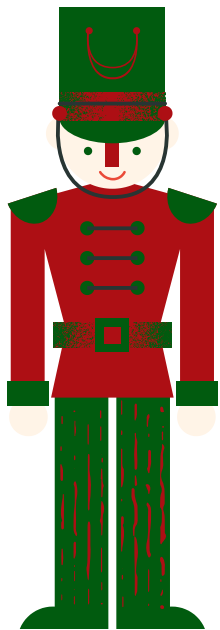
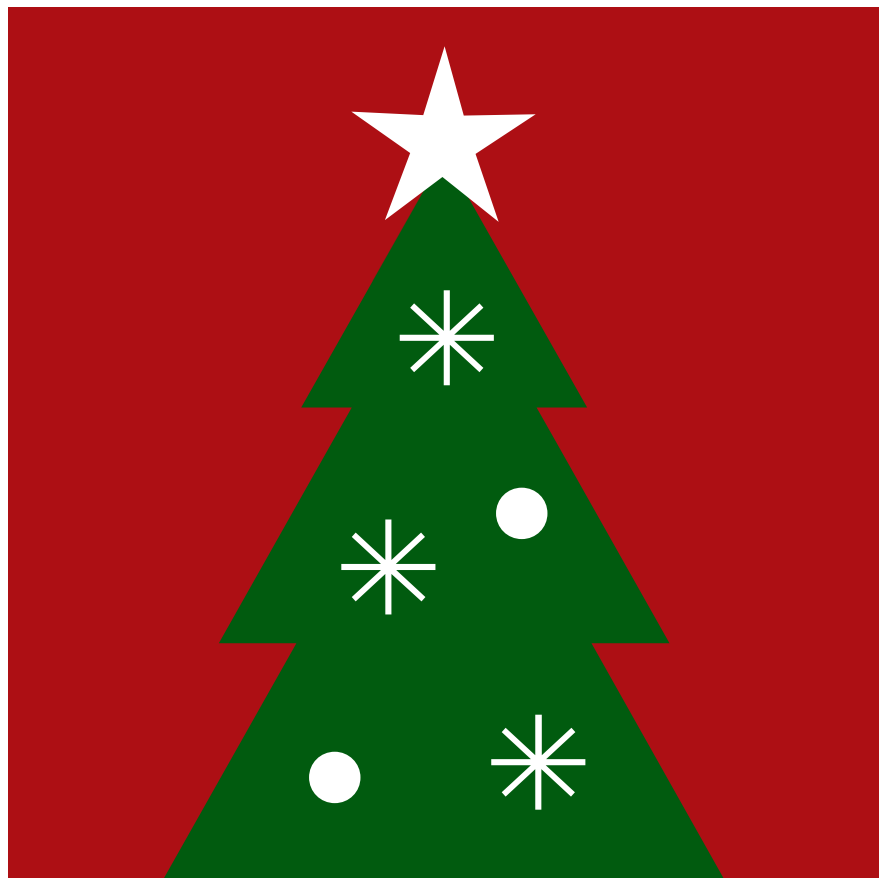




From the students at  
Calthorpe Park School

*Merry  
Christmas!*



A collection of  
Christmas stories,  
written by the  
students, for you to  
enjoy!




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# C O N T E N T S P A G E

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*We hope your holidays are filled with laughter & love.*

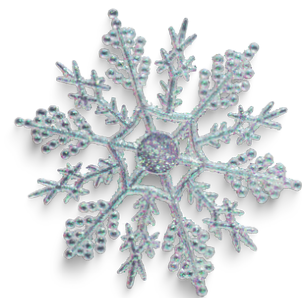
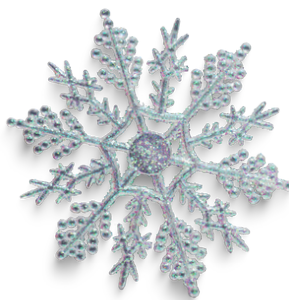
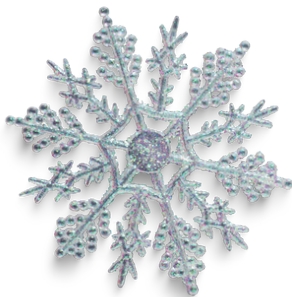
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# A Thousand Snowflakes

WRITTEN BY ABIGAIL W.

