

When Santa Got Stuck Up the Chimney

By Bella I

“Arriving at house 1,200,811. Two children. Children’s names: Abigail and William Stockton,” Santa recorded into the microphone. As he climbed out of his sleigh, the Chief Elf, Twinkle-Toes, sprang into action and dived head-first into the sack of presents. After eleven seconds he sprang back out of the sack with Abigail’s and William’s presents in hand.

“Here you go, sir, Abigail Stockton and William Stockton’s presents. Child 2,100,028 and child 2, 100, 029,” Twinkle-Toes stated as he handed the presents to Santa.

“Thank you,” Santa replied.

Santa walked to the chimney and started to climb in. “Sir, we go through the door now!” Twinkle-Toes said, remembering the new protocol. Unfortunately, it was too late. Santa was already jammed in the chimney. Twinkle-Toes slapped his forehead in exasperation because Santa had already done this 1,200,810 times tonight. “Not again,” Twinkle-Toes muttered.

“Did you hear that?” Abigail whispered to William with excitement in her voice.

“What?” William muttered, half asleep. Abigail had her ginger hair tied up in a bun and, on the middle of her pyjamas, there was a massive Rudolph. Everyone at her school just called her Abi. Abi was seven years old and she loved Christmas more than anybody in her family. William had the curliest black hair in the universe and he had on some Star Wars Christmas pyjamas. He had been obsessed with Star Wars ever since he was four years old and since then it had been Star Wars this and Star Wars that. Ten years on, he was still obsessed with it.

“Do you think it’s Santa?” Abi said, trying to keep her voice down.
“It’s probably just a few birds marching around. Just go back to bed,” William groaned.
“Fine then, I’ll go and see for myself,” she said.

Abi tip-toed down the stairs and crept into the living room, being careful not to wake her parents, Sam and Jane, up. She heard a rustling in the chimney, looked up and saw Santa’s red trousers. Abigail gasped in excitement. “Oh no!” Santa shrieked.

“Almost got it,” Twinkle-Toes said. Then, all of a sudden, BANG! Santa fell through the chimney and into the fire place (which, thankfully, was not lit).

“You’re Santa!” Abi shrieked, almost waking up her parents.

“You should not be awake,” Santa whispered. “Let’s get you to bed.”

“OK, Santa,” Abi giggled. Santa took her upstairs and back into her bedroom.

“Now go to bed, Abi,” Santa whispered, tucking her in with his big, cuddly arms.

“Night night, Santa,” Abi mumbled. And with that she fell asleep, excited for Christmas morning.

