

I'm Dreaming of a Write Christmas

short story competition



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Introduction

Christmas has always been an inspirational time for storytelling. From the wonder of the traditional nativity narrative to the colourful Nutcracker tale, and the ghostly goings-on in Charles Dicken's 'A Christmas Carol.'

The magic of Christmas brings out the imagination in us all, so it has been a real treat to judge this year's Write Christmas story competition, sponsored by Cartridgesave.com.

I've thoroughly enjoyed reading stories and poems about every aspect of Christmas.

There were tales of brave chickens escaping the Christmas dinner table and thoughtful retellings of traditional festive stories.

There were exciting encounters with aliens and robots and beautifully crafted poems capturing the sights, smells and sounds of this special time of year. Not to mention lots of funny Santa stories that really made me smile.

The standard of writing has been extremely high, which has made it very difficult to select winners.

In the age 4-6 category, Jude Staff's heart-warming tale about surprising his lonely old nana with a family celebration really captured the true spirit of Christmas.

In the 7-9 age group, Lily Briegel's hilarious poem about Santa's reindeer seeking a new look - as unicorns! - really made me laugh.

And finally in the age 10-11 category, Isabella Quaggiotto's clever and very creative use of language in her poem 'The Visitor' caught my eye from the off.

Thank you to everyone who took the time to contribute a story, a poem or a drawing. I have loved reading them and I'm delighted to be able to share them with you now.

So find a comfy chair, and sit back and savour the wonderful work in this e-book. It is sure to delight, entertain and inspire us all.

Merry Christmas!

Sam Hay

Sam Hay is a children's writer and champion of book clubs for kids. She's had more than thirty books published including the Undead Pets series about zombie animals, Dinosaurs United, the footballing dinosaurs series and Screaming Sands, a ghostly trilogy set at the seaside.





Lonely at Christmas

It was a cold frosty morning but not just any morning, Christmas Day!

Today was a day for most people to see their family, but not for everyone. My Great Nanny Lucy will be waking up on her own, going downstairs and making a cup of tea for herself. After breakfast she will go into the living room and plan her day watching TV with a break for Christmas lunch, with no one to even pull a cracker with.

After lunch she will head back to the TV to watch the Queen's speech alone.

Just as she settles in her chair, the doorbell rings. It was me and the rest of my family. We had arrived to surprise her! We pulled Christmas crackers, swapped presents and had Christmas lunch with her famous stuffing. After presents we played games and music. She

smiled all day and it made me really happy. She thought she was spending the day on her own. We had Christmas pudding when the blue flame had gone out and then noticed Nanny Lucy was asleep in her chair. We all chuckled! We had tired her out

but made her day! No one should be alone at Christmas.



Jude Staff



**CATEGORY
WINNER**




Winter Days



Winter days when it's cold and freezy
People wearing gloves, boots and jackets
Winter days when it's dark and gloomy
But houses are warm and you get to drink hot chocolate

Children waiting for snow
The whole place becomes a winter wonderland
They run out to play
Making snowmen, snowball fighting
Smiling, screaming
Hoping that it will never end



Winter is Christmas time
Families getting together for Christmas lunch
Church bells ringing, people singing
Remembering Jesus, people praying
Opening presents
Wonder what I will get this time!



Mary Lily Varghese





Winter's Day



The soft, cosy snow leaving trails behind me. We wrap up to go outside!
We make snowmen and have a snowball fight. After that we go inside
and warm up with some hot chocolate.

Fox cubs play in their dens. The ice on the car all shimmery white.
The flowers sleep ready for summer and spring. The branches on the
tree glittering with snow.

In the dark, cold evening I cuddle my toy as tightly as tightly can be.

When I go to school I wrap up toasty warm.



Aishani Das



Santa's Day

Santa's bring presents on Christmas Day!

Santa's feeding the reindeer, the elves
are making toys.

A busy 24th December watching us sleeping.

Putting presents under the Christmas tree...
drinking milk and a carrot for Rudolf.


Creeping through the house. Footsteps in
the snow. Jingle bells on the
sleigh. What a
busy day!



Henry Carter




Seven Carrots Save the Day




Once upon a time Santa was delivering his presents to the boys and girls when he accidentally fell out of his sleigh. He landed on top of a snowy mountain and his reindeer flew away without him.

Santa was feeling very sad and didn't know what to do. What about the magic? Santa hunted in his pockets and found seven carrots.



They wouldn't help with the magic but then Santa saw the reindeer. They had smelt the carrots and come back, but they were no longer pulling the sleigh. Santa didn't mind, he pulled a toy car out of his sack. It grew large, he tied it to the reindeer and flew away and he delivered all the toys in time for Christmas day.



THE END



Lewis Bethune




The Christmas Kittens



Once upon a time there were two kittens called Heidi and Lily who loved Christmas and wearing their Santa hats.

When they put up their Christmas tree they had to climb up it to put the baubles on and climb right up to the top to put the big shiny star on.

On Christmas morning they opened their presents from Santa and they got some cat treats and a cuddly reindeer each.