The sun shone down into the silent, frozen forest making the frosty trees glisten as if they were covered with a thousand twinkling stars. The wind brushed past my cheeks, whispering a thousand untold stories. A robin was perched in a tree nearby, singing songs of the thousands of places it had been; the worlds it had seen. As I put my head up to the sky and took a breath of the crisp winter air, the first flakes of snow began to fall. Each snowflake had been on its own journey, each one unique and beautiful. Flawed yet perfect in its own way. They are like people in that way. And then there were thousands of them; a thousand snowflakes.



As I turned to go back to my home, to a warm fire with roasted chestnuts, I painted a picture in my mind. A picture of that perfect moment. The sort of moment that makes you wonder how the world could be anything but perfect. Leaving nothing but footsteps behind me. I trudged towards my village.

The seemingly endless woodlands faded into picturesque, thatched cottages with smoke billowing from the chimney. The silence was penetrated by the squeals of the other children in the village. Some having a snowball fight, others building snowmen of all different shapes and sizes. The rest discussing what Santa would give them for presents for Christmas tomorrow. It was as if I was reading a storybook, the perfect picture of a perfect village: one where everyone is happy.

Yet, as I approached, smiles turned to stares. Laughter turned to silence. People started inching away and then there was the whispering. The rumours flying around like leaves in the harsh winter wind. Not the gentle kind, the type that bites. In that moment I remembered why I was in the forest alone. Because, in reality, perfect and unique don't work together. In that moment, I felt like the singular sticking out of an otherwise perfect blanket of snowflakes. Their glances, their whispers had brought me back to reality. A reality where I wouldn't be making snowmen with friends or even getting presents at Christmas. A reality where I was alone. Tears burned my eyes. I turned and ran towards my home, to where I wouldn't ruin their perfect world.

But as I did, I noticed a boy, one who I had never seen before, looking at me with downcast eyes in sadness. However, I must have been mistaken, no one here would even think to look at me and feel anything other than disgust.

I woke the next day to the ringing of Christmas bells. Most children would be running downstairs, ready to tear the wrapping paper of whatever new toys they had received. As I got out of my bed, I looked in the mirror. Gazing at my long, chocolate brown hair and bright blue eyes, I wondered what it was that they didn't accept. I came to the conclusion, as I do every morning, that it wasn't anything on the outside. It was the fire in my heart. My willingness to follow my passion and that wasn't something I would ever give up.

I heard a knock at my door, which may be considered normal to some, but no one ever came to see me. I crept down the stairs and opened the door behind the dangling lock. It was only open ajar, but there stood the boy I saw yesterday.

'Hello,' he said. 'What is your name?'

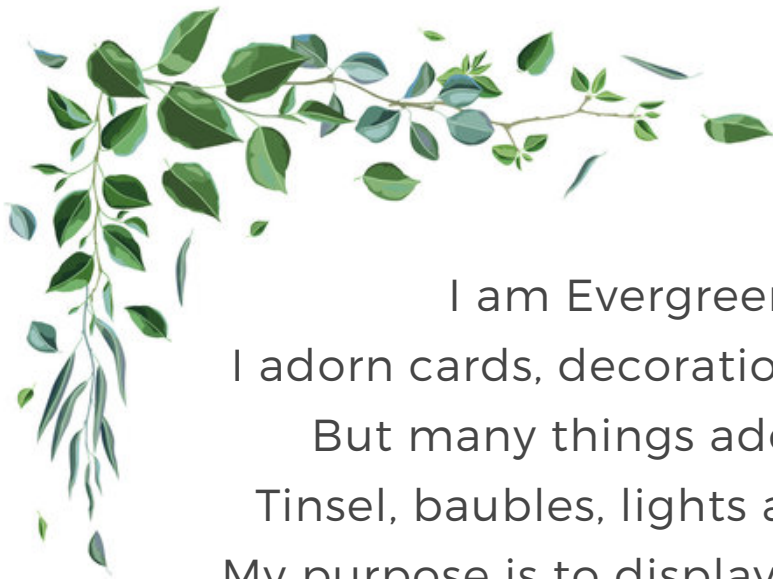
'Hope.' I found myself answering. It had been a long time since I had a normal conversation. Then I saw what he was holding. It was a singular snowflake in a transparent glass case.

