

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!



# A snowy Christmas!



Snow is falling,  
Childrens hands filled with snow,  
They can't wait till Christmas Eve,  
When they hear a sudden Ho Ho Ho!

Parents call in their children,  
To enjoy a Christmas meal,  
Seeing all the good on the table,  
It would make them squeal.

By Sara

7VI

Prayers are said and the meal is done,  
The children go up to rest,  
In the morning they surely hoped,  
The presents were the best!

The family rushed down the stairs,  
Excited to open presents,  
Wrappers covered the wooden floor,  
Everybody looking pleasant.

Soon Christmas comes to an end,  
The tree is taken down,  
But everybody knows Christmas will come again,  
So there's smiles all around.

Amelia N  
Pound Hill  
Alresford, Hampshire  
SO24 9BS  
7.12.2022

New Alresford Town Council  
The Avenue  
Alresford, Hampshire  
SO24 9EP

Dear whom it may concern,

I am writing to discuss the tragedy that is the lack of a Christmas Market. Alresford already stacks up money from local businesses and does a colourful fair once a year so why not let the towns people expand on their creativity for a little extra cash. We are a good town with outstanding citizens so why shouldn't we let our people have fun occasionally.

Imagine, stalls filled with chocolates, young children meeting Santa, an experience of a lifetime and we are ripping it away from our children's hearts. How is that fair. In what cultured society do we not have a fun Christmas. We decorate our streets with trees and lights yet an actual celebration which we can enjoy and create treasured memories is seen as sub-par. Together, as a community, let's create something new.

Our town has had traditions dating back decades, from a fair to the history being commemorated or celebrated. Some people may argue that traditions are supposed to date back and be historical but in 50 years we could commemorate the new tradition of the Christmas Market. Don't you want to celebrate our town with all its glory?

Economically, Alresford has always been quite privileged, but with the current cost of living crisis it could be beneficial for the towns people to show off their skills and draw attention to the other businesses residing in the town. Not only will it increase the tourism, but it may also allow the pupils of the local school make some fond treasured memories.

As a result, a Christmas market is nothing but beneficial, from the creation of new tradition to the memories made for people of all ages. We must create a fun holiday activity for all ages, and whilst it may be hard to market and promote, we should always put the people's happiness first.

Best wishes, Amelia

Dear Reader,

I'm sorry we have had to meet under such horrific circumstances, but I hope this letter can be a source of encouragement.

I cannot imagine the suffering and devastation you have had to endure, and then to have to celebrate Christmas - a celebration which should be spent with your loved ones - in a foreign country possibly even without those whom you care for most.

We are so fortunate to have you in our community and to be able to celebrate one of our favourite holidays with you. I hope whole – heartedly that you are able to appreciate your time here and that you will be able to cherish the memories you make here in England for a long time to come.

You are not alone in this.

Best wishes from your English friend,

Isolde C

Perins School  
Pound Hill  
New Alresford  
Hampshire  
SO24 9JR

Sir/Madam  
24 Alresford Street  
New Alresford  
Hampshire  
AB12 3CD

Dear Sir/Madam

I am writing to you to campaign for the Christmas Market to be held in Alresford town this year.

Firstly, Christmas markets are a tradition for many locals and are part of the festivities. It is a warm and welcoming environment in which the Christmas spirit is shared so freely amongst people. Christmas markets have been a tradition at Christmas time since the Medieval Era, with the first markets selling garlands, spices and local produce. How can you write off such a classic tradition?

Furthermore, these markets help to build up a stronger community, in which locals can support each other in times of need. Social events, like the Christmas market is fundamental in creating these support networks. The market is also a time for friends and family to meet up and enjoy the exciting run up to Christmas, by strolling through the Christmas carols with a glass of mulled wine in hand. It is such a wholesome event, enjoyed and looked forward to by many – how can this be invaluable to the town?

A recent survey around Alresford showed that 89% of locals attend the Christmas annually and 56% said it is a key part of their festivities.

Christmas markets also offer valuable opportunities for the local community to support small businesses and local trade. Due to the current financial environment, supporting these businesses is even more important than ever. It would be devastating to the town if any of these businesses collapsed due to financial strain: we certainly don't need any more coffee shops in place of them!

