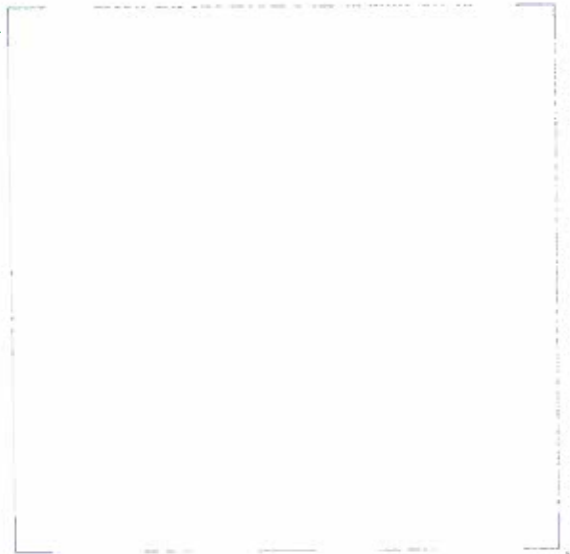


What is the true meaning of Christmas?

By: Abbey



It was Christmas Eve, and Santa was in his workshop. He walked to his desk and pulled out his 1,897 feet long drawer, filled with supplies. The supplies were to make toys.

"Oh, Christmas cookies!" Santa said, snapping his fingers. He had no supplies left. Santa decided to call the elves to a meeting. "I have no materials to make the toys," Santa confessed sadly. The elves gasped.

"Then what are all of the little children going to find under their Christmas trees tomorrow morning?" Lucy cried.

"Yeah. This is going to ruin Christmas!" Tommy the elf shouted from the corner.

"I know, I know. This gives me no choice but to cancel Christmas!" Santa slumped over, staring at his feet. The sad elves gasped again.

"No," a small voice whispered. I, I won't let that happen! Christmas can't be canceled! By the way, you don't need to!" Sally said quietly. By the look on Santa's rosy-cheeked face, Sally could tell that he wasn't following her. "Town isn't that far away. I'll go get the gifts for you! I can take the Nice List so that I know what everyone wants," Santa thought it was a great idea.

"Me too!" said Lucy.

"Yeah, I'll come too!" Tommy agreed. The back two rows started following along. Then the front row, then the middle edges. Soon, all of the elves were shouting: "I'll help!" or "count me in!" and "I'm coming too!" Santa's face curled into a smile.

"Good luck in town!" Santa chuckled.

Before they left, Sally snatched the list from Santa's desk, and tucked it into her pocket. The elves slipped on their green hats, white boots, and red mittens. They looked like Christmas trees.

At the town, everything was lit up and bright. The kids were drinking hot cocoa and decorating gingerbread men. Sally reached into her pocket, to find nothing but a candy cane wrapper.

"G-Guys? I have s-some bad news," Sally muttered. "I, um, kinda didn't grab the list. I was in such a rush, I guess I was going to quickly to notice. I'm sorry guys," Sally felt a teardrop roll down her cheek. Tommy put his cold hand on Sally's skinny shoulder.

"It's okay Sal. We know you didn't mean it,"

"B-but Santa was counting on me. I let him down. I ruined Christmas," Sally suddenly burst into tears.

"We can just go back and get the-" Tommy spun around to see a huge pile of icy cold snow standing in front of him.

"We can't get back before nightfall. Our only hope, is to wait for tomorrow and hope for the best," Lucy said reassuringly. They slept in one of the shops, blending in with the plastic Christmas trees that were there for decoration. Sally was the only one that stayed up all night. She was too worried to sleep.

Next morning, the elves woke up very early and rushed back to the workshop.

"We left the list here by accident. We tried to come back to get it, but there was a big pile of snow in our way. Do you forgive us, Santa?" Sally asked quietly.

"Of course I do, little one. It was only a mistake," Santa said, patting Sally's blonde-haired head. "So, you aren't mad?" Sally asked hopefully. "Why don't you take a look outside?" Santa pointed out the window. The elves were amazed. The moms were sitting with their children, reading stories while the dads burned fires. Some families were Christmas caroling around the town. There was also a group of children having snowball fights, and some people were sledding. Everyone was smiling.

"I, I don't get it, Santa? No one got gifts! How are they all so happy?" Santa stared into the crowd of small faces looking up at him.

"Christmas is not all about getting presents, you know?" The elves looked even more confused. Santa sighed.

"The true meaning of Christmas is spending time with friends, family, and loved ones. Also, Christmas is also about being kind to others, such as the homeless or the poor, who don't get gifts on Christmas," Santa smiled.

The elves exchanged glances and charged up toward Santa. They threw themselves on him, hugging him tightly.

"Merry Christmas, Santa!" They all shouted.

"Haha, Merry Christmas to you too!"