THE TWELVE STORIES OF CHRISTMAS

A Christmas Story

Cecelia Ahern

It's Christmas Eve and the crowd in Phoenix Park cheer as President Higgins turns on the lights of Europe's tallest Christmas tree. The star on top beams and fireworks fill the sky. Colours explode and pop like burst piñatas, glittering lights trickle down like falling candy. Everyone oohs and ahhs and while they're distracted, I get to work. I move through the crowd, sliding a wallet from a coat pocket, lifting an iPhone from a buggy, then leg it to the woods before I'm caught.

I hear rustling and my heart pounds, thinking it's the Gardaí, but it's a huge reindeer with massive antlers and a wet nose.

'Alright?' I say.

He looks down at the stolen phone and wallet on the ground.

'Okay, judgy reindeer.'

There's a sudden crash in the tree above me. I look up to discover a green velvet sack stuck in the branches. It's heaving with toys. More loot, happy days. With it is a list of toys with names and addresses beside them.

'These delivery fellas are getting worse,' I say.

The reindeer nods and grunts.

'Oh no. Not me. No way.'

I'm used to taking stuff from people, not giving it to them…

Can you finish the story?

The Great Spangle Shortage

Eoin Colfer

The so-called Miracle of Christmas is not actually a miracle at all but a very precise mathematical equation that will not be understood by most humans for several generations, but which is of course known to elves. This equation involves quantum mathematics, and is so advanced that mortals usually do not recognize one of the elements as a legitimate measurable substance.

The equation is as follows: Distance = Belief x Speed x Time.

The biggest variable in this equation is belief which has its own separate equation that is far too long and complicated to fit into this book.

Simply put: The more people who believe that Father Christmas or Santa Claus will visit them on Christmas Eve, then the more people Father Christmas can visit. Speed is measured in miles, time is measured in minutes and we shall refer to the units for the measurement of belief as spangles after Professor Josephine Spangle (Josie to her friends, JoJo to her parents) of Trinity College Dublin, who discovered the unit using a quantum microscope, two elastic bands and a tube of glitter glue. And even though Professor Spangle's discovery was a significant scientific breakthrough, not a single person believed her and the professor

became something of a laughing stock in the scientific community. Josephine was fired from her job and her very name became a cruel jibe. Whenever a scientist made an outlandish claim they were said to have: A bad case of the Spangles.

What Josephine Spangle had correctly calculated was that that in order for Father Christmas to visit all of the world's pre-teens in a single night it would require at a minimum 2.5 spangles per child to create a time bubble around Santa and his reindeer. However, the biggest single spangle generator is Santa Claus himself, who is personally responsible for over thirty per cent of the world's belief, and without his quota there isn't enough belief on the planet to get the sleigh off the ice, for Santa Claus is Christmas's biggest champion, or at least he used to be. Until he lost his spangles.

Three days before Christmas, the reindeer were messing about near the North Pole spangle storage tank and Dancer put a hole in the brass casing with his antlers, flooding the ice with pure liquid spangle concentrate. This was wonderful for the fish underneath the ice who found they were suddenly able to fly, but catastrophically bad for Father Christmas and his delivery schedule as most of the year's supply was lost to the Arctic. Santa knew there was only one person he could turn to for advice: the disgraced Irish scientist: Professor Josephine Spangles…

Can you finish the story?

A Christmas Story

Roddy Doyle

Tommy and Lily were twins.

But that's not the exciting bit of the story.

They were in their back garden. That's not exciting either but it will be in a minute.

They were in the garden because there was hardly any room in the house.

At the start of the lockdown their Dad had baked a cake. He had never done it before and it turned out very well. It had all sorts of mad things in it and on top of it. Tom and Lily and their Mam loved it. So he'd baked another one. And another, bigger one. And another. And another.

Tom and Lily fell out of love with cake. But their Dad kept baking it and eating it. He couldn't stop. He grew and kept growing. They hadn't seen their Mam in weeks. She was behind their Dad, somewhere. She waved at them over his shoulder.

'Hi, kiddies!'

