

## Santa on Christmas Eve.

I should be asleep, it is the middle of the night.

I must have heard a noise, I am scared.

I see a door where there wasn't one before.

I see a light around it, I get up to see,

Wondering where it leads.

I look at it closely, it is engraved,

With flowers, and with my name.

I turn the large doorknob, pull the door open,

And step into the light.

I go down a set of stairs, made of stone,

And cold against my bare feet.

I see an elf going past, I rub my eyes,

I keep walking and reach a hallway,

I can smell sawdust and freshly cut wood.

The paintings on the walls are of elves at work,

Chopping wood and making toys.

I can hear banging and sawing, like a thunderstorm raging.

I can smell wood, like sweet fruit.

I hear a sudden bang, an explosion.

I run back, the stairs are no longer there,

There is a door, which I open,

I come to a room, with elves making toys,

With Santa watching them, eating mince pies.

I say a tentative hello, ho ho ho Santa replies.

He points to a chest, I go towards it and open it,

It is full of wooden toys.