tracked him down, I shouted across the ENTIRE road and I held my breath for about 5 seconds and THREW myself at him, throwing him on the floor. I sprinkled my magic powder and made him forget about everything. Until he woke up... HE STILL REMEMBERED EVERYTHING! So, I sprinkled as much as I possibly could. And he finally forgot all about a Fatter Christmas.



Have you ever wondered what would happen if Santa took a break during Christmas season well, I have. This is the story of a little boy, 3 special elves and a Santa costume.

"Dear elves, this is very important news the children are expecting a shower of Christmas presents this year, but unfortunately Santa is not well, and he has to take a break tomorrow, and Christmas is tomorrow as you all should know so Santa has chosen 3 elves to replace him these elves are, Ronny, Cam and umm gingerbread..." the old loyal elf said trying to inform them.

"Me?" Said a young squeaky voice, yup that was gingerbread. On the other hand, Ronny and Cam where two talented young elves they have been working at the North Pole since they were three!

Meanwhile in the small city of Luxembourg it was a starry night and the sound of the bells the scent of Christmas cookies, and the scent of Christmas trees lit up the mood, and the Christmas spirit was roaming around the houses and apartments of joyful families. The glittering snow looked like a fluffy white blanket covering the ground.

Sam's family was very excited for Christmas. Especially Sam, he loved every second of Christmas. From opening up presents to feeling the warmth of a candlelight. But this year Sam had a wish a special one, but he didn't tell anyone. He wanted to see Santa this was going to be hard, but he believed that he could do it. His plan was very simple after he made sure everyone had slept, he would sneakily go downstairs and wait very quietly for Santa and well that's it.

The three elves were getting ready gingerbread was a not a social type but at the same time he was not good at a lot of things. He tried to start a conversation but sadly Con and Ronny weren't interested. They were going to get dressed as Santa Claus they each had to wear a Santa costume and take turns delivering gifts. The costumes luckily fit perfectly on everyone. A few minutes later they were ready to go everyone wished them good luck especially gingerbread though because they knew he needed it. Before they all knew they were flying on the sleigh with nine reindeers pulling them which names are dasher dancer prancer vixen comet Cupid donner, blitzen and your favourite Rudolph!

A not happy Christmassy Family

Once upon a time,
Under the glittering snow there was a family called de not Christmassy family.

The not Christmassy family hated the day when it was Christmas they hated it because the Joyful families were putting candlelight's every were and they always always sang under the starry night.

They hated the sent of Christmas cookies, the sounds of bells, Christmas spirits and the scent of Gingerbread.

So they wanted to still Christmas from the Joyful families.
So if they wanted to still there Christmas, they needed to act rite now.
So, they prepared there self.

They put they Santa Claus costumes, prepared there big bags, the sled and there dears.

They went to the ville at midnight to still there Christmas.
They stall there Christmas.
The next morning the joyful families were quiet.

Bang! The bell rang, the joyful families went in a circle and started singing.
The not Christmassy family realised that they couldn't still there Christmas.
So, their hearts went bigger and bigger.

They stoped what they planned to do and went in the ville to give their present, but they tripped Ona rock, the presents went everywhere it was a shower of Christmas presents.

But then the joyful families had absent of a Christmas tree.
It was the not Christmassy family how branded a Christmas tree

Christmas spirit

I was in my bedroom watching TV, while at the same time looking outside the window and pausing the show every time I heard kids screaming cheerfully, when they throw snowballs at each other outside the gates of my mansion. I cuddled with Puff, my puppy, and let myself sink inside my blanket, feeling insecure about my social life. But I don't care. I just simply don't understand how people get the energy to go outside in the cold and get excited for one stupid event called Christmas, when it's just the end of November! But I guess I can't blame them. We're in L.A and it doesn't snow much, so I guess they can get excited exceptionally, just for this time.

Knock, knock, knock!

"It's open!"

I shouted, turning the TV off. I was expecting Jeff, the house butler, to come in and let me know that dinner is ready. But to my surprise, my father came in to talk to me!

"Hey, Emily! So, uh, how are things at school?"

He asked in a way to tell me that it's not the question he's interested in.

"Fine, I guess."

I said without making eye-contact and turning the TV on. "Good to hear! Well, the reason I came here, is to ask you if you could do a favour for me."

He asked in a shy, but sweet way.

"Uh huh."

"So, as you already may know..."

"Yeah?"

"Aunt, granny, grandpa and your cousins will be joining us for the holidays!"

"I didn't know that?!"

"I know, ain't that exciting?!"

"Wait, wait, wait, but which ones?"

I said, pretending I didn't care.

"From my side, is that okay?"

"From your side?! But dad, you know them! They're jealous that you're that wealthy, happy parent, when they're just greedy people who've lived in Texas for their entire life and who drink bear all day long!"

"I know honey. But I haven't seen them in years because of work, COVID

and all. I just thought that it'd be nice to see them again."

"Fine! Whatever! Now, what do you want me to do?"

"Well, considering that it will be Christmas and you don't really get the Christmas spirit..."

"Ugh"

"And you know my parents. They're really Christian. So, I want you to be on your best Christmas behaviour. Understood?"

I took a few seconds to think and hugged Puff as hard as I could.

"Okay..."

I said in a soft and sad voice.

"Don't worry. It'll be alright."

He comforted me in a way that made me feel calmer. As soon as he finished, he left the room and went to his office.

I'm Emily, by the way. Emily Collins. Yeah, the daughter of Mitchell Collins, that multi-billionaire man who's worked for their entire life just to get where they are today. For most, I'm the luckiest and most spoiled girl, who gets everything she wants. Although I do believe that my life is easier than most people, life gets pretty lonely when you have a father, who works all the time and who has no time for anything else. A mother, who acts sweet and all, but who's biggest worries are whether she'll post this or that on Instagram. At the end of the day, the only living creature I have to keep me company, is my dog and the staff. Things aren't even that good at school. You might think that a rich girl could be so popular, that she could even get more power of the school than the principal, but honestly, people don't really care. At the beginning they did, but as soon as they realised that I'm just like them, only in a non-cool way, they stopped admiring me.

I continued watching TV for like an hour or so, until the clock caught my attention. It was already five o'clock. I wanted to go out and take Puff out for a walk outside before it goes completely dark. I took my phone and went to my walking closet to find my coat, when I stumbled across, a class photo from the sixth grade, that was on the floor. There was my teacher, next to me with Sophie, my best and only true friend. But there was something in the picture that left me look at it for a while. It was Jason. The boy I had a crush on for years, but never got the courage to ask him because all the other girls made it clear that I had no chance to make him love me back. I put the picture aside, took my coat and went out of my

room with Puff. As I walked down the stairs from my room that lead to, I heard my mother speaking on the phone with someone, probably her friend.

"Hang on for a sec." She said with a laughing voice.

"Just taking Puff on a walk."

"Okay, great! make sure you come back before six thirty." "Alright!"

"Also, if something happens, call me or Jeff, okay?"

"I know."

I said rolling my eyes. I went on the ground floor, took my keys and went outside.

It was really cold and it was a starry night. I could feel the glittering snow under my feet burst, while Puff sinks in the snow. Honestly, I've never seen snow in California. This really feels weird. It's around three inches deep but the feeling of Christmas just ruins it for me. That's probably the reason why people called me the 'depressed girl'.

After an hour or so, I returned home. Everywhere I go, you can see something reminding you of Christmas. From decorations in homes, to even advertisements on buildings!

As soon as I came near to the gates, I called Jeff to open them for me. I came in and took my shoes off.

"Honey! Come eat. Dinner is ready."

My mom said, while waiting on the table with my dad for the food to arrive.

"No thanks. Not hungry."

"You sure? Sonja made your favourite, mac & cheese! Sonja is the main cook in our house, by the way.

"Still no, thanks. I have to pack up for school."

"Okay. As you say so! Also, don't forget to take a shower!" She said, while moving her head to see where I was heading to and raising her voice the further I go, until the food was served.

When I came inside my room, I packed up for school, and went into the shower. Once I was done, I put my pyjama on, quickly brushed my teeth and went to bed.

Twenty-four days later

Ding, ding, ding! My alarm rang. I quickly stood up and put my clothes on, unlike most mornings. It is the twentieth of December, meaning that it's the last day of school before the Christmas holidays begin. I was both happy

that there will be no more school and annoyed that my dad's side of the family will be joining us. Except for Uncle Phil. Him and aunt Brenda have been divorced for months now for an unknown reason. Honestly, if I had to choose which member from dad's side is the best, it would be uncle Phil. He either says something nice or nothing at all. Unlike aunt Brenda. She always comments on something like: 'Oh, you're a little skinny' or 'don't you think that your skirt is a little too revealing.' But she is my dad's only sibling, so I have to respect her. However, for my grandparents, they can't remember anything. I mean every old person is forgetful sometimes. But the problem is that they don't care.

Anyways, I went out of my room, while everyone was asleep and went by bus. I mostly go by car, when my dad drives me

on the way to his work. But since there's been a downfall of his company and that he has to work from home, I decide to cut some pain off from his back, so I go by bus.

As soon as I stepped on the area of the school, Sophie scared me from behind my back. I rolled my eyes and smiled. "Gosh! Thanks god it's the last day. I wouldn't even survive one more day!

She cried happily with full energy.

"Me too. Though not as much. My dad's side of the family will be joining us."

I said with a disappointing look.

"Oh, yeah! You said it to me on Snapchat."

"There you go!"

I said still being a little disappointed.

We chatted a little more and entered the building. Some people came in running towards us, to ask me some questions. I quickly answered the ones I could, with a low level of enthusiasm, as I walked past the crowd. We had math class as the first lesson. I hate it. But not the fact that it's hard or boring. It's the fact that no one uses it these days unless you're a mathematician. For example, my dad, he's a multi- billionaire and he never uses maths! And when he does, he uses a calculator. So, I know that you don't need it to be successful. As I walked down the hall, I could see posters of gingerbread, candlelight's and more. I sighed and continued walking, until I saw Jason walking past me. I blushed and smiled.

When school was over, I said bye to Sophie and went out of the building.

"Emily! Over here!"

It was my driver. He picks me up sometimes when mom doesn't have time to pick me up. I ran into the car, holding my jacket over my head because of the snow.

"I'm home!"

I said, while taking my shoes off in front of the door. "Hello?!"

No one was anywhere to be found. I passed through a shower of Christmas presents in the living room and went to look in dad's office, even though he doesn't really like when people come into his office. No one was there.

"Hello?!"

Then, I stumbled across the dining room. I gasped.

"Sweetie, come say hi to your cousins."

My dad said smiling and staring at me in a way to tell me to behave.

"Hey."

I said with wide-open eyes, as Puff came jumping on me. "Hello!"

Said Jimmy.

"Hi!"

Said Timmy.

"Hey!"

Said Molly.

They all hugged me in an awkward way.

"Oh, well, aren't you all cute?! So, Emma, how's school?" My grandma asked.

"Good. Though, my name is Emily."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Oh well, you know old people. We're really forgetful sometimes!"

Her and my grandpa laughed and took a drink of wine. "Emily, why don't you go and take your cousins to your room. You know, to show them around."

My mom said, so that the adults can talk alone. Without saying a word, I just went upstairs and spoke.

"Follow me."

"Her school bag is a little small. How does she fit her books inside it?"

My aunt asked in a judgy way.

We went to the theatre, thinking that it could take their attention, and even though Jimmy and Timmy were the same age as me and Molly was a year older, I felt way more mature than them. I put my phone on one of

the seats of the theatre. "Wait here. I'll call Jeff to get the remote for us. I walked down the hallway and saw Jeff standing close to the dining room.

"Jeff, can you give us the remote for the theatre?"

"Coming right up!"

I followed him to a room. He took the remote and we headed to the theatre. As we came in, we saw them three sitting down and giggling.

"Okay, so what movie do you want to watch?"

"Oooh, can we watch Murder Mystery?" Molly asked with excitement.

I took out my phone to check my messages. "Murder Mystery? Sure! We can watch-" "What the heck?!"

"Is everything okay?"

Asked Jeff.

I looked at my cousins. They were giggling. I ran out crying. "Honey, where are you going?!"

Asked dad, as I ran past them.

I ran out of my house. I could hear Puff bark as I run. Those little brats messaged Jason; 'I love you' and I didn't delete it because Jason already saw it. I ran and ran, while my blonde hair went into my eyes. After a while of running, I started walking. As I walked, I walked past a few homes and saw inside joyful families and it gave me the scent of Christmas cookies and the scent of Christmas trees and the sound of bells. I smiled with tears pouring down my cheeks and then shook my head and continued walking.

"Oh, no!"

It started snowing really hard. I ran and went inside a church to take cover.

"God bless you."

Said a tall and kind looking priest.

"Umm, God bless you too, I guess."

I said back, looking confused.

He smiled.

"What are you doing here all alone on this lovely Christmas Eve by yourself?"

"How can it be lovely when it's snowing so much?"

I asked rolling my eyes.

"Well, every Christmas Eve is lovely. It's the night before our lord, Jesus, was born.

"I guess you're right."

I said, feeling a little dull.

"Why do you look so familiar to me?"

He asked, while at the same time observing me.

"Maybe because I'm the daughter of Mitchell Collins. You probably saw me on TV or something like that."

"Yeah, there we go, that's it."

He said, not looking surprised at all.

"Why aren't you surprised?"

"Well, why should anyone be surprised of God's creation? If you're the daughter of a billionaire, then it's all God's plan." "Okay?"

He smiled again.

"Well, then, why do you look so sad?"

He asked, while wiping the tears of my face. I sniffed.

"Well, my cousins, that joined us for the holidays, took my phone and sent a message to my crush, saying; 'I love you'." "So, is that the reason why you should be crying and not enjoying this special day?"

"Well, yeah, obviously!"

"In the bible, Galatians, verse 5, says; 'it is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery'. See, don't let your worries burden you. Just keep calm and carry on."

He said as if he was talking to himself.

"Okay, I'll try."

"Great!"

"I better get going before my parents get worried."

"Okay. It was lovely meeting you. See you again."

"Bye! And... thank you!"

"No problem, bye!"

He said, while waving.

"I walked back home, until I came to the front door. I waited a few seconds and knocked. It opened up straight away.

"Oh, honey! We were so worried for you!"

Cried mom.

"And these three have something to say to you."

Said aunt Brenda, while tapping her feet on the floor, folding her arms together and looking at them.

"We're really sorry."

They all said at the same time.

"Yeah, it was wrong."

Said Timmy

"Sorry."

Said Jimmy.

"It won't happen again."

Said Molly.

"Don't worry about it, it's fine."

I said, looking down.

"Well, now that this is over, can we have Dinner? I'm starving!"

Asked grandpa George, looking embarrassed.

"Of course! Sonja cooked some chicken."

Said mom.

We had a nice dinner. We laughed, we chatted and had a good time.

After all, Christmas isn't about presents and a big Christmas tree. It's about celebrating the life of Jesus Christ with your beloved family.

When the dinner was over, everyone went to their own room. I brushed my teeth, took Puff to his bed and I went to sleep, feeling excited to have fun with my cousins then next day.

Ding.

There's a notification on my phone. Jason: 'I love you too.'

I smiled and fell asleep.

This goes to show that God's plan is always the best.



The starry night

The sound of bells, the smell of gingerbread cookies. George could not sleep thinking about these special things that happen all during a shower of Christmas presents. George was a little boy who loved spending Christmas with his joyful family and friends.

He loves it so much that his brother Jordan called him the anti-grinch (though Jordan didn't like Christmas). Sadly, Jordan had the grinch mentality. And that made George always sad that Jordan didn't want to participate in the singing next to the scent of Christmas tree or playing in the glittering snow. But the worst thing was that he never wanted to join the beautiful candlelight dinner. He had no Christmas spirit.

That's why he had a plan... everyone has been saying that it'll be a beautiful, starry night and that's when George would take Jordan out to see. So after that George took a rest and waited for the events like singing, opening presents and dinner all pass so that Jordan can see what Christmas nature brings to people.

George was waiting for all to pass for what felt like a year until the time came and it was snowing and starry outside. He called Jordan who wouldn't answer until after the third call and came downstairs with a very long face. George told Jordan to look outside at what beauty awaits. As Jordan went outside George was looking at him excited. Shocked,

impressed, surprised Jordan realised the family all together, thought about all the fun they seemed to be having and said: "is this what I've been missing out on?" And very quietly apologised. He seemed very regretful, he missed years worth of fun. So he decided that he will from then on participate in all the fun activities. So After that the whole family went to go open the Christmas presents together.