So, anyway. Tom and Lily were in the garden.

The exciting bit is coming up – now.

Lily stood on an elf.

'Watch it!' said the elf.

Tom and Lily looked down.

The elf looked up.

‘Do you work for Santy?’ said Tom.

‘Indeed I do,’ said the elf. ‘He wants to help your Dad. And he needs you two to help *him*’…

Can you finish the story?

Sleigh

Chiamaka Enyi-Amadi

'Guess who *I* was chatting to over lunch?' Nollaig's mam asks, as she rips a small white label off an elf doll, clothed head-to-toe in a red onesie.

'Dunno, you're *always* talking on your laptop,' Nollaig shrugs at her, not turning away from his game. He scowls as the iPad screen goes black suddenly. He'd ignored the low battery warnings for too long and now he had one less distraction to help him ignore his mother.

Nollaig tosses the tablet onto his bedside table, which has been doubling for his school desk, burying his curly head in his pillow.

'Ah come on, love, give it a guess,' she holds the elf doll up to her chin wiggling it from side to side with both arms. 'Here's a clue.'

Despite himself, his ears perk up at the word 'clue'. He peeks over his shoulder to see the mischievous grin spreading across mam's face. *Sure why not*, he thinks, *let's play along*.

'Oh, were you on to Santa?' he quizzes.

'No, no, not him, someone high up on his team—Santa, you know he's *very* busy this time of year —head of his workshop, actually,' she brags.

Nollaig stares past his mother, resting his brown eyes on the mini elf sitting upright on the bookshelf. 'Was it him, then?' he nods at the doll by her shoulder. He wanted, no *needed* the iPad charger. Maybe they could strike a bargain, maybe if he plays along in mam's guessing game then maybe he could play more Animal Crossing before dinner.

'Close,' Mam claps her hands together once then rubs her palms together. He could smell the alcohol; she must have sanitised the elf packaging. *Nothing escapes the antibacterial spray… not even Santa I bet*, he thinks. *No, not this year*.

I've been on to the Head Elf, he sent over a friend to help you be extra good for Santa,' she gestures to the red doll, 'Elf On A Shelf. Nice of him to spare one of his workers just for you, isn't it?' she says and tosses the white tag into the waste bin.

'That's soo ge-ne-rous of him, Mam, can I send him a thank you letter, or email, like… on the iPad?'

'Lovely idea, I'll tell your da to work on letter-writing with you tomorrow.'

'I can start on it before dinner, will you let me have the charger, for only an hour, please, Mam?' he pleads, following her out of his room and into the colourful plant-lined hallway.

'Don't be pestering me, you know the rules. No iPad past five. Just your luck you bled the battery dry with all your gaming,' she gives out.

'Ah please, Mam, please' he begs after her. He was almost clutching at her cotton dress as they walked down the stairs, *desperate*, so he was.

'C'mere and stop your moaning, your da's put up the new tree. Start decorating, I'll put dinner on...' She hands him a box of glittery gold and silver baubles and walks off, her words trailing behind her.

Stuff this, he thinks dropping the box at the foot of the gigantic artificial Christmas tree. *Operation Find the iPad Charger in motion*, he grins to himself.

Nollaig sneaks up to his parents' room, he knows his da will be in his study for at least another half hour 'til dinner...

When he steps into the room, he hears a noise. The elf is watching him from the corner…

Can you finish the story?

Something In The Living Room

Shane Hegarty

'Pony! Pony! Pony!' my little sister Eve shouted. 'Ponyponyponypony!!'

It was Christmas morning. Me and Eve had been up a whole hour already because we had been woken by a noise.

It *had* to be have been Santa visiting our house and we were going to exPLODE if we had to wait any longer to see what he had brought us.

We tried to wake Mum and Dad.

'It de middull of de nite,' Dad complained with his face buried in his pillow.

'It can't be the middle of the night!' I said, running back to the bed. 'Santa's already been. We *heard* him.'

Mum snorted a big snorty snore. It sounded like a pig crossed with a drill.

