



# WINTER WONDERLAND

ediția a X-a

*Secondary School*

BIBLIOTECA JUDEȚEANĂ  
*Gh. Asachi* IAȘI  
2020

# *Winter Wonderland*

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*Because I love you*

**Diac Roxana**

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială Comandor  
Alexandru Cătuneanu, Lunca Cetățuii



In war you aren't supposed to fall in love, you're supposed to  
fight 'till it's over no distractions

whatsoever, especially when you are their only hope for sur-  
vival, their only hope that it'll be

over, their only hope for a new life. And yet there she was, lost  
in her beauty, wishing that she

could tell her what was locked deep inside her heart without  
her shrugging it off as a joke,





wanting her hands tangled in her messy hair, needing to hold her in her arms, but she couldn't

and she was well aware why. She was chosen by the Gods to end this war, she was given the

destiny to save the world and the young lady can't do anything about it. She had to do as she was

told, even if it meant to let go of everything and everyone she loved and cared for. And she tried

to, she really did but it's so hard to do so.

The almighty Gods reasoned that letting go of everything will make it easier for her, which led

them to the decision of killing her parents at the fragile age of 6. They taught her that no one can

be trusted, anyone could hurt her, she is all alone in this cruel world, no one is going to save her

except herself. But they knew what loneliness could do to a person and they did not want that

happening. Plus they need as much information as possible about those low life scums that

brought terror to this world ,therefore they allowed her to make 3 friends, no more, no less. And

that is how she met them, Aviv, an 18 year old soldier from the Spring Army, Adena, a warrior





of the age 16 from Summer Acolytes, and finally Ember, a fine lady of 17 years from the Winter

Wonderland.

She was staring at her again, she could feel it, and she didn't mind, in fact she wishes she could

show her affection towards her as easily as she is. It was so very stupid of her to think like that,

to feel what she's feeling for her, however she couldn't stop, she tried so hard, but her efforts

were all in vain. She was being pathetic, if her mother found out that she's head over heels for a

girl, and not just any girl but her, the woman chosen to defeat their 'glorious' empire, her ma

would be enraged, and she would order her servants to beat Ember until she was on the floor

begging for her life. After all she wasn't sent here to find love, she was here to gain the trust of

the chosen one, Hazel.

Ember was the daughter of the two most powerful people on the plane at the moment, Emperor

Aubin and his lady, Empress Elenora. Ever since she was a kid, Ember was always a step behind

her younger brother, Bodhi, he was a fighting prodigy and an amazingly fast learner. He was the





nation's pride and joy, the perfect boy, the ideal son, and she was nothing. Her parents took no

pride in her, they gave her no sympathy, no love. They said that they had high hopes for her

when she was born, she was going to be an amazing heir, but she failed. At everything. She

couldn't do one single thing correctly. She was nothing to them. The empire didn't even know

she existed, they were that embarrassed of her. Which is why she was sent to trick the chosen

one into trusting her and then stab it in the back by bringing it here at the castle, in the Winter

Wonderland; only then will she be able to receive parental love and acceptance.

"I can feel you staring" said Ember in a singsong voice, and she was about to add something else

when Hael cut her off using the exact same tone as her "It's kinda hard not to when a winter

Goddess is standing right in front of me." the undercover dutchess blushed a deep crimson before

replying "oh hush" while waving her hand in dismissal. "But it's true, have you seen yourself,

your eyes are the most beautiful thing I've seen, it's so easy to get lost in them, it's like you have





galaxies in there. And don't get me started on your hair, it's so gorgeous and soft and amazing

and the most beautiful white i've ever seen.....” And they went like this throwing

compliments at each other while Aviv and Adena were laughing their heads off at how oblivious

they are about each other and making bets on how long until they finally get together when all of

sudden Ember burst in tears, cheeks flushed. “I love you, Hazel, so much it hurts and I know you

feel the same, but we can't” she was staring at the ground not being able to meet the older girl's

pearly eyes. But Hazel wasn't doing the same, she was searching her, wanting to know what's

wrong and why, well she knew why but she wanted to know why she wouldn't break the rules

like she usually does, she wanted to know why she was breaking her heart like this and so she

voiced this she asked everything she could, she needed answers. “I can't because I love you. You

don't know who I am, who I really am” and with that she ran like her life depends on it leaving a

broken Hazel behind her. The person that's supposed to save all in sobs. Her heart was aching,





begging her to go after the person who kept her sane, but it was too late. She was frozen. And by

now Ember would be too far. She was a mess and her friends tried to comfort her but it was no

use. Hael was broken, and so was Ember, but they didn't know that.

## *Winter Wonderland*

**Ibănescu Ecaterina**

cls. a V-a, Liceul Teoretic  
Varlaam Mitropolitul



This is my first “Christmas” (this is how my owner says). My mom said that I could go outside but only in the garden and if our owner lets me. Of course my siblings are excited to see how it's outside as well! Just so you know . . . I'm a tomcat, but I have only one brother and the rest of four are she-cats. We are six together. (and, my mom, of course.)

Usually, the owners don't want more than two cats in their houses so when a cat is giving birth, after at least three months, the kittens are getting to new houses, but our owner is different. We are all the same age and we are already six months old. P.S. (Our mom is older of course).

The owner said something weird in his language and then opened the door. We all started to run outside. I was speech-





less- everything was white. Six months I walked and played outside a lot, but I've never seen so much white. I took a step on that white thing and I felt my paw drowning in that thing. It was so cold. Actually all my paws were drowning in that thing. It was just so weird- This is the first time when I wish to be bigger. My owner is lucky this time. . .

I ran back and I jumped on something that my owner's names "carpet". My owner came close to me and said "Don't be scared." When the owner says that I know he can feel my fear. I looked again back and saw my siblings having fun and jumping. "Maybe it's not that bad. . ." I thought.

I jumped back and went again to meet that weird white thing. Accidentally, I fell on something wet and cold and I could not move again. In front of me it was a tree and I wanted to stop but that thing was very slippery and I fell again. It was too late. When I hit the tree that entire white thing that was on it, fell on me. I felt very wet and cold after that. "The white thing is playing with me! I need to defeat it!"

I did a big jump and all the white thing that was on me fell. I started run on it. "This is probably going to kill the white thing!" I said it to myself, on my mind.

I heard the owners calling us. All my siblings started to go into the house. My black fur is probably white now because of the white thing. I can't say I haven't got some little fun with the white thing! I came into the house and saw a giant bowl with delicious things on it! "Now the white thing should be very mad because it hasn't got some yummy food like me!" Our mum asked us how it was and everyone said that the white thing is amazing. I can't say no!





# *Santa Daddy*

**Pleşca Andrei David**

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială  
„Titu Maiorescu”



“One, two, three and there he is! Santa, we got you! Timmy, did you take the picture?”

“Mmmm, well...I think the camera is broken. I’m sure I’ve heard noise next to the Christmas tree, but there’s no evidence.”

“Holly Gingerbread Man...”

“Hush Tommy! No swearing, you forgot about what mom said? Santa will get us on the naughty kids list and next year, he won’t come. You want to ruin our last chance to find out who is the man behind Santa?”

