CHRISTMAS STORY
By Milen Atanasov 4th grade

Many, many years ago, a lonely old man lived in a far northern country behind the Arctic Circle. He loved children very much, but he had no relatives - no sons and daughters, no grandchildren. In the long winter evenings he sat alone in front of the fireplace and carved toys out of wood - deer, horses, small sledges and sailboats. The fire was raging, the cones were crackling merrily, and the old man was thinking of the children, and he longed to make them happy. And just the night before Christmas, he thought of something to do. He put all the toys in a sack, got on his skis and drove to a nearby village. The night was clear and quiet. The stars shone brightly, and the moon illuminated his path.

The village was already silent, and no one felt the good old man leave his present at every door.

Oh, what joy there was in the morning! Everyone wondered who brought these wonderful things. They asked, questioned - the village was small, knew each other - but no one knew. The happiest were the children - they did not ask questions, but shouted:

"Thank you, strangers!" They shouted so loudly that even the old man heard them in his distant home. The loner was happy and for the first time in a long time he felt happy. His joy returned many times and he started making more and more toys to make more and more children happy.

So several years passed. I don't know who first mentioned the name Santa Claus and when, but that's how it remained. The children began to decorate the Christmas trees in front of their homes, to wind wreaths of pine twigs, and in the morning to thank the good Santa Claus. They didn't even suspect that he lived so close that he was that white-bearded old man who sometimes went down to the village and smiled sweetly at them.

One night Santa was sitting in front of the fireplace and thought that he was no longer alone, that the children's joy of Christmas warmed him all year round, but…

- But what will happen when I grow old? Who will bring gifts when I leave this world?!…

The tree was throwing in the fireplace, sparks were flying… One fell to the floor, became big, big… no, it wasn't a spark, it was a good fairy…

"Don't be sad, old man!" You brought so much happiness to the children that I endowed you with eternal life. You will live as long as you have at least one child who believes in the good Santa Claus!

The fairy touched the old man with her magic wand and disappeared. Santa rejoiced at the extraordinary gift and continued his work. He traveled more and more villages around and left his gifts…