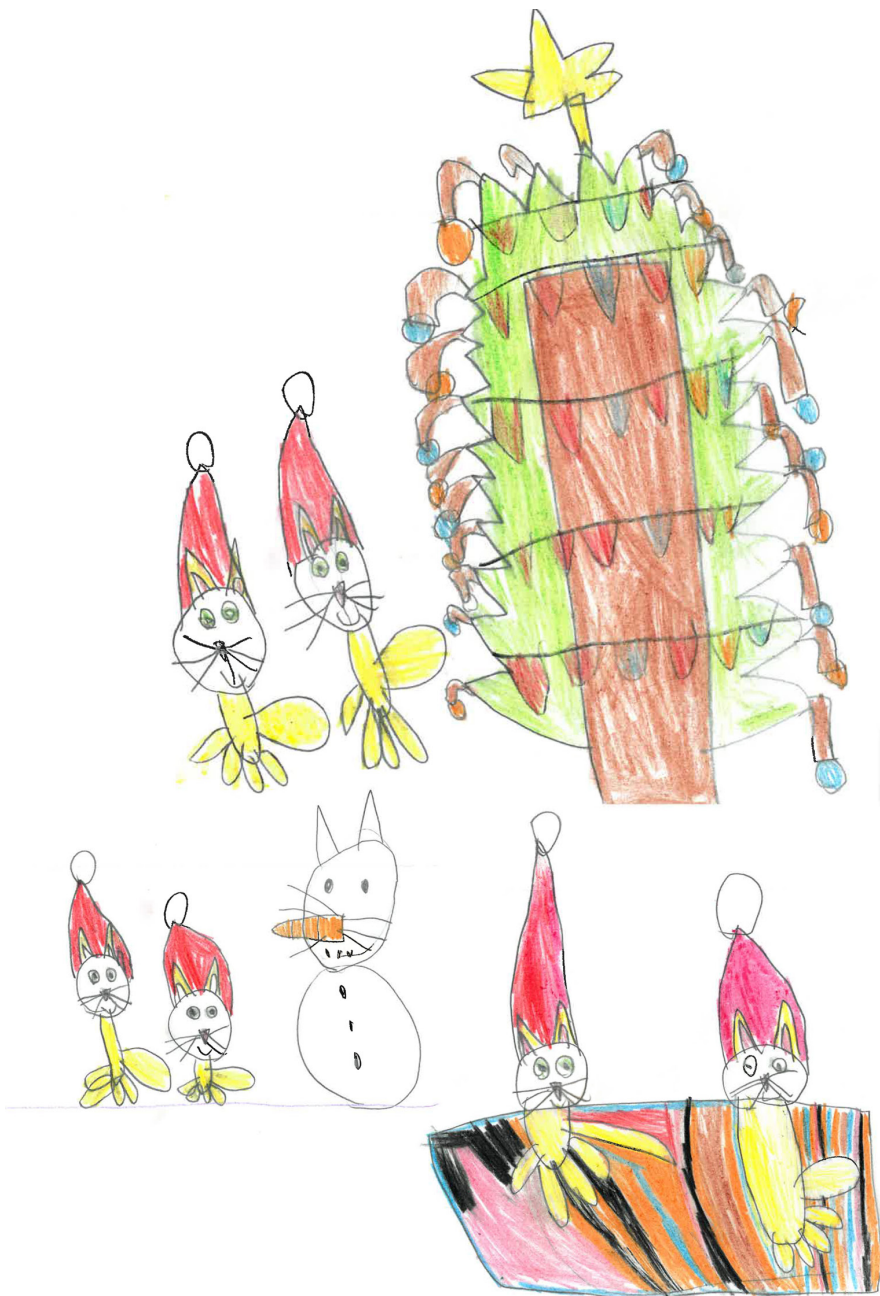


After that they went to play out in the snow. They made a snow cat that was the same size as them and had a snowball fight. They had lots of fun and they lay down in the snow to make snow angels too.



Natasha Gilbert






By Natasha Gilbert



Help for Santa



One Christmas morning I heard a noise. I ran downstairs and found Santa asleep in my mum's favourite chair!

"Wake up Santa!" I shouted and he fell off with a fright.

"You should not be sleeping," I said "everyone will be up soon!"

"Can you help me find my way home?"

"Of course! You are in Wales now but I can help."

"You are very kind", he said.

I ran to my bedroom and found my map.

"Come on Santa let's find your sleigh."

We went outside to look. It had snowed all night. We could not get out of the door and had to climb out of the window! Santa was so big and I had to push him out, it was very funny.

Outside everywhere was white but we could not see Santa's sleigh. Suddenly, I heard a noise and saw nine reindeer on my roof.



"How will we get up there?" I asked

Santa smiled. He touched my nose and in a flash we were stood with the reindeer.

I checked North and pointed the way.

"Thank you little girl, you have saved Christmas," he said.

I waved goodbye and magic sparkled in the sky.



Elin Wilcox-Jones



A Surprise for Santa

Santa was very tired after delivering lots of presents on Christmas Eve, as he came down the chimney in the last house he was surprised, had he been there already? There was a present sitting near the fireplace, next to a glass of milk and cookie....

Santa looked at the label and was so shocked, it said TO SANTA?!

The present was for him?!

In all the years of delivering presents, no one had ever left Santa a present before. The label said...

"I made you a present, because I wanted you to have a present to open on Christmas day too - I didn't want to get you a toy, because you already have lots of toys in your workshop, so I made you something with love instead. Lots of hugs from Mattias."

Santa loved delivering presents to all the boys and girls on Christmas Eve, and now he was even happier, because he had a present to open the next day too. He couldn't wait to see what Mattias had made for him!



Mattias Davda



A Christmas Poem

Christmas is a special time of year.
Happy children play.
Rudolph's nose is very shiny.
Icicles are shimmering.
Snow can be very deep.
Tinsel is shining on the tree.
Mince pies are ready for Santa.
Angels are singing softly.
Soon it is time to open presents.



Paige Ledger



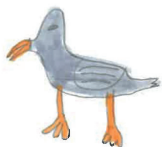
By Paige Ledger



Christmas Friends

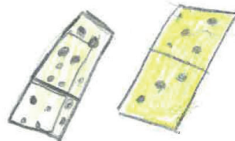


Once upon a time there was a magnificent dog called Lulu.
He lived in Scotland and loved sending
Christmas cards to his friends
around the world.



'Joyeux Noel' he wrote to Lucy seagull to France,
I hope you come to the ball to dance.

'Wesolych Swiat' to Ethan lovely kitten, who was
Poland and last year his domino was stolen.



'Feliz Navidad' my dear friend Fred angry bull,
I hope you had a swim in a Spanish pool.

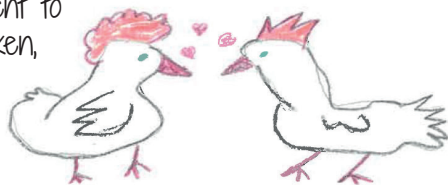
'Buon Natale' he wrote to noisy Kate



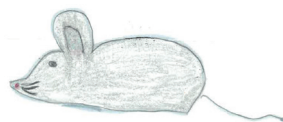


'Mutlu Noeller' my cousin Ben, I send your humongous baby elephants a colourful pen.

'Veselé Vianoce' to Slovakia he sent to a lovely couple Mr and Mrs Chicken, I believe you are well.

