

Scribbles

December 2009

SNOWY CHRISTMAS

by Darragh O'Brien

The knocking on the door woke me. Time annoys me. In school, it feels like time has stopped. But when I'm trying to sleep or play video games, time goes too fast. In fact, I really want a new game called Crysis Warhead. Mom says Santa won't be able to get me it, so I'm very sad. After a few seconds, I spoke.

"Go away, I'm tired" I said.

"That is a nice way to greet your little sister" said the voice.

'Amy' I thought. Amy is my little sister. We have not gone well since she's been able to talk. She's nine. Four years younger than me and even more annoying. We don't get on that well.

"I'm trying to sleep!" I said through gritted teeth. I decided to get dressed then. I pulled on a worn t-shirt and a pair of baggy, frayed jeans. I pulled on a pair of socks and wandered downstairs with my eyelids drooping. My mum was sitting there, at the table, sipping her tea.

"Good morning, sunshine" said my mother with a smile on her lips.

I gave her a look and sank into the couch.

"What's wrong?" she asked with concern in her voice.

"Amy woke me again. She won't stop! That's twice this week!"

I complained.

"Mark she's only nine" she said.

It's always the excuse. She's only nine, she's only young, she doesn't know any better.

I stormed off to sulk. I walked into the living room to play my video games. I turned on the television and was about to turn on the Xbox when I looked and realised my Xbox games weren't there. I looked all over the living room but couldn't find them.

"Mom!" I yelled.

"No need to shout dear, what's wrong?"

"I can't find my Xbox games, did you tidy them away?"

"No. They have to be around here somewhere."

I ran up to my room and glanced around. They were nowhere to be found.

I looked in every room in the house except Amy's. I still hadn't found the Xbox games. I restrained myself from barging in, and knocked politely at the door.

"Yes?" called Amy from the other side of the door.

"Amy, can I come in?" I asked.

"No!" she exclaimed.

I barged in and found her sitting on the floor with a list of my video games and my Xbox games strewn across the floor. I tried to restrain my anger but I just couldn't.

"Who gave you permission to take these!" I yelled, gesturing at the games, "these are mine, I never said you could borrow them!"

Amy started to sob. I gave her a look of disgust and grabbed the games. I ran down the stairs leaving the door to her room open. As I walked into the living room, I noticed my mom giving me a stern look. I heard a wail from Amy's room. I realised that my mom would be giving out to me so I decided to get it over with. I placed the games on the coffee table and readied myself.

"Yes?" I said with my innocent face on.

"Why is Amy crying in her room?" questioned my mom.

"She stole my games..." I trailed off half-heartedly.

She stole my games, but I still feel guilty.

My mum looked disappointed. I hate her disappointed face. It's worse than when she's angry. When she's angry, she just yells. When she is disappointed, I feel like I have let her down, I feel really guilty. I averted my eyes from her so I didn't have to look into her eyes. I ran to my room.

Ever since then I've been avoiding Mom and Amy. It's Christmas Eve. I've got all my presents for Mom and Amy. I'm so excited about Christmas. I left my room and went downstairs. I met Mom on the way.

"Mom, I'm sorry" I said.

"Time for bed" she said, not answering me.

I sighed and walked upstairs. The next morning, I woke up at 8 o'clock. I couldn't wait for Christmas. I went and woke Mom. Amy was already awake. We went downstairs to get the presents. While I was opening my presents, I noticed a small package.

On the package, was written: To Mark, With Love, Amy.

I was shocked. I opened the present, and there was Crysis Warhead, pristine, untouched. I got up, walked over to Amy and gave her a big hug.

Amy was surprised.

"I needed to know what games you had so I would know what ones to get you" said Amy.

I grinned. And then it started to snow.

"Amy, it's snowing!" I exclaimed.

Amy and I started to play in the snow. Amy had never built a snowman before. Me and Amy became good friends. It was a perfect Christmas.

The Adventures of Max Fleming by Joshua Dyson.

Max Fleming, looked like a normal eight year old boy, smelt like a normal eight year old boy, acted like a normal eight year old boy, dressed like a, well you get the picture. Max had one secret, a secret he could not tell anyone, not even his best friend Niall. His secret was, no, not to fly or to have great strength, it was in fact... Max had the ability to travel into books, if he wanted to of course.

It was a very unusual gift, and this is how he found out he had such an unusual gift: When he was seven his mother gave him a book called "Harry Potter and the Philosopher's stone" by J.K. Rowling. He was reading it in bed at half eight at night, and he said to himself "What if I could be a wizard at Hogwarts". He touched the page to turn it and... (Whoop), he was in the Gryffindor corridor, and before he could speak, Harry and Ron went right up to him and said "Hi" to him like they knew him already.

Then in the blink of an eye Max's mum called him and he disappeared. Ron and Harry didn't freak because it was a magic school. Max was gobsmacked. It was jaw-dropping. "Mum, mum, did you see that?" he said, jumping around like a lunatic. His mum had to put her two hands on his head, to calm him down.

His mum didn't believe him when he told her the story. She thought he had gone loopy. When he went to school and told his friends, they laughed, so he decided to keep it a secret to himself.

It was the Christmas holidays. Grandma Maxine gave Max a book called "The Twits" by Roald Dahl. In the book Mr. and Mrs. Twit play some horrible tricks on each other. I bet you have never met two people more revolting. They never wash, they trap birds for Bird Pie and they hate children. They were going to have them for dinner, but Max saved them, and this is how he did it:

It was two o'clock in the afternoon and he was reading in the library. He got to a bit that said something like this: "...so the boys explored further into the garden and found the ladder leaning against the big dead tree. They decided to climb up it just for fun." But they didn't know that Mr. Twit puts super glue all over the tree. The four boys scared the birds away so Mr. Twit didn't get any bird pie, which made him very mad, so mad that he climbed up the tree so he could have children pie.

But this is the bit where Max came in. Before Mr. Twit got to them, Max climbed into the book, and shouted up to them that Mr. Twit was coming. This is the funny part, their trousers were stuck to the tree so the only way for them to escape was to get out of their trousers, jump, and run for their life. Mr. Twit was furious. He climbed back down his ladder and stormed back into his house.

Max was laughing so hard at the sight of the boys running home with no trousers, that he didn't notice Mr. Twit coming out with a rusty old shot gun. "All right you horrible little nuisance" he growled, "You will do for my pie". 3, 2, 1, BANG! "Honey, time for tea". Said Max's mum in the nick of time. Max disappeared before Mr. Twit could get his greasy little hands on him. "Noooooo". Screamed Mr. Twit.

But that was not the end of the adventures of Max Fleming. He was in the library and had three books lined up. When he got out of a book, he instantly went into the book next to it, but the problem was he didn't remember what the next book was called. So we will have to find out..

To Be Continued.

THE CHILD WHO WAS A MOTHER by Clodagh Shiels

Mum's breathing so heavily and so fast I can't hear myself think.

"SAMANTHA, SAMANTHHA!!!" my mum gasped. "I'm coming mum." Right now is the worst time of my life; my mum is going through breast cancer, my dad died in a car accident two years ago, and all I have now is my younger brother Ciaran. I'm twelve, he's eight. This isn't exactly how I've seen my life. But my life hasn't even begun yet and I'm already going through horror. "SAMANTHA!" My mum yelled. "OH NO!" I cried. I raced up the stairs. "Here's your glass of water m-m-m-m-mom." I said in a whisper. We never scream at her, she just gets mad. But when we whisper, she thinks we're scared of her; I can see she hates that. But what else can I do. I would of always thought a few years ago that Ciaran wouldn't of shown his emotions. But ever since a couple of months ago I've seen Ciaran's bin full to the top with tissues. When he came down in the mornings with his eyes all soggy I just thought he was tired. But I'd never talk to him about it... actually there's a lot of things I don't talk to him about, were usually quiet with each other. "Ciaran its eleven o'clock time for bed." "okay". I usually sleep outside my mums room... just incase.

MORNING

I wake up and hear the doorbell ringing...loudly. I walked down the stairs not in a rush ...because I know it will only be the mailman or the milkman. The doorbell rings again. "I'm coming." I said in a shout.