'How long do we have to wait?' I asked Dad.

'One … hour,' Dad mumbled, sleepily.

'*One*!' counted Eve before running out of the bedroom.

'Fffffftrrrkkkkllppptttt,' snorted Mum, sounding like a baboon mixed with a duck.

Me and Eve raced down the stairs to the living room. I'm big so went two steps at a time. Eve slid down the bannisters and landed with a grunt on the winter coats piled at the end.

The only light in our hallway came from the moon shining through the window over our front door. It made the silver stars on my pyjamas wink.

We heard slurping from the living room.

‘Pony!’ gasped Eve.

She shoved through the door – and screamed.

I followed her in and, seeing what Eve was looking at, I screamed too.

There was something in the living room.

It screamed.

It was *not* a pony…

Can you finish the story?

Greta's HUGE Idea

John McCarthy

Greta was pretty sure Christmas was going to be shocking altogether. She was standing in for her uncle, Santa, because he'd broken his legs road-testing the sleigh while checking his Insta feed.

They'd a load of back-up Santas, but they'd all been there when Mrs Santa ate his head off and they were still recovering.

So Greta was in charge of the whole operation - the toy workshop, the massive lists, the reindeer training.

She really did try her best. She learnt off the ten million directions to every single home. She agreed to wear a beard. But the bad news kept coming: the toys were covered in hand sanitizer - the elves could barely hold them, let alone wrap them; the reindeer were gone mad for social distancing and refusing to stand anywhere near each other in training.

And then they told her she couldn't shout 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' in case it stretched her mask and broke it.

'That's the last straw,' she said, shaking her head. 'I've been looking forward to that more than anything'.

'Sorry everyone,' she said, reaching for the huge red CANCEL CHRISTMAS alarm. 'I just can't'…

Can you finish the story?

A Christmas Mission

Lisa McGee

When their parents told them they were moving to Eagle Mountain, Joseph (9 1/2) and Sean (6 3/4) had thought it was a joke. It was three days before Christmas! And nobody lived on Eagle Mountain. Well, except maybe the odd eagle.

Yet here they are. In this big old house surrounded by forest - not a neighbour in sight.

'This place might not feel much like home right now,' their mother said softly. 'But it's going to be very special,' she promised.

'Hmmm...' Joseph muttered as he turned to his brother. 'I don't think so somehow,' he whispered.

'I'm not so sure I trust this Mammy character, you know?' Sean nodded along in agreement.

The boys toyed with raising their concerns with their father but decided there was no point. Ultimately Mammy was in charge. She took a mad notion to live on a creepy mountain and now they're all stuck here.

'This place is the pits,' Sean sighed. 'We've no friends to play with and we can't even get wifi - we're too high up - it's barbaric!' Joseph was impressed. 'Barbaric' was quite a big word for a young fella of only 6 and 3/4.

Okay, so it wasn't all bad. They liked racing their bikes down the never ending corridors and enjoyed exploring the hidden passageways and secret rooms but something was really starting to trouble them. Christmas is so close now and how on earth will Santa find this place? They didn't write him a letter to tell them they'd moved. There wasn't time. The house is so remote, so hidden, even if Santa uses his Santa nav he's sure to miss it. Then what? No Santa, no presents, no Christmas.

‘No way!’ Joseph announced loudly. ‘Listen Sean...I’ve been thinking.’ His little brother looked alarmed - that’s never good, but Joseph continued undeterred, delighted with his great idea.

‘If Santa can’t find us - then we will just have to find Santa!’ Sean’s eyes widened.

‘Really?’

Joseph slapped his brother on the back. ‘Really. Pack your bag Sean...we’re going on an adventure.’…

Can you finish the story?

A Christmas Story

Áine Ní Ghlinn

Where could he be?

He was there last night when we were coming in from the yard.

Didn't we spend two hours building him.

A huge snowball for the body. A smaller one on top of that for the head.

A carrot from the kitchen for his nose. Little pebbles from the garden for his mouth. An old hat we got from Grandad. My scarf around his neck.

