A Christmas Story by Neil Y6

Shining bright, the moon hid behind the clouds like a shy little child. J ack was lying in bed, looking up at the stars through his clear glass window above.

 “Mum, can you read me a story, please?”

“Of course dear, I’ll tell you one about Santa.” He looked confused, his eyebrows leaning inwards.

“Who’s Santa?” he said.

“Well, I’ll tell you a story about him.”. She got up from her chair, and she got a red book with a ribbon tied around it. She carefully untied it, and the paper was quite old and creased, and it was set out almost as if it was a diary. Mother cleared her throat, and started the story.

“Once upon a time, there was a little boy called Charlie; he was as rich as a king. He had everything he wanted, because of his father, the owner of Champs, the wizardball team (wizardball was just like football but the ball was always flying and it was made of pure water) except for one thing. He wanted to see Santa himself, riding in his sleigh. Obviously, this was impossible seeing as no one had ever seen Santa. But then, one day, on Christmas, he thought up of a fiendish plan to take a potion from the Mystical Spell. The Mystical Spell contained 100 of the most important spells of life. The most precious were the Four, the potions to control the elements, but Charlie didn’t need any of that. He took an energy potion and gulped it down, as if it were water. The spell prevented him from being tired, so he was awake all night long.

At 12 am exact, the faint jingle of bells could be heard in the distance. He jumped from his chair and looked out the window. Santa’s sleigh appeared to be flying over the moon! He gasped in shock, and he immediately fetched a flash camera. He captured it just in time to see the sleigh in the bright whiteness of the moon.

The next morning, he jumped out of his bed and ran to his mother and instantly showed her the flash tape. His mother didn’t seem to care. “I should have told you this before, but I’m telling you now.” She took a deep breath. “That’s your father Charles. He is not just James Canmore, he is Santa Claus. You are the next heir in line to become Santa, the one everyone loves.” Charles was just absorbing in all this information, his mouth gaping in awe. After all this, he had fulfilled his wish, and that was all that mattered to him. The End. I’ll tell you a bit more, Jack, just in case you still don’t quite get him. First of all, he has eight reindeer who he always rides with. Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Cupid, Comet, Vixen, Donner, Blitzen and Rudolph the red- nosed reindeer. It seems impossible to deliver all those presents in a single night, doesn’t it? That’s why he always has an airship following behind the sleigh, filled with thousands of elves waiting to drop down and deliver the presents.”. She closed the book, tied it up, and put it back on the bookshelf where it belonged. “Well, I suppose it’s your bedtime now, isn’t it?”, she asked. “Yeah, goodnight mum”. He wasn’t looking at her. His eyes were directly focused at the full moon shining bright. He heard a faint ring of bells, and a shadow raced past the moon. He couldn’t get a proper look at it, but he still knew what it was. But he decided not to tell anyone. A grin appeared on his face.