

# Christmas... again

I hate Christmas... so much. The one time of the year that I absolutely HATE. Me and my Mum don't have much, no heating, no TV or electric and no nice food. Every Christmas we have chicken soup mixed with some rank cabbage. To wash it down, we have just water, which tastes a bit funny. But that's life for us, unfortunately. The Christmas tree is falling to pieces and we have no presents under it either.



Today, I was looking in on a family, a happy one, and there was so much cheer. There was a glistening, brown turkey on a gleaming silver dish. The Christmas tree was packed with sparkly and colourful baubles and a massive star on top. The presents were carefully wrapped in all

different coloured paper, reds, silvers and purples. They also had bows, tags and ribbons, curled to perfection. The whole family sitting round the polished table, tucking in to roast potatoes and parsnips. The sprayed, glittering table cloth was gleaming in the lit room full of cheer, as all the children sat down and loaded their plates with carrots, broccoli and beans. The polished, glistening shiny cutlery glinted slightly in the luminous Christmas tree lights. I thought that I had better go before somebody spotted me.

I returned back to my home but before I went inside I had a good look at my house and thought. 'Those people are so lucky to have all of those wonderful things, why can't I have them? Why does it have to be me that's poor?' I questioned.

I entered my house and laid face down on the sofa, crying softly. “What’s wrong?” my Mum said patting me on the back.

I just cried more and hugged my mum tightly and explained what the matter is.

After a while I calmed down and we had our Christmas dinner and went into bed. But, the next morning we found a healthy Christmas tree covered in tinsel downstairs in the living room and there was wrapped presents underneath. “What happened?! Mum!!” I shouted.

There was a note under the tree saying: Merry Christmas, from Santa xxx “It’s from Santa!!”

My mum said “Wow, amazing!” She had a grin on her face for some reason...

Now we have finally had a proper Christmas with food and presents and all the perfect things in the world. We had a feast of turkey, rich, smooth gravy and lovely Brussels sprouts. We had a full Christmas tree with tinsel, stockings, ribbon and lights. There was a glowing fire in the fire place for once and there was a lovely, warm radiator on the wall. It all felt warm and cosy together, me and my Mum, I felt like my Christmas was complete. In my presents was an iPad, a teddy bear and a lovely bath set. This Christmas turned out to be the best Christmas yet.

By Bella Allan