The boys unwrapped the gifts, yet they were less happy than usual. They hardly gave a smile to their mom’s camera and looked like Jim Carrey in “Liar Liar”.

“What’s the problem buddies?” asked their father. “Has Santa brought you the wrong presents? You know, sometimes, he can make mistakes too, but you certainly look like his old grumpy elves employees.”

Boys went to sleep grumpier. Later that night, Timmy asked Tommy:

“Do you think we ruin Christmas with our desire to find out who’s Santa? What if this holy night is about love and faith and we should enjoy mystery as a gift?”

“No, Timmy, I promised myself that I will reveal to all the kids in the world who’s Santa and I’ll keep my promise! Next year, though...”

Suddenly, they heard a noise.





“Timmy, did you hear that? It’s Santa, for sure!”

“No dum-dum, Christmas Eve is over.”

“Yeah, but he’s getting ready for the kids with other time zone, like Russia! Follow me, quietly!”

Timmy and Tommy went down the living room in their teddy bear jammies, armed with a camera and lots of sugar canes.

“Santa must have bitten the cookie bait! Tommy whispered. No one can resist mom’s chocolate cookies!”

Both at once, the boys shouted: “Busted, finally, smile for the camera! Now all the kids will know who you are! Daddy? Why are you dressed as Santa?”

“Because...I am Santa. I was afraid to tell you the story, because I thought you will never believe in Christmas anymore. Or worse, you will stop believing in me. Now, my boys, let me tell you a story. Long time ago, when stories about God had just begun to be written in people’s souls, an angel came to earth with the greatest news ever. God was about to give us His most beautiful gift: the gift of love and faith. So the angel lighted a star on the sky to guide people to the birth of that wonderful gift. Three Kings came from far lands to bring Him presents, and a man was there too. That man said he was too poor to bring the baby a gift, but was happy to witness that blessing. The angel told him that he understood the meaning of the Christmas gifts people carry inside their hearts, so he gave that man the mission of bringing joy to kids all over the world each year, on Christmas. That man was your great greeeeeeaaaaa grandfather.”

“Are you a Methuselah relative? How did you conceive us if you’re 20,000 years old?”

“This mission has been passed on generation after generation. It’s my second job.”

“What about the fat belly and the red suit?”

“Well, it’s my trademark belly, I had to choose between Betty Brosmer’s iconic waist and this belly, and since I’m not into fitness or pin up...I chose this. And your mother says I look the best in red, especially after few glasses of eggnog, when my face has the same colour as my suit. I’m lucky there is no traffic police in the sky!”

“And Rudolf?”

“He’s registering a new juicy song with that singer who has melted the billboard with ‘All I want for Christmas is You’. I sold





her the author rights because she's curvier and now I have enough money to send you both to college! Do you...still love me?"

"You kiddin'? Of course we do! Our daddy is Santa, that's so cool!"

"Yeah, and we are going to take on this mission and bring joy to kids all over the world as soon as we graduate..."

"North Polar College. Until then, you are junior elves!"

"Yuppie! You're the best daddy in the world, Santa!"

This is me:) P. S. I'm a black and white cat.





## *A Special Winter*

**Axinte Laura Adriana**

cls. a V-a, Seven Hills  
International School



Sally, an orphan girl was looking out the window. The snow was falling slowly and magically, just like in a dream. The street was full of people, and Sally really wanted to go out to the park.

“Sally! Come play with me!” called out Ava, another orphan.

“Not now!”

Her friend ran away to their bedroom and started crying softly on the bed. She often cried because she was always lonely and nobody really talked to her, even though she was the most beautiful girl there. She had freckles on her face, green angel-like eyes, and long curly red hair.

Sally entered the bedroom and saw that Ava was crying.





“Ava, don’t cry! I’ll tell you what I want to do, and I’ll even take you with me if you want,” said Sally, trying to comfort her. Ava’s face brightened up, she couldn’t believe it!

“Really? You would do that for me? Are you sure?” she asked in excitement.

“Yes! It’s snowing so beautifully, and I want to go to the park.”

“That’s an amazing idea! But how do we get out? Also, we should probably get proper clothes because I bet it’s freezing.”

“Come, I think I know what we should do.”

They found some winter clothes in a wardrobe. Then, they safely tied a rope and went down the window. Nobody caught them.

They walked to the nearby park and started running around. They were having a lot of fun, until Sally tripped over a rock and fell.

“Ugh! What is this?” Sally said fascinated with the rock she just picked up.

“Let me see!”

They forgot all about playing, staring at the rock and sharing opinions. The more they looked at the rock, the more it seemed like a necklace. Ava put it on and then she just disappeared!

Ava woke up. A girl with black hair and blue eyes helped her up. Around her there was a beautiful winter wonderland, with snow everywhere.

“Who are you?! Why am I here and where is Sally?” she asked impatiently

“I’m Linda, the protector of this world. But come on, let’s sit at the table and how about we drink some tea?”

“No! What if you are going to poison me? Just start explaining or I will leave, it sounds like you are tricking me right now.”





“Just let me explain. Plus, you have to trust me I know everything about you because you are the chosen one. Look, I'll prove it to you. You are an orphan. You are often lonely. Your dream is to get out of the orphanage and become a firefighter. You also love Spanish because you heard it from a guest. Do you want me to continue?”

“Fine, I trust you.”

“There are more worlds that we don't know of, but two of them are the one that you come from and this world. Well, in this world, magic exists and there are two large kingdoms: the light Kingdom of Nature in which we are now, and the dark Kingdom of Water.”

“Yeah, but that doesn't make sense! Isn't water supposed to help nature?” Ava interrupted Linda

“Let me get to my point which also answers your question. They were allies until there was a time when no food left, and they had a huge fight because they didn't want to help each other.”

“What should we do about it?” asked Ava.

“First, we could fight so we can see how strong and skilled you are.”

“Why does that matter?” asked Ava with a puzzled expression on her face.

“Because you'll be the main fighter in our attack to defeat the dark Kingdom of Water. But first you need go home to tell others that you're okay and that you'll be gone for a while.”

“How do I do that?”

“You just take the necklace off. Pack your things and come back by next week. So, goodbye for now!”

Ava took the necklace off and she saw that she was back in the park.

“Where were you?!” asked Sally.





## *The gift of hope*

**Pârvan Bianca Andreea**

cls. a VIII-a, Colegiul Național  
„Costache Negruzzi” Iași



Rudolf opened his eyes and looked out of the window. Everything around the house was white with snow. Santa's sleigh was in front of the house, filled with gifts, ready to go around the globe. It was Christmas Eve. Rudolf was looking out of the window, but his eyes could see the frozen tundra of hundreds of years before. A family of reindeer was trapped by a hunter's gun, in the snow that was red with flowers of blood. He could see himself, the only one left alive. In his memories, he could also see the old white-bearded man who found him hungry and freezing. By his side, all these years he had been spreading joy in the world.

A silver chink interrupted Rudolf's distant thoughts. At Santa Claus' signal, they rose into the air above the clouds of ice. They were flying above the lit cities, above the villages scattered over the hills, above lonely houses hidden in dark forests. Santa got out of the sleigh to leave the presents, and Rudolf stuck his red nose to the window, curious to see the children's reactions. They were almost always the same. When there was a mobile phone inside, the other gifts remained unopened and nothing of the magic of Christmas shone through the frozen window.