"Hello." I said with a yawn.

He stepped inside the door.

"Ahh...sorry but I find it a bit weird you coming into my house; and I don't know you."

"I'm Dr Lee your mother's doct..."

"I'm so sorry but I'm going to have to ask you to leave, I said very clearly that I don't like doctors in my house."

"I'm so sorry and I know you don't like doctors in your house but I badly need to give this medicine to her Samantha."

"Why can't you give it to me to give it to her." Lee shuts the door gently. Samantha realizing that he's not going to live without giving the medicine to her...In person.

"I'm doing a really good job by myself....I think."

"Samantha is everything alright down there?" my mum said with her last bit of breath.

"Grand mum, just go back to sleep."

"Sorry Samantha but I've had enough of this."

Lee grabs my hand and pulls me in to the kitchen and shuts the door. All I hear next is the door key turning. All I heard was him walking up the stairs then everything went silent. But I did remember seeing a key for the kitchen door in the fruit bowl. When I checked the fruit bowl there were lots of things in it, including the key for the kitchen door. BANG!!!!!!

"What was that?...it sounded like the front door slamming I turned the key as fast as I could. Ran up the stairs and into my mum's room there's no one. I quickly look out the window and see aAmbulance racing down the road...but the Lee had a suit on...did he do that to trick me? All I hear next is the front door key turning. "I'm home." shouts Ciaran.

"Ciaran....Ciaran is that you?" Samantha said with a worried tone.
 "Yeah, why?"
 "Is mum okay?" Ciaran said worried.
 I didn't answer that question... I didn't need to at the time. I ran in side the kitchen and grabbed Ciaran's hand.
 "Samantha what are you doing your scaring me."
 "Ciaran I need you to listen to me, where do we keep are taxi numbers?"
 "Ahhh..... the fruit bowl I think?" While Samantha was looking for taxi numbers in the fruit bowl the phone started to ring.
 "Ciaran quickly get the phone."
 "He...hello."
 "Hello is Samantha there by any chance."
 "One minute."
 "Samantha it's for you."
 "Hello."
 "Hello Samantha...it's Lee." "Before you scream at me let me say something your mother is having an operation I would really appreciate if you would come down here with your brother."
 "But you don't have the allowance to do that....you know what fine well be there in a half an hour."
 "Thank you Samantha."

30 minutes later

"Hello can I help you?" said a nurse near the front door.
 "Yes please do you know where dr. Lee is?"
 "Oh yes, he's just down the corridor there."
 "Thank you."
 As we were walking down the corridor all the nurses and doctors were staring at us as if they knew my mum.
 "Hello Samantha, hello Ciaran, the operation isn't till late tonight so would you mind staying here for a night."
 "What...hang on mums having an operation."
 "Don't worry Ciaran it's just to see if everything is ok." Said Lee
 "Okay... still a bit confused but okay."
 "Come on let me show yous were yous are sleeping."
 The nurses and doctors weren't really looking this time like they did last time they were looking as if they felt sorry for us this time.
 "Here it is it isn't the best of a room but at least it has two beds for yous." Said Lee
 "Thanks, its perfect." said Samantha
 "Okay yous should start going to bed and we'll talk to yous in the morning."

Morning time

"Samantha, Samantha wake up."
 "Wha...what."
 "Wake up the doctors need to talk to talk to us they said it was very important news come on."
 "Okay I'm coming."
 When we were walking this time no one took a glance at us so I don't know whats about to happen.
 "Good morning." Said Lee with a low voice and not even looking up at us properly.
 "Come in sit down."
 When I sat down all I saw was a huge pile of paper and all of them had a huge red F on them which usually stands for failure.
 "So...how was it?" said Ciaran with a nervous voice.
 "I hate doing this so I'm just going to get it over and done with." "I'm so sorry but she stopped breathing in the operation we done everything to make her start breathing again but it was to late."
 "If you want to talk to someone or something I can tell you who to go to."
 Samantha storms out the room and starts to ball out cry and screaming at the same time she didn't know what was happening.
 "Samantha, wait please we can sort this out I promise."
 Said Ciaran.

"Why aren't you crying do you have any emotions at all?" Samantha screams to Ciaran while still crying.
 "You think that I don't think my mother dying isn't sad for me."
 "Samantha of coarse I think my mother dying is sad ...but I'll always know she's in my heart." Ciaran says as he starts to cry as well.
 All the doctors and nurses came out and started to hug them and see if they were okay. All we said was we wanted to go home and calm down so they called a cab for us and we said thank you and that they helped us a lot.
 One month later [Christmas day]

When it was Christmas day we didn't get excited because we knew we wouldn't get any thing but we managed to decorate the house though. After breakfast I saw that the fruit bowl was very dirty so I gave it a wash and just took out the rest of the stuff that was in it and placed them on the table. When I was cleaning it there was something wet and soggy and the end I turned it around and....it was a note I ripped it off and read it.
 It read

Dear my beautiful Samantha and my young Ciaran
 By the time you read this I propley might of passed away.I just want to let you know that you have propley used everything in the fruit bowl but a foster home leaflet with a number on it. If yous find it please ring it and find a new home and a new mum and dad and it will be happy and peaceful and you won't have to be the mother this time Samantha. So if you trust me enough and love me I know yous will go it won't feel right at the start, I know but it will make your lives a lot more easier then they are now.
 I love yous so much and I'm so proud of yous

Xoxoxo

Mum.

The ink started to get wet from my tears. The minute I finished reading it I rang the foster home number I knew it was the right thing to do.
 "Ciaran don't ask why but start packing, were moving."
 "Okay talk about out of the blue, I'll be ready in ten minutes. When they finished packing there bags, a person from the foster home came to pick us up and go tour new home. The foster lady didn't really say anything...much.
 "Here yous are your new home." "Hope you like it here and call us if you need us...ok?"
 "Ok, thank you...bye." Said Samantha.
 We go up to the house and we knocked gently.
 A medium,brown-haired,blue-eyed man answered the door, he looked really nice and friendly.
 "Come in, come in, my name is mark by the way."
 "Come in and meet Julie my wife, Samantha and Ciaran don't be shy." Said mark
 "Thank you." They said both.
 "Hello I'm Julie, come on in and get out of that cold."
 "You have a lovely home." Said Samantha
 "Yeah you really do, its nice and bright." Said Ciaran.
 "Why thank you." Said Julie
 "Why don't yous to go upstairs and pick a room and unpack you have quite a lot of stuff, I can see." Said Julie
 "And then come down and we'll get some food into yous... ok." Said Mark
 "Okay, thank you we'll be down in a while."
 We both picked a room that we liked.
 I went into my room and saw one bed, one wardrobe, and one empty cabinet. I went over to the cabinet and un packed my stuff. Which were two numbers, a key, and my mum and dad's wedding rings. I only need the things that count. I don't need an album or a picture. My life is a puzzle just because I have two missing pieces doesn't mean I cant find them.

Blaze at Christmas
by Jenny Keegan

"So are you excited about Christmas, Steph?" asked Mum as we drove home from school.

"Yeah," I said, staring out the window.

"I'm really excited!" piped up my little sister, Clara. "I want the new Barbie doll and, and, and..." she started naming all the things she wanted for Christmas.

I knew exactly what I wanted. I wanted a new games console that I had wanted all year round. By the way, I'm Stephanie and I'm eleven. I have a brother called Leo, he's just turned seven and I also have a little sister called Clara; she's four and she's really annoying! We just got off school, we have two weeks' holidays!

When we got home, I did my homework (which took ages!) and had dinner, then Mum said "You better write your Santa list."

So I sat down and started writing my list.

The next morning I woke up at eight. Clara was whinging about wanting breakfast, Mum telling her to be quiet, Leo moaning about wanting to watch telly and Dad had broken the volume knob on the radio so I was listening to a random rock song at full blast. I had breakfast which was soggy cornflakes and half a mug of hot chocolate, the other half was spilt all over the floor because Clara threw a tantrum and knocked over the mug and Mum started screaming at her and then Clara started crying. It was only nine thirty and I already had a headache!