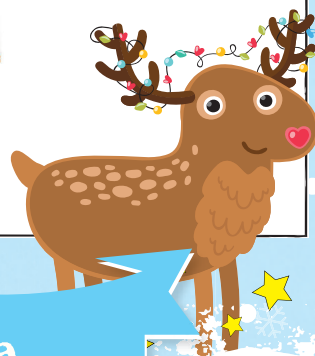


After writing those lovely cards, he sat and whispered Merry Christmas and kissed his friend tiny mouse Mrs Whiskers.



The End

NOLLAIG
CHRIDHEIL



Tamara Husarova



The Only Reindeer That Santa Likes



Just listen to the story. The snow was down at night. Santa said "I love reindeer." He went all the way round England to drop the presents off at night. The first present was PJ Masks. The second present was a really big present, it was a Thomas train. He had millions of toys to deliver that night. When he had finished Santa puffed "That was a lot of presents."

Then it was Christmas Day! Everyone was excited because it was a snowy Christmas Day! Everyone in England came out to see it. The snow made a crunchy sound when people walked on it. "Scrunch, crunch."

Back at the North Pole Santa was feeding his reindeer. "Thank you," said the reindeer.

Santa went to bed as he was quite sleepy. Zzzzzzzzzzzzz. The reindeer tried to wake Santa up as the snores were too loud. Santa said "Don't distract me," and he slept again zzzzzzzzzzz. He dreamed of his reindeer trying to wake him up. Santa woke up but he had slept for 11 months!

That was a very, very long time!
We have to get ready for Christmas!




William Howles



By William Howles




A Christmas Rainbow



Thin blue ice on pine scented green trees, snowdrop
white footprints left by you and me.

Orange tasty carrots for the owners of the spiky
brown antlers who are dancing up above.



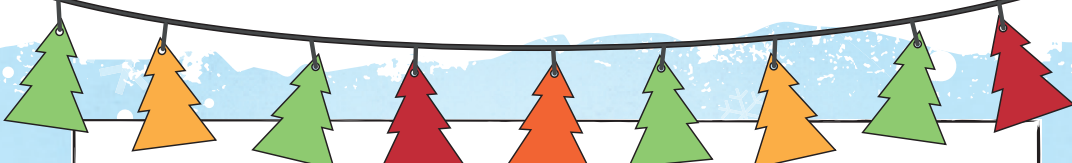
Tingling sparkly silver bells on the shoes of the elves.

My heart is warm and holly berry red, I'd like to share
my Christmas rainbow inside everyone's winter head.



Zak Marino Speed





Rudolph the Red Nosed Unicorn



**CATEGORY
WINNER**

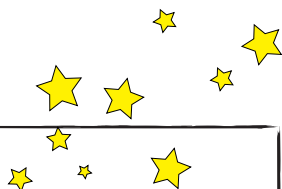
Santa woke up, "It's Christmas Eve!
Got to get ready, time to leave!"
But lying still he heard no sound
The reindeer were nowhere to be found
Then in came Rudolph holding a book
And said to Santa "Take a look,
It's the latest fashion, it's what to wear
And we reindeer look the same every year.
Tonight, we want to be unicorns!"
Santa laughed, "You've got antlers not horns.
Your tail isn't sparkly or rainbow or golden.
Don't be silly and get ready!" he told them.
Rudolph stomped out, "Then tonight we don't fly.
You need someone else to get you into the sky!"
Santa shook his head, what was he to do,
Call a taxi, no, there'd be a queue.
He called Tinkerbell, Superman and Peter Pan
But they were all too busy to help the old man.
So, he gave in and sent for the elves
And asked them to search all the shelves
For glitter, sparkles and golden horns
Then the reindeers could be transformed into unicorns.
The reindeers were so happy they gave a whoop
Then flew a perfect loop the loop.
So unicorns are real you see
Look out for them this Christmas Eve!



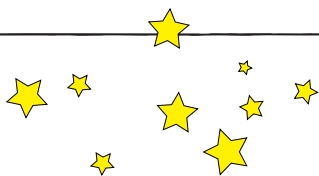
**OVERALL
WINNER**



Lily Briegel



By Lily Briegel





My Winter Poem



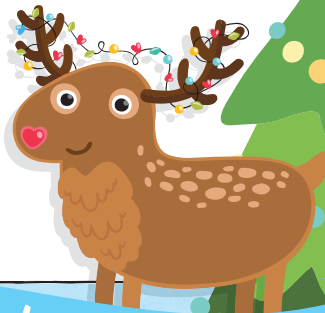
Look outside and you can see
The pirouetting delicate, shimmering snowflakes
Dazzling down from the frosty sky
All the snowy bare trees
Now with no leaves
I see a blanket of land
Dressed in white

I raced outside and you could see
The crunchy snow under my feet
I feel chilly, excited, happy
And ready to have some fun

I play with my friends
Spotting hats and gloves
Everybody laughing and screaming with delight
Every now and then hearing the
thud of snowballs
Jagged, crystal clear shimmering icicles

Blustering snow blowing in my face
I bury my hands in the deep
Freezing snow and my hands
go tingly and numb

The gleaming snow shone like emeralds
I go back inside
And sit by the fire
Warm blowing crackling fire
Warming up my feet
by drinking hot chocolate



Amal Zaheer



Santa's Wish



Yesterday I visited Santa in his grotto and told him all about me. He whispered that it sounded fun and he wished he could go places without being recognised, but he was too famous.

That night, I thought about how Santa REALLY deserved a wish of his own. The next morning I borrowed clothes from Dad and we went back to the grotto.

I gave Santa the clothes and helped him colour his beard black. Then I showed him how to do things without using magic and told him he had to use the bus, not reindeers, but he wouldn't have to pay much because he looked quite old!

We went to the beach and I showed him how to build giant sandcastles and he absolutely loved it!

That evening, I told him that it was almost Christmas Eve, he had to decide whether to go back to being Santa or to stay normal just like me.

He decided to stay normal.

Just kidding, he decided that he'd had a fantastic day but was going to return to being Santa because it was the best job in the whole world!

I agree - Best Day and Best Job EVER!!!!



Aaron Kidd






Christmas




Christmas looks like a glittery star shining on top of a beautifully decorated tree. The glowing lights sparkle and fill the room with magic and joy.

Christmas sounds like a heavenly host of angels celebrating the birth of Jesus. Children listen for the merry sound of sleigh bells on the rooftop.