That night the same thing happened. As the bag emptied, so was Rudolf's. There was only a gingerbread heart left in the





bag, and Santa stopped at a wooden house, hidden deep into the forest. Rudolf looked through the window and saw three socks hanging over the fireplace. Two little girls were sleeping in a bed, and next to the fireplace there was a six-year-old boy, looking patiently towards the chimney. Rudolf was sad. In the past few years, the elves could no longer keep up with making so many complicated gifts. Children nowadays no longer wanted wooden soldiers or gingerbread. Santa let the gingerbread heart fall down the chimney. The little boy quickly grabbed it. Then he looked up, but nothing else fell. Rudolf, who had seen so much in his life, was sure the boy would eat all the gingerbread by himself, as children usually do. He was about to leave, but he stopped... He watched in amazement as the boy broke the gingerbread heart in two, and put one half inside each of the two pink stockings. But he didn't put anything in the blue one. He watched as the two girls with eyes full of light took out the sweets and happily shared them with their older brother. The house was full of light and joy, and everything seemed magical. Rudolf's nose became even redder, and a tear fell from his eyes.

Suddenly he felt a light pat on his back, and when he looked behind, tears in his eyes, he saw Santa Claus. He had also watched the scene, filled with emotion.

“Old friend, I know what kind of thoughts are pressing you. I thought by this time you have come to realize how I have no power over the good and the evil in this world. It is the children who do. Only they can choose whether they want to do good. We fulfill their wishes, but we can't influence what they wish for,” said Santa Claus.

Rudolf answered in a low voice.

“And yet, hundreds of years ago you decided to save me from the tundra when I was hungry and alone, and I had no hope.”





“You're wrong, old Rudolf! I remember very well. I had one more letter, but there were no presents left in the bag. I decided to open the letter. A little girl from a faraway village had written to me that her father had shot two reindeer dead, but that their baby reindeer was alive in the snow and had to be saved. The girl did not ask for anything for herself, she only wished for this baby reindeer to be saved! This is how we found you and how our adventure together began.”

As they rose above the clouds, he realized that that Christmas he had been offered the most special gift. The gift of hope!

## *Santa's cure*

**Mihai Tudor**

cls. a V-a, Colegiul Național  
„Garabet Ibrăileanu” Iași



Like every year, towards its end, Santa has a lot of preparations to do: to prepare the sleigh, to take care of the reindeer, to...why not, spoil them a little. Then he has to take care of the gift production from the gift factory, the place where thousands of elves work, also the packing of the gifts that have to be sent to the children from all over the world and, of course, he has to read all the letters that came this year.

This year Santa faces a big problem: he has to find or to make a mask good enough for all condition because this year a fearsome virus appeared and struck the entire planet. Santa has never been confronted with such a problem and he doesn't





knew where to start. If he gets ill, who is going to deliver the gifts? The first idea that came to Santa was to make a normal mask with a little magic in it.

Well, I don't know exactly what happened, all I know is that Santa solved the problem with the mask. Now he has to see about the gift production. Once he arrives at the factory the sentry-elf checks Santa's temperature and then he disinfects his hands. After that he may enter. Santa goes straight to his office and asks the secretary-elf to bring the manager-elf Hansel. Hansel is very sad and informs Santa that the teddy-bear department is shut for quarantine and nobody works there.

"How is that possible, nobody is working now, just a few weeks before Christmas?"

"Well, one of the working-elves had symptoms of illness!"

"And why the others don't work?"

"The entire department was closed for disinfection and the working-elves were sent home."

"What can we do now?"

"I shall call for the supervisor-elf Gregor, perhaps he knows what to do!"

"Well, call him!"

Gregor comes in a hurry and an argument begins. Finally Gregor says:

"I propose that we call for student-elves from senior-year, maybe they can help us!"

"Good idea", replies Santa. "Maybe they can handle with that million teddy-bears....."

The next day, Rudolf came and woke up Santa:

"Wake up Santa! Gregor wants to talk with you!"

He dresses up quickly and he goes to his office. Gregor is already there and informs Santa that the 1<sup>st</sup> department works at full capacity. But, a new problem has occurred: a little child wants no toys, he wants the virus to disappear and a cure to be found for those who suffer.





“We must fulfill the boy’s wish, but what can we do?” says Gregor.

“Well, you know, when I built this place, I also built a research laboratory, but we have never used it. It could be a good idea to bring the smartest elves to try to find a cure and a vaccine.”

“Great idea, Santa! I will personally see to this.”

“Off you go then!”

The elves are working day and night. After three weeks an elf barges in Santa’s office with the secretary-elf on his tale.

“Santa, I couldn’t stop him! He really wants to talk with you!”

“Let him in! What happened?”

“Santa, Santa, we found it, we found it! Come and see!”

Santa goes to the laboratory with him. Here, a celebration takes place, the research-elves are dancing and jumping...

“The cure works!” they say in one voice.

“What did you do?”

“A few days ago, we gave our miraculous product to one of the elves that were ill.”

“You gave him what?”

“We gave him some of the magic dust that makes Rudolf nose glow. Well, we mixed that dust with a small dose of Happiness and a little bit of Hope and we made a drink. We gave him that drink and now the elf is perfectly healthy.”

“Wonderfull, wonderfull! We will bring that recipe to all the people, children and grown-ups alike, then they will spread the cure to all others. And that is how the Wonder will be spread all over the Earth.”





## *A teenaged girl's winter story*

### **Amaziliței Medeea**

cls. a V-a, Liceul Teoretic  
Varlaam Mitropolitul



December is coming towards us with huge steps. There for, Christmas gets nearer and nearer.

Winter isn't even here and I am already considering to bake gingerbread and cookies. When I go to sleep "Rocking around the Christmas tree" plays its self over and over in my head.

I don't know what to do! It's the 30 th of November and I am singing out laud. It's the most wonderful time of the year! It is the first time I am overexcited about Christmas...

\*\*\*

Now that December has started, I am feeling so much better. Teachers are giving us less homework, some aren't giving





us homework at all! But most important, every student is preparing for the Christmas play.

I have a small part. It is good but I was hoping to get the main part. A really mean girl in our class, Karen, got the part, because the deputy director is her uncle. The director doesn't even know this! Typical. Where are my manners! I forgot to introduce myself! My name is Alice Dowson and I just got twelve on the 31 st of October.

\*\*\*

I know I'm not in a story where the bad guy gets sick before the show, so the good guy gets her or his part, but I know all the lines of the main character. Who knows? Maybe Karen will get a cold or maybe a flu....

\*\*\*

There are two weeks until the play. I am in the backstage with the other children in the play, getting ready for the rehearsal by reading the script or just relaxing. I just talking to Elenor, my friend. While we were discussing, Elenor was sketching an owl.

'Wow!' I said. 'You are really talented!'

'Thanks!' said Elenor smiling.

But then, guess who bust throw the door: Karen! She walked straight to Elenor and snatched her sketch notebook.

'Give it back.' said Elenor.

Karen just ignored her.

That's it! I threw at Karen a stare that would freeze anyone's blood and I said with the coldest voice I was capable of:

'Didn't you hear her? Give it back!'