We were going Christmas shopping today to buy Christmas presents. We went into town on the bus, Dad wasn't coming because he was in work. The bus was delayed so we had to wait in the rain for half an hour before it came. By then everybody was already in a bad mood and the last thing we wanted to do was go Christmas shopping! The first shop we had visited was Smiths, I bought Clara a car for all her Barbies. The next shop we went to was a department store.

"What are you getting Mammy?" asked Clara as we walked up the aisle of the clothes section.

"Um...a cooking book."

"Yeah and what are you getting Daddy?"

That made me think. "Eh...a tie?"

"Yeah, that's a good idea and you can say it's from both of us!" cried Clara happily.

"Stephanie, Clara, come on, we haven't got much time left, hurry up!" Mum said, bustling up to us.

I ended up buying Mum a cookbook, Dad a tie and Leo a football jersey of his favourite team. I would have to wrap them up tonight and put them under the tree. It was still raining when we got back on the bus, each with about five heavy shopping bags. Clara started sobbing because she was so tired and Leo was complaining about how hungry he was. I was starving myself.

The bus stop was two streets away so we had to walk from the bus stop home. We were nearly there when-

"Mammy, what's that orange stuff in our house?" asked Clara, pointing towards our house.

"Hmm, what's that, darling?" asked Mum texting on her phone and not really listening.

"That stuff, it's all orange!"

"What orange stuff?" asked Leo.

But I had already seen. Fire. Our house was on fire! I let out a scream.

"Steph, what's wrong, are you ok?" cried Mum, grabbing me.

"Mum...", I said weakly, "The house, look at the house!"

Mum turned around and looked at the house, then she, too, screamed.

The fire seemed to be in the front room. Where our Christmas tree was! The tree had probably gone on fire! Before I had time to tell Mum this, she was already halfway up the road yelling "FIRE, FIRE, FIRE, HELP, FIRE!"

Clara and Leo started shouting, too. I was left standing there, open-mouthed, surrounded by shopping bags that Mum, Leo and Clara had dropped.

"STEPHANIE!" shrieked Mum down the road, "CALL YOUR FATHER!"

That snapped me out of it. I dug my phone out of my pocket as fast as I could, hands shaking so badly I could barely dial the number.

"Hello?" my Dad answered the phone.

"Dad?" I shouted.

"What, Stephanie, you never call me in work, is there something wrong?" my Dad said calmly, how could he be so calm when my heart was about to burst out of my chest?

"Dad, fire at our house, come quickly, Fire!" I said without breathing. I could hear Mum, Clara and Leo still shouting behind me.

"What, Steph, fire, what fire?"

"FIRE, HOUSE ON FIRE, FIRE, FIRE, COME ON, FIRE!" I screamed down the phone.

"Ok, Stephanie, be calm, tell Mum to ring the fire brigade, I'll be there soon, I love you!" He hung up.

By now the fire had got into the hall, smoke was coming out through the open windows in the sitting room. As soon as Dad had hung up, I was running, running faster than I had ever run before.

"Mum, Dad's on his way, call the fire brigade", I said gasping for breath.

Mum took the phone and began to dial. "Steph, keep shouting, everybody has to know!"

I started shouting and running up the street. Our neighbour ran out of his house with a bucket of water, he ran up our drive and poured the water on some of the flames through the window. It helped a bit. The fire brigade arrived. Fire fighters jumped out of it with huge hoses.

"Right, Miss, please get your children and we'll drive you to safety", said the chief fire fighter, a big muscular man with furry eyebrows.

"Ok, Clara, Leo, come here, Stephanie!" shouted Mum at us. We all grabbed our shopping bags and ran towards her and got into the police car that had followed the fire engine. We had no idea where we were going. While we were driving, Mum started sobbing.

"Cheer up there, love, it's not that bad, we are bringing you to an emergency homing centre, you'll be fine there, love", said the police woman, trying to cheer her up.

When we got there we saw that the emergency homing centre was just a big hall full of lots of small single beds. There were men and women washrooms and a cafeteria filled with plastic chairs and tables. A few old ladies worked there. Probably the oldest with a small tuft of wispy white hair, wearing a maroon jumper, came over to us.

"Oh, are you staying here?" she asked Mum.

"Eh, yeah", said Mum.

"Right, well, you need to sign a few forms first." She gave the forms to her. Mum started filling them in.

"You three, go pick out the beds you want to sleep on, alright", said the old lady.

Me, Leo and Clara wandered over to the beds. There was an old couple sitting on two beds, both talking quietly together and drinking tea, there was a man reading a book at one of the plastic tables in the cafeteria and a family with three small children, a mother and father, were talking on the beds on the other side of the hall.

"Stephanie, can we go here?" asked Clara, she had run over to a couple of beds at the side of the hall, beside the wall.

"Yeah, ok," I said, sitting down on one of the beds. "I'm sleeping here!"

"I'm sleeping here!" shouted Clara, jumping on the bed beside me. We all started fighting about where we were going to sleep.

"Kids, be quiet, you are making a racket!" said Mum, coming over to us, finished with filling in the forms. She sat down on one of the beds beside me. Her eyes were red and blotchy from crying and her normally neat short black hair looked windswept. "Oh, I wish Eddie would come," (Eddie was our Dad) but at that moment he walked into the hall.

"You made it, how did you know we were here?" asked Mum, hugging Dad.

"The police woman told me", said Dad, giving us all a hug.

"How's the house?" asked Mum fearfully.

"Well...the structure's alright but the front room and hall are badly burnt."

"Oh," she sat down on the bed again. There was silence. After a few moments she said, "Right, we are hungry, let's go eat something" and, grabbing Clara, Leo and me, marched us over to the cafeteria.

Next morning dawned bright and clear. It was five days before Christmas. Mum looked as if she hadn't slept all night. Dad didn't look so good either. For breakfast we had Shreddies and milk, while Mum and Dad had Weetabix and coffee. At ten o'clock Mum got a call from the chief fire fighter saying that we could come and have a look at the house. We were driven there by the cheerful police woman again who told us what damage had been done to the house.

"It was your Christmas tree that started it, the whole room and hall are wrecked now but at least the rest of the house isn't..." informed us the police woman. She was making it all seem worse. When we got there the house looked fine but there was soot all over the front room window. The inside was completely black, the coat hanger was on the floor and the stairs looked like they might fall if you touched them.

"We have to pack the things we need", said Mum.

We all hurried up to our rooms. My room looked normal as if there had never been a fire. I sighed with relief. I grabbed a couple of things I needed for staying in the emergency homing centre: my phone, teddy, toothbrush and paste, a few jeans, t-shirts and hoodies, my pyjamas and the latest issue of my favourite magazine. I went back downstairs. When we got back to the emergency homing centre we unpacked and had lunch in McDonalds. The next few days passed slowly, all you could do was hang around inside. I went to my friend's house while Mum took Leo and Clara to the park. Finally it was Christmas day! As I handed Dad his (unwrapped) tie, Mum gave me the games console I had wanted.

"Thanks, Mum" I said, giving her and Dad a hug.

"Sorry you couldn't get everything you wanted, Steph", said Mum, smiling, "What with the fire and everything."

"It's ok, Mum, I don't mind as long as we have each other", I said, also smiling.

"Yeah," said Leo and Clara together, "As long as we have each other."

Mum and Dad gave us all a hug and I think later that this wasn't such a bad Christmas after all.

Alike by Nicole Barron

My name is Stacy and my sisters name is Sky. Oh my god it is just really annoying the way everybody calls me by my sisters name.

"I wish I could do something about it. Any idea Emily?"

"Well no it won't work"

"What won't work tell me tell me please?"

"Well maybe if you change your look"

"By what do you mean by change my look?"

"Maybe you could just change everything about you asaple change your hair colour"

"Do you no what that is a good idea"

"Stacy I was just messing with you, you do not have to do that"

"But I want to, so where will I start"

"What about your hair"

"Yeah I wont to die it brown, come on lets go to the hair dresser"

When Stacy arrived at the hair dressers the girl came over and said

"Hi what can I help you with?"

"I would like to get my hair done"

"Ok, what sort of hair style do you want?"

"I would like to die my hair brown"

"Ok, please take a seat and I will be with you in 5 minutes.

