

Ellie B Year 8 Waking up on Christmas morning

Thalia woke up to her little sister bouncing on her bed, her little face red with excitement.

"It's Christmas, it's Christmas." Thalia groaned and rolled over, it was six a.m. and she was in no mood to get up. "It's too early Noelle go away!". The bouncing ceased, and Thalia looked up in surprise only to get a face full of water "Noelle!" Noelle had poured the water from her drink onto Thalia's face. "You little monster" Thalia giggled. Noelle was a little rascal and everyone new that. "Fine I'm getting up." Thalia sighed she new that if she did not, she would get another face full of cold water.

Noelle ran down the stairs with Thalia close behind, but, before they could get to the living room there was a knock on the front door. Noelle looked at the door and then back at Thalia. "Who could it be at this time in the morning?" Noelle whispered. Thalia had to laugh - this was a habit Noelle had picked up from their mum as well as many others, such as whenever she got home she would sigh deeply and say "I've had a long day, time to put my feet up". It was hilarious, but for once Thalia agreed with her. Who was it at this time of day? It was six a.m. for goodness' sake no one got up this early except for her little sister. Noelle flung open the door and started saying "What time do you call this?" but cut off when she saw who it was. "Mr Nicholas" she said confused. Mr Nicholas was their next-door neighbour, a jolly man with a big white beard. Usually, he had a Cheshire cat grin on his face but today he looked tired and ill. "It's so early what are you doing here?" Mr Nicholas went red "I ... I well my oven is broken, and I was wondering whether your mum could help me fix it" he stuttered going even more red.

"And you thought six a.m. would be a good time to knock unannounced on our door" Noelle said putting on her best angry face (it was more of a grimace, but it was the thought that counted.)

"Noelle be nice," Thalia laughed "I'm very sorry Mr Nicholas please come in. I'm not sure my mum has the skills to fix an oven, but I am sure you could come in for a bit and stay for lunch."

"But Mummy said we shouldn't invite strangers into our house" Noelle crossed her arms and tried to look strict. Mr Nicholas looked disappointed but started to walk off.

"Mr Nicholas wait!" Thalia called out "Ignore Noelle of course you can come in."

Mr Nicholas turned around his face lit up with that familiar grin. "Are you sure that's ok Thalia?"

"Of course."

Mr Nicholas seemed to fly up the driveway and soon they were all standing together in the hall. Noelle frowned but did not make a remark, Thalia was smiling, and her eyes sparkled with joy. Mr Nicholas, well, he was smiling so much he could have beaten anyone at a smiling contest. Noelle seemed to decide that she had no choice but to accept that Mr Nicholas was staying, so she walked into the lounge leaving Thalia and Mr Nicholas behind.

"I'm sorry if I made your sister mad at you Thalia, I could go, I should go back home" Mr Nicholas muttered looking down at his big black boots.

"No No Mr Nicholas it's fine you could stay for lunch we are having Christmas dinner at lunch because Noelle won't go to bed after having a Christmas dinner she gets way too hyper." Thalia said laughing at Noelle's excited squeals from the living room as she opened her presents.

"That would be great are you sure its ok with your mum?" Mr Nicholas asked his eyes dancing.

"Course it's ok, our mum is always telling us to invite more people over."

Mr Nicholas smiled and took off his sooty boots. As he walked into the living room a red hat with a white bobble on the top fell out of his pocket, it was the same hat that was always on his windowsill. Thalia picked up the hat and handed it back to him, he mumbled a thank you and proceeded to bury it in his pocket. At that moment Thalia's mum walked into the room dressed in a reindeer onesie with reindeer antlers on her head.

"Merry Christmas my little ones, oh Mr Nicholas I didn't realise that you were here." Their mum said her face red with embarrassment.

"Ahh Miss Miller I am so sorry, your daughters invited me over for lunch as my oven is broken I hope that is ok." Mr Nicholas said smiling.

“Why yes that’s ok would you like a mince pie Mr Nicholas?” Their Mother said.

“Oh speaking of mince pies I have bought some myself.” Mr Nicholas sighed bringing in a sack he had left on the doorstep. “Would you like one?”

Noelle’s face lit up “That’s a lot of mince pies Mr I will help you eat them.”

“Ahh well Noelle, I think you will have to eat them yourself I cannot face another one.”

Mr Nicholas had gone pale again.

“Are you ok Mr Nicholas you have gone pale?” Miss Miller said worried.

“No No I am fine just tired I did not sleep one wink last night I had a busy night you’ll understand.”

“Who wants to play a game of consequences before lunch?” Thalia blurted breaking the awkward silence.

Everyone thought that was a great idea, so Thalia gave everyone a piece of paper and they started. At the end of the first round, they laid out the paper and read out the first story.

One snowy day,

Around midday,

Santa met,

Noelle,

At her house,

He was wearing normal clothes,

She was wearing Peppa pig pyjamas,

He said, “My oven’s broken”,

She said, “Where are my presents?”,

The consequence was they played consequences.

Noelle looked hard at the paper and then at one of the abandoned present tags on the floor.

“San ... I mean Mr Nicholas you have the same writing as Santa!” Thalia gasped following her sister’s gaze.

Mr Nicholas chuckled and got up “Well played Thalia now I must be going I will have to turn down that offer of lunch I think I will go get some sleep.”

“Don’t go Santa” Noelle whispered to herself.

Just as Mr Nicholas stepped through the door he turned around and winked.

The end...

Written by Ellie B. Year 8