'For you.' He held out the gift towards the gap in between the door. 'Merry Christmas.'

I smiled, unlocking the chain on my door.

# Evergreen

WRITTEN BY CLEMIE A.



I am Evergreen,  
I adorn cards, decorations, houses,  
But many things adorn me,  
Tinsel, baubles, lights and a star.  
My purpose is to display your spirit  
For I am Evergreen.

I give Santa a place to hide your presents,  
And give you a place to find them,  
I never rest, never shed my colours  
For I am Evergreen.

I am a symbol of Christmas spirit  
And always will be  
I stand tall by your fireplace  
Greeting Father Christmas by the  
chimney,  
For I am Evergreen.





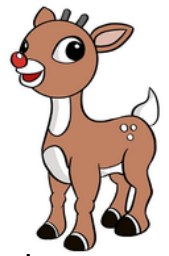
I leave a trail of leaves for you to  
remember  
I'm made from many things  
Plastic, wood  
But I am Evergreen.

You have fun decorating me  
And fun taking me down  
Many will burn me, or destroy me  
But I will forever be remembered  
For I am Evergreen.



# A Deep Slumber

WRITTEN BY CANDY W.



Tomorrow is Christmas! I can't sleep. Excitement floods through me. I roll and turn, but I just can't seem to drift off. The only thing that absolutely guarantees that I fall asleep, is my mum reading me a bedtime story – but she is out at work tonight, so I have to try myself. But it is really difficult.

After half an hour, I finally decide that I will read a book to help me to fall asleep. I pick one, obviously, about Christmas and dig into it. It is one that I have never read before, so I decide to give it a go. I flip the cover open and suddenly a bright blazing light shines into my room. A mysterious sound vibrates from the book in my hands.

'Hazel... Hazel... Hazel...'

The sound of my name frightens me.

'W-who's ... t-there?'

In a blink of an eye, a reindeer appears, 'Hello! I'm Rudolph!' From the pages of the book, jumps Santa's favourite reindeer! His fur is brown, and his nose is certainly red!

'Rudolph? What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be delivering presents with Santa?'

'Yes, I am!' Rudolph replies. 'But I can't because I lost my special powers.' His shining nose abruptly becomes dark. 'I lost them because you are the only child that is still awake on Christmas Eve!'

'What?' I shout. 'Well... I guess... I'm just too excited for Christmas-'

‘No time Hazel! We need to be quick, like really-really quick!’

‘Sure, but I’m finding it so hard to fall asleep – I’m just so excited! And that was even before a reindeer magically appeared from a book in front of me! Goodness knows how I’ll fall asleep now!’

Rudolph sighed for a moment, appearing to be lost in thought. Then, his magical eyes drifted over to my bookshelf...

‘The Night Before Christmas,’ Rudolph read from the cover of the book. ‘What’s that about?’

I roll my eyes, “it’s about the night before Christmas, Rudolph.” Then an idea pops into my head. ‘Rudolph, how would you feel about reading me a book? When Mum reads to me at bedtime I fall asleep quicker than Grandad after Christmas dinner. Can you read?’

Rudolph smiles broadly and nods his head. ‘I can! Santa taught me during summer last year!’ He opens the book with his giant hooves and starts reading.

As the snow falls lightly, leaving small fluffy piles on the windows, and Rudolph’s voice fades into a distant whisper, I find myself drifting into a wonderful sleep.

The book is still open next to me, the gentle motion of my sleeping breath makes it move slightly. I don’t see it, because I am asleep, but Rudolph drifts back into the pages, his bright red nose like a beacon once more.



# What the Little Snowman Said

WRITTEN BY CHLOE B.