While I was waiting I was looking at a magazine it was talking about if you were the image of someone and you want to change your look completely call 0854512054 now and we can make you look like a completely new person. I think that's just what I need

"Do you have a phone Emily my battery is gone dead on my phone?"

"Yeah here"

"Thank you"

"Hello is this mad style"

"Yes it is how my I help you"

"I would like to make an a appointment for mad style studio please"

"Ok please come at 5 o clock tomorrow"

"Ok thank you bye"

"Stacy are u sure you are doing the right thing so what if everybody calls you by your sister name my mum calls me by my cousin name and she lives all the way in Spain"

"Do you know what maybe you are right so what if everybody calls me by my sister name I will just wear my necklace with my name on it"

"Yeah come on we better get home and don't forget to cancel that appointment"

"Ok"

"And also can I say in your house tonight"

"Yeah sure"

"Thanks"

Shopping Disaster by Rachel Walls

It was three days till Christmas and I had nothing done, I had no decorations up any food bought and no presents. I was going out shopping today to buy it all. It was so cold outside I had to wear three layers. There was frost all over the cars outside and icicles hanging from the trees. It took an hour to get to town because of all snow. I was afraid there would be nothing left in any of the shopping centres so I decided to try my favourite store first it has everything and usual has everything in stock it has a boots , Penny's , Marks and Spencer, Claries and a HMV. When I got there and looked around there was no body around I decided see I always go come in the back way. So I went round the front and saw a big sign on the door that said closed down.

I started to drive to a different store but this store way more popular then my favourite store so I was afraid that there would be nothing left. When I arrived the car park was full so I parked around the corner. I went in and asked the person at the information desk were there any turkeys left and he said no I also asked him where there any Christmas trees or decorations left and he said no and he also said the dress up shop and the cake shop were completely sold out, so I jumped back into my car and drove home. I had nothing and I did not now what to do I had no presents, no food our decorations and I did not have a tree. When I got home I made a list of all the people who I needed to buy presents for there was my mom my dad my three cousins Anne, Bella and Edward There was also my two brothers James and Michael and my aunties Colette and Christine. It was along list and I had nobody's presents. I thought all night and the next morning I had I an idea I would make all the presents my self for my mum I would make her a necklace from a jewellery set I got for my 21 birthday. For my dad I would sew him a hanker Jeff. For my cousins I would make them hula skirts out of crepe paper for the girls and for Edward I would make him a chocolate cake and for my two brothers I would make them each a bag of cookies. And for my two aunties I would make them a bracelet each out of the left over from my jewellery set. I decided to get started with the hula skirts I needed to go up to my attic to get some crepe paper I had yellow, green and red crepe paper I had to sew the colour crepe paper onto an elastic belt it took me a day to finish the skirts. But the next morning I got up early to go for a jog on my way I went to the local shop to buy some flour, milk, eggs, sugar and lots of chocolate so I could make a big chocolate cake for Edward and two big bags of cookies for my two brothers. I started to make the chocolate cake and cookies as soon as I got home. When they were cooking I went up stairs to get my jewellery set so I could make the bracelets for my aunties and the necklace for my mom. I arranged them into three different piles one pile was gold one pile was silver and one pile for the other colures. Ding a ling a ling it was the bell to say the cakes were ready when I took out the cake I but icing around the top and the bottom of the cake and wrapped the cookies in fine crepe paper. When that was done I had to go drive up the country to get my own tree from a Christmas tree farm on my way home I went to my friends house because I she had ordered two by mistake and she was giving me a one. The next morning it was Christmas eve I got up at 10 am I started to make the necklace first I put a green bead in the middle and little red ones on the and I wrapped the necklace in a book and covered the box in wrapping paper. I then made the two bracelets I put a gold bead in the middle and four silver ones around the gold one and I wrapped them into a box each and I wrapped some wrapping paper around the boxes. Then I took out my sewing kit and sowed my dad his handkerchief and I then sowed in black tread his initials RM and in wrapped it into a box that was covered in gold paper. And I invited my family round for dinner the. The next day I got up it was Christmas day Santa had left me an I pod touch it was great it was just what I wanted I then started to cook the turkey and the spuds ad when my family came over I showed them my I pod and gave them there gifts and they loved them and the said that next year they would make there own presents because they all loved the presents and the dinner was delicious and we all had a great Christmas so remember this saying

Mary Christmas to all and to all a goodnight

Family Christmas
By Alex Earle

Part 1

This story begins in a place called Williamsburg, Virginia in the USA!

"Dad! When are the Christmas decorations going to be put up?" asked Connor frantically.

"Soon Connor, soon but first we must go to get a Christmas tree" Stephen said trying to calm Connor down.

Christmas is Connor's favourite holiday of the year and because this year he was going to see his cousins from Ireland, he just couldn't wait. His cousins' names are Alex and Robert.

Part 2

"Can someone help me pack? What do you think I should bring my DS or my PSP?" Alex said.

"Does anyone look like they care?" Robert said trying to hurry Alex up.

You see Robert had already finished packing and this was his way of gloating. No-one in the Earle household could wait to go to America. Ring! Ring! Ring! Went the phone.

"I've got it! In your face Robert!" Alex shouted.

"No you don't" said Robert as he pushed Robert out of the way.

It was Michele, Stephen's wife and Connor's Mom.

"Hi! How are you?" Robert said half laughing and half bored to death.

"Here he goes again. Heh! Heh! Uh!" Alex snorted.

Robert kicked Alex and he walked off grunting. Alex started to try to zip up his suitcase.

"Mom! My suitcase is ready" Alex shrieked!

"Put it at the door" Mom said

Part 3

At the Airport

"Come on! We are going to miss our plane" Dad said as he tried to hurry everyone up. The speaker came on and a woman said the flight to Richmond, Virginia was now boarding.

"OMG! I cannot wait!" Alex shouted.

"Mom! Can you get Alex to shut up?" Robert said.

"Stop! Both of you!" said Mom.

They boarded the plane. When they got into their seats Alex started to vibrate as if he were being shaken. Robert kicked Alex so that he would stop but he didn't.

Mom can I sit somewhere else? I don't want to sit beside Robert. Where is my DS and PSP? They're

not here? Don't tell me I left them at home? Alex said in a panic.

"No! They're in the plane in my suitcase, so you have to wait until you get to America!" Robert said grinning.

"You're a dead man Rob! A dead man. I mean it!" Alex said turning his grin into a confused face.

"What?" said Robert confused.

Part 4

In Richmond

Richmond Airport is not a really busy, it just fairly busy and that's why Alex in our story likes it.

"Alex, stop messing!" Mom said angrily.

"Why should I? Am I hurting someone?" Alex said.

"No but you may not see us go to our rental car" Mom said.

Alex turned and sure enough they were gone.

"Deirdre, David, Robert?" Alex said in a panic.

He ran down the corridor to the car rentals and turned right and there they were looking for Alex.

"Alex there you are! We were worried sick about you" said Dad.

"Now your car is parked in Area 9, space 51 -

OK?" said the girl from the car rental company.

"That's fine" said Dad.

"Bye! I hope you like your car"

When they got into the car and Dad turned the key and started the engine, it made a strange noise. Rrrrrrrrherher!

"Oh my God, that noise is so annoying" cried Robert.

"Get over it baby! You're just a big cry baby" said Alex.

"Go away!" shouted Robert.

They were on their way to Williamsburg but soon got caught up in awful traffic. It was 11.31 pm and they were so tired but it was 3.50 am before they got to their hotel room.

They got up at 11.47 am. They got up and made their way to Connor's house but had some difficulty finding it. In the end they discovered that the hotel and the house were right beside each other. "I feel like a big do do" said Deirdre angry with herself.

They rang the doorbell but there was no-one at home - no sign of life. Just then David's phone lit up. "Hi Stephen, where are you?" David asked. "In Ireland! Surprise!" cried Stephen.

