

Christmas Treasures

How Santa Spends His Christmas



Hello, I'm Mrs. Claus. I live in the North Pole. My husband is Santa Claus. He delivers toys around the world every Christmas Eve. He's a jolly old man. Kind of chubby, if I may say. His nose is as red as a cherry, same with his cheeks.

You already know that he delivers toys to every child on Christmas Eve. Well, here is what he does on Christmas Day. You might think that Santa sleeps all day or might think that he makes toys with the elves all day.

This is what he really does — He gets up really early to go to the football game. It's the Alaskan Polar Bears versus the Northern Seals. He rides his sleigh there. There are usually only a few other people there before him. Most of the time he gets 2nd, 3rd, or 4th row seats.

"The game starts and it's a fabulous game, people!" says the reporter. The game goes on and on for about 2½ hours. Finally somebody wins, and it's usually the Northern Seals.

Finally, Santa comes back, and we will have a conversation. Then he goes in the living room and plays his Gameboy. After that, he takes a nice warm bath and dries up. Then he gets ready for lunch. He has a double cheeseburger with onion rings and a huge salad. He has a cherry coke for a drink. Then he takes an hour nap. When he wakes up, he watches a little bit of t.v. Then he washes up for dinner. (By the way, he did have breakfast.)

For dinner, he has a nice hot bowl of soup with biscuits and a cold glass of milk. Then he goes to sleep peacefully with his teddy bear. That is how Santa spends his Christmas.

— Samantha Wolfe,
Grade 4, St. Boniface School, Rochester

The Christmas I Wasn't Alone

The warm water flowed out of the kettle into the mug, blending into the powder mix. Christmas had truly arrived. Annabelle stirred the gleaming silver spoon, circulating amongst the outside of the mug. She gazed out of the frosted window into the evening moonlight. Sighing, she stood up and walked over to the tree. Sitting in front of it, she sipped her cocoa, and observed the shimmering ornaments. She could feel her loneliness creeping up her spine like a thousand spiders. She trembled her hand as the cocoa flipped into small waves.

Annabelle regained full attention when the doorbell rang into her ears. She put down her steaming cup and leapt to the door. Swinging the door open, she found eight pink, cheery faces staring at her. Immediately, after they had exchanged greetings, the children energetically started to sing carols. Annabelle stood in front of them in amazement, realizing that she was probably the only one who was going to be spending Christmas alone. The kids finished their brief concert, bowed, and left Annabelle's yard. The door shut, and all was silent. Annabelle shut off all the lights, except for the ones on the Christmas tree that glowed peacefully into the night. She trudged up the stairs and sprung into her warm bed. "Not a creature stirred not even a mouse..." Annabelle tried to recite her beloved story, but she was so tired, she just dozed off.

Within the next few hours, the house stood solid and silent like a toy soldier. Before she knew it, the alarm went off, and it



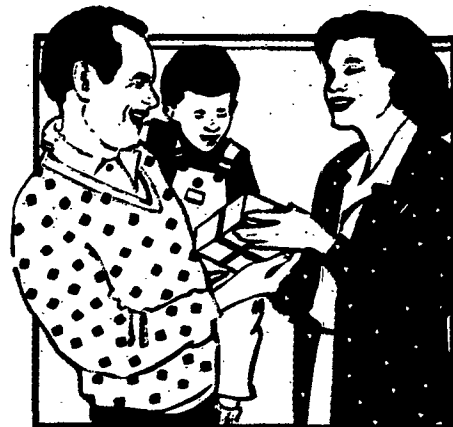
was nine o'clock in the morning. Annabelle stretched and stood up. She walked over to her closet and pulled out her nice sweater, the one with the candy canes on it. She pulled on her jeans and heavy socks, and walked downstairs. To her amazement she found her cup of cocoa sitting next to the tree. She laughed a little as she dumped it down the drain. She made herself some oatmeal and coffee, and put on her boots. Her coat hung over her shoulders as she opened the door and left. She started her car and drove down the desolate street, with not a soul to be seen in site.

In fifteen minutes time she pulled up to the children's hospital. She parked her small red vehicle and paced through the snow up to the door. She signed in at the desk and headed down the hall. In the first room she found a multiple number of happy children opening presents. Annabelle smiled to herself and strolled over to the gossiping group and sat down. "Hi Annabelle!" said a small girl. She rushed over and gave Annabelle a hug. "Hello Polly! What did you get from Santa Claus?" The petite girl's face began to glow in the hospital's room, as she fully defined each of her special gifts. At that moment Annabelle realized that she was not alone at the children's hospital, and that every day she went there, the children looked up to her, and cherished her presence. Annabelle's gift for Christmas was the look in every child's eye on Christmas morning.

— Betsy van den Blink,
Holy Family Junior High, Elmira

The Perfect Christmas

Once upon a time, there was a boy who didn't know what to get his mother for Christmas. He had never seen his dad so he didn't get a present for him. He only had three dollars and forty-eight cents to spend. A lot of things were in his price range, but nothing he saw would please his mom. A portable microwave was there, but he knew it would break. A pair of earrings were one dollar, but he didn't want to be cheap because he wanted to spend all of his money. Then, he saw a photographer. He asked the man how much pictures were. The man said three dollars and



forty-eight cents. This pleased the boy. So he got his picture taken and had it framed for free. He was going to give it to his mom on Christmas. It then came time for Christmas Eve. That night, the boy gave his present to his mom. She said it was the best present she ever received. Then, she told the boy to close his eyes. When he opened them up, there was a person standing next to his mom. It was his dad. The boy ran and hugged his dad. Then, the boy said it was the perfect Christmas.

— Ian Urquhart, Grade 6,
Holy Rosary School, Rochester

Happy Holidays!

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