Karen seemed surprised and a little bit scared. Fine, said Karen, then threw the notebook back.

When I thought we got rid of her, she turned at me and said with a voice full of contempt:





‘Watch it, Dawson! You see, my uncle is the deputy director, he can get you out of this play and next time you will be this daring you will regret!’

‘I will never regret being daring!’ I said.

It is true. I take responsibility for everything I say and I do. It’s a nice life. No regrets!

In the fight, nobody realized who was standing in the door, watching everything.

‘Well, Karen...’ said the director surprising us all ‘I now see why your uncle didn’t mentioned anything about the main character casting...’

Karen froze. She looked horrified.

‘I am afraid...’ he continued ‘That we will have to recast the part.’

\*\*\*

As the director said, they recasted the part. He fired Karen’s uncle, so this time the casting was fair. Well it is easy for me to say because...I got the part!

\*\*\*

Until the play we rehearsed a lot and in the free time I baked gingerbread and cookies with my mom. On the 23 rd of December the headmaster and the director invited all the teachers, students and parents to our play.

The play was a success! At the end of it, I saw my mom in the first line, she whistled and my mom NEVER whistle.

\*\*\*

Today is Christmas Eve. Outside is cold and sloppy, so I can’t play outside. My mom is closing the window. Alice, come and see! She says after a few seconds I look outside and I can’t belive my eyes! It’s snowing!

This December was perfect! Maybe I am in a story after all!





## *The magic library*

### **Bantu Raluca Maria**

cls. a V-a, Colegiul Național  
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A library is a world of full of stories, dreams and wishes. Every reader finds his world, where he is happy, where he dreams, where he finds strength and hopes. Through thousands of books full of magic, you can find the hidden treasure of words and letters. Something is possible in this world where the imagination flies far away just like a gentle butterfly.

One day, I discovered my world and for the first time I felt that I could fly. This is what happened.

I was in the city library and I was reading an interesting book, named "The mysteries of Sherlock Holmes". This book caught my attention in a special way. The adventures, mysteries, investigation and clues fascinated me.

When I arrived at page 50 something strange happened with my book. I would say that it went crazy. The pages began to fly across the room until I saw nothing. I turned my face and everything turned into darkness. For a moment I felt nothing, I thought nothing, I saw nothing and I felt the world ending. I wasn't me anymore. Raluca was gone, but someone took her place. A new emotion invaded my body. It was the fear of the unknown.

Suddenly I woke up to reality and I discovered that in front of me lay a huge corridor, an endless corridor with many doors. It reminded me of the endless stories inside every bookshelf. I felt strange because I never saw anything like this. I



was ready to make an incredible discovery. Anything could be behind those mysterious doors. I thought about the great things behind it, the incredible and unseen world, the adventures and journeys which I was going to take. My thoughts flew far away, but my body stood motionless for 5 minutes.

Suddenly, I felt that the doors next to me attracted me just like some magnets. The corridor shrank in a second. I had to do something, but I didn't know what. A door pushed me inside a room.

The landscape surprised me. Around me lay a magic world. The white snow were falling gently on the ground and made a fluffy blanket. The tall trees were dressed in white powder. In the middle stood a snowman just like a frozen guard. But his arm, a broom of course, showed me the way. In the distance I could see a city. I crossed the thick heavy snow and reached the city gates. At the entrance, I could read: 'Welcome to the city of magic!' Inside I could see Santa Claus with his reindeer and elves. They were making beautiful presents for children around the world.

Then I thought: 'I am going to spend my childhood here. Among toys, presents, beauty, love and peace. Here is my place, the wonderful world of Santa Claus. Suddenly, a wooden door pulled me and threw me to the ground. I woke up and found myself near a bookshelf. Something fell down and made a loud noise. When I looked I could see a purple book with golden letters. 'A Christmas Carol' by Charles Dickens. I started reading and travelled to another world.





## *Christmas Miracle*

**Budeanu Plămădeală Denisa Maria**

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Once upon a time there was a very sinful virus that came from nowhere and turned everything upside down. Scientists named it Covid-19.

Suddenly everything became very sad. Schools closed, our smile was covered by a protective mask, most people lost their jobs, hospitals were in high demand, doctors could no longer cope, they missed their family more and more and worked continuously for days on end, without a break. People could no longer go to church to pray, everything was closed, including us, people. The letter for the rabbit was replaced by a Self-Declaration. Easter decorations were replaced with children's messages in the form of posters urging people to stay in the house to protect themselves and their loved ones who were then put on the windows. Our dear grandparents were limited in the time they could go out. The children missed them very much but they were not allowed to visit them. For the children, the good part was that they could spend more time with their parents, discovering countless passions: cooking, drawing, painting, dancing, reading, hand sewing .... The beauties of nature were seen only through the window or through the internet.

Summer came. The children went on vacation. Some restrictions have been removed. We were finally able to walk through the parks, to enjoy the flowers, the beautiful scent, the





humming of the bees, the dancing of the butterflies, the song of the birds, the beauty and the color. The vacation was not the same as before. We could only meet our friends through technology. Travel was restricted, only the brave set out.

The second daughter of the year has come, autumn! The children were looking forward to hearing the bell ring, but they were very disappointed because they could no longer feel the joy of seeing all the colleagues again and it was as if the sound of the bell was very sad. After a while, the schools closed again due to the large number of cases and life was lived longer online.

December was fast approaching. All the children were sad, as if they all decided at once not to send letters to Dawdle, their only wish being for the magic of the holidays to work a miracle and for this terrible virus to disappear. St Nicholas and Santa Claus were waiting in vain for the children's letters. Emergency, the estates called for help, reindeer, elves, Mrs. Christmas, convened a meeting having as main subject how to implement the children's desire. After much discussion, they came to the conclusion that the only way they could get rid of this virus was to ask for help from Snow Queen. Said and done! St. Nicholas spoke with Snow Queen through technology, sending her an email, to which she responded promptly, but said she had nothing to travel with. Then Santa didn't think long. He immediately chose the most reliable crew consisting of the best and fastest reindeer and the best and most comfortable sleigh. In less than five hours, Snow Queen reached the North Pole, leaving the South Pole. They spent a whole night talking about finding the best way to remove the virus from our lives. At dawn they came to the conclusion that the quickest method would be to freeze it and put it in a capsule because there were only three days by St. Nicholas! Then, the Snow Queen did magic and the virus completely disappeared from our lives. Suddenly everything came to life, all people smiled and their





joys returned to normal. The letters to Dadwle began to flow, as if they could no longer read them, but they were very happy that people and children had entered the magic of the holidays.

The virus has become a story.





## *Winter wonderland in the pandemic*

**Nădejde Ilinca**

cls. a VI-a, Liceul „Vasile  
Alecsandri” Iași



The winter is coming soon, so we need to be prepared for its arrival. This winter will be a very different one, because we will celebrate the holidays in quarantine, without visiting our friends or family and keeping the social distancing. But this pandemic period will not stop us from enjoying the holidays season.