Lastly, Christmas can be a very lonely and isolating time for many individuals, so these organised social events are vital in keeping the community connected. Across the UK, it is

estimated 1 in 20 elderly people spend Christmas alone – How can you take away their one life line for individuals to have a Christmas filled with light, love and laughter?

In conclusion, the Christmas market is an age old tradition that is fundamental in supporting the town and its residents. I sincerely hope this letter helps you consider your decision and I await your response.

Yours sincerely,

Jack S.

As I sat in bed, I heard a jingle jangle on  
the roof,

I wondered so hard I cried out oof,

How the person heard nothing,

I sat down tossing.

I heard a scramble and,

I ran downstairs and I was stunned

Seeing Father Christmas standing tall

All I could do was crawl,

Father Christmas just winked,

And I just flicked,

A piece of crumb which bounced off

He began to scoff,

The mince pie which we had left,

On the table for him to test,

A good mince pie.

He said goodbye,  
And went away saying,  
Merry Christmas everyone.

By Victoria K



To everyone it may concern,

I would like you to know that Christmas is a time to be happy. No matter where you are or what you are doing, Christmas is a time to be celebrated. Whether it be with friends, family or just by yourself. It is a time to be remembered, and a chance to make memories that can last you a lifetime. Christmas is an opportunity to have fun and spend time with the people you love whilst you can. Whether you celebrate Christmas religiously, remembering the birth of Jesus Christ, or just as a time to be together as a family. Be grateful for what you have and where you are. Even though you may not be as fortunate as others, some people have nothing, so find it hard to be happy at Christmas. This could be by not receiving many presents because of the recent inflation of prices, or because they have lost loved ones. But regardless of all this, show appreciation for being able to celebrate Christmas, living in a country with no wars, having a roof over your head, or even having food on your table.

Christmas dinner does not have to be anything fancy. It can be the traditional roast, a simple meal, or even something different maybe because of having to adapt.

Some people treat Christmas differently compared to other celebrations in the year, because it is a time they can forget about what goes on in reality. They see it as the most beautiful season of the year, so make it extra special. This could be by decorating their house with Christmas lights, going to parties, or simply playing lots of Christmas songs to keep their spirits high. Christmas is a time to have fun, to enjoy yourself, and to celebrate.

I hope your Christmas is spent as you wish and with the people you enjoy being with. Try to have fun and find some happiness at this special time of year.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Roberta S

## Waking up on Christmas Morning- Harmonie S

An alarm wakes me from my slumbers at the same time someone shakes me and says my name, "Snow. Snow. Snowflake!"

I groan and roll away from the shaking. "Snowflake, we're going to be late for duty! We're packing the presents into the sleigh this year, remember?"

I startle awake as I remember just what day it is. I look at my friend, Tinsel, then at my clock. I have 5 minutes to get into uniform. I leap out of bed, snatch my clothes out of Tinsels waiting hand and skid into the bathroom. "I don't know what I would do without you, Tinsel." I say putting on my work trousers, green, and shirt, white and red swirls.

"You'd probably be fired," she scoffs. "Your alarm never wakes you up."

I giggle a little bit as I throw my hair up into my favourite red scrunchie. I grab my silver coat as we head out the door. "I am so glad I have you, Tinsel."

"Me too, Snow. Now come on!" She drags me to the factory and we head over to Santas sleigh.

"Ahh, Snowflake, Tinsel, there you are. You're a little late, aren't you?" Santa states.

"Sorry, Santa. My alarm didn't go off, its getting a bit old." I huff, a little out of breath.

"Well, then," Santa replies. "We'd best get you a new one."

Me and Tinsel set to work packing the presents into the sleigh. She grabs them from the table and passes them to me, standing on a ladder, so I can get them into the sleigh. This job is very important, and it's an honour to be given it, but it's a little boring. If it weren't for the Christmas songs blasting through the factory, I'd be bored out of my mind.

Later on, just in time for Santa to leave, we place the last present in the sleigh. The same procedure we always have is the part I'm most looking forward to right now. Each Elf has a desk, and on Christmas, right before he leaves, Santa places a present for each elf on their desk. We get to find our present and meet our friends. We all get a cup of hot coco and then, we drink Hot Chocolate together while Santa flies off into the night sky.

My favourite part of this is I get to imagine all the little kids faces on Christmas morning as they open their presents with their family.

