

MY
STORY
TIME.



A CHRISTMAS EVE

TELMA GUIMARÃES

Illustrated by Alejandro Rosas

December 24th 4:06 p.m.

It was snowing. People were in a hurry. They were dressed in heavy clothes, carrying packages, and trying to get home earlier.

Many Santa Clauses were ringing their bells in front of the stores still full of people. Some kids asked their mothers to stop. They wanted to ask about their last gifts.



“Come in and talk to Santa”, a very smiling man invited the little ones.
“Santa will bring you the most beautiful gift”, he promised.

“Dad, can we please go into the store? The man is saying that...”, a small boy asked his father.

“Son, I have no job, remember? Santa Claus doesn’t bring anything to unemployed people!”, he answered his child.

“Please Dad! Santa wouldn’t be so mean! The man is saying that we can come inside the store and talk to him. He will bring me the most beautiful gift.”

“I can’t go inside this store, Charlie. The owner fired me. Please, let’s go home. I have a lot of work to do!”

“Sir...”, the boy pulled on the arm of the man who had invited them to come into the store.

“Would Santa bring me something if he knew my dad lost his job?”, he asked the well-dressed man.

“Oh, what a question! He surely would! Come on, let’s talk to Santa! He will bring you a nice gift”, the man pushed the kid inside the store.

The boy’s father was very angry at that man. He knew Santa wouldn’t bring Charlie anything.