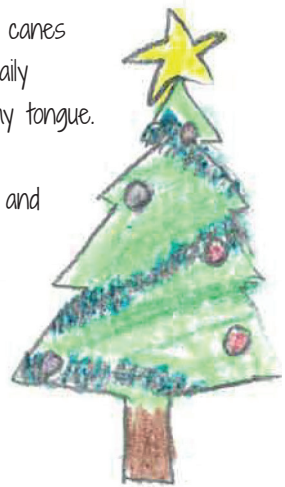


Christmas smells like the fresh scent of a golden Satsuma in the toe of my stocking. The gentle spice of cinnamon wafts from the oven of baking gingerbread men.

Christmas tastes like the peppermint of stripy candy canes hanging on the festive Christmas tree. The sweet daily chocolate from my Advent calendar slowly melts on my tongue.



Christmas feels like joy, peace, happiness, hope, love and family as we celebrate the birth of Jesus.



Charlotte Heap



Christmas Time

Christmas is the best time of my life,
Have your Christmas dinner but cut your food with a knife,
Rudolph is a reindeer who flies really high,
I have my Christmas dinner but after that I have my apple pie,
Sometimes I play with my new toys,
Toys are amazing but I don't play with boys,
Magic is what Santa does,
A reindeer does not need to wear clothes but we wear gloves,
Snowmen are amazing.



Faith Jackson-Wyatt



The Night Before Christmas



It was the night before Christmas and I was snug in my pink bed. That's when I heard a THUMP on my tiled roof covered with snow. I noticed that I forgot I needed to put some mince pies down. My parents were still asleep in their bedroom. So I carefully stepped off my comfortable bed lying in the middle of my room, and closed the door behind me. Then I crept down the creaky stairs into the kitchen. Behind the door of the kitchen it looked like a lamp wearing a red suit. I went to the fridge and got some mince pies out. As silent as I could be, I tiptoed into the lounge, got a little table and put them down. Without a creek, I ran upstairs into my room. I got into bed and looked out the window. I saw a swift, red flash across the sky. I hope I wasn't too late for presents!



Danielle Rose Errington



Christmas Night

It's 24th December,
Glad it's not November!
Santa flying high in the sky,
That's all you've got to remember.

Hot chocolate and marshmallows waiting for me,
It's Christmas Eve - I certainly don't want a cup of tea!
A bath full of bubbles, nice and hot,
Can I open one present? I wonder what I've got.

New PJs and slippers all cosy and warm,
Watching a movie to keep me calm.
The Christmas tree lights glowing so bright,
When will it be night?

Out in the garden to sprinkle some dust,
A present for Rudolf - a carrot is a must!
Now for the big man - a super surprise:
A nice cup of cocoa and two mince pies.

Now time for bed; how will I sleep?
Without going for one sneak peek.
I think of my presents having a guess - my eyes grow heavy,
Merry Christmas everyone, Goodnight and God bless.




Danny Smith







A Year of Christmas!




One starry Christmas eve, John heard some footsteps outside his bedroom. It went, "Thud, thud thud!" John tiptoed quietly outside his bedroom and bumped into a tall man with a beard as white as goose feathers, boots as black as lead and a big, brown sack full of presents. "Santa!" John gasped. Santa jumped and pleaded "Please don't tell anyone you saw me. I'll do anything!"



John thought for five minutes. John questioned "Can every child in the whole world get a present every two months?" Santa pondered. "That means I have to work the whole year. It is ok as it is once every two months."



So for that year, children all round the world were getting present kept under the fireplace. Children in England, India and Australia and all over the world were in absolute wonder and happiness. This news kept getting printed in newspapers all over the world. For once, the year was a very happy year for the whole world. John just grinned every time he opened his present. This was his secret for years to come.




David Jacob Varghese






The Sad Snowman



Once in a distant land, a smoke grey snowman lived in a ram-shackled building. This snowman never went out of the house because he thought he would be bullied about having black snow on his body. He had no friends to play with so he did what he always did, sit on his ruby red sofa and sigh in despair.

Then the snowman had an idea. I will go out and cover myself in white snow and it will disguise me. He set to work and added some glue to the snow so that it stuck the snow to him, otherwise it would come off.

Just then, some snowmen were playing by his house. He went to join them and played and played with them. Near the end of the day, he heard a big CRACK and a crack appeared on his white snow back. The BIG CRACK sounded and broke through his snow and his charcoal black snow underneath was revealed. His friends just smiled and brushed themselves and showed they were the same colour too. They became the best of friends.



It doesn't matter what colour you are, you are all the same underneath.





Celebrity Santa!



"Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to 'I'm A Celebrity', the world's favourite TV show," smiled the host. "Our favourite contender hopes tonight he'll be voted OFF!" the other host pulled a face. Santa needed to be back in Lapland and fast, to deliver presents. "Santa's survived folks, now that's tough!" grinned the first host. A voice called Santa to begin the bush tucker trial.

Santa flopped on his hammock and pulled worms out of his ears and beard.

"Next to be voted out is the... EASTER BUNNY!" cried the hosts. A sigh broke out, "Poor you Santa".

But he hatched a plan. He'd hang glide with a hanglider made of banana leaves. At midnight he began the process. "Non-stop, I'll fly around the world and then come back to win," he mumbled. "I best sleep now... I'll take Mrs Clause some bananas I suppose," he thought.

The next night he made his great escape. "Time to go!" He flew home to collect the presents and caught up with the reindeer. He delivered all the gifts without fail. And yes, he won 'Celebrity', victorious against Pudsey Bear!



Emma Steel



Christmas

One cold winter's night two girls were sleeping in their beds. In the big living room their tall Christmas tree stood in the corner. It was decorated with sparkling baubles and gold and purple tinsel. Outside the snow was swiftly shimmering its way down to the frosty floor. Up high in the sky Santa's sleigh was pushing its way through the thick snow. Santa's reindeer were jingling their bells over the top of the girls' house. "It's nearly morning," said Santa, "and I've still got loads of houses to visit." Santa landed his sleigh and went down the chimney. He put some presents in the stockings. He then whooshed out and headed on his journey. Back in the house, the girls were ripping open their presents.

"I GOT A DRUM KIT!" screamed Amy.

"I GOT A DESK!" screamed Livvie.

"I think it's time to let your little brother open a present" said mum calmly.

"I GOT A FOOTBALL!" he said, feeling pleased with himself.

"I hope everyone around the world is having as lovely a Christmas morning as we are" said Amy, and they all agreed.