Starry night

On one starry night, the glittering snow fell delicately on the ground, while the scent of Christmas cookies filled the streets. The gingerbread men waiting to be sold from the display window, the children yearning for Christmas Day to come, for tomorrow to come. Excited and happy, sleepy and exhausted, the children reluctantly fell asleep hoping for Christmas morning to come soon. The scent of a Christmas tree lingered before the smell of candlelight's replaced it.

As the night passed the morning rose, christmas day was here. The sound of the bells rang through the air, waking many Christmas spirits slowly and soundly. The joyful families went downstairs, every child expecting a shower of Christmas presents except they weren't there. Though they found a small piece of paper with some writing it read "go outside". Confused, shocked, happy, the families went outside waiting for what was named as a surprise. Everyone started to doubt if there was a surprise: they have been waiting outside for a long time. Then it started to rain, not rain but presents. The children started to run around trying to get a present. (Even if they wanted more than one)

As the kids look up to see how the presents rained down, they see a sleigh with elves throwing presents down as Santa drives the sleigh. The End.



My beautiful Christmas story

It's a beautiful starry night, the sound of bells is highlighting the beautiful day as the glittering snow falls, joyful families waiting for a shower of Christmas presents as Christmas day is going to be tomorrow. Eating gingerbread and talking about the beautiful year they had, already thinking about the new challenges the next year will bring.

In one of these families there is Charlie; a 13 year-old student known for his anger and bad grades. He doesn't bother being calm even this time and shouts out "give me my presents" not trying to keep the Christmas spirit as the scent of Christmas cookies is alighting the room just like the candlelight on the shelf. As a now calm Charlie sat down in front of the Christmas tree, as he suprasingly admired the scent of the Christmas tree.

As his mom goes to the living room (the room where the Christmas tree is in) with freshly baked gingerbread since the rest was eaten by the dad who went to his room. As she approaches Charlie she asks "everything ok?" as Charlie responds by "my foot hurts" followed by "can you please wait for the presents with me?" but his mom responds by "I'm sorry but I think it's bedtime, remember, tomorrow presents will come, now go to bed"

As he lies down in bed he thinks to himself he of all the presents he can get even though deep inside he knows he shouldn't get anything.

Christmas day has come, Charlie gets up late at around 10 o'clock because he thought all night. As he goes to the living room he sees his parents talking. As he looks again he notices another figure, his brother, "how could I forget?!" He thinks to himself, his brother had been on a school trip for the last 2 weeks and Charlie almost forgot about him "how embarrassing" he thinks.

As he approaches his brother Tom who is 11 years old and a very nice kid who always listened to his parents and always got A+ on everything; Charlie was jealous.

A few sentences later Charlie says "what about we open some presents?" And his parents subcutaneously answer "why not?"

His brother starts, he just got a brand new iPhone 15! Charlie stares at him surprised "damn, I hope I get something like that" he opens his only present.

He rips it open and a lot of socks and slippers fall on him "nooo" he thinks and after thanking his parents he goes to his room crying how he got what he deserved after all the bad grades and bad behaviour.

After crying for for a few minutes of crying and sobbing he reaches his backpack and takes out his books and starts doing all the exercises that he had trouble doing. With newly found motivation he thinks to himself "I'm gonna do everything I can to succeed in school and be as nice as Tom and I'm gonna have a iPhone 15 just like Tom"



The scent of Christmas cookies

They swiftly grabbed the freshly baked gingerbread-men and threw them into their sleigh, got in, and also swiftly threw themselves down the mountain.

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One little tree seemed to come out of nowhere, right in front of their sleigh. They ran into it and, WOOSH, it launched them into the sky over the the town, "Oh no! Now we will never bring them in time!" moaned Jonathan, when out of nowhere chris got an idea"dad!

We win make it in time! Throw all the cookies out""why?!" shouted Jonathan in confusion"just do it!"instructed the son, and so they did, and all the gingerbread-men began falling into the town streets, it was like a shower of Christmas presents.

At that moment, they heard the sound of bells coming from the clock tower, it was now Christmas, they had made it, but before they could celebrate, they landed in a big pile of soft snow, and when they got out, townsfolk were there waiting for them, and cheered.

Happy, wet, cold, they were carried back into the town by townsfolk and joyful families full of the Christmas spirit as the scent of Christmas cookies got stronger.

Familial love

It was a starry night and the snow was glittering.

The Bolharov family had dinner and discussed their plans for where to go for the Christmas. The scent of a Christmas tree was all over the house. Father John, without thinking for a long time, offered to celebrate in New York. There is a very cool atmosphere and spirit of the Christmas . Everyone agreed, and after a couple of days, they started packing their bags. Before going to New York, my mother decided to prepare holiday gingerbread so that there would be something to eat on the way. While the children were walking on the street, their father ordered a taxi to the airport on a random website. Since Anna and William were walking near the church, they did not hear their father calling them over the loud bells. After a couple of minutes, a suspicious man approached them and asked if they wanted to go with him so that he could give them gifts. But they immediately refused because they knew that strangers cannot be trusted. At the same second, he grabs the girl, throws her into his black bead, hits his brother on the head, and runs away. When Anna's brother woke up at home, he realized what had happened, his sister had been kidnapped. Mom was worried and nervous,upset and stressed, her daughter was kidnapped and Dad was asking all the details about that man and his car, about the plane and Christmas, everyone had already forgotten. The police has arrived and started to ask a lot of questions to the William. He was sad, disappointed, miserable, he wanted to found his sister as fast as possible. But after a couple of minutes, an unknown number called and said your daughter is with me, if you want to take her, you have to pay a ransom. Parents immediately agreed. He named the meeting place near the same church. When everyone arrived there, they saw their grandfather who came to joke. He was joyful and satisfied, amazed and happy. He was as funny as a monkey. Everyone began to shout at the grandfather that how could you joke with such a person. After that they went to home and stayed there to celebrate Christmas. They already missed the plain to New therefore they don't have a option to go somewhere. In the afternoon of the shocking prank, the Bolharov family returned home with a mix of emotions — relief, frustration, and lingering disbelief. And so, with hearts full of forgiveness and a newfound appreciation for family unity, the Bolharovs celebrated a unique and memorable Christmas — a night that began with a twist of fate but ended with the enduring glow of familial love.

My Christmas story

Happy, excited, energised I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. I lived in Arizona for the first 10 years of my life and had just moved to Canada around 3 years ago. Unlike my family I loved it in Arizona but my mother always complained about the heat and how it wasn't convenient living there. Not surprising for someone who grew up in Alaska. My twin brother Joey isn't much different to mum. Actually he took a lot after her, always complaining and hardly ever pleased. My dad however is a joyful person that loves telling dad jokes to make us laugh.

This morning felt different I looked through the window only to see 30cm of snow had piled up over night. It was nothing unusual to see that much snow, however that very morning the snow seemed to shine. It was as if a small fairy has sprinkled silver glitter on the snow during the night. I started to daze off just as my mother yelled "Hazel your gonna be late if you don't get a move on" I sprinted down the stairs to see that Joey was already waiting by the door ready to go catch the bus. I apologised, grabbed some breakfast and my school bag then left.

Joey wasn't particularly happy with the fact that I had almost made him miss the bus. Then he started to lecture me saying how I should get ready faster in the morning blah blah blah. Joey is 2 minutes older than me and he thinks that it makes a huge difference and considers himself as my "older" brother but all I consider him as is an arrogant twin.

The snow crunched beneath our feet as we fasted walked to the bus stop. The sound of the bells from the nearby church could be heard as we had just made it on time onto the bus.

During English class we were about to have a small dictation and we were told to write the date. That's when it hit me Christmas was already 5 days! I hadn't been aware of how fast Christmas was approaching until then.

When the bell had finally dismissed us I ran to catch up with Joey however he was nowhere to be found. The bus had arrived and he still wasn't there. I decided I would just take the bus without him after all it's not my problem if he can't find his way around school to make it to the bus stop I teased myself, but inside I was dead worried something had happened to him.

As I made it to the front porch I couldn't help but notice the joyful families gathered together getting their Christmas ornaments ready. I didn't feel the Christmas spirit that I normally felt each year I didn't know why.

When I walked through the front door I remembered that I had taken the bus home alone. I hurried to tell my mom who was sitting on the couch reading her magazine that she read every day. "Mom" I said almost tearing up "Joey didn't come to the bus stop after school so I took the bus home alone and..." "now now" she said "there is no need to stress Joey finished school earlier today so he is already here" I was full with rage why didn't he text me that he had finished school earlier? when I had calmed down I barged up to Joey's room ready to yell at him. "Why did you do that" I yelled "do what" he replied "well leave school earlier without texting me" I said. He started ranting about some nonsense and at that point I just decided to leave the matter alone. Why had I even cared so much?

"I don't see the point of starting to decorate for Christmas already" mom said. I had just asked her why we hadn't already started to decorate the house yet. I sighed "but mom Christmas is in 5 days" "I know" she replied. "please mum can we make this year's Christmas special, make it stand out from all the other Christmases we've had?" Dad who had overheard the conversation decided to share his opinion about the whole thing. "of course Hazel my darling we will have an amazing Christmas this year we will make it extra special" he said, he thought for a little while then said "how about we throw a Christmas party?" I jumped up and down excited about the idea. He smirked. Horror flashed through mom's face "absolutely NOT" she barked "we will not be having a Christmas party!" She stared right into dad's soul. Dad laughed and said the decision was final that we would be having a Christmas party. Mom knew that there was no way to talk him out of it and that there was no point on even saying anything. She would just have to put up with it.

Getting the Christmas tree attached to the car was a big hassle. We had bought a real tree because real Christmas trees always smell better. The smell of the pines and the rich camphor scent. Dad had suggested that we

start by putting the tree up first which everyone seemed to agree with. Apart from Joey who was confused, apparently no one had told him about the party so he just stood there having no clue of what's going on. When he was finally aware of the party he was actually quite surprised and excited at the same time.

When the tree was finally attached to the back of the car we thought that the biggest trouble was over ohh boy where we wrong.

We set up the Christmas tree it was a 6 foot tall one so we had to use a ladder to set it up.

My mother is scared of heights so she didn't want to climb up. Dad said that Joey should go up since he was slightly taller than me. Joey didn't love the idea saying that he was gonna fall but mom and dad reassured him that they would hold the ladder still.

While all that was going on I was sent to make some Christmas cookies. I had once made cookies before but it didn't go to well.

However this time I was feeling confident I mean how hard could it be? I was now 13 the last time I had made them was when I was 9.

I watched as the cookies baked in the oven. I breathed in the amazing scent of my Christmas cookies, I felt proud of myself for achieving this all by my self. I wondered into the living room to inform my parents that everything was going well.

But as I walked into the living room I was just in time to see the 6 foot Christmas tree crashing down onto Joey!

He unfortunately made it out alive, the whole family was relieved. Joey looked at me knowing that I would have preferred him being trapped under the tree. I quickly looked away trying to keep in my laughter.

All of that drama had made me forget about the Christmas cookies. I ran back to the kitchen but it was already too late.

The cookies had burnt and all that was left was the horrible burning smell that flooded the kitchen.

The house was a mess with Christmas lights and ornaments scattered all over the floor .

The Christmas tree itself was a mess it had lost most of it's pines when it had fallen and the kitchen smelled horrible.

"This is all your fault" mom said to dad "this would have never happened if you hadn't had the idea of throwing a Christmas party" dad ignored the comment and simply said that we could just hire some people that would put the tree up and the rest of the ornaments for us.

So the next day the workers were here putting up all the Christmas decorations. The only thing that we were in charge of was inviting the guests and making the food but this time my mom would make the food.

When the day of the Christmas party arrived everyone was in a good mood apart from mom who said that she felt ashamed that we were not even able to put the Christmas decorations up ourselves.

But then dad reminded her that she was the one that had made the delicious gingerbread that the guests would love.

There were many candles in the room and my eyes were shining in the candle lights. It was a starry night and the stars shined extra bright.

The guests started to arrive, and that when we realised that there were way more people than we expected.

We started the party off by exchanging Christmas gifts. Like usual my grandparents showered us with Christmas presents.

Everyone was enjoying the party. Dad winked at me knowing that his idea of the whole party thing hadn't turned out to be that bad after all. Even mom and Joey came up to me saying that they were already looking forward to the Christmas party next year.

I smiled and went to join the crowd of people dancing in the center of the room.



Christmas spirit and Christmas cookies

In between many tall mountains, is A little town.

It was Christmas eve and on top of the mountain closest to the town, there was a warm little cottage, and in it, were a father and son making sweet, little, warm gingerbread- men, the room was full of the scent of Christmas cookies.

Every year, at Christmas at 00:00, a father and son called Jonathan and chris come down the mountain to spread gingerbread-men and joy with it. It was this way for 5 years, and the father and son hoped it would continue this way. After taking the last gingerbread man out the oven, the son sat down and sighed.

"Thats the final one, now we have..." he looked at the old grandfather clock in the corner of the room, 10.58"1 hour to pack it into the sleigh and descend the mountain". The dad's face suddenly changed"err, chris, you did put the clock forward, didn't you?" chris looked at his dad and his face went pale"no, I didn't"said the son"oh"whispered Jonathan "SON WE NEED TO PACK THE COOKIES NOW!"

They swiftly grabbed the freshly baked gingerbread-men and threw them into their sleigh, got in, and also swiftly threw themselves down the mountain.

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the cookies out""why?!" shouted Jonathan in confusion"just do it!"instructed the son, and so they did, and all the gingerbread-men began falling into the town streets, it was like a shower of Christmas presents.

At that moment, they heard the sound of bells coming from the clock tower, it was now Christmas, they had made it, but before they could celebrate, they landed in a big pile of soft snow, and when they got out, townsfolk were there waiting for them, and cheered. Happy, wet, cold, they were carried back into the town by townsfolk and joyful families full of the Christmas spirit as the scent of Christmas cookies got stronger.



Christmas story

She heard the sound of the bells and ran outside. The glittering snow sparkled, and all the joyful families walked around the Christmas market. Tired and sad, annoyed and frustrated, Aimee also wanted a family.

She felt alone every Christmas, seeing all the children's houses in front of the orphanage waking up and having a shower of Christmas presents and their parents helping clean the mess they made from making gingerbread houses. She wished she had a family and waking up from the sweet, chocolate scent of the Christmas cookies and putting up the tree, being able to smell the amazing scent of the Christmas tree.

One night she had it enough, it was the 22nd of December, she took a candlelight and left, she tipped toed to the bathroom and gladly enough she could fit through the bathroom window. Her plan was to run away and find a family that would love her and make her feel like all those other children.

It took her some time to realise it wasn't as easy as she imagined. She was happy though, that's she had escaped and didn't have to smell the awful scent of the carrot that was rotting behind her bed (but deep down she was regretting her decision)

The night passed and Aimee had slept on the chairs at the bus stop. Cold, scared and terrified she didn't know whether to go back. It wasn't how she imagined, it's not the Christmas spirit she had thought of, with all the kids playing in the snow, drinking hot coco, instead all the kids were inside playing video games. She continued to walk around the village and saw a forest, but it was unusual, there was someone and there was a Christmas tree full of lights which on top of it said, "for Aimee".

She felt a warm spark in her heart because for the first time there was something for her, someone to think of her (she felt something off about it). She decided to go see what it was but when she walked in the forest, minutes passed but it all disappeared, she was surrounded by trees and there was no way out. She broke into tears, not because she was scared but because she realised no one wanted her, no family did.

With no hope she realised that only the orphanage wanted her, so she went back. She crawled back through the window and went to her bed, only to see everyone was worried about her, all crying on her bed. For the first time she felt like someone actually loved her.

She couldn't sleep that night, all that she could think of is that maybe Christmas spirit wasn't about going to the Christmas market and laying in the snow, it's to stay with your over ones and share more amazing memories.



One boy, named Jack

There lived one boy, named Jack, who didn't believe in Christmas. He just wanted gifts, sweets and a holiday. He was very spoiled, didn't listen to his parents, offended his classmates, but one fine night everything changed.

Christmas is for love. It's for joy, for laughter and for reconnecting with family and friends. But Christmas is mostly about love. He didn't believe it until one Christmas night, a small, elf-like boy with big brown eyes and rosy cheeks gave him a wonderful gift and told him that if he continued to behave badly and offend his classmates, everyone would simply forget about him and he would never receive more than this gift for Christmas. After that, Jack started to believe in the Christmas spirit and changed his attitude. He got better grades in school and had more friends. People started trusting him. Finally, the elf-boy went to him every year.

Christmas Ghost

It was another Christmas in an ordinary city, and there lived a boy whose name is Robert, he had a brother Christian, they lived in an ordinary family, but they always wanted to get a lot of presents on Christmas, but the only way to get it, was to catch a "Christmas Ghost".

