SAVING CHRISTMAS

Everybody loves Christmas, especially me and my brothers. We love Christmas because we get good presents from Santa. I love him because he gives me presents.

One Christmas eve I was feeling very sick. My mother told me that I cannot go outside. That was not very fair because my brothers and my cousins played outside in the snow. I did not like that, and I wanted to play outside, but I watched Home Alone and ate cookies. When I went to get more cookies, I saw something in the sky looking like Santa crashing a kilometer away from my house. I told it to my mother, but she told me that I have a bad headache and that it was just my imagination. I told my cousins that I needed them right now, they came, and they did not believe me either. I told them it was real and that we will not get presents.

They said that they would help me to save Santa, inside I was so happy but on the outside, I was so serious. We went to save Santa. They were not optimistic they were saying that we would never find Santa, but I was optimistic. After two hours of looking for Santa, my cousins wanted to go back I said that I would not give up. When my cousins were going back then I heard someone eating cookies and eating milk. I assumed that it was Santa. I was going slow to him because I was scared, I came to him and asked him what happened. He told me that his reindeer felt sick.

I asked him how that happened, and he explained that it was colder than usual on the North Pole. I asked him if he can distribute presents without reindeer and he told me that was not impossible. I offered him our helicopter. He said that he could only do it if he pours a magic potion on it so it could go fast. I agreed with that. We were so happy. I asked my dad if he can drive us to our garage and he did it because he knew it would make the whole world happy. We picked up our helicopter and we started flying without anyone knowing that, except my dad. Santa told me that he was so grateful that he crashed near my house not someone else`s. While we were flying he asked me some questions like what my name was, how I spotted him, why I decided to help him and what I was doing when I saw him.

I answered every single question he asked. Then I asked him questions that I have always wanted to ask Santa, like what his favorite color was, if he ate cookies and drank milk

at every single house he gets them. He told me that his favorite color was red, that he ate cookies in almost every single house and that he drinks milk in almost every single house that he got in. I was happy because I believed that he was a closed and quiet guy. Then we came to the first house he entered through the chimney, and I waited on the roof, he entered exactly like in the movies. It was so strange to see him. On the second house it was the same as in the first house, but in the third house mom and dad were still awake so Santa told me to act like a scout selling cookies, I accepted that offer. Then I rang the doorbell and mom, and dad came to open them. I acted so well because they bought twenty boxes of cookies. Santa did what he needed to do, and I was proud to say that I was the best scout ever. Everything was normal in the rest of the city.

Then we came to Zagreb, a Croatian capital city, it was our first big city, and we knew that it will be hard. In our first 10 houses mothers and fathers ware awake. I pretended to be a delivery boy, selling milk door to door. It was working pretty good, but in our last house people did not want to buy any milk. They had a baby so I said to Santa that I would wake up their baby. They would run to its room and then Santa would leave presents. My plan worked out and Santa told me that I was a smart kid. I was so happy because a very important person told that to me, a little kid.

In the rest of city, everyone fell asleep so we could do our job. It went great, and it was very fast and easy. We did the rest of the east Europe. Because everyone fell asleep. Then we did the rest of the Europe, I was coughing, and my throat was hurting, then I realized why my mother told me not to go outside. I told Santa that my throat was hurting because I was sick. He told me that I was a hero because I saved Christmas. My throat stopped hurting because Santa said that. In my mind I was thinking what would my family say when I come back. I was wondering would they be happy or would my mother be mad on me because I did go out when she said me not to. We did rest of the world easy because everyone was asleep.

I cannot believe this adventure is over I had so much fun but I can now proudly say that I saved Christmas.

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