

December 8th, 2020 - Samuel's story

What a Snowstorm

Me and my brother had our nose pressed against the window, hoping that the sun would come out.

We were hoping to go skiing but our hopes were not high. A few hours later the sun had come out, so me and my brother seized this opportunity and grabbed our skies. After hours of skiing dark clouds were pulling over from the sea. Not noticing that the storm was heading straight for us, we continued skiing. The wind howled, blowing in our faces, blowing our hair back as we tried to make our way through the snow. Tired, we gave up, slumping down into the snow. We lay there shivering for about twenty minutes when in the far distance I could hear a bell. "Wait a bell?", and squinting through the darkness I could make out a sleigh in the sky.

"Father Christmas!", I screamed: "HELP!!". The screams woke up my brother and he too started to scream for help, too. As the sleigh came down to earth we climbed inside and Father Christmas flew us home.

HOHOHO have a wonderful Christmas.

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