We must adjust our usual plans to ensure that everyone can celebrate safely. Here are some ideas to prepare for the magic winter and rethinking our holiday traditions to reduce the risk of spreading the virus. Let's start with the first step in getting ready for the cold season: buying a sleigh! We need this essential winter object, in order to use it for going to the sledding when it will snow and scream loudly „I will survive!”.





Then we will need to get our winter clothes, maybe from the last year, or to buy new ones. If you get these warm and Christmas themed clothes, you have completed this step! Next step is to decorate your house with Christmas decorations like: a Christmas tree, candy cane, mistletoe. And of course the Christmas tree also needs to be decorated.

If you got this far with the preparations for winter, remember all the steps are very important! You can't forget or get over some of them!

After you checked you have completed all the tasks ahead, we can go to the next one, which is buying Christmas sweets! You need to be careful when you go to buy all the things we need for getting ready, because we are still in a pandemic period. Make sure you respect all the safety precautions, to stop this virus as soon as possible. Of course if you can't go to the shops you can cook with your family delicious dishes. It will be more fun and healthier than buying them! And you will spend even more time with your family! The next task is a little bit more difficult than the others. This task consists in learning carols. You can learn the old and popular carols, or you can be more original and make new ones, in your own style, or remake the old ones. If you are thinking to create new carols, I can help you with an idea:

*Noisy bells/ Cookie smells/ All over the house! / Go write Santa what you want/ Maybe a croissant!*

I hope my ideas helped you, but you need to know I'm not the best at rhymes! Now that we are done with this step we can go to the next one, which is buying gifts or finding ideas for them.

Congratulations if you have reached this point, because this is the last step for the winter and the holiday, and of course the most important one! In this step you need to get into the holidays atmosphere, entering in the true Winter Wonderland. The last step is a task in secret, and that's why it is so im-





portant. The secret about this task is that you can't explain how to get into it, or how to execute it. You will don't know when you are about to do it, but you will know when you have completed it. And remember: don't be afraid to try new things, reduce waste and be green, share and be kind!

Now that all the steps on getting ready for winter are done, let's say "Hi!" to the new season. And if you haven't done a task, you can try it again, with your family! Now all you got to do is to video call your friends or family, so you can celebrate the holidays together keeping distance! And remember: it is all about *hope* and *traditions*, *love*, *kindness* and *Christmas spirit*!

## *Winter in the woods*

**Tanasciuc Mălina Andreea**

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„B.P. Hașdeu” Iași



I remember with nostalgia the first time I went sledding on the hill. My desire to go with the sleigh up the hill was growing.

I couldn't resist anymore. I missed the cold wind so much that blew in my face and froze my nose and the feeling of emptiness in my stomach. So I asked my father to take me to the hill. He told me to equip myself well, because we will also go to the forest.

The snow creaked under my feet and I could see how the houses put on their down hats. On the windows there were crystal flowers with diamond glitter, which amazed one with



their beauty. The branches of the trees bent under the weight of the snow. Everywhere I looked I saw only white, fluffy stars. The sun was shining like a pearl and in the cold air the snowflakes were dancing like ballerinas. It was a fairy tale view.

When I entered the forest, I noticed two pairs of gentle eyes staring at me. There were two deers looking for food, a mother and her baby. I approached them easily, barely managing to touch the baby deer. His mother ran as fast as she could, so you could think she had motorbikes on her feet. The baby deer took two steps back, but stayed with me. I stared in amazement at the moment that was shattered by the appearance of the mother deer that returned to her baby.

I will always remember that day in the woods and the unexpected meeting with the deer and her baby.

## *Winter Wonderland*

**Pascal Bianca**

cls. a VII-a, Liceul Teoretic  
Varlaam Mitropolitul



Hello! My name is Winter and this has to be a story about winter, so I thought it could be about me. All of my family members were born in summer for many years, but then I appeared and sort of changed everything. But this is not the only reason for my name, so I guess I have to tell you the entire story for you to understand.

I was born in a poor family with a lot of brothers and sisters (which meant that in summer all the family economies



were gone on a tiny present for every birthday that had to be celebrated). All of my brothers and sisters were unusually short so, naturally, things were not good at school either. At least this is the story I heard, because in the week I was born everything turned upside down for our family.

It was a cold day of December when dad came back from his job and told everyone that for the first time in, since forever, he had to go in a work journey to Finland and he was allowed to take his family. Even though there were 6 people in my family then, in 10 minutes only two trunks of clothes were standing beside the entrance door, together with a bunch of shivering and yet excited people. In addition, if packing took 10 minutes, arriving at the airport took 9 times as much precisely

Once my entire family was in the airplane it seemed like all was going to be ok. However, of course it was not. As you might have guessed from thousands and thousands of flights, we had to be in the one that went wrong. It was pure luck because we evacuate the plane on dry land, and in the right country (yes, you heard me well...the right country). All we had to do now was to get in the north of the country. Easy to say, but who in his right mind would take 6 (not so good-looking) strangers to the opposite part of Finland? Exactly. No one. We had to spend a good part of our money for the journey to pay quite an eccentric old taxi driver to get us there. What's more, he did not know English. And had hearing problems. Bad ones. When we told him to go to the most northern city, he asked why he would make all the way to Mississippi. So.... We were once again lucky to still be in the right country.

After several long days of staying crammed in a small taxi with the grumpiest taxi driver one could possibly acquaint my family got out of the car. Overall, it seemed that things were going all right: a few meters away there was a sign saying 'Welcome to Finland', the whole family was safe after the long





trip and all of the...wait... both items luggage in the possession of their owners. The town they had to arrive in was only a few kilometers away, so without complaining the walked guided by the signs on the road.

As they were walking through what was supposed to be the biggest commercial city in the country they realized it looked like a fairytale location. It actually was Santa Claus's Village; despite the fact that people said, it was just a story.

Just then, Santa himself popped out of nowhere and greeted them warmly inviting my family in his giant house-factory.

After a while, when all the excited chatter of my family stopped Santa Claus took a deep breath and said that he had some important news to deliver to them: They were short and misfitting because they were part-elves and it was their destiny to be part of the Magic of Christmas.

My family looked at one another. It took them one second to accept. From that day on, their life got 10 times better and I was born that night, on Christmas Eve.

Therefore, this is the story of my name. It might sound a bit far-fetched but this is what happened. For me and my family this was true Christmas magic and nothing can ever change that.