Christmas Story
By John Heneghan

My name is Billy and this is my story:

One morning a young boy named Billy went downstairs. "It's Christmas Eve!" said Billy's mum and dad. "You're right! I'm going to write my list," said Billy. He wrote down all the stuff he wanted- a new bike, a CD, a board game and a snowboard. Billy was really good at snowboarding and cycling. He once entered a snowboarding competition and got silver; he also got gold in cycling. Billy ran back upstairs and got his Christmas shopping money. "Bye Mum! Bye Dad! I'm going out," He closed the door.

Billy ran to the supermarket. He got his mum a new dressing gown, a football for his dad and a dolls house for his little sister. But he didn't get a present for his brother. Billy hates his brother because he had once pushed Billy into a house that was on fire. His brother acts all goody-goody in front of their mum and dad.

When Billy got home, he ran into the kitchen and put some of the presents under the tree. He hid the dolls house in the attic. His brother was coming up the stairs so Billy quickly closed the attic door. His brother punched his mum's wall. Billy said "You shouldn't do that!" "I don't care!" he responded as he stomped into his room, his horrible, horrible room. Their mum had once found a live snake under his bed and another time their dad found a monkey in his closet.

Billy went downstairs. His mum was cooking dinner- a Christmas Eve turkey. His dad was playing in the garden with Katie. Billy played play station until dinner was ready. For once during dinner, his brother didn't curse. But of course that was because their mum and dad were there and he was still acting all goody-goody. But under the table, he kept on kicking Billy. Billy tried to tell his mum and dad but they didn't believe him. After dinner, they all went into they played cards and as usual, Billy won. When the game was over, they put their letters under the tree and Billy put out a glass of milk and a cookie for Santa and a carrot for Rudolph. Then they all went to bed.

Sometime during the night, Billy heard a sound downstairs. It sounded like Santa had knocked over the Christmas tree. When he went downstairs, Billy saw the tree on the ground and there was Santa Clause, standing in the middle of the room. "You're - You're - You are - Oh-ee-oh-ee-HI! You're Santa Clause!" said Billy. "That's right Billy! I woke you up for a reason" said Santa. "You see, the nicest boy or girl gets to go to

the North Pole with me" said Santa. "OK" said Billy.

They flew all the way to the North Pole in Santa's sleigh. Billy fell out a lot because they were travelling so fast. The North Pole was covered with three feet of snow. Snow dogs were pulling sledges. A little guy came over. Billy laughed. "Sorry! But you're so small!" Then Santa led the way to the toy factory. There were so many tiny people there. They were making toys.

Suddenly, a huge window in the toy factory smashed! In came King Guch with all his little guch-men. They began destroying the factory. Santa and Billy ran to a snowboard. The guch-men began shooting at them but they missed. Billy saw the evil little guch-men pushing the little elves into a cage. Meanwhile, high above them in the evil Guch spaceship, a voice was heard: "We are evil, but not evil enough to stop Santa Clause." The voice belonged to Billy's brother!!! "I'll kill Billy and Santa" he said.

Meanwhile, Billy and Santa were hiding in the cellar of Santa's house. "Wait! I've got it! We will go to the wishing well" said Santa. "What wishing well?" asked Billy. As they ran to the wishing well, a net came down over Santa Clause. Billy turned around to see his brother. Billy ran round a corner and ducked into a shop. He hid there for the next hour. He spent another hour looking for Santa Clause. "Where are you, Santa?" said Billy. "Ho-Ho-Ho!" called Santa from the sky. He sprinkled a little magic dust and - BOOM! Billy woke up. It turned out it had all been a dream.

"Mummy! Daddy! It's Christmas!" shouted Katie. They all rushed downstairs into the kitchen. Under the tree were all the toys Billy had asked for. Katie got her dolls house and Billy's brother got coal. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Snowman to the rescue by Michael Aherne

“Only two more days to Christmas” shouted Santa to the elves. This year they were not behind time and they did not need to rush. My name is Billy and I am an elf that works in Santa’s factory. Right now I am making a remote controlled car. “Yes I finished it.” Now I only have to make 250 toys in two days. This year there was no sign of Jack akin the evil elf. That was good because every year he tried to wreck Christmas. The only small problem this year is that Rudolph is sick. “Wait that is a very big problem. We nearly have filled the sleigh with toys. We only need a few more toys to fill the sleigh. About 2000 more and we are finished.” Ha ha ha I will wreck Christmas,” said Jack. With him he had an evil reindeer. The reindeer was dead. It was a zombie reindeer. The reindeer went mad and started eating all the toys. Then Jack took something from his pocket. “What was it”? As I got a closer look, I could see that it was some kind of remote. He pushed a red button on the remote and boom. Robots started coming in through the window and down through the roof. A cage then fell on me and all the other elves. Then fifty robots arrived and started trampling all over the toys. Jack then said that he has Santa and that he may kill him. Everyone was shocked. Jack then went away. If we do not get out we will starve. Jack then came back with a bag and started filling the bag with all the toys until the whole factory was bare. Anyway the elves and I did not like what was going on, but we were too scared to say anything. “I wish snowmen came to life,” said one elf. “Ye maybe they could save us and Santa.” That night when everyone was asleep it started to snow hard. The next morning it was the same as the morning before, locked up in a cage with all the other elves. But that afternoon something very very strange happened there was no snow. 10 minutes later. Knock, knock there was someone at the other side of the steel door, probably one of Jack’s friends, an elf said to me. The door opened. No, it was not one of Jack’s

friends in fact it was a group of snowmen. “We will save you,” they shouted. They destroyed all of Jack’s evil robots by rolling on them and squashing them. And then they came over and opened the cage with a key that one of the robots carried. “Now we must go to rescue Santa and arrest Jack”. “Which way do we go?” asked a small snowman. “That way”, said an elf so we went that way until we went half way around the world. We realised we went the wrong way and went back half way around the world. “Help, help” we heard while we were passing an ordinary house. “It’s Santa” He was tied up inside the house. We set him free. “Where is Jack?” we asked. “He blew up after he ate too many biscuits”. Yes Christmas is saved.

A Bunch of Laughs by Bronagh Scanlan

It all started last week when I went to Lilly’s house. Lilly O’Brien is small, with ash blond hair. Her mother, Mary, is the school’s drama teacher. When I was at Lilly’s house, her Mum asked me if I would like to be in the school play. I thought it was a bit rude to say no so I said I’d ask my Mum. Lilly said I’d be really good. So, as soon as my Mum walked through the door, she screeched “can Becky be in the school show?” Of course, my Mum said “yes”. I didn’t even want to be in the show but I didn’t say anything.

So that’s why I’m here now, acting as a tree in the school show. I’m not just a tree, I’m an Indian Chief from the Apache tribe as well. “Trees off!” shouts Mary O’Brien. We “trees” shuffle out. Backstage I scramble out of my tree costume and pull on my Indian shoes. I don’t know why I’m an Indian, I always thought Indians were supposed to have straight black hair. My wavy bright red hair looks stupid with my brown-orange face paint.

I’m not really sure what the point of the play is. It’s really boring. It’s about two Indian tribes that live in a forest. Then one day, the 25th December, which is the National Travelling Day, the two tribes meet. The tribes usually fight every time they meet, but they are forbidden from fighting on National Travelling Day. So, as we might expect, the Indians make friends and never fight again!

Ugh! So boring!

Well, although I absolutely hate the play, I can’t help feel a bit glad that my Mum said yes. It’s kind of fun when mistakes happen. I hope something

awful happens when its time for the real play. That would be great!

When I get home my Mum says “how were the rehearsals, honey?” I say “OK I guess”. “How’s Emma?” asks my Mum, “and Lilly?”. “Fine, they’re all fine”, I wave my hand about vaguely. “They’re both fine, BOTH”, corrects my Mum. “OK, OK, whatever”, I mumble.

I wander up to my room and throw off my bag. It’s half open so my pencil case flies out. I sigh, then walk over and pick it up. I’m just about to put it back into my bag when I realise that the zipper is half-open too. “Hmm, strange, I thought I closed that”, I mutter. I look into my bag to see if any of my pens have fallen out. My fountain pen has. I can see it at the bottom of my bag, its shiny red casing glinting in the light. I reach for it, but my knee slides on a wet patch on the floor and I tumble onto my bag. I look around for whatever made the floor slippery. If life was an animated cartoon, my eyes would bulge out of my head. There is no wet patch! “What!” I cry in disbelief. “What’s that Hon?” asks my Mum who is passing my door. “Nothing Mum, I was practicing my lines, that’s all”, I say quickly. “That’s my girl”, says my Mum, and she moves off.

