

CHRISTMAS GOODNESS

By Nihal Dimcheva- 4th grade



It's Christmas Eve. Candles are burning on the Christmas tree. I'm still awake. I lie on the couch in the living room and wait. I'm waiting for Santa to come and bring me the present. I fell asleep every year and couldn't wait for it. In the morning the presents were under the Christmas tree. But this time I am determined to endure. Suddenly there is joyful laughter outside. I'm surprised because it's too late. I go out on the terrace and see five or six children talking - quite loudly:

-Finally! Someone put something in the box! - said one child.

-Don't make us wait! Show us! - say the others and it takes out two slices of bread. Then I understand that they are homeless.

I feel sad for them, but I can't go out. It's twelve-thirty, and my mother and father will kill me if I go out at that time. I return to the couch. My eyelids are heavy. Suddenly I find myself on the street dressed in clothes, all torn and dirty.

One of those children I saw noticed me and came to me:

"What's your name?" He asks me.

-Alex, -I answer-and you?

- I'm Misho. Come to us.

I go with him and he introduces me to the others - Mila, Sarah, Gogo and Vasco.

"Come," says Sarah, "I'll take you to our house, if you can call it that."

She is right. This can not be called a house. Boxes arranged in a circle and boards on top. But if you're inside and talking to the other kids, it's pretty cozy.

I start to leave the makeshift house, but I stumble and fall.
I get up and suddenly see that I'm on the couch at home and it's morning. The presents are under the Christmas tree. I want to go and share my presents with those kids on the street.
That's what I do, and they feel so happy that they hug me.
This is a Christmas miracle for them!