## *The Faith*

**Argeșanu Maria-Alexandra**

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială  
„Titu Maiorescu” Iași



Once upon a time, there was a girl named Ashley who lived in a flower village on the edge of a mysterious forest. Ashley was a girl you could rarely meet. She had so much courage and was kind to everyone around her and last but not least, she was extremely beautiful, with emerald green eyes and dark black hair. Since she was little, she has been special and this is due to her mother who tells her every night a story with beings whose existence was hard to believe, but not for Ashley. This belief she had for magical beings was extraordinarily strong. No matter how much those around her told her that magic didn't exist, she didn't change her mind. At least until one day when, after an argument with her mother, the latter shouted at Ashley that magic didn't exist. The girl was so hurt to hear these words from the only person who had never told that thing before. She retired to her room without saying anything and set down by the window. It was winter outside. The little snowflakes were dancing in the full moonlight. A few tears rolled down the face of the girl who seemed to be losing hope and faith for the first time in her life. When she calmed down and wanted to leave the window, she saw a blue light flying through the snowflakes. Ashley's eyes widened, as if awakened from a deep sleep when a wave of happiness poured out. She quickly put on some warm clothes and slowly went



outside so that her mother would not hear her. When she got outside, she saw the light coming towards the forest. The little girl started running after it, and finally, after the light went out, Ashley realized that there was no sign of snow, frost or snowing where she had arrived, more specifically in that lively meadow. There were trees full of flowers, some fireflies could be seen nearby and crickets could be heard singing. It was a place of storytelling. Eventually, the light turned into a beautiful fairy which was approaching Ashley, looked into her eyes for a second, and after she smiled, she disappeared towards the trees behind her. All sorts of magical beings and lots of animals that lived in the forest appeared behind them in a second. There were elves, gnomes, nymphs, dryads, fairies and all sorts of spirits accompanied by squirrels, wolves, foxes, bears, deer and all kinds of birds. They all looked with joy at the little girl who had begun to feel that she belonged to that place. Suddenly, behind all those creatures, a fairy the size of a human with butterfly wings, wearing a crown of roses with diamond advanced. There are no words to describe her beauty, of a being with bright turquoise eyes and black hair like pitch night. She approached Ashley slightly and hugged her tightly as she told her: *“Welcome home, my dear!”*

***“Those who don’t believe in magic will never find it.”***





## *Winter Wonderland*

**Dumitrașcu Ruxandra-Cezara**

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială  
„Titu Maiorescu” Iași



Winter. Winter has always something special... it's not just a season, it's a mood, it's a feeling. I first fell in love with winter when I was just a few years old and felt the incredible smell of the snow, or the outside brightest lights that were dressing the whole city in festive clothes for Christmas or maybe Santa Claus who is expected every year... and who never disappointed us.

Whatever, we know that winter means magic. It's about joy and celebration, about smiles and a lot of snow, about glory and grace. It's also about presents. Winter shows us what means to be happy. Everyone gathers... sings and dances, say poems and jokes. The world is waiting for Santa... that bearded man who brings little joys every year and sounds the beautiful Christmas tree adorned by children on Christmas Eve.

Winter slows everything down. There is only peace and quiet. Nothing feels the same as before and all those cheerful colors are replaced by shades of gray outlined by the white of the snow.

As I said at the beginning, winter is a feeling. You feel how a state strikes you that is hard to describe in words when you see the first snowflakes falling from the sky, those small particles of icy water, so fragile and lonely that they descend easily to the cold and wet earth which you start to appreciate so



much when you are outside and you are cold. Maybe when you all shudder when the cold air outside comes towards and hits you right in the face, like a healthy mouth of fresh air. This feeling when you read with your heart a book of stories about Christmas and fully enjoy some hot chocolate... As Edith Sitwell said “Winter is The time for comfort, for good food and warmth, for the touch of a friendly hand and for a talk beside the fire: it is time for home”. That is what I’m talking about... that whole bunch of feelings.

When December comes... that so-called gift month everyone starts the hustle and bustle of the shops with only good toys to give away. Carols begin to be heard everywhere, in shops and parks, on radio and TV. Sophisticated and beautifully made advertisements begin in which fir trees and ornaments appear.

And Christmas is coming. You begin to believe in magic... in the miracles that happen on Christmas Eve, in Santa and in all the elves that go unnoticed. That moment when you fall in the snow and you feel like you’re floating. And when you give life to beings like snowmen, the friends who are with you every year of the winter holidays.

Then Christmas passes. There are a few days of peace and quiet when you think about everything you did well in the past year and what you would like to do better next year. You organize, you clean and you dream. You dream of a new beginning. You dream of new adventures and new challenges. You think about what it will be like and if you cope... you think about life, how fast time passes and how another year has just passed in your life.

That’s the beauty of winter. That state that no one can take from you... not even a poor virus.





## *Winter in the Making*

**Boldureanu Andreea**

cls. a VII-a, Palatul Copiilor Iași



Reporter: Richard- wait- let me get my camera... ok good.  
1, 2, 3... action!

Richard: Is it on?

Reporter: Yes, it is. I'll cut this part, don't worry. \*cleans her throat\* Hello and welcome! We are here at Santa Claus' to show you how a day in the life of an elf looks like!

Richard: Hi, I am Richard the wrapper elf  
(Wait a second, I can't reach that shelf-)

There we go! Let me show you around  
From the sky to the ground!

Here- I have the key to that door  
The first room that we will explore  
Just wait and you'll be mesmerized  
To see-

Calvin: Shut up, Richard, you're too energized!

Richard: My apologies, Calvin, my dear friend!  
But the guests must see  
This room, right next to me.  
Here it is, the reception  
The Christmas' inception.





So here we sort the names  
Of the naughty and good kids  
In those 100-meter long lists  
Tsk tsk tsk! 60 meters of bad children?  
Santa will hate it- too bad the list can't be hidden...

But this sorting wouldn't be possible without our Sorting Elves  
That do this tiring job everyday  
Because personally I wouldn't be able to do it anyway...  
whispers: but they are a bit too full of themselves!

Our next room is Santa's office  
Where he works day and night  
To read what the children write  
And to find the best gift for each and every one of you!

After that, he gives the list to the Maker Elves  
Who are trained to craft and make  
Perfect toys, without any mistake  
That hardly break!

The process depends on the toy  
But let's look at that doll that's being built by Troy!  
First, he takes some warm plastic to make her head  
And carefully paints her eyes blue and lips red.  
Then he glues on her blonde wig,  
And puts her head to a body.

Jennifer takes some soft fabric  
And cuts it into a cone  
Sews a few pieces and look what's done,  
A blue dress ready to be worn.  
But it looks kinds boring, doesn't it?  
Let's add some white triangles and pink rectangles  
And look at this masterpiece!

Troy then took the dress  
And put it on her body.





With a pair of matching shoes  
And she's ready to dance!

Olivia, on the other hand, is in charge of making male dolls  
But the one whose shoes she's putting on  
Is a bit... eh... let's say stubborn.

Male doll: No, I'm not, you annoying elf!  
But don't you see how ugly those flippers are??

Olivia: I have given your over 7 pairs of new shoes!  
But there are none that you like!  
So tell me, what do you want?!

Male doll: Hmm... I really like those pink tennis shoes!

Olivia: These ones? That I made in a hurry last week? Wow...

Richard: You got some good taste, male doll  
Those shoes aren't old.  
Actually, on trend this season!

But let's leave the Maker Elves, my friend  
Cause the fights here never end!  
The dolls are always either too picky or too indecisive  
So, things could get pretty... aggressive!

Our next stop is the Wrapping Department,  
Where- you guessed it- the best elves are!  
You could find here the most hardworking, friendly and good  
elves

And of course- here you could find me!  
I work here from Monday to Wednesday, 9 to 16.

Emma: He's lying,  
The wrappers are the noisiest, most annoying and unproductive  
ones!





All they do is chat and say terrible puns!

Richard: Yeah, don't listen to the outsiders  
They are just jealous that Santa favors us... Hah! Such liars...  
We work very hard:  
Take a box and put its lid  
Just like I did  
Add some colorful wrap  
And a bow on top  
Ta-da! There you go!  
Oops- but don't forget the name tag: this one is for Cristine!

