

The Spirit of Christmas!

By Lola Bonser

It was Christmas Eve in the Adams' house and Christmas preparations were well underway. Dad was home from work and helping mum in the kitchen. Ellie Adams was sat by the fire reading her favourite novel, whilst little sister Lily pranced round the fireplace pretending to be one of Santa's elves.

"What are you doing"? asked Ellie.

"Playing elves! Wanna play"? said Lily.

"Um no"

"Why not?"

"Because Christmas is for babies!"

"It isn't!"

"It is!"

"It is not!"

"Is too!!"

"I'm telling mum!"

"Santa isn't real!"

Lily stopped in her tracks. She turned and stared at her sister. "He is real."

"Is not!" teased Ellie.

"HE IS REAL!!!"

Tears flooding down her face, Lily ran to her room. She slammed the door in anger and headed towards her photos. She tore down the one of her and Ellie in Las Vegas, the one in Florida and the one from the Isle of Wight. She lay on her bed in despair. Why would she say Santa wasn't real? He is! Isn't he? It was only then that she realised how angry she was with Ellie. In the corner of her room was another picture. A picture of her and Ellie in France. It had a wooden frame carved into a spiral shape with carvings of woodland creatures. She walked towards it and took it off of her wall. She gasped. There behind the photo was a safe. A little grey safe. She backed away from it and fell on her bed.

The picture flew out of her hands and onto the floor. The glass smashed into millions of pieces and scattered around the floor, the frame snapped and flew across the room and as for the picture, it was nowhere to be seen.

Lily finally found the courage to open the safe. Shaking, she reached and started to turn the handle. It twisted and turned until she felt it lock into place. She pulled the handle and the safe began to open. In it was a book. A red and green book. It looked about a hundred years old. On the front of the book was "Christmas spells". Spells? What could that mean? Lily decided she didn't want to try it on her own so she went to ask Ellie. She said sorry and begged her to help. Ellie said yes but said it would never work.

“Let’s do this one!” said Lily pointing at the teleporting one.

“Okay!” replied Ellie gloomily.

“It says to hold hands and say “Santa Santa come to me” two times!”

“Whatever”

They held hand and closed eyes. “Santa, Santa come to me! Santa, Santa come to me!”

Suddenly the floor started to wobble and the walls started to break. The room span. All of a sudden, it stopped. The sisters got to their feet and headed for the door. “Let’s tell mum!” They harmonised. Ellie turned the handle and ran out with Lily in her arms. The floor felt weird. It felt like nothing was there – AHHHHHH! The girls dropped down, down, down. OFH! The girls landed in a pile of snow. They stood up and turned around. In front of them was a factory. But not just any factory. This one was green and red with liquorice for a roof and a candy cane as a chimney. Ellie stared at the factory like it was some kind of magical thing (it was) but Lily was staring at something else.

“Ellie! Look!” said Lily in astonishment.

“Woahhhh” replied Ellie.

To the right was a stable. This stable was brown and was made out of birchwood. Inside of the stable were reindeers. Lots of reindeers. Lily ran towards them.

“Look! It’s Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen and, LOOK! It’s Rudolph!” said Lily in excitement.

“I’m glad you know them” said an unfamiliar voice.

Lily turned around and stared. Dressed in a red suit was...SANTA! He smiled at them both and said..

“Listen, since you’re here, do you want to ride in my sleigh tonight?”

“YESSSSS!” they chorused.

As they mounted the sleigh Ellie sat down and closed her eyes. Is this real? Was she actually flying? Santa noticed Ellie was questioning herself.

“So Ellie”

“Yes?”

“Do you believe in Christmas now?”

“Yes, I do”

They closed their eyes and rode into the night. The spirit of Christmas is real...