You will probably be wondering:  
What did the little Snowman say?  
So I shall tell you,  
Right here, right now.

*I don't want to go to bed!  
Why can't I stay up?  
All the other Snowmen get to?  
Why not me?*

The little Snowman's mum said:  
*They can't stay up,  
As it is Christmas Eve,  
Everyone is going to bed early,  
So that Santa comes down their  
chimney.*

*Oh, cried the little Snowman  
Why can't I stay up to see,  
To see Santa Claus filling my  
stocking  
With lots of presents*



*Because if you stay up,  
Then he shall not come  
And give you the presents  
You deserve!*

*But does everyone have to mum?*

*Yes. Everyone.  
The pixies and the faeries  
The gingerbread men and the  
Christmas stars  
The elves, especially the kids!*

So the little Snowman went to bed  
and the little Snowman had a  
dream.

A dream about Santa rolling.

Rolling from the fireplace.

The festive and jolly old man  
greeting little Snowman

With a warm smile and a kind  
hello.

Gifting him a small box  
That made little Snowman glow.



So, when the little Snowman  
awoke,  
He was surprised to see,  
The same present sitting on his  
pillow.

It was a magical bauble,  
Changing from Christmas scene to  
Christmas scene  
Ice skaters and Carol singers  
Christmas trees and festive dinners.  
And, of course, Santa laughing and  
saying  
*Ho-Ho-Ho.*



# My Sister's Thawing Heart

WRITTEN BY LIEZE R.

I cannot believe tomorrow is Christmas! I have been waiting for this all year: to drink hot chocolate, open presents and hug my favourite family members visiting from South Africa. My dear sister, Bree, absolutely despises Christmas – can you believe it? I guess you can say she is the Grinch. We always get into fights because she wants to watch horror movies, while I – sweet ol' little me – wants to watch wholesome Christmas movies...

So, it's Christmas Eve. Imagine it, I'm excited beyond belief and Bree is obviously hiding upstairs in her room, refusing to come down despite Mum making a round of hot chocolates. The marshmallows bounce in the cream and the heat radiates around my face. I'm about to ask Mum to put on Home Alone when Bree stalks into the kitchen. I'm ready to beg her. Get on my knees and ask her to watch the film with me, when quietly she says.

'Do you want to watch a Christmas film together?' I'm speechless. Mum is also speechless. I almost drop my hot choccy, but I don't waste a moment. I grab her hand and whizz her into the living room. We pile blankets on top of one another, while Mum dims the lights and the credits roll.

'Bree...' I whisper as Mum closes the door and leaves us alone. 'Why did you want-'

'Hey, look!' She points to the window, adorned with delicate fairy lights. 'It's snowing.'

# Christmas is Precious

WRITTEN BY NAOMI T.

Three days until Christmas. All I can think about are the presents, the turkey, the potential snow... the presents! Every year Santa sends one main present and it's always something big. Last year for example, I got a bike. The year before, I got a phone. This year I hope for a computer, or a trip to America, where it is nice and warm.

Two days until Christmas. I wake up late, jump out of bed, quickly put on my clothes and hope my parents won't be mad at me. Thankfully, they aren't. Instead, I smell sausages on the grill – a lovely English breakfast waiting for me. But instead of a side of ketchup with my sausages, I face disappointment. Dad's words are heavy and loud when he says,

'Listen sweetie, Nana won't be coming over this Christmas.'

'What? What do you mean?' I reply, almost stumbling on my words.

In the living room, Mum and my younger sister Kourtney are hanging up shiny, red baubles with sparkly snowflakes on the Christmas tree. I can't join in. I watch, slowly chewing on my breakfast as they hang up my favourite bauble: the one with reindeers prancing around, looking happy.

One day until Christmas. I'm not excited as I once was. I don't want a computer anymore. I don't even want to go to America. I want to see Nana.

It is Christmas. The Christmas music from the speaker travels up the stairs and I can hear it through my walls. Despite my best efforts not to cry, I put on my slippers and traverse downstairs. That's when I see her. Nana's big cheery face. She holds a cookie in one hand and a glass of milk in another – almost like Mrs Santa Clause herself! I run into her, hugging her tightly.