After the wrapping part  
We put the gift in a huge basket  
And thanks to Santa with his sleigh and the reindeer  
You will find it under your Christmas tree!

And cut!

Reporter: IT! WAS! PERFECT!

Richard: Obviously! Let's go get pizza! I AM EXHAUSTED!





## *Once upon a Christmas Eve*

**Aramă Alexandra-Mihaela**

cls. a V-a, Colegiul Național  
„Mihail Sadoveanu” Iași



It was a beautiful Christmas evening. The houses were full of colorful lights. The moon was like a shiny silver ring on the clear sky. A chilly wind was blowing and the trees were shivering. I was with my family in the living room, where we opened the Christmas presents. I received a golden necklace with small crystals on it. It was a present from my mother. She told me that it was her necklace from her childhood. When I touched the glass, I felt something cold in my hand.

Suddenly, a door appeared in front of me. I was really curious, so I opened it. I realised that something weird happened. I was in another place, in another time. It was Christmas too, but everything else was different. I saw some children that were playing in the snow and making a snowman. One of the girls was wearing a golden necklace. I realised that it was the same as mine and the girl was my mother when she was a child. She looked like me. The same smiling face with big dark brown eyes and her curly dark hair in braids. After the children finished their snowman, I decided to follow my mother, to see how was her childhood because she never told me about her old memories.

The little girl entered the house but the door closed in front of me and I could not enter. I went to a window, puffed some air to melt the ice and rubbed my hands to make a clear circle. A magical world opened ahead of me. It was like I was back in time. The house was decorated with colourful baubles, silvery tinsel and twinkling lights. I saw my grandmother, who looked younger, decorating the Christ-



mas tree. My mother and her sister were playing around the tree and laughed. They put some golden tiny baubles around their ears then ran into their room. My grandfather was standing on a chair and trying to fix a yellow star at the top of the tree. A playful dog was running around the living room and wagged his tail happily. The smell of some delicious cookies that were baking in the oven, was floating in the air. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. My grandma opened it and some carollers appeared. I could hear in the distance the whisper of a beautiful song. "Silent night, holy night, all is clear, all is bright...." I looked around me and I could see that everything was white. The roofs of the houses were smiling at me with glittery teeth. On the clear and calm sky, a star started to shine so bright. The more the carollers were singing, the brighter the star was shining. My mother, her sister, her parents and the dog appeared and offered the children some money, red apples and some cookies.

„Alexandra, what’s the matter? Don’t you like your Christmas present?“ I opened my eyes wide. I could see my family at the dinner table. I touched my neck and I felt the round crystal beads around it. „Oh, mom I love it. Everytime I touch it, it is like I am going into a world of memories , a world full of magic where everybody is young and happy.“

„You are a dreamer, my daughter. Let’s eat because it’s Christmas Eve, the most wonderful time of the year!“ my father said. I looked into my mother’s eyes and she looked at me then we looked up at the yellow star that rose at the top of the Christmas tree. It was the same star from my mother’s childhood, the same star that shines up in the sky for two thousand years on a Christmas night. It is magical because it melts people’s hearts, unites families and makes children happy. I will never forget that Christmas Eve and the incredible journey that took me back in time even if for a few moments.





## *Winter Wonderland*

**Constantin Ana**

cls. VIII-a, Școala Gimnazială  
Păușești



The passionate and undefined love between Romeo and his beloved Juliet managed to destroy prejudices, hatred and frozen hearts, their love remaining alive even beyond death.

The paralyzing frost of winter managed to crystallize all nature, but failed to freeze hope, solidarity and optimism in people's hearts. This pandemic year, everything has changed. But winter has retained its overflowing and mysterious character, making time stop if only for a few months.

Surrounded by warmth, wrapped in a soft and fluffy blanket, reading, next to me being a mug of hot tea, I look at the only people for whom it is worth to evolve and grow up. My grandparents. The only people in my life who have managed to share unlimited love, protection and safety. But now it's my turn to give them all the security, protection and love they need.

Jean Valjean's paternal love for his dear Cosette managed to save her from the abyss of humiliation, pain and loneliness. Although the story of my life does not have an equally tragic ending, I see myself in the drama of the two - a child and a parent who found happiness in one another.

Winter is a blessed season because this period of time has seen the birth of the cure of incurable diseases, a cure meant to protect suffering people. In snow, I see something akin to a



string of divine pearls, pure, protective, but unfortunately too fragile in this world.

Some argue that winter is cold, cruel, and has nothing to offer, but winter is the unifying season that adorns people's souls with solidarity, love and... humanity. It is the season in which desires are fulfilled and families are re-established and a chapter comes to an end, while another one is just waiting to begin.

The year 2020 was the written story of souls that fell prey to death's ruthlessness, of families and broken friendships, of tears shed in their memory. This winter will unify, more than ever before, everything that has been killed, broken, and deteriorated.

Winter is the only season during which I feel free, when I can be myself, a young woman with a realistic and perfectionist thinking. Winter is the season that holds my best memories. Memories that are defining my childhood. Moments spent with family or friends, and beautiful moments at school, with teachers and classmates. Moments that have been imprinted deep in my soul, holding a special place there.

Every time I see a snowflake falling playfully on the frozen ground, I'll remember that a new chapter of my life is over, that I'm developing, I'm maturing and with nostalgia I'll laugh, dreaming of what happened a long time ago. My thoughts will always run back to the giggles ringing outside, in the snow, to the adorning of the tree with my family, to the scent of hot chocolate, to the carols that surround people's houses and hearts, and to my grandfather's funny stories.

Winter is the season that stores and preserves every memory. Water has got its own memory, which means that every moment lived throughout this season will forever remain written in the novel of undefined winter. As in the novel *Ion*, let's hope that this disastrous and unrelenting virus will find a George of its own.





## *Once upon a Christmas*

**Vârlam Andra-Maria**

cls. VIII, Colegiul Național  
„Costache Negruzzi” Iași



Once upon a time, because all the stories start like this, it was just his little, simple world. Every night and every day were passing just the same for Nick, and all the children laughed at him and called him names. The boy who never smiles. Nick was a cheerless soul and his melancholic expression was a complicated riddle even for his parents and his sister, who were nothing like this pessimistic teenager.

And one day, she came, a girl called Heaven who was about to turn his pathetic world upside down. The fire behind her green eyes was burning way too bright and her sparkling smile could melt even the most sorrowful heart. It was a freezing February day when Heaven saw Nick for the first time. She gently took his hand and said:

‘Hello there. Why do you look so troubled, dear?’

He didn’t answer and continued walking down the street with his usual frowning appearance.

‘I think you didn’t hear me’ Heaven ran back to him. ‘Stop for a second and talk to me, no one should look so low on this lovely snowy day.’

‘Take the hint, annoying girl. Leave me alone. I won’t buy anything you sell and for sure I won’t talk to you unless I need to.’



‘I see you’re not very receptive, indeed, but I should have known since everyone in town calls you the boy who can’t smile.’ Heaven told him.

‘Do they really call me that?’ Nick asked while he was raising his black eyebrows.