I stare at the floor, then I shake my head and pick up the bag. I can’t see my fountain pen. I rummage around in the bottom of the bag. “Where is it?” I mutter. I peer into the dark bag. I can’t see it anywhere. I tip my bag out. I still can’t see it. I pick up a few loose bits of paper to see if its under them. It’s not. I think I hear something creeping behind me. I turn round but there’s nothing there! “I’ll look again later” I say, and start piling things back into my bag. I pick up my pencil case and I’m about to close it, when I see something shiny and red sparkling in the light. I take it out. Its my fountain pen, no doubt about it. “How?!” I whisper. I hear something creak at the door, I turn around but the door is closed! “I’m sure I left the door open,oh well”, I sigh and go downstairs for lunch.

Next day in school my best friend, Emma, asks “How’s the play going Becky?”. “Bad”, I say. “Ah, well”, says Emma, and grins like a silly hen. Emma is prone to sugar rushes. She probably ate something sugary for breakfast. “What did you have for breakfast?” I ask suspiciously. “Coco Pops, why?” she says innocently. “Just wondering”, I grin, “come on”. We go inside, our teacher Mr Thompson says “Alright class, settle down”. Most of the people look around to see who has been talking. Mr Thompson continues, “today we are going to talk about what secondary school you are going to go to. Ok, who is eleven?” I put up my hand, half the class sniggers. “Ok, Rebecca Kennedy...who is thirteen?” Emma puts up her hand the other half sniggers. “Emma Williams”, says Mr Thompson. The class laughs outright now. “They all think it is so funny, just cos I’m the smallest and you’re the tallest”, says Emma savagely. “It is a bit funny”, I say slowly. “Ugh, you’re just as bad”, she says angrily and turns her back on me, sweeping her long blonde hair round in my face. “Sorry”, I say meekly. Emma doesn’t speak to me all day.

Later when I get home my mum is not there so I sit at the table and do my homework. About five minutes later my Mum comes in “Oh honey, what are you doing here?” she asks. “What, I live here Mum”, I say bewildered. “No it’s not that it’s just...” she looks at me. “Are you feeling ok?” “Yes, why?” I ask. “Well, you are meant to be at rehearsals” says my Mum tentatively. “WAAAAAAH!”, I shout and my Mum flinches. I race out of the room and into the hall. “Bye Mum”, I call out as a last thought. I run out the door and down the street. I reach the school to see the children in my drama class trudging out. I sigh, turn and head back home.

The Day Of The Show

The last minute check-ups.

“All Indians over at the wall. No, not that wall, this wall.... No Kevin, you are not an Indian so go and stand at the other wall...I don’t care if you want to stand beside Alex you can’t! Apache tribe over here...KEVIN, you are not an Indian now move please!”. This is basically Mary O’Brien. “Rebecca, help me get Kevin away”, she calls. I go and together we pull Kevin over to the side of the room and Mary grabs a piece of rope and ties him to a large hook sticking out of the wall. Kevin continues to attempt to stand beside Alex, I have a weird suspicion those two are up to something.

Suddenly the parents are here. The spotlight falls on the stage. Lily, who is being the narrator, is standing there with her Mum. “Good evening everyone and welcome to our show”, says Mary O’Brien. The crowd claps as she leaves the stage. As soon as she is gone the light is supposed to turn green. Wait, what’s up? “The light is meant to be green not red you idiot”, Mary O’Brien calls quietly across backstage to Gavin McGee, who is controlling the lights. “I pressed green”, he mouths. Mary rushes over. So do I. We both stare at the green button, which is pressed down. “Rebecca, go over to the side of the stage and tell me if that light is still red”, she whispers in my ear. I creep over to the edge of the set and

peak round. The light is still red! “Still red”, I mouth at her. Mary presses the red button. “Now?”, she mouths. I peer round. My mouth drops open. “Its blue!”, I mouth. Mary presses blue. I look round again. “Yellow”, I mouth. Gavin presses red again. I look out, I look back in. I put up my thumbs. “Green”, I mouth. Gavin grins. Mary hugs him ecstatically. Then the three of us dance around holding hands, singing and whooping silently.

Lilly come off stage and begins struggling into her Indian costume. “Trees on”, whispers Mary. “Oh no”, I squeak. “I’m not in my costume”. “Leave it, leave it”, says Mary distractedly. “Comanche tribe on!”, says Lilly, and she leads them onto the stage. I stand there and stare at the light control box, still thoroughly bemused. “Rebecca, get into your Indian costume”, whispers Mary. “Yes, yes, right”, I say, and pull on my Indian top and shoes. “The trousers, Rebecca, the trousers!”, says Mary. “But I have them on, I put them on at home”, I whisper. “Oh, yes, yes, you’re right, silly me”, says Mary absently, “Apache tribe on”.

We go on. It’s really weird not being able to see the audience. I stand and look around nervously. Even though I’m meant to be the chief of the Apache tribe, I probably don’t look it. Lilly, who is the leader of the Comanche tribe, says loudly “Look men, it’s the Apache tribe, come to take our land, and on the eve of National Travelling Day, as well, how indecent!”.

Straight after that I say, “Look men, it’s the Comanche tribe. Let us take their land!”. I’m meant to sound loud like Lilly, but for some reason the microphone is broken. “Let us get them!”, yells Lilly. All the Comanche Indians run at us yelling “YAAAAAH”. Then we run at them, yelling back. Then everything is chaos. We’re all running around like headless chickens. Alex Clark grabs an old ladies umbrella and starts trying to hit people with it. I grab it off him and hiss in his ear “you’re not meant to take peoples’ things”. Then I rush back to the old lady and give her back her umbrella saying “sorry” over and over again like a stuck record. I climb back onto the stage. It’s still in chaos. We pretend fight for about two minutes, shouting angry made-up-as-we-go-along lines and running around. Then we all get tired and stand around quietly. “Oh god... I’ve forgotten

what we do next!” Emma whispers to me. “Me to” I start to say but then.... CREEEEEEAAAAAAK! It comes from the curtain. We all look up. BANG! The curtain falls! Somebody screams, “AAAAEEIIIII!” Chaos again. Me and Lilly grab each other and yell “The sky is falling we’re all going to die!” None of this is actually supposed to happen, but we all started improvising. Alex is sitting in the shadows by the fallen curtain, he looks like he’s crying. I go over and see that he is actually laughing! “Kevin!” He giggles, “we left him tied up!” I stare at him confused, then I catch on and run backstage laughing!

Alex is right, Kevin is still tied up! I run over and start untying Kevin. Mary O’Brian is behind me, she sounds like she is going to have a Nervous breakdown, a fit and then die she is talking so fast! “ No, no! Rebecca, Don’t let him out! What’s going on? Why did the curtain fall? Rebecca, is Lily alright? Did anyone get hit by the curtain? Rebecca answer me!” “Well you’re the adult” I say. I untie Kevin and go back onto the stage. Things seem to have settled down quite a bit, everyone is taking turns talking now. “What shall we do?” asks Lily. “I expect our chief will be back soon with a peace offering” says Alex. “Oh look here she is” and he points at me. I glance at Kevin’s wrist there is still a piece of rope attached. I catch hold of it and lead him towards the crowd of people on the stage. Alex takes the rope and says to Lily “This is our peace offering to you”. Lily takes the rope and says “I accept”. “Now you must give one to us” says Alex. Lily glances at the rope and then holds it out “This is ours”. “That is against our laws” Alex says. “It is not” Lily says indignantly. Alex seems to forget he is an Indian and says “Is too”. The fight breaks out again and so the play goes on

“That was a really well written play” says Mum. “Mrs O’Brian must be very good”. I don’t bother to tell that we wrote it. “That boy Alex, he was very good wasn’t he”. “Mmm hmm” I mumble. “So were you dear” she says. “Thanks Mum” “Though it didn’t look very well rehearsed” she says. “Huh?” “Well it some bits it looked like you were making it up as you went along” she says. “Really? I wonder why” I grin.