I can imagine a little girl who got exactly what she asked for and is screaming her thanks to Santa. A little boy who got the exact thing he didn't know he always wanted. I can imagine the smiles simply lighting up their faces. Their joy radiating from their energy. It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

# Waking Up on Christmas Morning

My alarm went off. The birds were singing their tunes and the early morning light shimmered through the half-drawn curtains onto my face. I pulled the covers over my head, not wanting to leave the warmth of my bed when abruptly I remembered what today was. My imagination prances out of my body for about a minute wondering what could be under that tree. Leaping out of my bed, I slip on my Christmas skirt with black schnauzers wearing Christmas hats on it and a red glittery t-shirt that dazzled in the sunlight. I sprint downstairs thinking about the presents I would get; I could open the latest x-box or a new phone? A pet would be awfully nice, maybe a cat or a small dog.

Skipping the last few stairs, I dash into the living room and crash into my younger brother, Charlie. “Oi, watch it, Henry!” he rages at me, then he sticks his tongue out and squints his eyes as if he was a frog catching a nasty tasting fly.

“Who wants to open presents?” mum calls in her sing-song voice and shoves us into the living room. She carefully pulls out two presents then hands them over to us and, like she was proud of the work, says that these were from her and dad. Doesn’t sound good. Christmas 2014; woollen itchy jumper, Christmas 2016; flimsy pens that broke immediately, Christmas 2019; educational books. Who gives their children educational books for Christmas? Me and Charlie slowly glance at each other and tear the wrapping, tenseness between the entire family. The gifts were hard and won’t bend – please say they’re not books again! Thankfully they aren’t books, jumpers, or pens. The gifts are brand new tablets with downloaded games and texting groups. “Thanks mum, thanks dad!” We jump up and hug them. This was different. When did they change? It was nice though, not having to pretend you like something.

The doorbell rings, and I didn't think we were expecting guests.

Dad leaps from the sofa and answers the door. "Oh kids, I forgot to mention that your granny and grandpa are coming."

Oh no...

OH NO!

## Year 10 Christmas Writing Competition-Thomas L

The Christmas lights flickered on, the music started, and the tourists started to arrive. It was Christmas. The most wonderful time of the year. The smell of delicious chocolate and banana crepes filled the air. Nothing could be better. The happy couples on the ice rink were sharing hot dogs like the film "Lady and the Tramp." The beautifully decorative Christmas lights flickered between red and green while young children's eyes dilated at the size of the candy stand. The once barren wooden stand was now filled to the brim with many flavours of different lollipops, lemon sherbets and large Coca-Cola bottles. The primary school visiting the cathedral were glaring out the broken stain glass windows wishing they weren't locked inside stuck with their history teacher who was droning on about The Magna Carta and its importance in the modern century.

I turned around saw the caramelising nut stands. They started by roasting the nuts over a large fire. The pan blue due to the immense heat of it. While that was happening, they were melt golden sugar with some water to create a beautifully delicious syrup to put on top of it. As the young man lifted the brass pot of syrup toward the roasting pan a burly tourist knocked me over and I fell to the floor in a catastrophic way. I was hugely embarrassed, but an old but spry woman lent her hand to pick me up. I thanked her profusely and she nodded her head. While her young grandson pulled her away, I trudged depressingly towards the exit. There was a sign thanking me for coming to Winter wonderland. I walked towards the park and ride bus stop and I turned my weary head to have one final look and I said goodbye.

Thomas L

The sound of peoples skates hitting the ice filled the air along with the Christmas music playing lightly in the background, the tree lit up the surrounding area the tree had golden tinsel all around it with lights hung around the branches with Christmas presents underneath it and the massive golden star at the top, people skating round thee ring in the deep blue hire skates, the surrounding trees with fairy lights hanging from the branches, the children smiling, people with their hats, gloves and big puffy coats. The surrounding area had carts of food, drinks, small gifts, Christmas decorations and handmade crafted works for people to buy, the ice rink had surrounding lights to make it glow a purple colour, the surrounded buildings had a warm glow across them as people in the windows were looking down and putting up their own Christmas decorations, the Christmas music filled the air along with the sound of peoples skates and their laughter, the sight of people holding onto the side to stop them from toppling over and speaking to family members on the sides watching their kids skate past them, a man coming round asking if you wanted to buy any food while watching your friends and family skate. Blue Banners with the skate rinks logo on it and phone number in case you wanted to get in touch was blowing around in the wind.