‘Oh, yes, absolutely. I also heard that you will be the only one who won’t get a Christmas present in December this year, but ...’ Heaven stopped as she slipped on the ice. Just when a car was about to hit her, Nick caught her and pulled her in his direction. Heaven didn’t say a word, Nick remained quiet, but instead of leaving her, he followed Heaven, who was on her way to an orphanage when she met Nick.

‘Well, if you decided to be a sweeter company, you can also help me now. We are here to donate some of my old toys to this poor child’, Heaven told Nick, while she was hugging the kids who waited for her. ‘Wow’ Nick thought to himself. ‘It’s not even an occasion, but she is helping orphan kids. How can a person possibly be this kind? She really might be an angel.’

All the months that followed, the relationship between them developed, and the strangers became friends, and the friendship turned into love. Everyone around Nick also noticed his unexpected change, as his face was now gentle and his smile became so playful.

It was Christmas Eve when Heaven strangely disappeared. Some thought she had died, some thought she had moved away, but only Nick knew the whole truth, as Heaven once told him ‘One day, I will be gone, Nick. But don’t try to find an explanation for that. I want you to be forever the pleasant person I spent my time with. Because you are good, and nobody should convince you the other way. You really are a saint, Nick.’

From the day he heard that and until Christmas, Nick managed to collect lots of toys for all the children in his town.





The time passed and although his black hair turned white, not many things changed during all those years. His eyes remained the same and his smile was still a blissful one. Every year, on Christmas Eve, he sends presents to all the children in the world and he started to be known as Saint Nick or Santa Claus.

Every Christmas night he says to himself:

‘Perhaps it was your optimistic voice or your lively laughter, perhaps it was something else, my dear Heaven, but I fell in love with you from the day you found me and I will love you until the infinity ends.’ And Nick’s memories always bring Heaven back, as their young love happened not many years ago, but once upon a Christmas...

## *Family - The Best Gift*

**Gall Maria,**

cls. a VIII-a, Colegiul Național  
„Costache Negruzzi” Iași



Christmas isn’t just a moment of the year, it’s more than that. It’s about family, decorating the Christmas tree, caroling the city and most importantly, it’s about good deeds. Thousands of lights light up every night, thousands of smiles from children who are happy to play in the snow, thousands of carolers going from house to house to share the happiness and emotion of Christmas. It’s snowing. Everything is silent. You can barely distinguish the lights from the snowflakes, but out





of nowhere a light and a man appear in the middle of the night alone on the street.

On the frozen window of a house you can see a family sitting by the fire and telling stories. The two small children are eager to see Santa and his reindeer.

“Ok, I'll call you later, now I have some work to do.”

“Mother, do you really have to work? It's Christmas Eve. We haven't played together for a long time. Christmas hasn't been the same since our father left.”

“I know, my dear, but I have a lot of work to do and I have to finish it tonight. I promise to play with you another time. What if you go to prepare some milk and cookies for Santa?”

The children, although disappointed by their mother, do what they were told with the hope that she will stay with them longer.

The house nearby seems to be quieter. Two oldies are sitting near the Christmas tree looking at some family pictures. Suddenly, the phone starts ringing. One of the two old men goes to answer and then the smile on his face disappears.

“Who was it? Who rang?”

“It was Hailey. Their flight has been cancelled. There's too much snow. They can't come for Christmas.”

The thought that they will have another Christmas alone sadden them more and more. They can hardly think about the magic of the holidays.

The house across the street isn't too happy either.

“Why are you doing this to me? I told you, I just want to meet up with some friends. Only one hour and then I'll come back home.”

“Ally, it's Christmas Eve. You won't go anywhere.”

I saw the girl leaving to her room and slamming the door. I tried to move on to the next house, but I couldn't since I noticed her running away from home. I wanted to tell her parents, but I couldn't. They immediately left the house and went to





find her. I could see the fear on their faces at the thought that something might happen to her. They went door to door, looking for her.

“Sorry, have you seen Ally? She has run away.”

“I’m so sorry. I haven’t seen her. I promise to announce you if she comes here or I see her.”

After they left, the two children came out from kitchen and asked their mother what had happened.

“I’m so sorry. I don’t know what I was thinking. Work can wait. How about opening our gifts or playing something?”

The children were very surprised, but they filled the table with their favorite games.

After a while, Ally’s parents arrived at the oldies’ house. They were surprised to see their daughter there. More, they were surprised to see how happy the oldies were because of the carolers who were there to share the Christmas joy. They waited until the group finished all the carols and then went to hug their daughter. That hug meant more than any words could express.

“I’m sorry! I hope I didn’t scare you. I had been planning this for a month. Our house would be the next one. I was hoping this could be the perfect gift.”

The two oldies were not alone anymore, the little kids were playing games with their mother who had left work aside, the parents had found their run-away girl... I think my work here is done. I can’t wait for the next year to spread happiness over each house. And... if you look closely, you will always see me at your window... Ho, Ho, Ho!





## *Winter Wonderland*

**Carp Andrei**

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială  
„Ion Creangă” Iași



This story begins with a boy named Steven. He didn't believe in the magic of Christmas and that means he didn't believe in Santa Claus.

One day, Steven was playing with his friends in front of the bakery, and Mr. John was entering the bakery when Steven ran towards him and pushed him into the snow. Mr. John was very angry but he forgave him.

The next day, Steven woke up early, and cooked breakfast for his sister, but he was very bad and put a lot of salt in her omelette. When his sister came into the kitchen, she sat down at the table and began to eat, but she was sick and hurried to her room, not before arguing with Steven. Steven was very amused and started hitting his sister.

When Steven fell asleep, he had a dream. In that dream he was in a strange house. He was wearing a thick winter jacket. There were many small strange creatures around him, with big eyes and a lot of hair.

They had hammers, screwdrivers and many other things for constructions. These creatures were Santa's elves. The elves took him up to Santa's Workshop. Now he was in front of Santa Claus. Santa was tall, fat because he ate millions of cookies a year and, of course, very old.



Santa took Steven with him to the Book Room. This book was special because it was the book of all the children, good or bad. Santa talked to Steven about how he treated Mr. John, how he treated his sister, and many other people he had hitted, offended, or upset all his life so far.

Steven was very surprised, but he didn't think he was the real Santa and told him to show him other interesting things. Santa showed him the stable where he was keeping the eight magical reindeer that helped him fly around the world and share millions of gifts in one night. Then he showed him the workshop where his elves worked every day to make wonderful toys for children who believed in him.

That night Santa took Steven in his sleight and they flew around the world where they shared wonderful gifts together. Steven was very surprised by the speed of Santa Claus to share gifts as he could not keep up with a legend.

When they finished handing out present, they returned to the North Pole, where Santa's house was. Steven was decorated with a medal that read „My best help” and of course this being of gold medal.

When Steven woke up from his wonderful dream that completely changed his life, he thought of starting the morning with a good thing. He made his sister a strawberry jam sandwich, but this time he didn't put anything bad in it. His sister was very happy that he did a good job in the morning and hugged him and told to do only good things in his life. And Mr. John was very surprised that Steven brought him a tray of cakes that were really good. Steven felt really well about doing good things and helping others, and from that day on he became a very good man.







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