The Christmas tree by Denis Aslan

“No, I don’t want another stupid old Christmas tree again!” I shouted.
 “I want a massive green fresh Christmas tree from Carrauntuohil!”
 I knew my dad would like that sort of thing but we live far away in Dublin. My dad thought for a while and then decided it would be nice for us to go away together on an adventure, so he said, yes. We decided to go the next day and so I went to bed really excited but not as excited as I was going to bed on Christmas Eve! The next day I woke up at 6 am. I picked my bags and charged my DSi for the long journey. It was going to take 6 hours to get there! When we got in the car, it had barely any petrol, so we went straight to the petrol station and I got a pack of jellies while my dad filled the tank. When I got in the car, I played my DSi for about an hour, after that I listened to some music on my phone. When we arrived, I was asleep, my dad woke me up and we started climbing the mountain. About half way through the hike, I was a stag and I said “Hey, Look! A stag”. My dad turned quickly, but he just missed the stag. There is no stag, he said angrily. Then as he turned around, he whacked his head off a low branch and fell unconscious. I didn’t know what to do and then I was the massive stag staring at me from the distance. I turned and ran. After about 10 seconds, I tripped and fell into a river. The river was moving at high speed. Eventually, I managed to grab onto a branch at the side of the river. I started walking back up stream. About 10 minutes of walking up stream, I noticed a wolf about 30 metres away. It had blood on its paws, it was missing some hair on its head and spookiest of all, the stags head was in its mouth! I ran behind a bush but he spotted me. It started to run at me and just as it was about to attack me, my dad jumped out of behind a bush and hit it on the head with a thick stick. It lay there unconscious as I hugged my dad in relief. We totally forgot where the car was parked. We searched and searched for

three hours until we spotted some people, they showed us the way to the car park. We thanked them and got in the car. Just as we were about to go, my dad pressed the reverse gear my accident. We drove into a tree that landed exactly on top of the car. I was amazed because the tree was perfect and we could still drive. We tied this tree onto the car and we drove home. My mum was really happy when we arrived home. She was starting to worry because we were gone so long. We decided to decorate the tree straight away. My mum and dad went to have tea while I was playing around the tree. I notice two eyes staring at me through the thick branches. Suddenly a fierce gremlin jumped out of the tree ran past me and out into the garden. Since that day our cat has gone missing. Anyway, we had a great Christmas but I am still waiting to see those two glowing eyes.

The snow is falling way up high
 It is coming from the sky
 Little twinkles from the clouds
 Makes me happy and very proud

Make a snowman tall and high
 Knock it down to make it die
 Dress it up from head to toe
 Turn around and watch it go

Soon it will be dark again
 And I will say goodbye to all my snow friends

Devil goes to Kerry by Andrew Murphy

"Three days till Christmas! Three days to go! Three days till Santa gets his sleigh and sings HO! HO! HO!" sang my little sister Kelly. She sings that everyday, she started twenty-seven days ago, she'll probably go crazy on Xmas, but luckily I won't be here! I'll be in camp Xmas, I can't wait! Enjoying my Christmas with just friends and when I come home, I'll see all my presents!

'Bliss' I said to myself.

'Victoria!' My Mam called (Don't worry, I'm nothing like Posh Spice)

'Coming!' I shouted back.

I ran down the stairs into the kitchen.

My sister was there still singing and dancing

'Oh would you just...'

'Victoria!' Mam said curtly 'Manners!'

'Whatever' I said, my Mam ignored me

'Have you packed your rucksack?' My Mam asked me

'Yep all ready to go!' I said .

'Okay,' My Mam said 'Norma's Mam is coming to collect you soon'

'Mammy' said Kelly

'Yes Honey?'

'Why can't I go to camp?'

'Because your too young, You don't go to scouts and Mammy will get lonely putting up the decorations!'

'I'm not going then!' Kelly said quickly

My Mam giggled.

'Mam she's here!' I said, picking up my rucksack

'Okay!' My Mam shouted through to me.

I opened the door, in front of me was my best friend Norma, who I would be staying with for the next few days

'Merry Chrimbo!' she said in a sing-songy voice.

'I can't wait!' I said, we ran to the car, well we kind of tried to but our rucksacks slowed us down.

My Mam waved to Norma and Me and blew a kiss, I caught a last glimpse of her and my sister, I felt a slight pang of homesickness, but I looked forward to camp. I turned round in my seat to see Rhonda, a skinny girl with glasses, and Rhonda has never talked, never laughed, even when we're getting no homework, I think she secretly likes homework.

'Hi Rhonda!' I said nicely

Her eyes raised from her book, she didn't say anything, she glared like she was saying something like: 'You know I never speak'

'We're here!' Norma's Mam said.

We looked outside and saw all the scout troop, by the way, I go to 57th Beaumont. We hopped out of the car and the first thing we met was Enid Corr, The meanest and richest girl in our class.

'Well look who turned up' she said slyly 'Mt. Vesuvius and Big Nose Norma!' She called me Vesuvius because I had flaming red hair.

'Well we didn't think you would turn up, I thought camp was too dirty for you, Enid "Devil" Corr' I said back, she walked away with her eye on us.

Suddenly we heard a deep girls voice saying:

'Coming through, excuse me!' It was Belle Burton.

Rhonda was still standing beside us.

'Hi Girls, I can't wait' Belle snorted. She had a huge rucksack on her back. Her blonde pigtails hanging like Rapunzel's plaits.

'Hi Rhonda!' Belle tugged on Rhonda and went off with her, except Belle did all the talking.

'Well, now Rhonda's not with us, we can be partners'

We boarded the bus at 2 o'clock. I sat beside Norma, Belle sat beside Rhonda and never got bored of talking to someone who never talked back. Enid sat beside Wayne, her boyfriend, as me and Norma liked to call him. The bus took ages to get to Dingle, the bus was really slow, but when we got there it was really worth the wait. The first thing we saw was a sea full of tents. The campsite was lit up with lanterns and there were loads of Xmas signs and figures and all kinds of Xmas stuff. The tents were all different colours, from green to lavender, pointy to round.

'I never knew there would be so many tents, this Chrimbo' I exclaimed.

The whole troop got out of the bus and there was a trailer waiting. For us, we loaded our rucksacks, our leader told us that they would drop them off later. We went to any empty space in the campsite, our troop was quite large so we had six tents, three girls tents and three boys' tents.

It wasn't that bad putting up the tent, we were just hungry, tired and it was dark! When we were finished we were put into different groups for tents, out tent was: Me Norma, Enid, Rhonda, Belle and Deena, an older girl scout.

We had dinner, stew, and Enid kept complaining.

'I love stew' said Belle 'I could eat it everyday!'

'You like stew, where do you live Mt. Joy, all stew is, is sloppy meat and potatoes'

'Enid, leave her alone' Norma said.

"I can say what I want, thank you very much"

At that very moment, Enid made a swing at Norma's face.

"Stop!" I shouted but it didn't help, Norma didn't do a thing, then I saw Deena approaching.

"STOP NOW!" she boomed "DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP OUTSIDE TONIGHT?"

"She started it" Enid said pointing at Norma.

"I did no such thing you punched me!" said Norma.

"I DON'T CARE!" Deena boomed again "Have you ever heard of the story of the girl who told lies to her friends?"

Everyone was quiet now.

"She disappeared about 50 years ago" Deena stressed the fifty "She was on Xmas camp just like you"

Belle snorted.

"One day, she was buying sweets at the sweet shop, on campsite, she told her friend she had no money, just so she could have hers, her friend lent her five euro, she spent it all!"

All the troop were listening now.

"She bought gorgeous gobstoppers, strawberry suckers, sour stingers and all those kind of sweets, she had a feast in store at night"

All I could hear in the air was breathing.

"They walked back to their camp base" Deena continued "The girls' friend had to tie her lace, so she gave her sweets to the girl, looked down and tied her lace!" Deena made a tying lace motion with her hands "And when she got up" Deena hesitated "All she saw was a pile of sweets, sour stingers, strawberry suckers and gorgeous gobstoppers and also the money she DID have" Deena looked around at us, we were all jawdropped.