"Thank you Santa" Livvie whispered.



Isobel Morgan



The Story of Snowflake



It was a cold, rainy, wet day. Macy's dad had just passed away. Macy thought her mum's tears could be the rain. When they got home, Macy wrote a letter to the Christmas fairy saying, "My mum's really sad, so can you give her a lovely Christmas present?"

Unfortunately, the Christmas fairy's was so sick she couldn't get out of bed! So she chose snowflake (her student) to do her job. Snowflake got Macy's mum a china snowflake saying "Love you Mum!"

On Christmas morning Macy's mum read the tag saying, "To Macy's mum, Macy wanted you to have a present from me! Love Snowflake the fairy." Her mum loved it!

Meanwhile at the North Pole Snowflake earned her fairy licence and the first ever snowflake fell in her honour.



Harriet Perks





Winter Walk

Snowflakes dancing towards the ground,
As my family and I take a walk in the park,
Hands encased in soft woollen gloves,
A snake-like scarf coiled around my neck,
My breath is like smoke from a chimney,
In uncharted territory,
Leaving footprints for the very first time,
A blanket beneath my boots,
A steady crunch,
As a family walks in a Winter Wonderland.


The naked trees shiver,
Thin and frail,
As the temperature plummets,
Yet I remain warm,
Forced to wrap up by my mam,
A robin lands on a nearby branch,
Quick and nimble darting branch to branch,
A splash of red in a sea of white,
A Winter's walk in the park,
With the lure of hot chocolate to get us home.




Joe Dodsworth



The Fun of Christmas



Children excitedly playing together in the cold fluffy snow,
Holly falling from the spiky green trees,
Running children in the glistening snow. So fun, ho, ho, ho!
Icicles on the floor, so cold of course!
Snowflakes falling from the sky,
Toys so fun to play with the morning sun.
Me and you wrapped up warm by the tree
opening presents, yippee!
As we sleep quietly Santa comes, presents in
our stocking so fun!
Santa so kind and caring, comes and gives
us presents in the morning.



Laila Corner





Christmas Hero

My dog is a hero, a proper Christmas saving hero. He is also the daftest dog you'll ever meet, seriously daft, every day he tries to get outside through the cat flap, maybe that doesn't sound stupid but as he is the size of a small pony it really is! We always have to go outside and push his head back in but he just tries again!

Anyway, last Christmas Eve he was a legend. I had woken to a commotion in my garden and found Santa with his head in his hands muttering "Christmas is ruined." A reindeer had banged his legs on a chimney and couldn't fly. Suddenly I spotted my daft dog's head poking out of the cat flap and thought of the best plan ever! Santa agreed it might work. He harnessed him into the sleigh and sprinkled some magic dust, I held my breath as they took to the air. I couldn't believe it, there was my lovely daft dog flying through the sky. It felt like a dream but when he woke me with a slobbery lick on Christmas day with a sleigh bell tied on his collar I knew it was true.



Katy McDonald





Tick Tock Clock

Tick tock, tick tock.
It's Christmas Eve night.
I had a fright because there is no light.
But I couldn't sleep.
I just have to peep.
And when I do my head pops into a clock.
Like a jumping jack in its box.
Tick tock, tick tock.
There's hundreds of presents big and small.
All shimmering like gold.
Tick tock, tick tock.






Reuben Isaac Charles





A Snowflake Journey




A small, delicate, white snowflake gliding through the wind with no sound at all. It was passing trees elegantly dressed in beautiful baubles and colourful Christmas lights. It was floating past burning hot fireplaces decorated with holly garlands. Then it fell to the floor, melting in with all the other flakes of snow.



Lewis Wainwright





Christmas Rhyme



Children going crazy,
While my dad is being lazy,
Early nights,
And Christmas lights,
I am eating candy cane,
While my sisters are being a pain!

I am playing in the snow,
And the street lamps have a bright glow,
There are not many leaves on the trees,
And I do not like peas,
There are lots of bright stars,
And I hope Santa does not go to Mars,
I had lots of presents,
But the moon was not a crescent.



Outside is very icy,
But my Christmas tree is very spikey,
I have not yet seen Rudolph,
And I know it is not the time of year to play golf,
On the floor there is lots of grit,
And the chocolate pudding has been split.
I do not want to do a sum,
Because the day has finally come.






Lilly Faith Gage



My Christmas Poem

Sprinkling the reindeer dust all over our front grass,
Ready for Santa and his reindeers to pass,
We go back inside to get nice and snug,
My and my sister on the chair giving each other a hug.
Watching Scrooge on the tele with Mum and Dad,
The story of Tiny Tim makes us all feel sad,
It makes us remember how lucky we are,
Compared to others who live near and far.
Now it's time for bed we go and get a plate,
To put out a mince pie and carrot for our bearded mate,
Mum and dad tuck us into our beds,
So much excitement whizzing around our heads.
It's the longest night ever and I can't get to sleep,
I wonder if he has been shall I go down and take a peep?
Finally it's morning, "HE'S BEEN" my sister said,
My stocking is full on the end of my bed.
We go downstairs and sit by the tree,
Mum and Dad watch us open our presents while drinking a cup of tea,
Later in the day all the family come to see us here,
Eating dinner, pulling crackers, full of cheer,
All the moments I hold so dear.




Ruby Jackson





Christmas Has Finally Come



The bells are ringing as loud as a snoring pig. The kids are cheering saying "Yipee Yipee Christmas has come." The parents are saying "Shh now we're trying to drink beer and prosecco!"

The magic trees are dancing like beautiful ballerinas. The rock star has come over too, the music is as loud as people playing a golden trumpet.

The sky is light blue, the sun is shining as bright as shiny gold. The clouds are as white as delicious cotton candy. Now the sun is setting and it's time to go to bed now. I've had a great day today. Goodnight.

Oh no! I can't sleep.

The bells are still ringing so I should go back down the smooth stairs and party again. Bye!

Hope you have a lovely Christmas.



Ryan Cave




Lilly's Enchanted Snow-globe



Once upon a Christmas Eve, Santa's elves were busy finishing off the snow-globes for all the children in the world. "Listen up! Why don't we make a special snow-globe? Santa has left us a small amount of Christmas glitter, just enough for one snow-globe," announced the chief elf. And so they did just that.


