

Christmas Eve by **Aine Mullan**

Young Creative Awards 2021 Winner (Creative Writing, 11-15)

From the point of view of Santa

It was the night before Christmas. Christmas eve. My least favourite night of the year and here's why. I decided to become someone who would, every year, do something nice for every single person in the world- in the same night. I dreamed of this ever since I was a kid, but as I grew older, I knew I couldn't do it on my own. So, of course I got help. It took 10 years, to find a group of people who would be my friends for life. I stumbled across a group of 'elves' they called themselves, while exploring. These were the people that would help bring my dreams to reality. So, the day came. 24th of December, the first night on the job. Of course, people all over the world had no idea what was coming. It was like a big bubble of happiness inside me, to think about all the people I would make smile tonight. So, it happened. My first try. Of course, I didn't do it all myself. If I'm being honest, the elves did more than me, but there is only one of me after all. But after Christmas, the stereotypes started. Before I get into this part of the story, I better tell you what I look like. I am a black woman, with fantastic curly afro hair. Deep chocolate eyes and a tall figure. I would have liked to be a model actually, but I much prefer my current job. So, now that you know a bit about me, I can tell you about the rumours. Obviously, people began to wonder who was this mysterious person gifting nice things to everyone around the world, so they made rumours. People thought I was a *man*, a *man!!* And apparently, I was supposed to have a big white beard and wear this ugly red suit. Ugh. And besides why did people assume I was a man anyway? Like 'only a man would be nice enough to do such a thing.' This is all why I'm considering quitting. It's sometimes

too much. Yes, I love doing it, to make people happy but some aren't grateful, some don't get what they want and I don't know, it's a little overwhelming.

From the point of view of a little girl

I'm going to catch Santa tonight. I have planned to catch him since his first night giving out gifts to everyone. I am naturally a curious person and I want to see Santa in real life, behind the mysterious identity. It was my dream to meet him! Mum says I already have met Santa, at his grotto at her favourite shop, but I know that was actually one of his elves in disguise. I had it all planned. I would stay awake all night and then when I heard noises from downstairs, I would run down and see who Santa really was. Genius, right? I obviously hadn't told anyone; I'm not going to expose Santa!

Christmas eve came. I had looked up on my mum's phone how to stay awake, and google said to drink coffee and coke but my mum said I'm not allowed to drink those so I'm going to use my willpower.

Christmas Eve came. I was so nervous; I didn't want to let myself down. I got into bed but I was careful not to lie down in case I got too tired. But I think I must have fallen asleep at some point, because I remember being woken up by noises downstairs. *It was Santa!* I sprinted downstairs (quietly) and peeked around the corner. I saw a dark silhouette turned round facing the tree. It wasn't Santa.

SOMEONE WAS IN MY HOUSE

I was shaking, but I leapt out into the sitting room and declared "Get out my house or I'll call the police."

The figure turned around and I gasped. I was expecting to see a robber or a mugger of some sort, but I saw quite the opposite. Standing before me was a tall slim lady

with beautiful curled locks and deep eyes, and a quite bewildered expression on her face. But that wasn't all. Standing behind her was a small abnormal looking elf with large pointed ears. An *elf*. It was Santa. "But- you're a- a- "I stuttered.

The lady seemed to know what I was talking about.

"A lady, yes." She replied, but she still looked confused. "You're supposed to be in bed" she remarked, eyeing me up and down.

"Well, yes." I mumbled. "But I really wanted to meet you." I said hopefully.

"Me?"

"Yes you! You're, well, Santa!"

"I suppose." she said. "Well, hello then! What's your name?"

"my name is Grace." I grinned. "What's yours? Besides Santa, I mean."

She replied, "Eve."