"Some people said she was abducted" Deena carried on "Some people said the friend killed her, and some people think it was satan!"

Enid snorted.

I looked at her curiously, but no, she couldn't have killed the girl, she may have been a devilish twit, but she was born in 1998

'Okay, everyone off to brush your teeth, and go to bed! We've got a busy day tomorrow lots of activities!' said our scout leader Shea.

'Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawwwwwww' everybody got up and headed for the toilets.

'I wonder who'll they'll have for the closing ceremony?' Belle asked.

'probably Westlife again' I said.

'Yeah,' said Norma as we walked into the bathroom 'They'll probably sing what about...'

she was cut off by the writing on the cubicle of the bathroom, me and her were jawdropped and so were all the other girls, it said:

EREH SAW LIVED EHT :P

'What does that mean' I thought.

"Vicky" Norma said.

"What?"

"Look in the mirror" she said. I looked in the mirror opposite the cubicles. I was shell shocked, in the reflection on the mirror, written in blood, it said: THE DEVIL WAS HERE :P

shivers went up my spine. Then I heard Enid.

'Speak of the Devil' she said 'Get it?'

'No' I said coldly 'You would have been scared if you hadn't done it'

'How do you know I did it?!' she said taken aback

'we're going to tell Shea, not on you, but keep your mouth shut!' Norma said, and with that we ran all the way back to base camp

When we got there, Me, Norma and Belle and a few other girls started screaming about the writing to Shea.

"Ok, Ok, one at a time, Victoria, tell me what happened" He said with his hands up.

"Well" I said "We were walking into the bathroom, and we saw writing that said that the devil was here"

"Stop joking" Shea said "Is this all because Deena told you that story?"

"No" we all said together "we'll even show you"

"Come on" Belle said.

So we went back to the girls' toilets and when we got there the writing had disappeared. So we didn't convince Shea, someone must have washed it off without realising what it had said. So we went to sleep angry and frustrated.

The next day, we listened to Chrimbo FM, the campsites' own radio station, songs past by Ke\$ha, La Roux and Little boots. But nothing

about the writing on the cubicle wall! So then we had to go to the activities, it was the worst time ever! Enid dropped a water bomb on my head and I had to get dried off. I was partnered up with Rhonda for a nature trail and Belle tried to sit on me. And all through that I kept thinking about the writing on the wall. But thankfully the concert was on tonight and Shea had told us that Ke\$ha, Westlife and Jedward would be performing. I love Jedward and Ke\$ha, maybe it wasn't the worst Christmas eve ever.

So we arrived at the stage, it was outside and it was dark, but I didn't mind because Ke\$ha and Jedward were there.

First up was Westlife, they sang What About Now. I don't particularly like Westlife, but up next was Ke\$ha! We all sang along.

"Don't stop! Make it pop, DJ turn the speakers up, tonight I'm gonna fight, till we see a certain light, Tik Tok on the clock, put the party on stop mode, oh, oh, oh, oh!"

It was great fun, next up was Jedward.

"I'm John" said John

"And, I'm Edward" said Edward.

"And together we're," they pointed at the audience.

"JOHN AND EDWARD!" shouted the crowd, then they started singing Ghostbusters and we all sang along.

After that the announcer came on and said "The nativity play, 5 year olds and downwards!"

"Come on let's go" Norma whispered to me.

"But were supposed to stay with the group" I said.

"Do you want to watch the nativity?" she asked.

'No,' I said with my head down "

So I followed her wherever we went.

'Let's go on an adventure!' She said to me.

'Oh Norma, I don't want to get lost,' I said catching up with her

'We won't' she ran into the forest, I ran behind her, and then we came to a dead end

'Well now we're lost,' I stood beside her.

'No we're not, we can get back'

'take your hand off my shoulder, I'm going back' I said

'Vicky'

'What?' I said coldly

'I didn't have my hand on your shoulder'

'You did! And you still do!' I was getting angry now.

'Vicky'

'WHAT?' I screamed

'turn around'

I slowly turned around, there I saw Rhonda, Scarlet faced like the Devil.

'look who's laughing now...' she said.

The Perfect Present by Sorcha Coffey

One Christmas eve morning James opened his parents bedroom door and ran in shouting " its Christmas eve its Christmas eve " Yes said Joe his dad. James go down stairs and leave your mom Lucy to rest. Because James mom Lucy was pregnant.

" James what would you like for breakfast ?" Said Joe.

" Can I please have coco pops".

" Ok " James said Joe.

James was really excited because he was going to his nanas house today.

James sat at the table eating his coco pops. Then his dad said lets watch TV.

"Ok" said James.

By the way James is five. James loved to watch Bob the builder. After breakfast Joe and James got dressed. And went out to James nanas house. James loved his nanas house because every time he visited she would give him sweets. And because James loved his nana very much. They pulled over and James jumped out of the car. James also loved to ring the door bell. Nana answered the door.

" Hello my dear " said nana.

" Hello" said James as he gave nana a big huge hug.

" hello dear " said nana to Joe.

"Would you like tea or coffee?". Asked nana.

" Coffee please" said Joe. " James the TV is on if you want to watch it " said nana.

" Do you want some chocolate" asked nana.

" Yes please " said James.

" Joe your coffee is ready" said nana.

James asked nana for some water nana said yes. Joe and nana sat down and had a long chat. It was two o clock by the time they left nanas house. Nana gave Joe two huge boxes. When they got home. James mom was up making lunch. Joe put the boxes under the Christmas tree. James asked his mom what he was having for his lunch?

Lucy his mom said fish fingers and chips.

" YES " said James.

James loved fish fingers and chips. In the middle of lunch Lucy started to scream. Because the baby was coming. Joe ran up the stairs and grabbed some clothes, a pillow, nappies and ran back down the stairs. They all got into the car. Joe dropped James to his nanas house and went to the hospital. James and his nana went to the park. In two hours nana received a phone call. Nana was delighted that it was a baby boy. James asked nana if it was a boy or a girl? Nana didn't tell him because it is a surprise for James. Joe came and collected James from the park. They went home. James asked where his mother was? Joe said " your mother is in the hospital".

" Can we go and see her please" asked James.

" Tomorrow " said Joe. When they got home James went to the bathroom and then went into the living room to watch Bob the Builder. It was seven o clock. And James went to bed. But first Joe had to read him a bed time story. James got up first the next day. And ran into his parents bedroom shouting " its Christmas today its Christmas today ". Joe got up then and they both went down stairs into the living room.

" Santa Claus was here " said Joe. James ran to his presents and opened them. Off his nana he got a Bob the Builder bike and a Bob the Builder watch. And from Santa he got a DVD Player and a big surprise.

" What did you get me for Christmas " said James. Dad said it's a surprise. They got dressed . And got into the car and drove into in the hospital. When they got there James said " where's my mom " .

Joe said " she's in that room " .

James ran in . James saw that his mom was holding something so he asked her what it was. Mom said its your new baby brother. " happy Christmas happy Christmas " said Joe. What is my baby brothers name r new baby brother ". "Happy Christmas " said Joe.

" what is my baby brothers name " asked James. " Daire " said James

" That's a grate name " said Lucy

They got ready to go home. Joe packed up moms bits and bobs. And helped her to get to the car. And Joe drove home. When they got home mom had a lie down with the baby. Joe and James watch some Bob the Builder. It was time for James to go to bed. He was almost asleep when baby Daire started to cry. James got really angry because it went on for two hours before Daire stopped crying. The next day James went to bed the crying went on and on and on and it didn't stop. The next day we went to the movies and baby Daire started to cry again it was really annoying. After that mom tuck us out to Dinner we went to pizza hut. We had Dinner and then went back home. It was tome for me to go to bed. And once more he started to cry and cry and cry and this time I didn't like my Christmas anymore. The next day I sat in my bed hoping that Daire didn't start to cry tonight. It was a miracle because Daire didn't start to cry. That night mom read me a story. The story was the return of Bob the Builder. After the story James said "after all I love my Christmas present " .

She kissed me on the far head and said " me too " .

P.S. James and baby Daire got on really well.

And now they share a room together. I hope Daire doesn't start to cry