



CHRISTMAS

By Plamen Dafev 3rd grade

On a wonderful Christmas night, Ivan was playing with the snow. Soft fluffy snowflakes were falling. Smoke was coming out of the small chimneys. Everyone was happy, because it wasn't until an hour later that Christmas came. People ate and had fun while the children played in the snow and looked forward to the holiday. Their parents did not believe in Santa Claus, but the children loved him because he brought them presents every year. In a house separated from the big city, it was exquisitely decorated with well-hung lights. The Christmas tree shone, garlands and other decorations were placed throughout the house. There was also a large fireplace in it, on which hung socks, not yet filled with pastries.

Two children, a boy and a girl, were sitting in front of her. Suddenly a thick female voice called and ordered the children to come to her. That was their mother. She told them to wash their hands and sit at the table. The Christmas table was arranged with a variety of dishes. Half an hour later they were having dinner, eagerly waiting for the bell on the big clock to strike twelve o'clock. The rest of the time they told each other stories by the fire.

Christmas has come. The whole town said Merry Christmas. After a while, the children and parents began to go to bed. When the whole city fell asleep, there was complete silence.

However, a white-bearded man in a red suit with a large sack was walking down a dark alley. It was Santa Claus. This year he was determined to give gifts even to bad children, and the best two or three gifts to each. He did not miss a single house and each child received a bonus gift from their parents. They, in turn, were amazed by them. "Where did the other gifts come from?" They wondered, but this question remained unanswered. The children were as happy as every year and will continue to be happy as long as they believe in Santa Claus.



