

***Secret Santa***  
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Gillian and Toby sat in front of the log fire. Gillian was on the left and Toby was on the right. Mum and dad Elliot sat behind them listening to them.

“I’m going to ask Santa for a model aircraft for Christmas,” said five year old Toby.

Gillian looked up from her iPad, a smirky smile spreading across her face. “You still believe that drivel,” she said. “There isn’t a Santa or a father Christmas.” In the low light of the log wood flames Mr. and Mrs. Elliot smiled at each other.

“There is,” Toby said belief shining through his eyes. “Anyway what do you want him to bring you?”

“A Barbie doll,” she said, taking a quick glance at her mum.

“It’s no use looking me,” said Mrs Elliot. “You’ll have to write to Father Christmas, won’t she dad?”

“Of course you will Gillian, otherwise how will he know?”

Gillian rolled her eyes and pulled out her tongue. Toby looked at his Mum. “Baby baby Barbie doll. Baby baby Barbie doll,” he jibed.

“You won’t get your aeroplane clever clogs.”

“I will,” he stopped and looked at his sister. “Why not?”

“Because Santa’s secret and you don’t know where he is; you won’t be able to write to him.”

“Mum will tell me.”

“No she won’t; she forgot when she grew up.”

“Muuum,” tears began to fill Toby’s eyes. Mrs Elliot stood up and turned on the light.

“Come on you two. Christmas Day will come. What would you like to drink?” Coke, they yelled in unison. Mrs Elliot went into the kitchen and they heard the fridge door open and heard the Coke pouring into glasses and scrunched their faces up.

“Now,” she said, “At home you drink out of glasses, and Toby, here’s a piece of paper and you can write a Santa asking him for an aeroplane, and you Gillian, being a big girl, can write a long letter telling Santa exactly what you want.”

“I’m going to use my crayons,” Toby shouted. Gillian pressed her lips together and ground her teeth. Her mum said nothing.

“What shall we do with them then?” she asked

“You stick them on the wall at each side of the fireplace,” her mum replied, “where Santa will find them.”

Gillian picked up her pen and wrote Santa. “Please keep this a secret but I want a Barbie doll for Christmas.” She held it out to her mother.

“That won’t do,” she said, “There are dozens of different Barbie dolls.”

Christmas day was dazzling with sunshine. Toby and Gillian jumped out of bed; no sacks of presents. They rushed down the stairs; Mum and dad were sitting at the table; two sacks of presents stood at each side of the fireplace. Sticking out of one was a jet fighter bomber.

Gillian pulled the other sack open scattering her parcels about, no Barbie doll.

“Mummy,” she screamed, “I haven’t got a Barbie doll!” Suddenly there was loud banging on the door.

“Go and see who that is Gillian.” Gillian trudged to the door and there was Santa holding a huge parcel. He bent down to her and whispered, “Don’t tell anyone it was me; remember Santa is secret.”

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