'Hello deary,' she smiles.

The best Christmas ever.



# Candy canes and Snow

WRITTEN BY TILLY D.



It's Christmas at last,  
I hope you get for what you've  
asked  
Santa and Rudolph will show  
With candy canes and lots of  
snow

For the elves have worked hard,  
On their lovely Christmas cards,  
Snowballs to throw  
Ho-ho-ho!



Presents under the tree  
Fill people with glee  
The star of Bethlehem glows  
Candy canes and fluffy snow

Santa's off and on his slay  
Up, up and away.  
For Christmas started long ago  
So, we should all say,  
Ho-ho-ho!

# A Christmas Invitation

WRITTEN BY LILY S.

'Layla, get the post!' Mum called from downstairs. Sighing, I dragged myself reluctantly off the comfy lilac covers of my bed.

'Coming!' I replied sleepily. I slipped on a jumper and trudged downstairs. On the carpet next to the front door, there was a pile of envelopes. One envelope was a deep, inky indigo, embossed with a silver stamp and marked with a picture of a stag and a pair of huge, twisted antlers. I turned it over and saw a line of neat, curling handwriting in shimmering gold ink.



*Layla Roland,  
Roselay Avenue,  
The House with the Blue Front Door,  
The Smallest Bedroom.*

I stared at it in shock. How did they know my name? And how did they know that my house was the only one on my street with a blue front door? A surge of uneasiness crept into me while I tore the envelope open. A sheet of creamy paper lay inside, folded neatly in half. Pulling it out, I saw the same neat, scrawling handwriting that had been on the envelope, and a border of silvery stags. I took a deep breath and started to read the letter. I had to squint to make out the curling handwriting.



*Dear Layla,*

*You have been cordially invited to attend the Christmas Decoration Ceremony. If you wish to come, please wait by the edge of Burlbury lake at midnight. Your transport will be waiting for you there.*

*Yours sincerely,  
The Christmas Host.*



I stared at the letter incredulously. The Christmas Decoration Ceremony? I had never even heard of that before. Should I go? I knew Mum would never let me, so there was no point in asking her... My mind made up, I went back to my room and silently laid out my clothes for my midnight adventure, hiding them from sight under my bed.

I couldn't risk setting an alarm, in fear of Mum hearing it. So, instead, I stayed awake and waited. Every minute felt painful then finally, it was time! Jumping out of bed, I slipped on my clothes and opened my door, as quietly as I could, stepped outside and then clicked it shut.

I hurried down to the water's edge and waited. Suddenly, a violet mist burst from the ground and started spinning at my feet. I leapt back in shock. Staring at it in wariness, I reached out a trembling hand and touched it. I felt a tug at the back of my head, and suddenly I was flying, flying away to an unknown world. And then, just as suddenly as it started, I dropped onto my knees on the ground. A world of wonder was glittering and sparkling around me. Baubles, tinsel, fairy lights and more. I couldn't believe it.

It was a Christmas world.



# Hat and Shawl 16

WRITTEN BY ANNA D.

The sun set fast, the night was cold  
Inside, men hummed to songs of old  
Gifts were given and well received  
On the holy Christmas Eve.

The bright snow stirred in the chilly  
air,  
And scattered snowflakes  
everywhere  
The suns pink light, while not quite  
set  
Outlined two snowy silhouettes.

One with a hat, no other clothes  
And pebbles for his mouth and nose  
Blue sea glass for his button eyes  
Tilted as if in surprise

The other wears a knitted shawl  
She is the fairest of them all  
Beneath the cloudy sky above  
Hat and Shawl are much in love.

She stretches out a wooden hand  
He takes it, feels her heart expand  
But what is clutched within her  
grasp?  
A necklace, with a golden clasp.

And with the lovers' warm embrace  
The cold just ceases, without a trace  
For no foul weather can tear apart  
The love from two white, snowy  
hearts.



# Ribbon on a Sleigh



WRITTEN BY TAMSIN B.