This ghost could enter into their house only through the chimney and only if he felt the scent of Christmas cookies and gingerbread.

But always when he went into somebody's house he killed the whole family and only then started to eat his cookies, and to prevent it from flying inside your house, parents always closed the chimney.

But if you are so strong and you are sure that you will catch him and kill forever, the government will give you a lot of presents.

A week before Christmas Robert's family started preparing their house. Happy and glad, excited and joyful, Robert helped his father bring the Christmas tree to the living room. He decorated Christmas tree by bells, lights and a big star at the top.

It was so beautiful but in one minute after it Robert accidentally fell through Christmas tree (he was so scared. How would his mum react) the sound of bells was so loud, so he just ran away to his room and closed the door. He just went to the window, looked up and there was a glittering snow, he couldn't even look at snow because it reflected the light of moon and stars, it was Starry night.

Next day he got up because of the scent of Christmas tree, he went to living room and saw how his mom fixing it, he immediately ran to her and started to help her.

After he asked "Mom, where are we going to go to celebrate Christmas", she answered that we will go to their friends' house.

Robert was a little upset because he's brother told him about the Ghost, and he really wanted to see him, and even try to catch. Then Robert and his brother started to think about their plan and how they are going to catch him.

It was already Christmas Eve, he and he's brother started to making cookies and gingerbread, after they made cookies they went to living room and put them near to the Christmas tree, then they went to their room and starting to dressing up, but they heard like something fall down in the attic.

They went to there and saw like small rat was running around and couldn't understand where to go.

They helped her to get outside, but when they were going back Christian saw strange cage.

It made of glass and had some strange wholes, they light a candlelight to see what is this, and they saw instruction on the back of it.

They started to read out it, there was written "This cage made to catch a Christmas Ghost".

After it they already knew what they are going to do tonight. So they opened chimney and started to wait.

In the evening when the family was going to their friends, Christian and Robert told to mom that they forgot their gifts.

Mom had a Christmas spirit, so she allowed them to go.

When they came back home they put a lot of candlelights around the room and put cage near to the Christmas tree with cookies and gingerbread inside. They hid behind the sofa and started to wait.

In a few minutes they heard something inside of chimney. Scared and terrified, shaking and sweaty they were.

Robert looked out of the sofa and saw some kind of outline and immediately turned back, they began to listen and realized that the ghost went to check the house, when ghost came back he entered into cage and it immediately closed by itself.

Boys were happy; they caught a ghost.

They called their mom and told her, she couldn't imagine that they did it, she decided to call to city helpline and told them everything. In a moment special big car with a lot of presents came to Robert and exchanged them to the cage with the ghost inside.

They got the biggest shower of Christmas presents.

All country was so happy and joyful families started to celebrate Christmas.

The anticipation of Christmas Eve hung in the air as Janie and her parents were driving to the airport. They would visit grandmother Anne who lives really far away from them. Loving father Peter drove his family to the airport, however, there was a traffic jam where they got stuck for hours because a lot of people wanted to go to their families for a celebration, but unfortunately they were late and their small girl Janie started to sob because she really missed her grandmother and the scent of Christmas cookies that she baked. Mother Valeri was really brave and she could deal almost with every problem so when they got to the airport she bought tickets for the next flight straight away. The flight was in 3 hours but after waiting for 2 hours they found out that all flights were cancelled because of the huge snowfall, Janie started to sob again, because Christmas was just in a day and they were far away from her grandmother. While they were in the airport it got dark so the family decided to go to a hotel and they hoped that they will have their flight tomorrow.

The family found a cozy hotel nearby, adorned with twinkling Christmas lights. Despite the unexpected turn of events, they decided to make the most of the situation. In the hotel lobby, they discovered a warm and festive atmosphere. The hotel staff, recognizing the disappointment on Janie's face, surprised her with a small gift – a beautifully wrapped box containing a gingerbread house kit.

Excitement filled the air as Janie and her parents spent the evening assembling the gingerbread house together. Laughter echoed through the room, and the scent of gingerbread filled their temporary holiday haven. In the spirit of Christmas, the hotel had a special dinner for all the stranded travelers, creating an unexpected sense of community.

As they enjoyed their meal, they shared stories and created new memories with other families who, like them, had faced unforeseen obstacles in reaching their loved ones. The hotel even organized a makeshift gift exchange, ensuring that the spirit of giving and joy permeated the space.

In the morning, they woke up to a winter wonderland outside. The snow had transformed the surroundings into a magical scene. Although the flights were still delayed, the hotel arranged for a shuttle to take guests on a festive tour of the snowy town. They visited a local Christmas market, went sledding, and even had a snowball fight, turning an unexpected delay into a joyful adventure.

Finally, later that day, the airport reopened, and the family boarded their rescheduled flight. Janie, with a heart full of newfound holiday spirit, couldn't wait to share the gingerbread house story with her grandmother. As they landed and reunited with Grandmother Anne, the delayed journey became a tale of resilience, unexpected joy, and the true meaning of Christmas.



The Secret Christmas

On Christmas eve, glittering snow covered the lawn in front of the orphanage, the snow on the stone pathway leading to the door was slowly being shovelled to the side on the lawn by a teenage boy. His black hair was dusted with a light powdering of snow, he was wearing an old jacket that was much too small for him, the sleeves just barely passed his elbows and the dark green colour had faded into a dull grey green. Exhausted, cold and tired he continued shovelling the pathway until all the snow had been pushed to the side onto the lawn.

Inside a young teenage girl, with beautiful auburn hair and freckles that danced across her face was preparing dinner. The old, dusty kitchen was shrouded in a low light cast mostly by the candlelight, the only other light source was from overhead cast by the dingy, flickering light bulb, that only offered a low yellow glow to the room. The girl, Charlotte Thompson, had lived in the orphanage for nearly 11 months. Her family had been killed in a terrible car accident in the early days of February, both her parents and her little 5 year old brother had died on impact. The paramedics had told her that she was very lucky to have survived. (Charlotte meanwhile, had never in her life felt as unlucky.)

She was bustling around the kitchen, humming the tune of an old Christmas carol under her breath. Right as she was about to begin chopping some carrots, a young boy came running in, he appeared to only be around the age of 5. Charlotte let out a swear as she almost chopped off her own fingers when the young child wrapped his arms around her legs. "Charlotte! Charlotte, fast you have to hide me! Miss Allen's coming!" He exclaimed, Charlotte let out a sigh of exasperation before opening a cabinet under the sink and softly shoved the boy inside.

"Charlotte? How's dinner coming along?" Charlotte turned around and was met with the sight of the main caretaker of the orphanage. Miss Allen was a middle-aged woman with only a few wrinkles around her eyes and mouth, her black curly hair was tied up in a bun with a few stray pieces falling out in front of her face that seemed to camouflage in with her dark skin. "It should be ready in 20 minutes, I think." She answered. "You haven't seen Leo, have you? He's run off again." Miss Allen asked, she was a nice, strict, but nice which made Charlotte feel guilty for lying to her,

but it didn't do much to stop her. "No, I haven't. Are you sure he isn't just hiding in the younger kids play area? There are some good hiding spots there." "Already checked there, but I'll check again. Anyway, I'll let you finish dinner, make sure to bring him back to the childrens quarters if you see him." She told Charlotte before turning around and leaving.

Before Charlotte could open the cabinet, Leo tumbled out landing on his behind. "Leo! What are you doing here? You should be in the childrens quarters!" Charlotte scolded him. Leo stood up, pouted and pushed his golden blonde hair behind his ear. "Miss Allen is taking away Christmas!" He wailed. "What? What do you mean?" Charlotte asked, Leo pressed his lips together and his blue eyes became teary, "She says Santas too busy to come! But Santa always comes! He's got a bunch of elves to help. Right?" "That's right, Santa will come, he always comes. Miss Allen's an adult, so she doesn't understand, only kids like you can understand Santa." Charlotte comforted him, she was lying but she couldn't stand seeing Leo sad: He reminded her too much of her Noah, her younger brother who had died 11 months ago, in the same car crash that killed her parents but had left her untouched. Leo's voice pulled her out her thoughts "You pinky promise?" "I pinky promise" She answered, trying to ignore the guilt that festered inside of her.

There would be no Christmas for anyone in the orphanage. "We're on a strict budget," Miss Allen had said, "We cannot afford to spend any money on unnecessary things." Charlotte had thought it to be cruel, to deny the young children living here of Christmas, but Miss Allen was right, if there would be any Christmas festivities then there wouldn't be enough money for the necessary things.

A new voice joined them in the kitchen, it was the same teenager that had been shovelling snow outside "Charlotte, what is Leo doing here? You know he's not allowed to be here." He asked, a puddle of water had formed where he was standing, behind him was watery footprints from his snow caked boots. "It's not my fault Gabriel! I was scared Santa wouldn't come!" Leo yammered, Gabriel raised his eyebrows at that and was about to answer Leo before Charlotte interrupted. "But! He's coming! Right, Gabriel?" Charlotte sent a pleading look to Gabriel, begging him not to contradict her. "Right, of course, Santa's coming." He said much to

Charlottes relief, "But Leo you're going to get in trouble if you keep running off." "But-" "Nope, no excuses, I don't care that you've only been here for a month, and I don't care if you get more chores as punishment, but I do care if I get more chores and if Miss Allen catches me with you when you should be in the childrens quarters, that's exactly what will happen. So you need to go back to the childrens quarters right now, understood?" Gabriel left no room for argument and sent Leo, who was barely holding back tears, out to go back to the childrens section of the orphanage.

"You know, you could be more nice. I heard the reason he's here is cause his mom died in a fire." Charlotte mumbled, despite the fact that Gabriel was one of her only friends here, she sometimes found him to be too blunt and rude. She knew he cared and didn't mean to be a jerk, but he certainly didn't act like it sometimes. "All of us are here because our parents are either dead or left us, he doesn't deserve to get special treatment." He answered, peeling off his too small coat and dropping it on the floor. "Oh, and you do?" She countered, "You're meant to put the coat and shoes in the entry way, and here you are tracking in a bunch of muddy snow." He shrugged, "And you're not meant to lie but you did that anyway." Charlotte winced, she had been wondering how she could fix what she had said without hurting Leo, so far she hadn't thought of something.

"I felt bad, he just wants to celebrate Christmas..." She trailed off, knowing she could offer no better argument for why she had lied to Leo, it hadn't been right for her to lie like that simply because she didn't want Leo to be sad. Gabriel sighed "I understand, you didn't want to upset him. But now he's going to be even more upset in the morning when there'll be no presents like you promised him." "Are you sure there's nothing we can do? He's so young he deserves to have Christmas." "No, Miss Allen would never agree to that, she can barely keep the orphanage running as it is." He paused, a look of indecision passing over his face, before finally he let out a frustrated sigh and answered, "But, I have an idea, meet me in the entry way after Lights out." Then, he left taking the discarded jacket with him.

Confusion passed over Charlotte as she finished dinner, what could Gabriel be talking about? The thought kept her awake as she laid in the girl's dormitory and waited for Miss Allens footsteps to fade. Curiously, she tiptoed out of the room and down the staircase, being extra careful not wake anyone. In the corridor, Gabriel awaited her. He was still in his sleepwear just like Charlotte, but he had boots and the same jacket from earlier on. He seemed to melt into the darkness of the corridor. The only thing that kept him visible was the light from the dining room shining off his pale skin. Charlotte quickly pulled on a pair of boots and grabbed a jacket while questioning him.

"What's happening? What's your idea?". Gabriel opened the front door and waited for Charlotte to join him outside, "Well you promised Leo Christmas would happen right?", Charlotte gave a small nod, "I have some extra money, so now we can actually fulfil that promise." She paused, was Gabriel really offering his own hard-earned money to spend on Christmas. "Your own money? Are you sure? You don't have to." He had plans for his money, he would need it when he turned 18 in the next few months and would leave the orphanage. "Yes. I'm sure otherwise I wouldn't be offering." He bit back.

Charlotte was surprised, she might have only known Gabriel for 11 months, but she knew him well enough to know that he was very protective of the little money he had managed to make over the years. Gabriel had always been secretive and didn't share much, the one thing that he made sure everyone knew was that he would leave the minute he turned 18. Despite the fact that he would still be allowed to reside in the orphanage for another month, to give him time to move out. He had always been adamant that he would not need the time. It was all he ever talked about, about how he had saved up enough money to actually find a place a to live and not be homeless the first few months he'd be 18. Charlotte never liked when he reminded her that in only a few months he'd 18 and would leave. He was her only friend beside Leo but Leo was so young and reminded her much too much of her brother that any conversation they'd have would never not be painful.

It was a starry night, and as they neared the Christmas market, Charlotte was reminded that it really was Christmas. She knew of course that it was

Christmas, but it never really occurred to her that people were celebrating just like any other Christmas, though she supposed for them it was just like any other Christmas. They weren't experiencing their first Christmas without their family, they weren't forced to live in an old dingy orphanage, they weren't forced to sneak out just so a young boy could get to celebrate Christmas. No, they could enjoy their Christmas without a care in the world.

The Christmas market was full of joyful families and reeked of the Christmas spirit. The scent of Christmas cookies and gingerbread hung in the air, and Charlotte grabbed two cookies from a stand selling cookies and handed on to Gabriel. "How did you get these? I'm the one with the money." Charlotte shrugged and continued to look around in awe at all the Christmas festivities, "I might not have paid for it." Gabriel raised an eyebrow at that but opted not to answer. It had been one of the best times Charlotte had had in a while. She ran through the crowds with Gabriel not far behind, browsed through the shops looking for the perfect gift for Leo, ate food that could've been heaven compared to the tasteless food at the orphanage, laughed and talked with Gabriel. The jealousy she had been feeling, had completely faded by the time her and Gabriel reached the center of the market.

A large Christmas tree could be seen there, it was one of the biggest Christmas trees that Charlotte had ever seen. It was taller than a two-story building with colourful, bright lights covering almost every inch of it, beautiful ornaments with so much detail it must've taken at least a year to make all of them, a shower of Christmas presents underneath it so large some of them had to be taller than Charlotte, the scent of a Christmas tree so strong Charlotte could've thought she walked into a boutique only selling Christmas tree scented perfume.

The sound of bells pulled Charlotte out of her trance. "Midnight, we should probably head back now." Gabriel muttered, grabbing her wrist and pulling her through the crowd. "Thank you." Charlotte answered, "What for?" He asked glancing back at her, "Doing this, for spending your money on making Christmas happen for Leo." "Right, it's not that big of a deal, it's nothing really." He looked uncomfortable with the gratitude Charlotte was expressing for him. "It is to me, and it will be for Leo." "Right, well then, you're welcome I guess?".

The conversation died off as they neared the orphanage. Stealthy and quiet, careful and slowly, they made their way into the orphanage. But right as they discarded their boots and coats in the entry way, Miss Allen turned on the light in the corridor catching them before they could hide.

"I hope you two have a good explanation for why you snuck out after lights out, without permission for over 3 hours?" Her voice was angry, strict and disappointed, it made Charlotte feel guilty for worrying her, but it didn't make her regret sneaking out, she did that for Leo. "Look, um, Miss Allen we weren't doing anything illegal, if that helps." Gabriel explained, making Charlotte shoot an annoyed look at his back. As expected, a new crease between Miss Allen's eyebrow appeared "No! That does not help! Goodness, do you even know how suspicious that sounds?" She complained exasperated, she took a calming breath and finally took notice of the bag "What's in the bag?" She asked almost fearfully, she stepped forward and took it out of Charlotte's hands, with a very stressed expression she started muttering under her breath while Gabriel and Charlotte continued to stand awkwardly across from her.

"I swear to God, if I find drugs in here, you're both in very big trouble." She trailed off as she found the assortment of Christmas items in the bag, a pained expression came onto her face, "Did you steal money from our budget to buy this?" She asked, obviously worried about the answer, "No! No, no, we didn't, I um, used some of my own money." Gabriel quickly assured her, after a quick look of indecisiveness on Miss Allen's face, she finally answered "Alright, I'm willing to pretend I didn't notice you guys sneaking out, if you promise to never do anything like this again." "We promise!" Charlotte yelled at her, while she was being dragged away quickly by Gabriel as he shuffled away down the hallway.

Charlotte silently entered the children's dormitory, Gabriel had gone up to the attic to 'make it feel more Christmasy for when Leo comes' he had said, whatever that meant. She eventually found him in the last bunk at the back of the room. Softly she shook him awake, careful not to startle him. He slowly blinked the sleep out of his eyes trying to figure out what was going on. "Santa came." Charlotte whispered to him as an explanation before holding up on finger in front of her mouth, signalling him to be quiet. She led him up to the attic, she could practically feel excitement buzzing

beneath his skin.