That same day, Lilly, a six year old child from the city, picked up the special globe when she was out Christmas shopping with her Mum. Inside the snow-globe there was a magnificent scene of a winter wonderland. She shook the globe and suddenly, there she was.

Candy cane trees lined a rocky-road chocolate path. Sweet icing sugar fell from the cotton candy clouds. Lilly walked up the path and surprisingly there was a fragile looking, rock candy palace.



She was invited in by a graceful queen. Queen Alana of Christmasdale explained that Christmasdale was transformed from a piece of land into the magical wonderland by Santa and his elves. Candy cane trees were grown using pepper mints, rocky road paths made using chocolate, butter, peanuts and marshmallows.

Queen Alana promised Lilly that if she was good she could shake the globe and visit Christmasdale every Christmas Eve. Lilly never had more reason to be extra good.



Umayyah Rashida Ahmed






The year Rudolph lost his shine



It was the 23rd of December and Rudolph was feeling sad. He had woken up with the cold and that meant that he had a big problem – with a blocked up nose he had no magic shine. He came up with a plan... he would sneak out of bed when all the other reindeer were sleeping, to try and find something to make his nose shine in time for Christmas Eve.

That night off he went on his "find shine" adventure!

First he found a red bauble hanging on a tree but that did not work. It fell off as soon as he flew! Next he got some glitter but that did not work – it just made him sneeze. Rudolph was really sad. A little girl peaked out of her window. She called out "Rudolph, is that you? Why are you sad?" Rudolph explained what was wrong. She said "Wait a minute, I have just the thing for you right here!"



On Christmas morning, the little girl ran downstairs. There were lots of presents. Hooray her plan had worked and beside a half eaten carrot there was her red flashing bike light. Rudolph had managed to light Santa's sleigh after all!

Merry Christmas!



Zoe Siddiqui







The Visitor


In a sugar coated snow-globe village,
A frosty forest filled with silver trees,
Awaits a visitor,
In a small, cosy cottage nearby,
A family sit down for a special meal,
A treat,
And as the flames of the fire dance about,
They truly appreciate one another.
In the village square,
A couple of lovebirds found themselves,
Underneath glowing green mistletoe,
Carollers sing as sweetly as nightingales,
And the snow puts everything to sleep.
Then, out creeps a visitor,
A plump, jolly man,
Who is clothed completely in scarlet red,
He is closely followed by a sleigh full of presents,
Bursting to come out of their cocoon,
To be with the lovebirds,
To be with the carollers,
To be with the family,
As he flies away on a blanket of stars,
The snow melts,
And Christmas begins.

CATEGORY
WINNER

Isabella Quaggiotto




The End of Winter



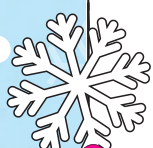
He's sitting in the corner now. Alone with his thoughts. He's been there one minute, or was it one hour maybe? Soon the winter snowflakes are falling on his face, only making the hate grow.

What seemed like years later, the winter began to fade but he still hadn't changed. Hate is hiding in every dark corner, every place full of fear. Early one February morning, for the first time in months, the sun starts to split the mass of cloud.

Hate retreats, hate is dark he can't be in the light. Day by day, the snow flees further up a mountain peak. The sun shines a little brighter and the clouds disperse. Hate is becoming less powerful, joy is spreading.



It was the day that the first flower came out. It was like a dam had broken. Hate rushed away like a flooded river, his heart was speeding up. He took a deep breath, trying to consume joy.




He couldn't feel the aching pain of hate anymore, he felt only joy. He stood up and strode confidently out of the corner!



Charlie Pike




The Magic Tree



One cold Christmas night, when the wind was howling, a poor and hungry family were looking through the misted-up window of their small draughty cottage. "Mum please can we get a Christmas tree this year. I've got five shillings. That should be enough for a small one," said the youngest called Tom.

So the next day they walked to the festive tree shop opposite their house, when they were inside they saw all the rich families buying the tall trees. They also saw a happy fat man in a red suit sitting next to a tiny tree for three shillings. "That tree is perfect Mummy," said Tom. So they got the small tree.

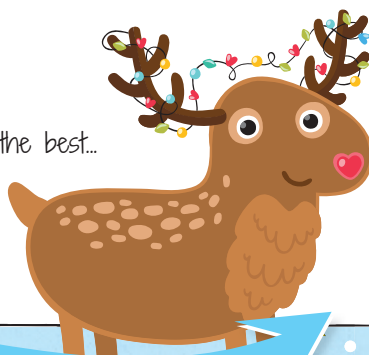
Later that day, when the tree was up and the Bakers were having dinner a plate of turkey appeared in the middle of the table and this kept happening until the tree was put down. But on January the 5th Tom had worked it all out... "Mummy I've worked it out! The tree is magic!!!" And from that day on, the Bakers kept the tree up and never starved again.



THE END



So just remember, not all the big things are the best...



Emelia Jamieson






The Christmas Snowflake



It was a freezing night: the ground coated in a blanket of snow, and the air filled with the sound of carol singers. Our story starts with a magical snowflake; a Christmas Snowflake. Christmas Snowflakes are made from the tears of true believers; children who haven't been allowed to write a letter to Father Christmas, and get any presents. A young girl like this was crying in her bedroom, and as a tear crawled down her cheek, it froze. She wiped it off her face and stared at it in confusion. It was cold and delicate in her hand, but didn't melt. She opened the window and blew it into the night. The tiny, shimmering snowflake sped off to the North Pole, taking a very important message to Father Christmas. As it flew, it made a faint tinkling sound, like a fairy. When it arrived at the North Pole, it landed in the hands of Father Christmas, and he knew what to do. On his travels around the world that night, he visited the young girl's house. That morning, she had a present in her stocking, and a smile on her face, all thanks to the beautiful snowflake.



Emily Branwen Jackson





The Christmas Chicken

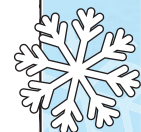


Once was a chicken, keen as can be
One day he decided to be an escapee
He bent the wire,
He dug the ground,
He untied the string that held the gate
bound
And off he ran, not making a sound

Now this is when the story bends
"What happens to my friends?"
He thought to himself
As he climbs upon the window shelf
And through the glass on Christmas Day
He felt the opposite of gay,
For on the dainty china plate
His best friend Billy had met his fate
And on the white lace tablecloth
His friend Regina, all covered in broth
But there was something missing...
what could it be?