I usually hate winter. Snow falls, there is no shelter and the human kids become really frisky over a human that gives them weird human things. Yes, I am a cat, but don't judge me. I am not that chubby house cat that eats slop. I am, in fact, a stray.

However, this winter I saw something... something stranger than even humans themselves. I was puddling along the side of a building, a restaurant humans call it. The snow continued to fall; I would have to lean against the brick and rid my fur of the frozen slush. Every second I shivered viciously, the frost stinging my face and the snow frightfully cold on my tongue. This is going to be a harsh winter, I thought miserably. I stared down into the street, watching as the small humans pranced about, singing something incredibly irritating as lights began to sparkle. Yet somehow, the singing and the lights, they lulled me into a sleep.

I honestly don't know how long I slept, because when I awoke all the humans were gone. The lights were off and the moonlight shimmered above me. Silence, not even the sound of snow falling could be heard.

'I'm dead aren't I?' I called out into the street. No response. I hung my head, letting the silence swallow me. Then I heard the quiet sounds of bells.



I pricked my ears as the sound seemed to be getting louder... or at least closer.

Humans! They might be able to help me!

I dashed toward the noise, leaping from rooftop-to-rooftop, until I reached a human den. A massive sleigh sat on the roof, attached to twelve reindeers. I gasped at the massive sack, what a great place to sleep and keep warm! I clambered up the red sleigh, before slumping down in the nice, cosy sack.

I definitely dozed off, because when I awoke, I was snuggled in a thick blanket next to... a human! One with a very fat belly and a long, white beard.

It turns out, I was adopted by him. He found me in his sleigh, gave me a small red bow to wear and now, once a year, I take a ride with him in his sleigh. He calls me Ribbon, even though I don't have a name. I accept it though. He feeds me and he loves me.

I think I love him too.



# A Christmas Scene

WRITTEN BY ZIPPORAH K.

One night before Christmas, but there are no presents under the tree. A hearty scent of cookies wafts in the air as they rest upon the table. The tree is beautiful with long, rustling leaves. They almost whistle in the gentle breeze from the open window. Baubles bounce underneath the Christmas star. There's a loud THUMP on the roof and a banging noise with a big POOF.

Ho-ho-ho.

Presents knock around in a bag and Santa emerges from the chimney. He doesn't empty his bag, not at first. Instead, he pries one, then two and finally three cookies from the plate. He reaches for the milk, realising his beloved reindeers will be getting impatient.

He empties the bag and goes on his merry way.



# A Gift For a Man Who Deserves It

WRITTEN BY ZOE C.

The snow fell hard and fast, battering against the coats and umbrellas of the passersby – the wind bitterly cold. Above, the sky was a gloomy shade of grey, the sort of grey that would sap the joy out of anyone who perceived it. Everyone walked past the bench, wrapped up and warm compared to the old man sitting on it. The landing of a bird in the tree that stood above him shook the snow off the branch. The slushy snow landed right on top of him, sending him into an even worse mood than he already was. How come he was stuck on a bench, not a penny to his name and shivering profusely, while everyone else could be snuggled up in their fluffy coats with hats and mittens?

The gloomy man passed a gloveless hand through his frosty beard, unsure whether the greyness of said beard was from age or the sheer amount of frost. And then, a familiar person walked by. She walked by him every single day with a skip in her step, long ginger plaits flowing behind her as she walked quickly along. Today, she wore a long, bright red duffle coat; white translucent stockings; crimson boots with intricate patterns carved into the leather and a matching red and white striped woollen hat with gloves. The elder observed. She held a present in her hand, one of a traditional type: a green box, tied shut with a red ribbon.

However, as she walked towards the bench, she began to slow down and look at the homeless man in a joyous fashion. Whatever could she be doing? After a moment of pause, she looked at the man, smiled and said,

‘Merry Christmas, sir.’ Her voice was like a song.