She let Leo climb up the ladder to the attic first to appease his curiosity. She was surprised to hear Leo's excited little squeak. What 'Christmasy' thing did Gabriel do to make Leo sound so awestruck? She understood Leo's surprise when she made it up to the attic. Gabriel had made a large blanket fort near the window pointing out of the attic, so that they could see the starry night sky and the snow slowly falling down to the ground, he had even put up Christmas lights to illuminate the place. While it was nowhere as extravagant as the Christmas tree at the market was, it was somehow even more beautiful, it gave off a nice homely feel which Charlotte didn't even know was possible in this rickety old orphanage.

In the middle of the fort, Gabriel had placed two small presents, one was wrapped in a blue wrapping paper with a star pattern on it. It had been wrapped in a messy way, either Gabriel didn't know how to wrap a gift or was too rushed to do it well, it was probably both. Next to the blue gift was one wrapped with a pink wrapping paper and small little Santa hats all over it, this one was also wrapped in the same messy style.

Leo immediately ran over and demanded excitedly which one was his, Charlotte sat next him and Gabriel sat on the other side of him. Gabriel wordlessly handed him the blue wrapped gift and then handed Charlotte the pink wrapped one. "You got me a present?" Charlotte asked in disbelief, she hadn't expected Gabriel to get her a gift, they were only doing this for Leo after all. He only gave a small nod in response, though when Charlotte handed him a large gift bag, he raised an eyebrow which he seemed very fond of doing and asked, "You got me a present?", it was said in a mocking tone and more high pitched tone to imitate Charlotte's voice, she just laughed and lightly smacked him in return. Leo meanwhile had unwrapped his present and happily ran around the room with his toy airplane.

Charlotte unwrapped her present wondering what Gabriel could have possibly gotten her. Inside she found a necklace, it was a golden necklace with a little green four leafed clover, "It's beautiful, thank you." She told him, quickly trying to tie it around her neck. Gabriel crawled over, again without saying anything, and helped with the hook on the back of the necklace. Despite how rude and unthoughtful he seemed sometimes, she

knew he really was observant and sweet despite how much he tried to hide it. She watched him take out the new jacket she'd bought him, it was a simple navy blue winter jacket, "A jacket?" He asked, "Figured you could use a new one, considering how worn down and small your old one is." Just like usual, he didn't seem to know how to respond to someone doing something kind for him, that was probably a result of him being in the system his whole life. He mumbled a small thank you and put on the jacket despite them being inside.

No more words were spoken, instead they both took to watching Leo run happily around with his toy airplane gripped in his chubby little hands. Charlotte smiled and was for the first time in a while truly happy.



The Man in red

It all started with a starry night.

The day was christmas eve and the excitement from the joyful families grew.

Excited and tired, nervous and happy, I walked towards my christmas tree. Looking out at the window, the glittering snow shined with the moonlight. Everything's ready for christmas day! From the candlelight to the gingerbread men.

It was perfect: Everything was ready for The man in red! Excited, scared, tired, my face fell on top of my pillow. (Until the sleep faded away, it felt like ETERNITY to sleep! I just had to see him)!

My legs, filled with excitement, made me jump off my bed! (Regret poured in, as the noise almost woke up my baby sister.)

As I walked through the dark empty halls of my house, a strong mix of smells made by my christmas tree and cookies invaded my nose. Finally, I arrived at the living room, with my shining tree with it's lights! Until I noticed one thing.

Confused, saddened, tired, my christmas tree didn't have the small shower of christmas presents that I expected, and that made my christmas spirit slowly fade.

Disappointed and exhausted, unmotivated and regretful, I noticed the tree having it's lights turned off.

The christmas spirit came back for me! The sound of bells filled my living room, until I looked at my christmas tree...

I was shocked: There he was, the Man in Red!

The forgotten Gift

It was a cold winter evening, Peter was at home, with his family. His mother asked him to go up to the attic to find the Christmas decorations.

"I'll go find them!", he exclaimed excitedly, he couldn't wait to decorate there beautiful green Christmas tree, his dad just brought in.

Peter runs up the stairs to the top floor, then opens the screechy wooden ladder. He blows off the dust and climbs up the latter. "Let's see, where's the box with the Christmas ornaments", he said confidently. Peter switched on the light. "There we go, found it!", at this point he was so excited.

He moved the big, heavy, dusty container. Once he moved the large box, he noticed a neatly wrapped, red gift with a golden ribbon around it. "Huh, what is that?", he said curiously. Peter moved behind the box to get a better look. "Oh, look, it has my name on it", he chuckled. "I can't wait, but, wait a minute, what would the gift be doing here? And it's dusty. Was this possibly from- last year?", he was slightly confused, yet he wanted to know more.

"Maybe I can ask whoever made it.", he thought. "But, who made it? It doesn't say."

"Peter, are you coming with the ornaments?!", my mom yelled from downstairs. "Yeah, sorry I'll be right there!" He put the gift on the box and carefully carried the things down the ladder.

He carefully walked down the stairs, passed by his room and laid the gift on his desk. Then hurried down stairs with the ornaments. "I'm here, sorry it took so long.", Peter said calmly. "Should I ask my parents about it? Yes, I probably should", he thought.

"Hey mom, I found something in the attic, I was wondering if you could tell me something about it."

"What is it dear?", she asked kindly. "There was a gift in the attic, it was red with a gold, shiny band around it, oh, and it also had my name on it. I was hoping you knew what it was doing there, or who it was from?"
"A red gift, she thought hard, I don't think we have any red wrapping

paper", she said, still deep in thought. "So it's probably not from dad and I, but what was it doing in the attic, is the real question. If it was in the attic, it must've been a family member or so. Your grandparents are the only ones who knew about the attic, so you could call nana, if you'd like.", she suggested. "It's not from you and dad? Yes I would like to call nana then."

Sounds good. She took out her phone and handed it to me, to call my grand mother.

I searched my grandma in the contacts and found her number. "I'll just be a second", Peter told his mom. Anxious, excited, curious he dialed the number. "Hello?", he heard an old nice voice on the other side of the phone. "Hi nana, it's me, Peter" "Oh Peter dear, what is it?" "I found a gift in the attic, it's red with a gold band." The grandma paused for a second. "Peter, that was from your grand dad, for you.", you could hear her voice turning slightly sad. "From grand dad? Really? Was it meant to be in the attic?".

Peter on the other hand smiled at the thought of receiving a gift from his grandfather that passed away the year before. "Thank you grandma for telling me. He will always be with us, with you, no need to cry, all will be alright. Ok?" She smiled when she heard her 10 year old son say such meaningful words. "Thank you Peter, yes, he put it in the attic, for you. You sound so much like your grandfather. I love you.", her voice was kind, warm and sincere. "Thank you nana, I love you to. You're still coming over for Christmas right?", he asked, it was always Peter's favorite part, to see the family all together. "Yes Peter, I'll be there. I have to finish making the cookies, bye." "Bye nana, see you on Christmas"

Happily, excitedly and joyfully Peter returned the phone to her mom. He couldn't wait to see his whole family again.

-one week later-

It was Christmas Day and family members were appearing by the door. "Hi, Deborah, hi Dorianne. Come in.", he welcomed the whole family in. After everyone arrived we all sat at the large, decorated dining table. We prayed to god and all dug into the warm dinner.

After we all finished the food, we sat in the couch and handed each other gifts. Grandma handed me, the red gift from grandpa. I slowly opened it next to her. It was... a photo album with a bunch of pictures with the whole family, all the memories we had together. I hugged Nana tightly. This is the best Christmas ever.



Christmas Day

I was jittery : running down stairs looking for the scent of homemade Christmas cookies while looking outside watching The glittering snow surrounding my house.I saw our gifts in the distance. I was able to take a quick peek before heading upstairs to my parents and waking them up. As we all went downstairs I could tell that everyone was in the Christmas spirit.The moment we sat down to eat the warm homemade Cookies and hot chocolate with marshmallows. We could hear the sound Of bells and joyful families outside, then we headed toward the shower of Christmas presents in the living rooms as we were opening. Then I could smell the fresh scent of the Christmas tree in the distance.This Christmas felt different. It was as if something magical happened.

John

John, a man who loved the peaceful joys of the holiday season, had his tranquillity interrupted by the loud laughter of snowball-playing children outside his house.

The kids' festive cheer could be heard echoing through the winter air, but for John, it was an unwelcome intrusion on his peaceful holiday.

As the noise grew increasingly relentless, John's irritation turned into anger and then into a raging fury.

Unable to contain his frustration, he stormed out of his house, face contorted with fury, and bellowed at the innocent children, "Get out of here! You are disturbing my holiday!"

The abrupt shift from merriment to menace left the children bewildered and frightened.

Their joyful play turned into a panicked scramble as they gazed upon John's malevolent expression.

In the face of his rage, fear gripped their hearts, and anxiety painted their faces.

The kids, once happy and lively, were now alarmed and frightened by the sudden change in atmosphere.

With scared eyes, they screamed together and hurriedly ran away, leaving their playful snow fight behind.

John, who was keen on being in the silent environment, was caught off guard with the aftermath of his outburst.

Now alone and full of regret, he considered the undesirable outcome of his anger and missed the delightful laughter that filled the air just moments ago.

The snow was once a setting of pure happiness.

But after a holiday encounter turns sour, it becomes a witness to a gloomy aftermath.

On Christmas Day

On Christmas Day, when the cold winter morning begins its mysterious dance with the rays of the first light, the world is transformed. Bright, filled with warmth and kindness, a special atmosphere appears in every home. But what if the magic of this day lies in the details?

Somewhere in a mysterious village, covered in a white fluff of snow, dwelt kind old Martha and her faithful companion, Joseph. Modesty was their familiar friend, but their hearts were always open to anyone who needed help. And they especially welcomed guests into their home during Christmas, treating and supporting all who came to them.

One frosty evening, as snow flakes danced in a whirlwind, three travellers came to their home. They were weary from frost and hunger. Martha and Joseph, without hesitation, welcomed them as old friends. They made hot tea, fed them a delicious supper, and offered them a warm bed to sleep in.

Under the cover of night, as the stars twinkled in the sky, Martha and Joseph heard the three travellers talking. They were discussing how to thank this marvellous couple for their kindness. Each had a different gift: one promised wisdom, one promised abundance, and the third promised healing.

As the wanderers prepared to leave Martha and Joseph's home in the morning, they gave them their gifts. Those who carried wisdom were promised to be wise and good. Those who carried abundance were promised that their home would always be full of joy and wealth. To those who carried healing, it was promised that this good couple's home would always be a place of health and prosperity.

Martha and Joseph were amazed at these extraordinary gifts. They realised that the true magic of Christmas lies not only in material possessions, but also in the ability to give their kindness and care to those around them. They promised to live up to these gifts, opening their doors each year to those who needed love and warmth.

This amazing story is a reminder that Christmas is not only a time of giving, but also an opportunity to give a piece of your heart to the world.

< It was a **serene night**, the **snow was glistening** and the sound of **joyful** **chimes** could be heard throughout the town. The friends were inside a big hut that was decorated for Christmas. The sound of laughter could be heard inside.

All of the members were in costumes, but everyone was laughing at Felix's costume. Even he was laughing at his costume. He had dressed up as Elsa from the Disney movie "Frozen". Felix was even posing as her as a joke. "Let it go! Let it go!" Felix sang, imitating Elsa's voice and making everyone laugh. "Duuude! Do it again! Do it again!" cheered Lewis, laughing his butt off. Chris then looks at the clock. "But, guys, don't you wanna eat the cookies Sam made?" he asks. Everyone cheers "YEAH!" and get up and run to the kitchen, where Sam was. **The** **smell of Christmas cookies** fills their noses. "hey guys! you came just in time! I just took the cookies out of the oven!" Sam says cheerfully, handing everyone a cookie.

They all take a bite out of the cookies. "Hmmm! It's delicious!" comments Rhino, grinning.

"Dude, what do you mean 'it's delicious'?" Bob grumbles. "It tastes so nuts, I don't like it!" he whines.

"Oh my god, shaddup, Bob!" Chris replies in a sassy and bratty tone.

"Yeah, like I put the nuts in, because you never said you didn't like nuts!" Sam continues in a sarcastic tone.

"Guys, let's open the gifts instead!" Sky says. She then walks back to the living room, where **the smell of the Christmas tree** still hung in the air.

Everyone sat down on the couches. There were eight gifts surrounding the trunk of the tree. Each member had made or bought a gift, and each gift wasn't for anyone in particular, because, each member was going to pick out the gift they wanted.

Felix, or 'Elsa' went first. He straddled over to the tree like a little kid would. He was clearly excited to be first to choose. He opened and smirked like a toddler too. Felix then grabs the bluest box and tosses it in the air and sits back down. "wait - wait, wait... Didn't Sky say she baked a cake?" Lewis points out. Felix doesn't seem to hear him and continues to throw and catch it. The others start saying:

"Felix it's a cake!"
"stop!"
"Felix!"
"Ah it's cake!"
"H3 POOR CAKE!"

Felix realizes and stops. "wait, damn it's a cake!" Lewis tears off a bit of the wrapping paper. "oh, thank goodness it's not Sky's cake!" Chris sighs with relief. "Dude, it's like jokes!" Felix cries out, breathing. Everyone bursts out laughing at Felix's reaction, and **shouts Felix in the other gifts** to add to the chaotic fun.

Now it was late at night. The bedroom was **completely** and the faint smell of **bread** was in the air. The distant **chime of bells** could barely be heard. The group finally chatted about today and go to sleep.

The End.

Yuki's first Christmas eve

The first cold snow fell on a small village, Windmill Village. On this beautiful white snowy night, a baby boy was born. When the parents saw him, they were amazed by the colour of his hair which was white as the glittering snow falling outside. They named him Yuki, meaning snow in Japanese. Covered by glittering snow, there was welcoming and charming, calm and pleasant town, is where Yuki was born and where he lived. It was Christmas Eve; families cozied up under a sky full of twinkling stars, including Yuki and his family. Shined, big, warmed glows of candlelights shined out of windows.

Yuki's parents took Yuki out. It was his first Christmas Eve. When they took Yuki in a push-chair, Yuki smelled something in the air: The sweet scents of gingerbread and delicious Christmas cookies that had just been taken out of the ovens were carried by the cold wind.

He also heard some different noises: Some kids giggled and played in the snow, presents were shared within families and with friends, and the presents were being wrapped up. When they saw the gift they have been given, their faces were being lighted up with joy. Neighbours exchanged not just gifts but also smiles and stories.

The parents brought Yuki towards the centre of the village. There was a big Christmas tree that stood there proudly. The scents of Terpenes filled the air, creating a calming and sleepy atmosphere to Yuki.

Yuki, amazed by the blurry light that were hanging from house to house. The parents were amazed by the Christmas decoration, such as the sparkling lights, the angels lights hanging from house to house, light statues scattered throughout the village, ...

Their destination point was in view: The Church. Yuki waited patiently with his family for the clock to struck midnight, thought the parents of Yuki, seeing him sitting still. (Inside, Yuki was impatient for what is going to happen.)

When the clock struck midnight, the sound of bells echoed throughout the village, marking the beginning of Christmas day.

In this magical moment, the true spirit of Christmas revealed itself, a moment to be surrounded by those we love, to share warmth and joy, and to embrace the wonderful moment with the ones you hold dear.

Chuckcha's Christmas

There once was Chukcha, he was a good boy. Chukcha was doing well at school he also played football and he dreamed to become better than Ronaldo.

He wanted to have a job: he was checking the bulletin board for job offers.

As you can understand, he was a typical boy until he saw an announcement about a recruitment at the North Pole.

Frozen, tired, he walked home after school, the glittering snow crunched under his feet, he was listening to the Christmas songs to lift Christmas spirit.

As usual, he went to the bulletin board and read that workers were needed at the North Pole.

Excited and uncomprehendingly, happy and stressfully, he dialed the number that was indicated on the ad.

The mysterious voice told him to come to the Christmas tree at 9 o'clock in the evening to the city centre and to bring a candle.

The next day he was there, Chukcha didn't know what to do so he was just enjoying the scent of a Christmas tree.

He decided to light a candle and suddenly the sound of bells appeared then he saw Santa's sleigh flying from the starry sky.

Chukcha lost consciousness, he woke up and he wasn't a normal person anymore. He was an elf.

From that moment on he had to pack gifts, and bake gingerbread.

The elves were allowed to eat it because the scent of Christmas cookies is so attractive.