Billy had it when he pecked at the tree,
Gina had it when she lay in her bed
They'd both had it when they went into
the shed...
But there, on the compost heap, led
His late unfortunate friend's head

So all little chicks beware
Christmas day is not a nice affair
Do not be fooled by the farmer's wife
For in her back packet she conceals a
knife
So when the carols start to play
Make sure you run away!



Isabel Eve Turner





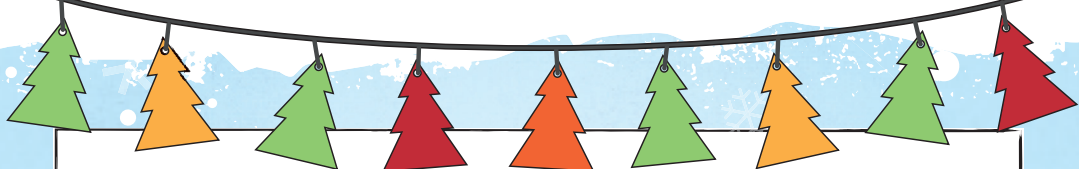
The Christmas Pig's Wish

A long time ago, there was a pig, called Rupert. Rupert was no ordinary pig, unlike other pigs, Rupert had a spiky, straight tail. Everyone in the farm tried to help but Rupert thought he would never have a curly tail like the rest of the pigs. But one night that might all change. Rupert was just trotting around Christmas evening when he noticed a door that wasn't locked and curious Rupert crept through. It was a lady wrapping presents, and curling the string with a pencil, the lady, not looking what she was doing picked Rupert held his tail and curled it! Rupert's Christmas wish came true!



Isabel Flack





Snow

Sparkling snowflakes twirl round and round
Until they reach the snow-strewn ground.
Holly is strung from branch to twig
As choirs began to chant and sing.

There's not a present the eye can miss
As under the mistletoe couples kiss.
We all revel in this joyful night
And when we look out - the world is white.

The children rush out to build their
snowmen,
Anxious mothers pursue and shout at
them;
"Children! Children! Where are you going?"
"Can't you see Mum? It's magic, it's
snowing"

The morning air is filled with glee
As youngsters prance around the
Christmas Tree.

They fiddle with baubles and tinsel alike
While weary-eyed postmen pass on their
bikes.

The crisp, cold air pinches our fingers
Then the "WHOOSH!" fades away as it
dies and lingers.
Clang! Clang! The church bells ring;
La la la! The Parishioners sing...

Quiet, silence, it's starting to snow.
The sun is rising with a milky glow.
The ground is covered in a sheet of
white;
More snow has fallen over the night.

Goodbye Christmas,
Off you go!
With a "Hee! Hee! Hee!"
and a "Ho! Ho! Ho!"



Dari Kotlarsky



Why Santa's Kindness Is Out Of This World!

"It's Christmas!" Archie shouted excitedly at his brother Harry. "Let's see if Santa came!" They went downstairs and entered the living room to find stockings, and presents under the tree.

MEANWHILE, ON PLANET MEMETORIOUS...

Bubio and Olicidobbydo woke to find their living room empty. "Santa doesn't go to different planets, only Earth!" Bubio said, crestfallen. "Let's fly to Earth and tell Santa about our planet!" Olicidobbydo suggested. You could tell a tsunami of ideas was coming into his head.

26 years later...

"Captain Olicidobbydo, ready for take-off?" "Yes Commander Bubio."

The spaceship shot into the air and soon arrived at Earth. Hours later, they landed at a humongous building: Santa's Headquarters. An elf led the aliens to Santa's office. Santa was in a leather chair, reading.

"Aaagh, I've turned my teddy bears into mutant aliens!" Santa cried. "Sir, they're guests," the elf said.

"Oh... apologies. How can I help?"

"We're from planet Memetorious. Would you come to the children on our planet this year?" Olicidobbydo asked Santa. "Hmmm... every good life-form deserves a gift!" Santa said.

"Thanks! Goodbye." The aliens said, radiating with happiness.

True to his word, Santa brought everyone on Memetorious a gift. Even bugs like Dibble Worms!

Jack Kavanagh



Christmas Every Day!



There were icicles everywhere, hanging like crystal earrings on my grandmother's ears. The freezing air took my breath away and the snow lay on the grass for all to see. All seemed well until that fateful day. BOOM! Christmas was no longer every year, it was now every day! This cheeky little elf tweaked the Christmas calendar and turned the knob to Christmas every day! Now he has lost the knob!

I woke up bored, it was snowing again, it was freezing again and it was Christmas again!

You may think "YAY" it's Christmas every day, but can you imagine what that is truly like? Turkey every day, the bells always jingling in your ear and the snow always falling. If I see one more mince pie, I won't be responsible for my actions. Don't you know Santa's annoyance starts to grow. His belly is full of mince pies, his body starts to expand. His body weight is becoming heavier and he can no longer fit down the chimney, or be lifted in his own sleigh!

Luckily, the next day a loving caring elf finally found the knob and put it back, BAM! All returned to normal.



Joshua Gordon Addy





A Winter Haiku (Japanese Poem)

Winter is quite cold,
Trees covered in lots of snow,
Snowflakes in the sky.

Animals hiding,
They are in hibernation,
Tucked away safely.

Santa gives presents,
Rudolph with his nose so bright,
Lights up the dark nights.

Icicles hanging,
Condensation on windows,
Hats and scarves on heads.

Very snowy ground,
The air is extremely thin,
Winter is quite cold.



Kristopher Michael Duncan Davell



Nicholas' Most Wanted Wish

Once lived a boy called Nicholas. He lived in an orphanage and longed for his own family. His Christmas morning was just like any other morning. Nicholas has always lived in an orphanage. Life in the orphanage was always the same - children coming and going. But Nicholas was never one of those children, no one wanted him.

Children in his class were excited: writing lists, making stockings and handing out Christmas cards but he never understood the excitement. Christmas Eve came and he dozed off to sleep.

Nicholas heard bells, he dashed to the window. Nothing was there. He went back to sleep. He saw an elf on the end of his bed.

"Nicholas, wake up, follow me" he chanted.

Nicholas followed. Out of the orphanage, through the forest and through the snow. He saw a huge sign saying 'NORTH POLE'. The elf led him to a grotto.