The old man looked up at the young lady in shock and, for a short moment, her eyes glinted a shade of emerald green, radiating a sense of warmth and comfort. Then, she smiled, in a soft, all-knowing manner at the shivering and still dumbfounded man. She skipped away as the man stared down at the large green box in his shaking hands. He fumbled the ribbon tied tightly around the sage green box and when he finally managed to unravel the ribbon, a waft of warm air washed over his face. There sat a red coat with a familiar pair of red and white woollen gloves in the same striped pattern as the woman’s! For the first time in a very long time, joy filled his soul. At the bottom of the box, there was a wad of money and a note saying.

*A gift for the man who deserves it.*



# One More Night

WRITTEN BY EVA S.

Delicate snowflakes drifted slowly to the ground. It was going to be a white Christmas! I stared contently out the window, hugging my arms around myself. It wouldn't be the same without Grandma though. Sipping my marshmallow topped hot chocolate, I tiptoed out my seat and sat in front of the roaring fire. The flames cackled and spat, changing from amber to cream to gold.

'Honey?' Dad called from the kitchen. He was preparing the enormous roast for tomorrow. 'Come here for a second!'

'Yes Dad! I'm coming!' I walked away from the glimmering fire into the warm kitchen.

'Only one more night until Christmas!' Dad bounced. He had a cream moustache on top of his real moustache.

'Calm down, okay!'

'Fine, but you can't not be excited for Christmas! Grandma would have wanted you to be hyped up on sugar and laughing. She may not be here to keep the Christmas spirit going, so I have to!'

I left the kitchen, unable to think – let alone talk – about Grandma.

I traipsed into my bedroom, decked with Christmas decorations and fell into a heap on my bed. Before I drifted into a slumber, my Grandma's kind eyes looked at me from the frame on my bedside table. It was faint, but oh-so clear, her voice encouraging me, no telling me, gently, softly.

'Enjoy this Christmas Doodles. You deserve it.'

I woke up with a start. My Grandma's voice still echoing in my ears. It was Christmas, and finally the excitement coursed through my veins. I jumped out of bed, sprinted into my sister's room and screamed at the top of my lungs.

'It's CHRISTMAS!'



# The Night Before Christmas

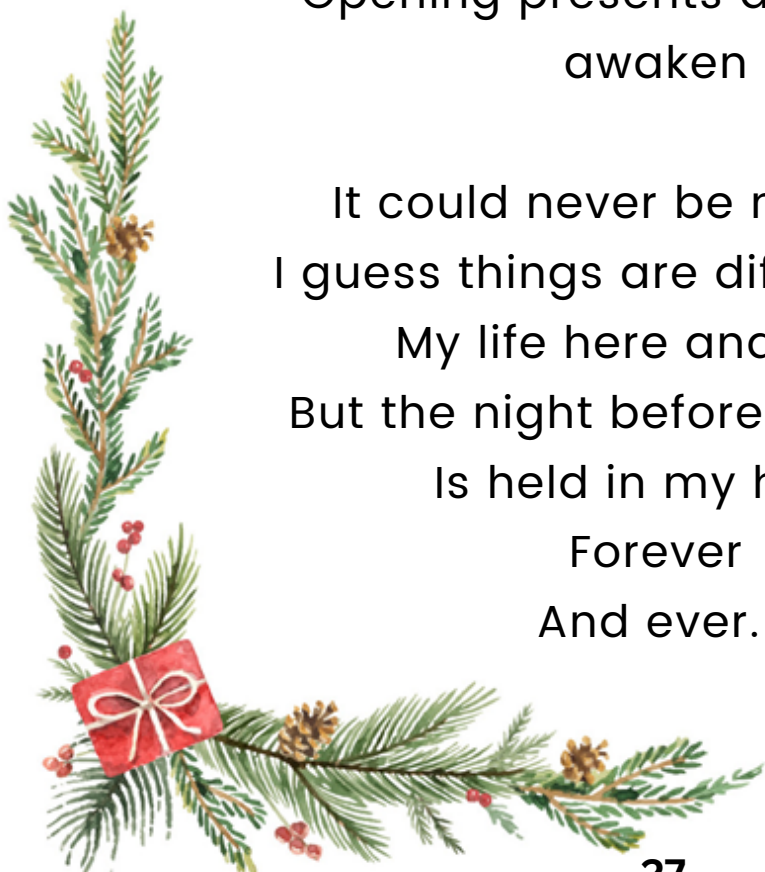
WRITTEN BY ELLA S.



