

Mr Johnson dreamed of a White Christmas since his beloved passed away,
“Now it’s just work and feeling alone” he used to say,
but he pretend for his children time and again.

When he arrived home on the holy night
everything was chaos, not calm or bright

“What are you doing?” Mr. Johnson asked.

“Santa Claus is coming to town, dad,
we’re cooking cookies to make him glad!”

“And what about the elves?”

They didn’t know who they were!

“Those who get everything prepare,
always ready to help.

They make all begin to look a lot like Christmas”, he said

And with the given explanation,
the twins got their inspiration

They rocked the night away,
working insane,
while they repeated “we must do it for our elf!”

And with the break of the day
Mr Johnson felt amaze:

On the table, his favorite breakfast and tea.
Along the living room, photographs of him with the twins.
Underneath the tree, presents hand-made in a blink.

“You always prepare Christmas for us,
you are the best elf we could ever have.
So Santa will concur
with giving this year joy to your world”

So he cried, smiled and hug them both
finally having the White Christmas he was dreaming of,
just like the ones he used to know.