In front of him was a man with a red coat, black boots and a white beard. It was Santa.

"Hello Nicholas, I have a big surprise for you." Santa held his arms open. "Welcome to your new home."

Nicholas' wish had finally come true - a new home.



Logan Lea-Griffiths





Ysgol Penrhyn
New Broughton

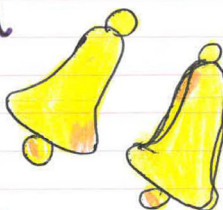


Nicolas's

Most

Wanted

Wish



Merry
Christmas

BY LOGAN


Lea-Griffiths

Age: 11





The Lonely Robot



Along the icy streets I go
Trudging through the mud and the snow
No one took me in, they just say 'No'
To the lonely little robot called 'Bo'.

Once I lived a cheerful life
With a happy man, his son and wife
But then he decided to throw me away
On a cold, dark, snowy day

I wish I had a good friend
To share some Christmas joy
To live inside a comfy home
Would be wonderful for this toy

Nobody's perfect, including me
I've lost an arm and have a stiff knee
But strangely, people never see
The great potential that was within me

Then suddenly on Christmas Eve night
When the decorations were up and the stars
were bright
I was picked up and given a fright
But a man said, "I'll give you a home tonight"

Now I have a kind, good friend
Who shared the Christmas joy!
Not judging by my imperfections
But wanting a friend for his little boy

Then the man had given me an arm
I stared in amazement at my own charm
And when his son saw me on Christmas day
He said, "Can I play with Bo right away?"

THE END



Nikhil Banerjee





Mary's Nativity Poem



Mary months since the angel came to me
He told me who my child will be
He's destined to rise to global fame
And Jesus is to be his name

To Bethlehem we now must go
The journey will be hard and slow
Uncomfortable ride but I don't complain
Cold hands grip tight the donkey's mane

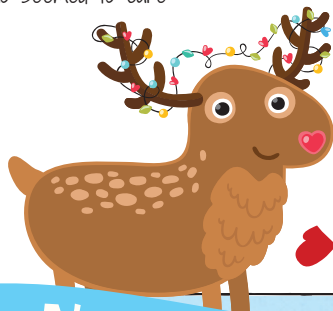
Late at night we reach the town
My worried husband wears a frown
All rooms are full - nowhere to stay
And now the baby's on its way!

We couldn't find a room at all
But saw the cows in the cattle's stall
The innkeeper let us join them there
A kind-hearted man who seemed to care

I'm scared and exhausted but joyful too
Gazing down lovingly, staring at you
My little boy, my handsome son
I'm just so proud to be your mum

Our first visitors come to our delight
Led by a star through the darkest night
Shepherds, wise-men, kings all three
Travelled to my baby and me

I wonder what the future will bring
For this tiny bundle they call the King?
Hope and fears for what he'll become
Me? I'm just a proud, new mum!



Katie Nicola Charlesworth




The Search for the Elusive Santa's Workshop

Emerging from the tent into the frost-bitten camp, Dan gasped; standing before them was a colossal tunnel that burrowed deep underground. Half an hour later, Dan was leading the exploration deeper into the earth's crust; hoping they would glimpse the workshop.

Striding into the cavern, Dan's heart came out of his mouth, towering ten metres before them was a mansion of red, green and timber. Running towards the house, Dan's eyes popped out of their sockets, standing before them plump and merrily chucking was Santa!

"Come here my merry explorers," Chuckled Santa, "As I'm in a festive mood, you will all get a tour around my workshop."

"Th-th-thank you," Said Dan in a rather startled tone.



As Santa showed them round the workshop, Dan marvelled at the machinery and how five elves had produced a mountain of red nutcrackers in seven minutes! The house was filled with excited giggles and laughs from many a small elf. Santa's 'ho-ho-ho' echoed throughout the carved corridors.

At the end of the tour, Dan was gifted a compass that would show him back to the workshop and as they were leaving, Dan heard Santa whisper "I will see you soon..."



Oliver James



Santa's New Helper



Marcus was thinking about Christmas and the frost-covered one that he knew they would have that year, gazing towards the white flicks of paint spattered across a blackboard just above the roof of his house when he heard it.

CLUMP! STOMP! CLUMP! STOMP!

It was as though the noises were gradually making their way towards his living room.

CLUMP! STOMP!

There it was again. About as fast as an overweight slug, the exhausted boy slid out of bed and slipped on his dressing gown and tiptoed across the floor. Sneaking silently downstairs like a ninja, he saw a familiarly dressed plum-plump figure sprawled out on the rug. Father Christmas! Marcus gasped, hardly able to conceal his excitement, but rushing over to help him up with as much dignity as he could muster.

"Your glass of sherry was the last straw for my body. Deliver the presents. You'll be able to fly the sleigh. It's outside the door."

Despite Father Christmas being drunk, Marcus' chest swelled with pride. He was half expecting the Guinness World Records people to come knocking at the door announcing that he had just smiled the biggest smile in history because an insane grin was now spreading swiftly across his face. Even if it was only for one night, Marcus was about to become Father Christmas!




Poppy Stephan



Mrs Christmas

Mrs Christmas wore a plush velvet suit in a deep crimson shade, trimmed in pure white fur. Her shimmering blue eyes were like the brightest of stars, complimented by tiny laughter lines, which indicated her joyous demeanour. A button nose and rose-pink cheeks allowed a glimpse into her delightful, child-like spirit.

The sleigh boasted a frame of vintage oak, within which was housed a large display of brightly-lit controls. The luxurious leather padding of the seats moulded to perfection around Mrs Christmas' generous shape. The breathtaking view welcomed the sleigh's passengers as it glided gracefully amongst the frosty clouds of the winter sky. Malcolm and his father gazed open-mouthed, made speechless by the incredible sight before them.



Mrs Christmas' gentle voice soothingly instructed the reindeers to land . Thump Thump.... Thump Thump.... Thump Thump! The soft thud of the reindeers' hooves, on the freshly fallen snow, signalled the end of Malcolm's amazing experience. Clambering out of the enormous sleigh, Malcolm turned to Mrs Christmas. "Thank you so much for an unforgettable journey! I really hope Santa enjoys his Glitter Gobs and we look forward to seeing you next year for an official taster of Racing Reindeer biscuits!"



Merry Christmas!



Thomas Andrew Irvine

