

The true meaning of Christmas

The magic season of the year casted its spell on the citizens. Gazing at the white shroud on the streets, families started baking cookies. Like fireflies, the coloured lights illuminated the landscape and the echoes of the carols reached every corner. However, one house remained in the dark. Jamie played with a wooden horse under the only Christmas tree which her parents could find. Her blue dress was covered with dirt and the ragged ribbons could barely hold her fair hair. She kept turning her head towards the empty fireplace. Jamie's innocent eyes were still in search of a known-by-all character.

A sudden noise got her out of the trance, a gentle voice was calling her from the door. When she opened it, she got to see uncountable silhouettes with full hands. Despite the freezing breeze, their smiles were still heartwarming. It only took them a few minutes to join around the dining table and to cover it with packages and food. While some faces were familiar, others were completely strangers but that did not matter at all. All together, they celebrated that special date. Between laughter and joy, they realised what was truly important.

Meanwhile, a shadow hid the full moon out of the blue and although the sound of the sleigh and the bells was completely disregarded, a loud and clear "Ho,ho,ho!" spread through the starry night.