Roses stand in the snow,  
Kissing under the mistletoe.  
Voices sing away  
But here I lay  
All alone in the bedroom of my  
mother's house  
Why did everything change?

But the night before Christmas  
Something is different...  
The snow falls hard and fast  
With memories held from the past  
Opening presents as soon as I  
awaken

It could never be mistaken.  
I guess things are different now,  
My life here and there  
But the night before Christmas  
Is held in my heart  
Forever  
And ever.



# A White Christmas

WRITTEN BY TAY F.

A soft orange glow bathed the room, casting a golden shine onto everything it touched. The fire crackled quietly in the fireplace and the house pets lay curled together beneath the tree. The tree itself was adorned with golds, silvers, reds and whites with dainty blue lights and a delicate star atop of it. Gifts lay below, wrapped in tissue paper and a bow.

On the sofa, lay a boy, around nine or ten, curled in a blanket, fighting sleep. His eyelids were heavy and his head kept drooping, his vision blurring with sleep. But each time, he would sit up and take a drink of cold water from the cup on the table. Who knows why he wished to stay awake, but regardless, eventually he drifted off, the blanket falling from around his shoulders onto the floor.

Some point during the night, someone appeared in the house. The fire had long since been put out, and so the mysterious man came from the chimney, carrying a bag behind him. He had a jolly look on his face, and a kind twinkle in his eyes. Catching sight of the boy on the sofa, he smiled, and tiptoed close to the tree. Carefully he placed the contents of his bag beneath it, before standing back up.

Taking one last look around the room, he saw a plate of mince pies, carrots and cookies, accompanied by a glass of some sort of fruity drink.

A note indicated that it was for the visitor, so he delicately placed them in his bag, and back on his way.

The boy awoke the next morning, disappointed not having stayed awake long enough, but excited nonetheless. Somehow, by some miracle, the blanket had made its way back onto him, leaving him cosy and warm.

Under the tree, more gifts had appeared, and the food had been eaten. Outside, snow fell, thickly, coating the ground like a white blanket, the first time in the boy's life: A white Christmas.



# Missing Teddy...

WRITTEN BY CHLOE D.

Under branches of green  
Wrapped in red or put in a bag  
Lie twenty-two presents  
With Grace Mallone's name on the tag

But something isn't there  
And the sun isn't ready  
To come up whilst there's an empty spot  
There just for teddy



Teddy isn't in  
The warmth of Grace's house  
He's in the North Pole  
Sleeping quiet as a mouse

He wakes up with a start  
'Oh no!' he cries aloud  
He's missed Santa's take-off  
He's stuck on the ground

So Teddy comes up with a plan  
To get to the Mallone's place  
He packs himself a bag  
And he starts the journey toward Grace.

Across the snow he travels  
Swimming icy seas  
All in the dead of night  
Trying not to freeze



He crosses the North Pole  
Until he ends up beside the pyramids



They are huge  
And Teddy cowers  
Children of Egypt are brave kids

Then he finds himself in Spain  
Where the party fills the air  
And guitars strum Feliz Navidad  
As Teddy roams the streets

Four more hours to go  
Until England wakes up  
But Teddy needs a break  
And he sips hot chocolate from  
his cup



Then he's off again  
And treks all the way to France  
Where they've have woken up already  
And have begun to dance



Teddy stays awhile  
But then remembers his quest  
He takes a bite from his cheese  
And packs up the rest.

At last Teddy's in England  
Where the night is still black  
And there Teddy sees Santa  
Leaving with an empty sack

Teddy finds Grace's house  
And sneaks in through the door  
He waddles over to the tree  
And places himself on the floor

The tree is twinkling brightly  
And feels warm after the trek  
Teddy pulls out a long red ribbon  
And ties a bow around his neck

He grabs a pen from his pack  
And shuffles to the tree base  
Where he uncaps his pen and writes:  
Merry Christmas Grace.