He worked there for a month, he even got an award "Employee of the month".

He was very happy, he came home with a lot of experience. Chukcha enjoyed it so much so that he didn't want to come home, he will never forget it.

My Christmas Story

It was cold, windy, wet and glittering snow with a starry night. They didn't have a shower of gifts more of a drop, but they were still a joyful family.

It was warm, comfortable and filled with candlelights everywhere and the scent of Christmas trees and Christmas cookies filling up the room. They had a shower of gifts, though it was never enough to satisfy their wishes.

The poor family were happy, joyful and excited to wake up to go open the gifts while the glittering snow filled up the sky.

The rich family were mad, angry and disappointed to wake up just to see their parents didn't buy the correct colour for their new car even though they should've known which colour they liked.

After opening the gifts the poor family went to eat some stale bread with some canned tomato soup and gingerbread with their family and chatting about funny Christmas jokes they invented, aura of the Christmas spirit filled the room.

After opening the gifts with a disappointment on their face they heard the sound of bells and went down to eat some truffles with some caviar while being on their brand new phones that they didn't like because it had a small scratch.

The moral of the story is obvious.



At the mall

Late night at the mall 24/12/2012

Alice - MOM!!! There is no milk, what will we do?

Mom - Oh no, can you quickly go to the shop?

Alice - but it is almost close, is 23:35

Mom - its ok, today is Christmas evening. Alice - AAAAHHH!!! OKEY.

Cold and abandoned, scary and beautiful, was street at starry night. Alice arrived to a mall (even if she didn't want to). But when she came inside of the mall, she was shocked (a lot of people were in the shop).

She called her mom...

Alice - Hey mom

Mom - Yeah, what happened?

Alice - Nothing, I just wanted to say that you were right.

Mom - Right about what?

Alice - I mean here is a lot of people, I will buy milk, as fast as I can.

Mom - Okey, wait you at home.

After that phrase, her phone was dead.

"Oh no, my phone... Okey, I need to ask the time."

When she was looking for someone, she understood that no one in there, she understands that the shop is CLOSED.

"Everything it's okay, (calm Alice, calm)"

How can you guess, she celebrates Christmas at the shop, but after some time, she went for a walk in the mall. Five minutes later, she started looking at it differently. She started to notice beautiful household supplies with candlelight, long garlands and huge Christmas tree. The scent of a Christmas cookies and gingerbread, comes into her nose. Few minutes later, she noticed the scent of Christmas tree and saw a Santa Claus and her mood got much better. As soon as she came up to Santa: music, fireworks and balloons. A lot of people came and start to sing.

She felt Christmas spirit in a way she never felt. Behind the window was glittering snow and sound of bells cheered her mood even more. Joyful families and Alice felt a shower of Christmas presents. So, bad day always can turn around and be the best day ever.

The Christmas wish

One faithful winter day, a boy woke up and all he was able to hear were screams.

When he tried to turn the TV on, he realised that there was no power in the entire city.

He tried to find some batteries so he could make the radio work, after searching for a while without any lights, he found some batteries, he put some in the radio and some in a flashlight he found next to the batteries. While listening to the radio he found out that there is a zombie apocalypse outside which left him shocked.

As he walked outside he finally saw his first zombie which started chasing him. While running, our protagonist encountered a police officer, who asked for the boy's name, while shooting the zombie, the boy answered Saul and that he is 12.

The police officer decided to take the boy to his home. The boy remembered to write a wish list because the next day was Christmas and he had not written, he wanted to ask for some games but then he realised how much the people were suffering due to the zombie apocalypse, and so wrote that he wanted the zombie apocalypse to end and everybody to be happy.

The next day when he woke up, he saw that the policeman who took him back fighting the hordes of zombies, but there were too many and they bit the policeman.

The next thing he knew, the zombies were now chasing him. Tired and saddened, hungry and bored of constant running, he looked back and saw the zombies who were till now restless, full of energy and perusing getting tired and falling to the ground. Saul took this opportunity to check what the date was and saw it was Christmas.

Again he looked at the zombies and saw they started to turn human again.

Saul screamed out: "Thank you Santa! Merry Christmas!"

Little Jonny

On December 25th 1819 at 9am Little Jonny witnessed the early glittering snow and the Starry night of Christmas as he walked downstairs with a candle light shielding himself from the dark as he continued to walk downstairs he could smell the sent of Christmas cookies and gingerbread.

he made his way to the living room , as he entered he saw the beautiful Christmas tree, as Little Jonny walked around the tree he smelled the sent of the Christmas tree, below him was a shower of Christmas present suddenly he heard a creak he turned around to his sister walking done the stairs before we could say anything they heard the sound of bells they turned around but soon relaxed realising it was only the Town bell , "why are you up so early Lilly?" Said Jonny. "I heard some noise so I came downstairs!

Why are you up?"

Replied lily as she sat down on the couch "I wanted to see the Christmas tree.

"suddenly we heard sounds we both looked at each other weirdly as we raced to the window , As he peered through the window we saw a group of joyful families walking on the side walk singing carols embracing the Christmas spirit .

"wow look at all of those families..."said Lily in awe "i agree.. there's lots of them , how about we wake up the rest of our family?" said Jonny as he smiled at lily holding out his hand.

"i would love that!"

As she grabbed his hand they both ran towards there parents bedroom...



How life can be beautiful

The glittering snow and the starry night, the scent of Christmas cookies and Christmas trees, it had all been a dream.

Last night as the clock stroke 10pm and the world around me started to disappear, I travelled to a land where there was no hunger. Where people did not suffer from cold nights, where joyful families ate wonderful dinners in piece. Where wars didn't exist. It was a place of golden happiness.

That dream had been so beautiful, that when I woke up everything seemed to be grey and without any meaning.

All that warmth that I felt in my heart burn like a candlelight, was now gone. How could I go through life knowing that the most wonderful place was far away from where I was.

Little did I know that soon all those worries were going to be blown away.

Tired and hungry, sad and hopeless, my feet dragged themselves towards the kitchen. My mum had been preparing Gingerbread men. As I entered the Kitchen, my mum new that I was sad. Before me she placed a big golden gingerbread man with a glass of milk. It was delicious!!! Suddenly I felt that warmth that I had felt in my dream.

It was then, that when I realised that I had worried for nothing. No, life wasn't as pretty as in the dream. At least I had someone to hold on to when times were rough. The sun would always shine again. Birds would sing their song each morning. The sound of bells would make each silent night exiting.

Life was the most beautiful gift I could have wished for. A shower of Christmas presents wasn't the cause of my Christmas spirit. A blue sky, trees dancing in the wind, golden light pouring down on us, that is what I felt is worth more than any treasure.

The best gift of christmas is appreciating those little things which make life great.

Christmas Disaster

"Happy Christmas!"

"Happy Christmas Tom", said Mr. Jenkins.

"Ah", Tom breathed in the fresh, cool air. "Finally, Christmas has come and I can go to my little home and enjoy the cheerful warmth of the fire.", he thought as he walked down the road covered with glittering snow. He could see Christmas trees through the joyful families's windows.

Happy and cheerful, Tom opened the door to his little home, but immediately regretted it. He was devastated: the room was a complete mess. The rocking-chair was turned upside-down, the table's legs were broken, the piggy-bank where he kept all the money he collected was cracked and empty, but worst of all: the beautiful photo of his beloved parents was smashed on the floor.

A burglar had broken in.

Quickly, ha grabbed all he had left of his parents' memory and rushed back outside, just as he realised that the Christmas tree had disappeared. Angry and downhearted, irritated and exasperated, he hurried to the Christmas tree stand.

It was 5 o'clock in the evening. Tom had finally finished rebuilding his little home. His Christmas spirit had almost died completely.

Exhausted, he stared out into the starry night as he munched away on a gingerbread.

"Why are you in such a bad mood?", asked his new friend, who he had met while waiting in line for a freshly cooked gingerbread.

"Imagine returning from work and discovering your home had become a disaster. I had to spend all afternoon rebuilding my home, instead of having fun at a Christmas stand with the scent of Christmas trees all around you."

"Alright, you won. But remember: just because something bad happens, that does not mean we can still have fun on the night before Christmas Day!"

The first Merry Christmas

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Johnny woke up with the scent of Christmas cookies in his nostrils.

He jumped out of bed and ran to the kitchen, to find a fresh batch of them lying on the table. He heard a voice behind him that was saying "Hey Johnny, don't take the cookies; they're..." but before his mother could finish, Johnny had already grabbed one and taken a big bite out of it. As soon as the cookie touched his tongue, the burning feeling took over his whole body and he spit the cookie out immediately.

"They're fresh out of the oven." concluded his mother.

Johnny quickly went to take some milk out of the fridge to cool his tongue down. "And they aren't for you anyways, they are for this evening."

"Oh mum, please, can I have one when they are cooled down?" asked Johnny to his mother. "No, and that is my final answer." responded his mother.

During the whole day, while preparing the house for the Christmas Eve dinner with Johnny's whole family, he would always pester his mother about the cookies, but his mother stayed strong and never let go. A few hours before the arrival of the guests, the scent of the Christmas tree suddenly hit him, and he froze, realizing that he hadn't yet decorated the Christmas tree! He dashed to the cupboard to take all the decorations out and went to the dining room, where the Christmas tree stood, naked from head to toe. As Johnny was halfway done, his mother checked up on him and said, "Hey Johnny, how's it going?"

"That is a beautiful Christmas tree you have there! By the way, I am going to the cellar to get the wine now, so keep up the good work!" As his mother went into the cellar, Johnny quickly tiptoed to the kitchen and snatched one of the cookies! It melted on his tongue, and he loved the amazing combination of sweetness and consistency. After that amazing feeling, he quickly went back to decorating the Christmas tree.

The time finally arrived when the first guests showed up at the door. A few minutes later, everyone was there, admiring the Christmas tree and congratulating Johnny on it. Everyone was in the Christmas spirit, and they were all as happy as ever.

As everyone sat down to eat, Johnny's mother lit a lot of candles around the room and turned off the lights.

She said that they were going to eat like in the old days, by candlelight. After a few rounds with the main meals, Johnny's mother came out with the dessert: the cookies and another surprise: a gingerbread house!

The M&Ms were little flowers, another batch of cookies were used for the windows and the door, and the cream was for the outline of the whole house. Around the table, the joyful families congratulated her on how beautiful it was, and they all had a slice.

At midnight, they all wished each other a Happy Christmas and then went home. Before going to bed, Johnny gazed at the starry night outside and wished for the happiest Christmas of his life.

On the morning of Christmas, he woke up to the sound of bells, the church's bells. As he soon realized what day it was, he quickly jumped out of bed and opened his window.

As he looked outside, the glittering snow looked right back at him, and he couldn't wait to open the presents that were waiting for him under the Christmas tree.

He then went to wake up his mother and quickly opened her window. She then slowly got out of bed and went with him to the Christmas tree. There, he saw a shower of Christmas presents at the base of the tree. As he started to open them, he realized that they were all the presents which he wished to receive!

He gave his mother a warm hug and noticed that his biggest wish had come true: the first merry Christmas after he lost his beloved Daddy.



The Christmas Star

The sound of joyful families could be heard through the windows of the nearby houses. A slight crisp snow had settled on the freezing ground that night. Alex was walking slowly, breathing in the scent of Pine trees which were covered with glittering snow. He was amazed at how cold the air had become, it felt as if daggers were cutting through his throat every time he took a large intake of breath with his mouth. His boots crunched silently on the snow and left his footprints printed on the snow.

He could hear laughter and excited talking happening in one of the houses. How he wished he could happily join them! Unfortunately, he had no living relatives apart from his wife, and all his friends were spending times with their families. While he was thinking about how sacred this holiday was for him and everyone he knew, he suddenly heard a bang! He got scared and jumped, but he quickly heard laughter following the sound and realized that it was only a very loud Christmas Cracker! At this, he laughed at himself and continued his little cold walk.

A few minutes later, he spotted his house: it was as white as the snow around it with a red tiled roof, which was now covered in hard packed snow. He suddenly had this memory from his childhood: he was 9 years old, and he was in the attic of his parent's house. He loved staying up there at night admiring the stars and wondering what they were seeing and what they were doing. He enjoyed losing himself up there, nobody could judge him, nobody could break his fascination of those little bright dots. However, that night became special and unique, very unexpectedly. It was an ordinary Saturday on Christmas Night, it was past his bedtime, when he was admiring the view from the attic window like every other night, but that night he saw something so special that he will never forget. At first, there was nothing different in the starry night, but then he saw this bright dot seemingly 'flying' across the sky! He looked at it for a very long time, he fixated it and never took his eyes off it, but after a while, in a blink off an eye, it just... disappeared! As excited as a little boy at a candy shop, he snatched his beloved Encyclopedia about Space from his bookshelf and started searching a star which would act that way. Then he fell upon the words: A Shooting Star. He read the definition and realized how lucky he had been in having even seen one with his own eyes! Excitedly, he ran down the stairs to the living room. He was greeted by another beautiful sight: under the huge Christmas tree, Alex could see a

shower of Christmas presents! He quickly found his mother in the kitchen, by following the delicious scent of Christmas Cookies, and excitedly told her about his encounter with the Shooting Star! She was super happy and excited for her amazing son that she immediately told his father! They decided to celebrate with some personal Christmas Anecdotes by candlelight. By the time they were finished, the candle had almost run out of wax. They quickly ushered Alex to bed where, this time, he slept instead of sneaking back into the attic.

Alex gladly recalled the memory and smiled; he gently rang the doorbell, and he heard the sound of bells that were acting as the doorbell for this sacred holiday. He heard a rush of footsteps and saw his wife's smiling face looking at him through the open brown oak door. She ushered him inside and happily took off his woolen coat and placed it on the coat hook. He entered the living room with heavy footsteps and heavily sat on the armchair in front of the deliciously warm fire to relax. He could smell the scent of the Christmas Tree that he had brought only a few days before. He could hear his wife whistling a happy tune and realized how magical the Christmas Spirit truly is.

At dinner they ate a tasty roasted chicken with potatoes. Later they ate an amazing pudding, he could only admire his wife's cooking skills. They told each other stories and laughed a lot. But the dessert reminded him of his childhood: There were the exact same cookies that his mother used to make, as well as tasty looking Gingerbread men, that his wife had kindly picked up from the local bakery fresh that afternoon. He thoughtfully looked out of the dining room window and saw beautiful pine trees glittering in the streetlamp lights. He quietly excused himself and ascended the stairs to the same attic where he had seen that extraordinary Shooting Star. Even now 40 years later, looking back at that beautiful night, he could only wonder how lucky he had been. Even today, he never became tired of looking out of the little window and gazing at the billions of stars. The door behind him quietly opened and his wife silently came to sit next to him on to the worn-out floor. For him, he had everything he needed, the house was full of unforgettable memories and that little window in the attic meant more to him than anyone could possibly understand. He had everything a man would ever want or need, all of it in one single room.

Christmas Story

Once upon a time, a girl called Paisley was 14 years old and lived in America. Until one day in November, a boy from Africa called Josh came to her class. Everyone laughed at him because of his looks. But when Paisley saw him, her jaw dropped. She immediately fell in love with him and started dreaming about him. What she didn't know was that he had feelings for her too.

A few days passed, but nothing changed the way she felt about him. All she could do was hope that the Christmas spirit would bring them closer together. A week passed and they started talking and going out after school. Josh thought about asking her out, but he wasn't sure.

Christmas Eve went by really quickly for Paisley because Josh was there, but she didn't know that Josh was going to pop the question after school. For her it was just another day at school, just boring things, she looked out of the window and dreamed even more about Josh. When school finished, Josh asked Paisley to come to his house. They started to make gingerbread cookies and put them in the oven, they had so much fun making them. They could smell the smell of Christmas cookies through his oven. The time had come, he said: Paisley, I want to tell you something, I have really strong feelings for you and I think we would make a great couple.

She started screaming with excitement and said she loved him from the first second she saw him. He was surprised because everyone was making fun of him and he felt like a loser. And suddenly the fire alarm went off - **THEY FORGOT THE COOKIES!** Paisley ran to the oven and took them out, they burned them... But instead of being sad, they laughed it off.

Time had passed and Paisley's parents would be very upset if they knew she was with a boy. Josh said one last thing, come outside for a bit. As they stepped outside they saw the glittering snow slowly falling on them, he told them to follow him and so they did. They walked behind a shower of Christmas presents and they kissed, suddenly she felt like she was in her biggest dream, she realised that the Christmas spirit really was real.

But her phone started ringing... It ruined the hole moment.

It was her parents, she said she had to leave as soon as possible. Josh got a bit sad but said she could go to his house on Christmas morning. She wasn't sure if her parents would let her, but she would try. They said goodbye and walked the other way.

