

The Christmas House

by Samuel Wright

Johnny dared me once to steal a piece of Christmas from the Christmas house. I said no, because of God. But he made a spaz face at me all day so I promised to do it for a Twix.

Johnny hated the Christmas House. He said it was wrong to have Scrooge next to Santa. I said, it didn't matter, because they were both with the Baby Jesus, and that's what Christmas is all about. I didn't like the grotto, though. It was really just the back door of the Christmas House, and it had an iron grating on it, with a Santa that waved behind, like he was in prison.

The easiest piece to steal was a Santa head. They were all lit up and hung down so you could reach. You just needed to get some scissors and cut the string. I did it on Christmas Eve, because we were bored and it might stop me thinking about presents. Only, the string was electric. Johnny said it was lucky I was wearing wellies, but still, the whole of the Christmas house went pfft.

We ran away, but then I said it was like that film about Christmas, and we had to be good to get presents, so I went and told Mr Christmas what I'd done. He told me to piss off, though, so I spat on him.

I still got a bike for Christmas, though, so next year we're going to steal the Baby Jesus.