

## *The Lonely Christmas*

My face was as cold as ice. The cold shrivelled my face as I stared at the blazing, beaming fire thinking that when I get home I will be sitting on my icy rock bed eating sloppy, brown chicken soup, wondering if Santa will ever come... just leave me a small present?

The beautiful lights shone in the darkness lighting up smiles everywhere in the cosy cottage. The smell of roast chicken wafted up my nose nearly just nearly lifting a smile on my face.

I walked back down the rocky path looking up at the twinkly stars up above me, but then I bumped into a group of carols singers. I knew one of the songs but it was quite different. One of the men handed me a £5 note and said very merrily "Merry Christmas!" I ran home with a cheesy smile on my face chuckling to myself. Then I looked at the note. Maybe I should buy something for my family. That would be nice. Luckily the shop was open I ran in, feeling excited. I then saw a perfect present for mum. The bracelet was shimmering and sparkling as it laid there in the sun it was only £2.50! It was perfect. Tomorrow, I thought, I would buy something for dad.

The night was so cold I had chilblains all over my feet.

Suddenly I woke up and rushed to the door and ran to the shop. I knew that I was going to get my dad his favourite newspaper. The look on his face was amazing but then they said "What about you Stella?" But I was fine. I care about my parents more than me. My mum tucked me



in my bed with the thin blanket she knitted me when we were not poor. And I watched the moon shine in the darkness in the little hole in the roof. I closed my eyes and drifted off into a sweet, deep sleep.

As a couple of days passed I watched the snow fall on my bed. Soon a pile of velvet, white snow was on my bed slipping down onto my cold plank floor. I went back to the warm house that had jolly children playing around with their new toys. A golden shiny bell rang and the children jumped on to their chairs and started to dig into roasted ham and potatoes. But then a little hand waved to encourage me to enter the house. I thought about it and knocked on the door the child said "Come in you look lonely, I'm called Tiffany nice to meet you, what's your name?" "Um... um... I'm Stella." I went in shaking with cold and as I sat down I actually felt part of the family.

By Phoebe Shears