Paisley's parents were waiting for her in the living room, saying they needed to talk.

Paisley was scared, what if they knew?

They just wanted to tell her that tomorrow they were going on a little trip to an adult resort for Christmas, she got quite sad but was happy to be spending time with Josh.

She couldn't sleep so she went outside, it stopped snowing and it was a starry night instead. She could see candlelight through one of the windows. She could hear the sound of bells in the distance. She said to herself that tomorrow would be a long day, so she went back inside and tried to sleep.

She woke up early, just after her parents left, got dressed in the best clothes she had and ran to his house.

She saw happy families opening presents and playing in the snow. She knocked on his door and he welcomed her with a warm hug, saying, "Welcome, beautiful!" She blushed.

She could smell the scent of a Christmas tree in his house. He said come in and sit down! She asked him where his family was and he did too! He said they went to a resort and she said the same!

What a coincidence! They put Christmas music on the TV and started dancing, he even had a present for her.

She was so surprised and said sorry I didn't get you one, I didn't have time! He said it's OK because he got it for good luck so they could be together! They had so much fun laughing and dancing, baking cookies **WITHOUT BURNING THEM**, going outside to play in the snow, and when it got dark they got a bunch of cushions and blankets on the couch and watched Christmas movies while cuddling.

They had a great time.

A few years have passed and they are both 16 and they are still together, wandering around the city and having fun, waiting for the next Christmas holidays to have even more fun.

I wrote this story to show that love is love, no matter what we look like.

LENSTERRATUS
**CHRIS
TMAS**
SHORT
STORIES
COMPETITION

Neige scintillante

Lueur des bougies

Vague de cadeaux

Pain d'épices

Nuit étoilée

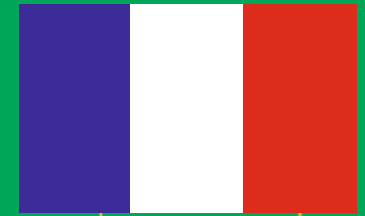
Parfum de sapin

Son des cloches

Odeur de biscuits

Magie de Noël

Réjouissances familiales



LËNSTER LYCÉE
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

COCOURS D'HISTOIRES COURTES
DE NOËL 2023

Le hulule de Noël

La veille de Noël, les enfants étaient déjà couchés, la dinde était à moitié mangée dans le four et le pain d'épices était posé sur les tables.

Les rires des adultes remplissaient la salle à manger de joie et de chaleur, créant une atmosphère festive dans les maisons. Les bougies illuminaient les fenêtres et l'odeur des biscuits se répandait dans la cuisine. Les cloches de l'église sonnaient dix heures.

Je ressentais le froid glacial qui pénétrait mon dos, mes mains gelées me faisaient souffrir et ma vision était altérée par la brume épaisse.

La lampe torche que je tenais n'avait plus de batterie, mes chaussures étaient couvertes de boue et mes pieds étaient trempés.

Je me suis demandé pourquoi j'étais en pyjama, mais je n'avais pas de réponse. Je marchais sans but, sans savoir où aller.

J'ai entendu un sifflement, incertaine s'il était dû au vent ou à une personne. Je me suis dirigée vers ce sifflement lointain, avançant dans l'obscurité, guidée par ce mystérieux son, déterminée à l'atteindre.

Le son est devenu de plus en plus intense, faisant battre mon cœur de plus en plus fort. La neige craquait sous mes pieds et à travers la brume épaisse, j'ai aperçu une chouette perchée sur une branche. C'était elle qui en était à l'origine. Soudain, la chouette a cessé de siffler et a fixé ses yeux perçants sur moi. Son regard était glacial, rempli de malice. Sans crier gare, elle a ouvert ses ailes démesurées et s'est jetée sur moi, ses serres acérées griffant ma peau. J'ai hurlé de douleur, mais personne ne semblait m'entendre dans cette nuit sombre et silencieuse.

La chouette m'a emporté dans les airs, me soulevant haut au-dessus des toits enneigés. Le vent glacé sifflait à mes oreilles alors que je me débattais, essayant désespérément de me libérer de son emprise.

Mais plus je me débattais, plus ses serres se resserraient sur moi, m'enfonçant dans un tourbillon de douleur et de terreur.

Finalement, la chouette m'a lâché, me laissant tomber dans le vide.

Je me suis écrasé au sol, mon corps brisé et ensanglanté.

Autour de moi, la neige se teintait de rouge, une macabre peinture de ma fin tragique. Alors que ma vision se brouillait et que la vie me quittait, j'ai entendu les rires sinistres de la chouette résonner dans la nuit, se mêlant aux cloches de l'église qui sonnaient minuit.

Mon dernier souffle s'est perdu dans l'obscurité, tandis que la chouette, satisfaite de sa sombre victoire, s'envolait vers d'autres âmes infortunées, prête à semer la terreur dans les nuits à venir.

La magie de Noël

C'était de nouveau la plus belle période de l'année.

Il tombait une neige scintillante, Noël était devant la porte.

Les belles illuminations partout dans les villes, l'odeur du sapin qui se répondait dans l'air, les familles réunies autour d'une belle table garnie.

Les lueurs de bougies s'illuminaient avec de belles couleurs.

Bien sûr dans la pièce principale un grand sapin de deux mètres était illuminé avec une montagne de cadeaux ornait le sapin en dessous avec du papier cadeau pleins de couleurs.

La nuit de Noël était étoilée, d'un ciel bien clair et sans nuages. La famille était en train de passer la soirée de Noël.

À minuit pile les sons de cloches sonnaient.

Les enfants avaient ouvert les cadeaux.

La réjouissance familiale était présente.

Puis après le moment magique ; place au friandises, l'odeur des biscuits et du pain d'épices régnait partout dans la cuisine.

Un Noël tout simplement magique !



Un Noël de rêve

Il était une fois une petite fille nommée Emily, 12 ans, une petite fille malgré tout ce qu'elle a vécu, elle avait encore toujours sa joie de vivre et toujours un sourire envoûtant collé sur son visage.

Depuis la mort de ses parents à ses 5 ans, elle a grandi dans un orphelinat ou elle a été mal traitée par l'éducatrice et détestée par toutes les autres petites filles. Pendant toute leur enfance, toutes les petites filles ont rêvé d'un Noël de rêve, mais pas autant qu'Emily.

Mais au fil des ans, les petites filles avaient perdu de plus en plus leur esprit de Noël, la seule qui n'avait pas perdu son esprit de Noël était Emily.

Dans la nuit du 23 décembre, toutes les petites filles dormaient déjà à part Emily qui pensait à ses parents.

Elle ouvrit les rideaux et regarda par la fenêtre et voyait une belle nuit étoilée et la neige scintillante.

Soudain, elle entendit un son des cloches et senti comme une odeur de parfum de sapin qui venait du placard.

Donc elle ouvrit le placard et elle se retrouva dans une grande pièce avec plusieurs portes, rempli de décoration de Noël, une énorme table au milieu de la pièce avec une vague de cadeaux dessus et beaucoup de sapin autour.

Elle a été éblouie par les lueurs des bougies, d'un coup elle vit un grand homme, habillé et tout en rouge avec une grande barbe blanche, il lui souria avec un sourire rassurant et il avait une odeur de biscuits.

L'homme lui tendit la main et l'amena dans une salle de fête remplie de petit bonhomme et il y avait une belle femme qui elle aussi était habillée en rouge.

Au milieu de la salle, elle vit un pain d'épice sur une grande table. Emily n'en croyait pas ses yeux, c'était comme la magie de Noël.

Emily heureuse s'amusa avec les petits bonhommes et dansa, ria et chanta des chansons de Noël.

Tout d'un coup un jeune garçon nommé John entra dans la salle avec un grand sourire. Il s'approcha vers Emily et se présenta.

Emily était tombée sous le charme de John, elle s'était perdue dans les yeux de John et elle tomba sous son charme.

Ensuite, le grand homme s'approcha et expliqua à Emily qu'elle n'était pas là par hasard, il l'avait choisie parce que c'était la seule à toujours avoir cru à l'esprit de Noël.

C'était son cadeau de Noël, son rêve s'était réalisé sauf que quand elle se réveillera elle pensera que ce n'était qu'un rêve, elle était un peu déçue, mais accepta.

Ils continueront la fête de Noël avec tout le monde. Emily et John, dansaient toute la nuit. John aussi était tombé sous le charme d'Emily. Lorsqu'il était temps pour Emily de rentrer, ils étaient tous tristes parce qu'ils s'étaient tous attachés à elle surtout John.

Donc Emily supplia le grand homme de rester avec s'affirma que personne ne remarquerait son absence chez elle, mais le grand homme refusa, il lui répondit qu'elle pourra trouver sa place chez elle et trouver le bonheur. Emily, étant obligé de dire au revoir à tout le monde, lâcha des larmes. Elle est retournée chez elle et en se réveillant, elles pensaient que toute cette nuit était qu'un rêve.

Sauf que John se rappellera d'Emily et était très triste de savoir qu'il ne pourra plus la revoir.

Mais il refusa de l'accepter et s'était battu pour la ramener à nouveau, il alla chez le grand homme et essaya de le convaincre de tous ses moyens, mais peu importe ce qu'il disait le grand homme refusa.

John n'avait plus que le choix d'accepter de plus le revoir.

Emily de son côté pensait qu'à se rêver et à John. Tous deux très triste. Le grand homme voyait la souffrance que c'était pour John et décida d'accepter et de la ramener à nouveau.

Donc, pendant la nuit, Emily entendit à nouveau un son de cloche et senti une odeur de sapin venant de son placard elle l'ouvrit et se retrouva à nouveau dans cette pièce avec tout le monde qui l'accueille et John qui l'a pris dans ses bras et le grand homme lui disait qu'elle pouvait rester avec eux.

C'était la petite fille la plus heureuse du monde.

Quand le Père Noël rencontre Ded Moroz

C'était le premier hiver pour une famille ukrainienne au Luxembourg. En fin novembre, lorsque les deux familles ont commencé à décorer le sapin, le petit Mykola est rentré de l'école et a été très surpris.

Il a demandé à Emma :

- Pourquoi il y a le parfum d'un sapin de Noël.

Nous sommes seulement en novembre?

- Nous mettons le sapin tôt chaque année pour avoir l'esprit de Noël, répond-elle.

- Oh, nous le faisons une semaine avant la Nouvelle année dit Mykola.

La maman d'Emma dit aux enfants:

- Allez préparer des pains au gingembre!

Mykola a demandé :

- Mais qu'est-ce que c'est ?

Emma répond :

- C'est un biscuit de Noël.

- Nous n'avons pas cela en Ukraine répond-il surpris.

- Comment célébrez-vous Noël alors ?

- Nous célébrons Noël après la Nouvelle année.

En famille, nous préparons une grande table avec de la nourriture ukrainienne.

Nous faisons des salades d'«Olivie», des sandwichs au caviar, et «des varenyky» et puis de la «Kutia» aussi.

- Qu'est-ce que «la Kutia»? demande Emma très intéressée.

- C'est de la bouillie de blé avec du pavot et des raisins secs.

- Mais c'est bizarre mais sûrement délicieux.

Et qui vous apporte des cadeaux en Ukraine ?

- Ded Moroz nous apporte des cadeaux.

Il vit au pôle Nord avec sa petite-fille appelée "Snegurochka".

Elle l'aide à distribuer des cadeaux et à lire les lettres des enfants. Il vient en traîneau tiré par trois chevaux appelés "Gruden", (Décembre)

"Sichen"(Janvier) et "Lytutyy"(Février).

Nous savons que Ded Moroz est arrivé quand nous entendons le son des cloches.

- Wow, c'est pareil chez nous.

Seulement que c'est le Père Noël qui vient chez nous sur des rennes... il nous apporte une pluie de cadeaux de Noël.

Ensuite, la maman a appelé les enfants dans la cuisine pour goûter les biscuits.

- Mykola, goûte les biscuits, c'est l'esprit de Noël.

- Oui, je suis d'accord, c'est très bon dit Mykola.

La nuit de Noël était étoilée, de la neige scintillante est tombée, et des familles joyeuses se sont réunies dans les salons.

La famille de Mykola et Emma se sont également réunies autour d'une grande table éclairée par des bougies, mais contrairement aux années précédentes, il y avait non seulement des pains au gingembre et des bûches de Noël, mais aussi des salades d'«Olivie » et des sandwichs au caviar sur leur table.

Ce Noël-là, Mykola et Emma ont découvert de nouvelles traditions.

Bien qu'ils aient des traditions différentes, tous sont unis par l'esprit de Noël.

Et ce Noël, leur principal souhait était que tous les enfants aient la possibilité de célébrer Noël comme ils le font en famille, entre amis et vivre dans un monde paisible.



Le seul vœu d'Antonio

La veille de Noël, un garçon âgé de 10 ans vivait dans un orphelinat dans le sud de l'Italie et rêvait de voir la neige un jour. Il avait économisé assez d'argent en aidant les vieux à porter leurs courses qu'il pouvait enfin s'enfuir en Suisse avec le train, comme dans le film qu'il avait vu si souvent à la télévision.

Quand il arriva à la gare en Suisse, il ne savait plus où aller. Par miracle, des personnes attendaient à la gare de Genève que leur fille revienne de l'Université de Rome où elle faisait des études universitaires. Ils allaient l'accueillir pendant les fêtes de Noël et profiter du moment avec elle. Lorsque le train arriva au quai 7 à 17:17h, les parents observaient les gens qui en sortaient et leur regard restait sur ce jeune garçon, peu habillé avec un visage mélancolique et effrayé. Il sursautait lors des annonces des hauts parleurs de la gare.

Natalia, la mère ne pouvait pas accepter que ce jeune garçon reste dans ces conditions la veille de Noël pendant qu'elle avait bien chaud dans son manteau. Il attendait tout seul devant la boulangerie Paul et il observait tous les passants courir à travers la gare. Serghi, le père accueillit leur fille Sofia à bras ouverts sur le quai de la gare et Natalia, la mère décida d'aller parler à ce garçon devant la boulangerie. Sa curiosité était trop grande. Au loin, Sofia et Serghi voyaient que Natalia et Antonio échangeaient des gestes. Ils trouvaient cela touchant qu'elle soit si investi auprès des gens qui ont besoin d'aide.

Pour Natalia, c'était une évidence, elle avait eu de l'aide lorsqu'elle avait quitté son pays et elle allait à son tour venir en aide à ce garçon. Elle avait donc décidé de l'aider et de lui faire vivre un Noël, comme il ne l'avait jamais connu. Le laisser seul ici, la veille de Noël, impossible dans sa culture. Jamais elle n'aurait voulu que sa fille

Sofia abandonnée dans pays étranger. De toutes les manières, Sofia parlait l'italien puisqu'elle faisait des études en Italie. Antonio ne comprenait pas grand-chose mais sentait la gentillesse de cette femme et accepta de lui donner la main. Lorsqu'ils arrivèrent à la maison, Antonio vu la neige scintillante dans le jardin, il resta un long moment devant sans parler.

Son rêve s'était enfin réalisé, rien de plus beau pour lui. Il était si heureux de voir la tombée de la nuit étoilée et se promenait le long de la terrasse, en chantonnant une chanson italienne lorsqu'il entendit le son des cloches. Natalia allumait des bougies de Noël aux fenêtres, Serghi

alluma le four et Antonio sentit une odeur de biscuits de Noël. Antonio pris du recul et observait une famille heureuse, mais lui, se sentait seul car jamais il avait vécu cela. Il n'avait jamais vu de la neige scintillante de sa vie. Lorsqu'il se rapprocha de la porte de l'entrée, il voyait comment tout le monde était heureux de l'avoir ici et ils l'attendaient à table pour célébrer avec lui.

Natalia lui montra fièrement le sapin de Noël, orné de boules dorées qu'elle avait décoré et soudainement, Antonia resta bouche bée en voyant cela : des cadeaux de partout, étalés dans tous les coins du salon. Cela ressemblait à une pluie de cadeau de Noël, tellement qu'il y en avait. Jamais il n'avait vu cela à l'orphelinat. La famille remarquait son étonnement et lui faisait goûter leur pain d'épices. Les chants de Noël retentissaient dans la maison et Antonio senti la bonne odeur du sapin de Noël.

Cela lui rappelait des souvenirs dans la forêt en Italie. Il commençait à comprendre ce qu'était l'esprit de Noël : une famille ensemble, heureuse et il savait de quoi il allait pouvoir rêver maintenant.

La famille s'assit à la table de Noël et commencèrent à écrire des vœux sur leurs serviettes. Mais Antonio ne comprenait pas car la serviette servait à essuyer sa bouche et non d'écrire dessus. Il se trouvait comme par hasard dans une famille ukrainienne au vu du drapeau qui était pendu au-dessus de la télévision et il suivait avec grande joie leurs traditions étonnantes.

Cette famille était installée depuis peu ici car il devait fuir la guerre dans leur pays. Il y avait encore quelques cartons de déménagement dans le couloir puis Sofia lui avait expliqué. Pendant qu'Antonio réfléchissait au destin de ses gens si gentils qui devait fuir du jour au lendemain leur pays, Sofia, Natalia et Serghi écrivaient leurs vœux de Noël sur la serviette, les brûlaient par la suite avec un briquet puis mettez les cendres dans les verres. Sofia lui expliqua en italien que lorsque l'horloge sonnait minuit, ils allaient tous boire les cendres dans une coupe de champagne car leurs souhaits allaient se réaliser. Antonio n'en croyait pas ses mots et adora cette idée.

Rapidement il commença à rédiger ses vœux en espérant qu'à minuit, ils allaient se réaliser...

Sur sa serviette était inscrit.

- Vivre tous les jours dans l'esprit de Noël



Souhait de Noël

Il était une fois, au temps des rois... L'hiver a commencé. Tout le monde était heureux, les enfants et les adultes ! Le sapin de Noël dans le palais du roi était décoré de chandelles et de nœuds de velours rouges ! Mais il y a eu une catastrophe: il n'y avait pas de neige, mais Noël n'était plus qu'à deux jours!!! Sans neige, ils n'avaient pas d'esprit de Noël, ils ne pouvaient même pas sentir le parfum d'un sapin de Noël et le parfum des biscuits de Noël. Tout le monde attendait la neige avec impatience.

Noël approchait et il n'y avait toujours pas de neige. Il restait cinq minutes avant Noël, quatre minutes, trois minutes, deux minutes, et enfin une minute...

<<Ding...ding...ding >> - Toutes les horloges de France ont sonné douze heures, il est temps de faire un vœu de Noël. Tout le monde en France, même le roi, a fait le même vœu: pas de cadeaux, tout le monde souhaitait qu'il neige.

Et leur souhait s'est réalisé: il a neigé, une neige blanche et scintillante!!! Les bougies ont été allumées dans toutes les maisons, il y avait une odeur de biscuits de Noël. Les gens ont mangé des pains d'épices et ils ont apprécié d'une nuit étoilée.

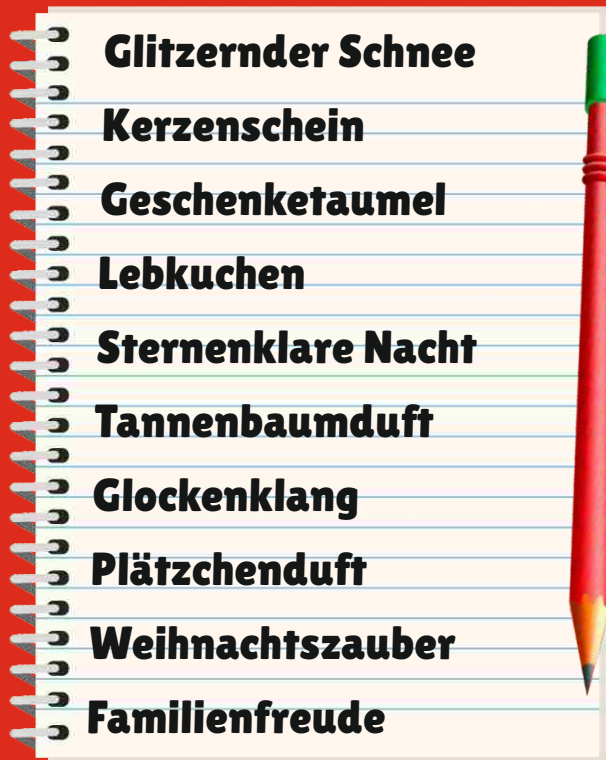
Le lendemain matin, tout le monde a reçu de nombreux cadeaux. On croirait qu'il pleuvait des cadeaux de Noël. Les familles joyeuses ont apprécié cette fête. Tout le monde était heureux et il n'y avait plus d'hiver sans neige en France !

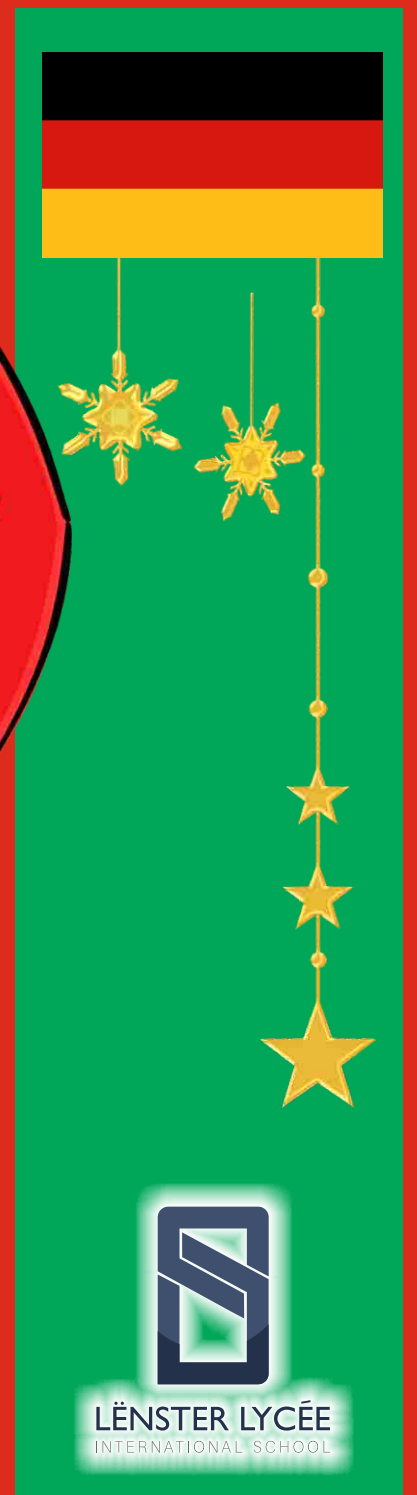


L
LENSTERRATUS

CHRIS TMAS

SHORT
STORIES
COMPETITION

- 
- Glitzernder Schnee**
 - Kerzenschein**
 - Geschenketamel**
 - Lebkuchen**
 - Sternenklare Nacht**
 - Tannenbaumduft**
 - Glockenklang**
 - Plätzchenduft**
 - Weihnachtszauber**
 - Familienfreude**



KURZGESCHICHTEN WETTBEWERB
ZUR ADVENTSZEIT WEIHNACHTEN 2023


LËNSTER LYCÉE
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

DAS WEIHNACHTSWUNDER

Es war einmal ein kleiner Junge namens Jackson. Er ging jeden Abend vor Weihnachten eine Runde durch das Dorf, in dessen Nähe sie lebten. Seine Familie hatte nie viel Geld. Bei ihnen würde es keinen Geschenketaukel geben, wie bei einigen seiner Freunde, die dem Weihnachtsmann lange Wunschlisten schrieben. Trotzdem probierte er, die Weihnachtszeit zu genießen. Er fand das Beste an seiner Runde den glitzernden Schnee. Als er in das Dorf kam, schlenderte er durch die tief verschneiten Straßen und spähte in die Häuser. Die meisten Familien saßen gerade schon beim Abendessen. Die Zimmer waren weihnachtlich geschmückt. Er sah er die Adventskalender an den Wänden hängen und durch ein geöffnetes Fenster am Ende der Straße roch er sogar Plätzchenduft. Das hatte ihm ein trauriges Gefühl gegeben. Sie hatten zu Hause nie Adventskalender. Dafür war kein Geld da. Und Zeit zum Plätzchenbacken hatte seine Mutter auch nicht. Sie arbeitete viel. Auf einmal sah er einen alten Mann auf dem Bürgersteig stolpern. Jackson machte einen Satz nach vorne und fing den Mann auf. Die beiden redeten ein bisschen. Der Mann fragte ihn, was er sich zu Weihnachten wünscht. Jackson antwortete, dass er natürlich ein paar Wünsche habe. Aber viel lieber als seine Geschenke hätte er seiner kleinen Schwester einen Roller gegönnt. aber er denkt, dass sie wohl auch dieses Jahr nichts bekommen werden. Der Mann sah ihn lange an und sagte, dass manchmal an Weihnachten Weihnachtszauber passieren. Es wurde langsam dunkel und es war eine Sternklare Nacht, Jackson ging nach Hause und war verwirrt, er dachte darüber nach was der Mann damit gemeint hatte an Weihnachten gibt es manchmal Weihnachtszauber. Für die anderen vielleicht, für ihn und seine Familie wohl eher nicht. Als er zu Hause ankam hörte er den Glockenklang der Kirche. Es war sieben Uhr. Gerade rechtzeitig zum Abendessen. Als er ins Haus kam, fand er seine kleine Schwester Emily glücklich und fasziniert vor einer großen Kerze sitzen. Seine Mutter hatte die Kerze gekauft, um es ein wenig weihnachtlicher zu machen. „Vielleicht kommt der Weihnachtsmann ja doch, weil er den Kerzenschein auch so mag wie ich“, sagte Emily. Jackson ist ins Bett gegangen und freute sich auf den morgigen Tag. Weihnachten würde schön werden, auch ohne Geschenk. Am nächsten wachte Jackson auf, weil seine Schwester ihn wachrüttelte und rief: „Jackson, komm runter, das musst du sehen!“ Im Wohnzimmer stand ein großer, festlich geschmückter Weihnachtsbaum. Jackson dachte er träumt noch. Aber er roch den Tannenbaumduft. Dann träumte er nicht. Und unter dem Tannenbaum lagen Geschenke! Ein Roller für Emily und für Jackson ein Fußball und ein Buch, was er sich schon lange heimlich gewünscht hatte. Alles war da, auch für seine Eltern waren kleine Geschenke da. Alle hatten Spaß und Familienfreude flog in der Luft rum. Am Abend gab es Lebkuchen. Alle waren sehr sehr glücklich über dieses Weihnachtswunder.

UNGEWOHNLICHE WEIHNACHTEN

Es war eine Woche vor Weihnachten. Und der Weihnachtsmann begann sich für die lange Reise um die Welt am 24. Dezember vorzubereiten. Aber dieses Jahr vorbereitete er sich anders. Als erstes ging er zum Elfenfriseur und ließ sich eine Punkfriseur schneiden. Er pustete alle Kerzen aus, dass keinen Kerzenschein mehr gab. Er sagte zu den Elfen: „Ihr dürft nicht mehr Lebkuchen, Plätzchen, Zuckerrute und die anderen Leckereien backen. Und wenn ich ein kleines Plätzchenduft rieche, dann gibt es Ärger mit Küchendienst (jeder war Küchendienst weil alle backen liebte). Aber ihr könnt aus dem Vorrat nehmen der reicht noch zwei Jahre.“

Der Weihnachtsmann hat seine Lieferung für ein dreißig Meter hohen Tannenbaum abgebrochen, dass er kein Tannenbaumduft mehr riechen konnte, weil er den Geruch hasste. Er wollte dieses Jahr keine Glocken mehr haben, weil normalerweise klingeln sie „DING DONG DING DONG.“ Aber letztes Jahr klangen sie schon schief „DING DENG DUNG DING DENG DUNG.“ Keiner weiß, wie sie dieses Jahr klingeln vielleicht: „DANG DING DONGO DANG DING DONGO“. Es gibt Millionen Möglichkeiten. Aber par Menschen denken, dass es wieder „DING DONG DING DONG“ ist aber das waren nur zwei Personen und sie sind immer anderer Meinung. Also entschied sich der Weihnachtsmann kein Glockenklang in seine Ohren zu haben. Der Weihnachtsmann war schon über 300 Jahre Weihnachtsmann, dafür wollte er Weihnachten ein bisschen ändern.

Alles was er verbat, können wir noch mache außer ihr seid die Elfen von den Weihnachtsmann. Wir können die Sachen, was er verbat mache, weil er kann uns nicht Weihnachten von uns weg holen. Er darf seine Weihnachten ändern aber nicht unsere. Er darf nicht Glocken, Lebkuchen, Plätzchen, Tannenbäume, Kerzen und Geschenke wegholen, weil sie alle zum Weihnachtszauber hinzugehören. Der Weihnachtsmann hat nur eine Sache normal von seiner Vorbereitung gemacht und, dass waren die Geschenke. Jedes Jahr machen die Elfe und der Weihnachtsmann eine Menge Arbeit, um Milliarden von Geschenken her zu stellen. Der Weihnachtsmann braucht auch ein riesiger Sack, um den ganze Geschenketaukel reinzutun.

Der Weihnachtsmann musste noch paar Mal fliegen üben, denn er ist langer nicht mehr geflogen. Es war der 24. Dezember und der Weihnachtsmann war sehr aufgeregt. Aber spät abends ging es los. An den Tag war es ein Sternklare Nacht, vor einen paar Stunden hatten die Familien viel Familienfreude beim Abendessen. Der Weihnachtsmann muss so schnell wie möglich um die Welt gehen, um Milliarden von Geschenken zu liefern. Immer wenn der Weihnachtsmann nach Hause kommt, dann gibt es auch ein Geschenk für ihn. Und, dass ist eine sehr große Umarmung von allen Elfen. Und mit ein bisschen Glück habt ihr auch glitzernder Schnee an Weihnachten.



Tom's Weihnachtsreise
 Eines Tages drei Tage vor Weihnachten rief ein Kind namens Tom seine Familie an er lebte bei seinem Onkel, er lebte mit seinem Onkel in London doch seine Familie lebte in New York und sie wollten zusammen Weihnachten feiern. Was Tom an Weihnachten besonders toll findet ist, das er in jedem Haus, wenn er durch die Straßen läuft Kerzenschein an den Fenstern sieht und dieser Duft von Lebkuchen und Plätzchenduft liegt in der Luft. Das ist der schönste Weihnachtsduft den es gibt, aber am meisten wenn er in drei Tagen zu hause nach New York zu seiner Familie fliegt das ist für ihn das schönste Gefühl in einer Sternklaren Nacht die Haustür voller Familienfreude aufzuschließen, den Tannenbaumduft zu riechen und seine Mutter in die Arme zu schließen. Am Tag der Bescherung hört er morgens den Glockenklang und weißendlich liegen die Geschenke unter dem Weihnachtsbaum. Nachdem er alle öffnen durfte liegt er auf dem Sofa und ist in einem warmen Geschenketunnel. Weihnachten ist einfach toll.



Buch S. 59
 Josef und sein Junge

Einleitung: Es war einmal ein Mann, der mit seinem Kind reiten ging. Der Josef und sein Kind waren glücklich.

Hauptteil: Der Josef war wütend, denn sein Pferd geht oder läuft nicht mehr nach vorne. Der Josef versucht von vorne das Pferd zu ziehen, und von hinten versucht er das Pferd zu ziehen. Der Josef war wütend, frustriert und erschöpft. Sein Kind kommt zurück mit zwei Schubkarren.

Schluss: Der Josef und sein Junge heben den Pferd auf die Schubkarren und gehen nach Hause.



Familie Hofmann und die Schneemann Familie

Es war ein mal ein sehr großer Schneemann, er hat eine Pfeife aus Holz und ein großer Hut.
 Es war ein sehr schöner Abend der Schnee war am glitzern und war sehr weiß.
 Es war sehr kalt für den Schneemann, aber dann hat er ein paar Lichtergesehen und hat sie gefolgt.
 Als nächstes hat er Häuser gesehen und ist zur Tür gegangen und hat geklopft.

Danach hat die Familie Hofmann die Tür auf gemacht und wurden Familienfreunde.

Nächsten Jahr hat die Hofmann Familie die Schneemann Familie eingeladen, die entsteht aus der Schneemann, die Schneefrau und die zwei Kinder. Die zwei Kinder heißen Sophie und Felix. Es gab eine große Versammlung bei der Hofmanns Haus, auf den Tisch gab es Lebkuchen und sehr viele andere Dinge. Es war ein sehr schöner Abend wegen die Sternklare Nacht, der Tannenbaumduft, die Plätzchenduft, der Glockenklang von die Kirche und der Kerzenschein. Es war ein perfekter Abend. Bevor das jeder sein Geschenkaufgemacht hat, haben alle gebacken.

Jedes Jahr war es so.



Eine spannende Weihnachtsnacht

Es war die Nacht vor Heiligabend. Draußen lag eine dicke Schicht glitzernder Schnee. Ich hatte schon einen Schneemann gebaut und war ganz viel Schlitten gefahren. Meine Familie und ich aßen gerade zu Abend. Wie jedes Jahr stand unser schöner roter Kerzenständer auf dem Esstisch. Immer stellen wir die Lichter aus. Dann sind es nur noch die Kerzen die in der Dunkelheit leuchten. Durch den Kerzenschein konnte ich die Plätzchen, die im Ofen waren, sehen. Plötzlich klingelte die Eieruhr. Meine Mutter stand auf und holte die Plätzchen aus dem Ofen. Der herrliche Plätzchenduft stieg mir in die Nase. Als wir alle fertig gegessen hatten, ging ich ins Wohnzimmer. Im Wohnzimmer steht unser großer Tannenbaum. Ich bin mir sicher, dass es der aller schönste Tannenbaum in ganz Luxemburg ist. Und er riecht auch besonders gut. Ich liebe den Tannenbaumduft. An unserem Tannenbaum hängen viele Lebkuchen. Die dürfen wir an Heiligabend pflücken und essen. Es hängen auch kleine Glocken am Tannenbaum. Mein Bruder spielt oft damit. Er mag den Glockenklang. Aber am allerschönsten finde ich die Kerzen am Tannenbaum. Wir haben weiße, grüne, rote und goldene Kerzen. Ich warf noch einen letzten Blick auf den Tannenbaum und erinnerte mich an den Geschenketraumel vom letzten Jahr. Dann lief ich nach oben ins Badezimmer um mir die Zähne zu putzen. Später las ich noch ein bisschen, legte mich ins Bett und probierte einzuschlafen. Aber ich war einfach zu aufgeregt, um zu schlafen, denn ich wollte unbedingt den Weihnachtsmann sehen. Plötzlich hörte ich etwas. Ich lauschte. Leider war es nicht der

Weihnachtsmann. Es war mein Papa, der die Küche aufräumte. Mir war so langweilig. Es kam mir so vor, als ob ich schon 10 Stunden gewartet hätte. Da hörte ich meine Eltern, die sich bettfertig machten. Danach hörte ich nichts mehr. Ich schlich leise rüber ins Zimmer von meinem Bruder um zu schauen, ob er schon schlief. Und das tat er auch. Er lag im Bett und schnarchte. Mittlerweile war es Mitternacht geworden. Ich lag in meinem Bett und langweilte mich zu Tode. Kein Auge hatte ich bisher zugedrückt. **BUMS** hörte ich auf einmal. Ich erschrak so doll, dass ich beinahe aus dem Bett purzelte. Als ich mich wieder erholt hatte, fragte ich mich, was das gewesen sein könnte. Ich tapste leise die Treppe runter und spähte durch die Wohnzimmertür. Und da auf dem Boden vor dem Kamin lag der... Osterhase!?! Erstaunt fragte ich ihn: „Was machst du denn da??“ Der Osterhase meckerte: „Autsch! mein Popo.“ Dann fügte er hinzu: „Der Weihnachtsmann macht Ferien und hat mir aufgetragen, die ganzen Geschenke zu verteilen. Aber niemandem darfst du etwas verraten, so dass der Weihnachtszauber aufrecht erhalten wird!“ Der Osterhase legte noch ein paar Geschenke unter den Tannenbaum. Dann wünschte er mir viel Familienfreude und Glück, kletterte den Schornstein hinauf und stieg in den Weihnachtsmannschlitten, der von den Rentieren gezogen wurde. Ich schaute ihm nach, wie er durch die sternenklare Nacht wegflog. Danach schlief ich sofort auf dem Sofa ein. Ich verschief das Frühstück, hatte noch einen schönen Tag und kriegte abends viele schöne Geschenke.

ENDE

Die Weihnachtstage in NEW YORK

Es war der letzte Tag vor Weihnachten . New York war voll mit Menschen darunter auch John und Paul. John und Paul sind eigentlich aus London nach New York geflogen mit ihren Eltern. Für die zwei Brüder ist Weihnachten das beste im Leben. Ihre Großeltern leben in New York und haben eine Familienfeier veranstaltet. Erst waren aber nur die Brüder da und ihre Eltern. Am Abend vom 23. sind sie zusammen zur Time Square gefahren. Der größte Weihnachtsbaum der Welt wurde da gerade aufgestellt. Tannenbaumduft floss durch die Straßen von New York. Dieser schöne Duft war so gut zu riechen und brachte viele Menschen in Weihnachtsstimmung. Es war eine Sternklare Nacht und konnte somit auch die verschiedenen Sternzeichen sehen. John war begeistert und hat noch nie so eine schöne Nacht erlebt. Plötzlich fing an eine Schulklasse aus Europa an zu singen. Es war Mitternacht und John und Paul gingen nach Hause zu ihren Großeltern. Oma fragte: "Was möchtet ihr zu Weihnachten haben?" "Oma, kann uns der Weihnachtsmann ein Hund bringen?", fragte dann Paul und John. Die Mutter sagte: "Natürlich nicht dass ist doch zu viel verlangt." Damit wurden die zwei Brüder sehr traurig und schliefen nur schwer ein. Eine Stunde später wachen die zwei Brüder auf und hatten angst. Jemand war bei ihnen im Zimmer das nicht ihre Eltern oder Großeltern waren. Dann ein alter Mann sagte freundlich: "Wenn ihr den Glockenklang morgen um 8Uhr abends hört wird das Weihnachtswunder kommen." Damit verschwand der alte Mann wieder und die zwei Jungs schliefen wieder ein. Am nächsten morgen fuhr John und Pauls Eltern früh nach Florida weg versprochen aber zum Abend Lieder zurück zu kommen. Für die Brüder Weihnachten ohne Vater und Mutter wär wirklich schlecht. Ihre Oma fragte die beiden um Brot und Zimtsterne für Weihnachten zu holen. Oma gab ihnen genau 5 Dollar zur örtlichen Bäckerei mit dem Taxi zu fahren. Die Bäckerei war fröhlich mit Weihnachtsdekoration gefüllt. Auf dem Weg zurück sahen sie vom Taxi aus ein paar Kinder aus Luxemburg die eine Klassenfahrt machten. Plötzlich hielt das Taxi an und der Taxifahrer sagte das die Jungs zu wenig Geld dabei hatten. Es kostete zwei Dollar mehr. Der Taxifahrer machte trotzdem eine Ausnahme und nahm 4 englische Pfund an . Die Jungs dachten das hier wirklich jeder Weihnachtsstimmung hatte. Als sie beim Haus ihrer Oma und Opa ankamen war es schon 6Uhr. Aber die Jungs erwarteten köstlicher Lebkuchen und

wunderbarer Plätzchenduft mit natürlich auch Plätzchen. Als sie gerade die Plätzchen und die New York Times im Fernsehen sahen brach ein riesiger Schneesturm aus. Paul und John dachten schon das ihre Eltern nie ankommen werden. Ein Moment später hörten sie den Glockenklang genau wie der alte Mann sagte. Plötzlich öffnete sich die Haustür. Es waren seine Eltern, John und Pauls Tante, die Pilotin war, ihre zwei Cousins und Onkel Friedrich der mittlerweile auf Tuvalu lebte. Oma machte Kakao, Tee, Plätzchen und ein Tannenbaum Kuchen den Opa erfunden hat. Die ganze Familie sing bei Kerzenschein Weihnachtslieder und die Familienfreude stieg. Aber dann kamen die Geschenke grad als sie fertig gegessen haben liefen John und Paul ins Wohnzimmer und sahen einen riesigen Geschenketraumel. Jeder hatte mindestens ein Geschenk von jedem. Alle Geschenke waren ganz schön vor allem der Flugsimulator von Tante Emily und die Schneekugel aus Tuvalu aber alle Familienmitglieder habe ein gemeinsames Geschenk für die Jungs gekauft. John öffnete das Paket von der linken Seite und Paul von der rechten. Sie glaubten ihren Augen nicht es war ein kleiner Welpen namens Snowy. Sofort nahmen sie die Spielzeuge mit auf den Teppich und spielten mit Snowy. Wie schon die Nacht zuvor war es eine Sternklare Nacht. Aber sie feierten einfach bis sie müde wurden. Am nächsten Tag mussten sie den anderen Familienmitglieder abschied nehmen. Sie mussten alle schnell am Flughafen sein. Snowy kam natürlich auch mit nach London. Für die beiden Jungs war dass, das beste Weihnachtserlebnis in ihrem Leben. Ein Hund und auch die die ganze Familie zu sehen ist einfach unvergesslich.

Frohe Weinachten,;)



Die Weihnachtsgeschichte

Christian

Es gab einmal ein junges namens Gestern war ein sehr schöner Tag für Christian, denn er wusste dass der Weihnachtsmann kommt und ihm einen ganzen Geschenktbaumel bringen wirt.

Dafür hat er die Schuhe vor der Tür gestellt, und Christian hat auch noch einen Lebkuchen auf dem Tisch gelegt, dass der Weihnachtsmann den Lebkuchen essen kann.

Umherum vom Tisches hat Christian viele Kerzenscheine gelegt.

Da kamen jetzt die ganze Familie, für zu feiern, sie gingen nach draussen und machten Musik und genossen den Glockenklang, der Plätzchenduft und den Tannenbaumduft.

Die Familie machten am ende noch eine Familienfreunde Foto, dann gingen alle nach Hause zum schlafen.

Der Christian bliebte noch draussen und belobte dass der Weihnachtsmann kommt und er sagte, „Wow so ne Sternklarenacht haben wir noch nie.“

Jetzt ging er rein und wartete dass der Weihnachtsmann kommt.

28.11.2023

Mein Weihnachtstag

Ich erzähle euch wie Weihnachten bei uns ist. Ich stehe auf und sehe nach draussen. Der Schnee ist wunderschön und glitzert, deshalb nennt unsere Familie ihn der „Glitzernde Schnee.“ Ich gehe nach unten und backe mit meiner Mutter Plätzchen. Meistens ist es ja so, dass man Lebkuchen für Weihnachten isst, aber ich mag kein Lebkuchen. Ich freue mich immer auf die Plätzchen. Danach mache ich Kerzen auf dem Tisch an. Wie die scheinen sind ich schön und ich nenne, dass „der Kerzenschein“. Der Tannenbaumduft rieche ich und dann laufe ich direkt zum Tannenbaum und ich sehe dann das Geschenktbaumel. Danach kommen meine Freunde und meine Familie. Manchmal gibt es Streit und dann kommt der Weihnachtszauber und jeder ist wieder fröhlich. Ich spiele mit meinen Freunden und wenn sie weg sind machen wir eine Nachtwanderung. Es ist eine Sternklare Nacht meistens. Wir hören den Glockenklang und wenn wir nach hause kommen, riechen wir Plätzchen. Der Plätzchenduft ist verlockend. Wir sind so aufgereggt auf die Geschenke und ich bekomme immer ein Buch von meiner Familie.

Was für eine Familienfreude!

28.11.2023

Heiligabend

Am Morgen klingelte ^{Glockenklang} Janniks Wecker. Jannik stand auf und lief zum Kalender. „Juh heute ist Heiligabend!“ rief Jannik. Er lief schnell nach unten, aber es war garnicht geschmückt. Er rannte schnell zur seiner Mutter. Jannik fragte: „Warum ist es nicht geschmückt heute abend ist Heiligabend?“ „Oh nein, ich hab vergessen zu schmücken“, erwidert die Mutter. „Ja!“ rief Jannik. „Wir fahren jetzt sofort ein Tannenbaum holen!“ sagte die Mutter. Sie fuhren zum Tannenbaummarkt und kauften ein Tannenbaum. Jannik schenkte den Tannenbaumduft. „Mh, das riecht so gut!“ sagte Jannik. Als sie zu Hause waren, stellten sie den Tannenbaum auf. Dann fingen sie an zu delibieren. Danach backten sie Plätzchen und Lebkuchen. Anschließend ging der Plätzchenduft durch das ganze Haus, Mama rief: „Was für ein leckerer Duft!“ Zwanzig Minuten sind vergangen und die Plätzchen waren fertig. Jannik legte die Plätzchen und die Lebkuchen in eine Schüssel und stellte sie auf den Tisch. Die Mutter fing an zu kochen und Jannik machte die Kerzen an. Plötzlich erstrahlte ein wunderschöner Kerzenschein. Jannik rief: „Wow das sieht so schön aus!“ Die Mutter war mittlerweile fertig mit dem Essen. Die Mutter verpackte dann die Geschenke und legte sie unter den Tannenbaum. „Das ist aber ein großer Geschenkehaufen!“ erwiderte Jannik. Als Janniks Vater von der Arbeit kam passierte ein Weihnachtszauber, es fing an zu schneien. Die Straßen waren schon mit glitzernden Schnee bedeckt.

Dann aßen sie Abendessen. Anschließend ^{bewusstlich} machten sie ein Sparziehgang durch die Sternenklaresnacht. Nach dem Sparziehgang begannen sie mit der Bescherung und packten die Geschenke aus. Dabei hatten sie sehr viel Spaß und viel Familienfreude. Es war ein wunderschöner Abend!



Weihnachtsgeschichte

Lena und Laura sitzen beim Fenster in Kerzenschein. Sie kucken raus in die Sternenklaresnacht. Sie hören Glockenklang. Ihre Nase erschnuppert Tannenbaumduft, Plätzchenduft und Lebkuchenduft. Draußen ist Glitzernderschnee. Laura denkt: „Bestimmt ist das Weihnachtszauber.“ Die Familienfreude ist groß. Sie sind überrascht von dem Geschenkehaufen.



Ben's Weihnachtszauber

Als Ben am morgen aus dem Fenster schaute sah er direkt den Glitzernden Schnee und Schneemänner. Er wusste das dieser Tag ein besonderer war denn heute kommt aus seinem 24. Adventstüchchen ein großer schoko Weihnachtsmann. Es war noch früh und draussen herrschte eine Sternklare Nacht. aber Ben liess sich nicht beirren. Aus dem Wohnzimmer wehte der leckere Geruch von Plätzchenduft hinauf. Er hatte gestern Lebkuchen gebacken auch der Tannenbaumduft erfüllte die Luft glücklich ging er in die Küche packte sich ein paar Lebkuchen ein und ging ins Wohnzimmer. Der Kerzenschein tanzte an der Wand entlang und dann fiel Ben sein Blick auf den leeren Tannenbaum. Es machte ihn immer wieder traurig, aber seine Eltern hatten nicht genug Geld für Geschenke. Es war 2 Uhr abends doch der Weihnachtsmann kam nicht also ging Ben mit einer Kerze und ein paar Plätzchen raus. Überall hingen bunte Lichter die von Farbe auf Farbe wechselten. Ben ging seine Lieblingsrunde durch das Dorf. Auf einmal fiel ihm ein alter Mann auf der frierend in einem zerrissemen Laken saß. Der Mann tat Ben leid, also zündete er eine Kerze für ihn und gab ihm die Lebkuchen. Als Ben nach Hause kam schlief er noch ein bisschen. Am morgen war er fröhlich und ging nach Unten wo seine Eltern bei einem Geschenketaumel saßen. Ben riß seine Augen doch es war echt. Ein Weihnachtszauber. An diesem Abend hatte er Familienfreude ohne Ende.

Meine weihnachtsgechichte (märchen)

Eines tages gab es ein Junge Namens Chris. Chris wurde von sein Lehrer gesagt das sehr eine weihnachtsgechichte schreiben soll, für ein wetbewerb und er müsste die wörter: Kerzenschein, Geschenketaumel, Lebkuchen, Sternklare nacht, Tannenbaumduft, Glockenklang, Plätzchenduft, Weihnachtszauber, Familienfreude. Chris dachte, aber aus denn nirgenwo ist er eingeschlafen und hat über weihnachten geträumt. Wenn Chris aufgewacht ist war es schon 0:30 und Chris musste ins Bett Chris hat sich sorgen gemacht weil er die Geschichte nicht fertig geschrieben hat und dachte das er richtig erger bekommen würde. Am nächste Tag wollte Chris nicht in die Schule aber er musste also hat er sich angezogen und ist zur Bus stelle gelaufen weil bald kommt der Bus. Leider war Chris schon in die Schule und Herr Klaus sein Lehrer hat gesagt "Ich will bitte alle eure geschichten haben das ich die korrigieren kann!". Chris hat angst bekommen und hat sein Heft abgegeben. Plötzlich hat Herr Klaus auf sein Handy geguckt und hat bemerkt das es denn 2 december war und nicht der 3 also hat er alle Hefte wieder zurück gegeben, Chris war so erleichtert.

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