Didn't we take pictures? Myself and my brother on either side and he with his stony smile in the middle. Didn't my mother put the pictures up on social media so my aunts could *like* them..

'Mammy,' I said. 'Come here. He's gone.'

'Who is gone?'

'The snowman we built yesterday. He's gone.'

'Don't be ridiculous. He couldn't have melted that fast.'

'He's not melted. Look out the window. He's gone.'

The pair of us looked out the window. We opened the door. Everywhere was still covered in a blanket of white snow but there was no sign of the snowman.

Then we saw the footprints. Big white footprints. Footprints that didn't come from either animal or human. We started to follow them…

Can you finish the story?

A Very Busy Christmas

Sheila O'Flanagan

Santa Claus put on his favourite mask. It was a red mask, with gold and silver stars. It had to be big to cover Santa's enormous white beard. Santa looked at himself in the mirror.

'Different,' he said out loud. 'But still good.'

He picked up his red and white candy stick and walked across the snowy garden to the workshop. He knocked on the door with the stick.

His Chief Elf opened it. He was dressed in a green suit and a green pointed hat. His mask was green too.

'Hello, Chief Elf,' said Santa.

'Hello, Santa,' said the Chief Elf.

Santa walked into the workshop. It was a busy as ever. All of the elves were standing at their workbenches. Last year they had one long bench that took up the whole workshop. This year, every elf had his or her own bench.

'Are we on schedule?' asked Santa.

'We're a little bit late,' confessed the Chief Elf.

'What!' Santa's face went red. It was nearly the same red as his suit.

'It's just that the list of good children is so long this year,' said the Chief Elf. 'And the naughty list is very short.'

'What about the Terrible Twins?' asked Santa. 'Which list are they on?'

Can you finish the story?

Saving Christmas

Louise O'Neill

Lucy woke with a start when she heard the first bang. The room was dark and she was half-asleep; she might have persuaded herself that it was just a dream if she hadn't heard the second bang, louder this time, and a man's voice, 'Hush, Blitzen, you're not auditioning for Riverdance.'

Lucy lay there, frozen, her hands clutching at the bed covers. Should she wake her older sister? But Katie – sorry, *Kate,* as she insisted on being called now that she'd turned twelve – would only tell Lucy she was imagining things, she was a stupid baby and that's why Kate didn't want to share a room with her anymore. Her sister had asked Mam if she could have their father's old study instead, and Mam had said she'd think about it. She'd turned away, but Kate and Lucy could both see the tears in her eyes. Mam cried a lot these days, of course. She would shut the bedroom door behind her and turn the music up loud but they could still hear her, underneath it all.

'Away we go,' the man's voice said. A clatter of hoofs on the roof, a shivering of silver bells, and suddenly, the house was quiet again. Lucy stole out of bed and crept downstairs. She could hear whining, low and insistent, and when she opened the front door, she found a small, brown dog there, staring at the sky and whimpering.

She crouched down to rub his ears and she saw a glint of silver around his neck, a name tag in the shape of a snowflake. *My name is Nutmeg*, it said on the front. She turned it around and read the words on the other side aloud.

'Please return to K. Kringle. C/O The North Pole'…

Can you finish the story?

Imagine the Possibilities

Stephen James Smith

Possibilities, that's what excites me and there's always possibilities. Even today, it might feel like any other day, but there's magic happening right now. Somewhere in the world it's snowing, somehow we are spinning around the sun, somewhere someone is singing and that sounds like fun. All of that is magic and gives us hope and possibilities.

So let me tell you about me and the memories that we'll create over this Christmas. It starts with kindness and ends with happiness. It has Christmas trees with an angel on top, carol singers who don't know when to stop, hampers full of chocolate biscuits and Christmas jumpers that no longer fit us!

This season has smells and sounds like no other, let me tell you about it. Let me tell you about my family, about my friends, about my pets and all the gifts we hope to get. But to get we must give and that's what helps us live in a better world. So I'll tell you, who I'd like to help. That's the true meaning of Christmas!

There's so much I'd like to tell you, the only thing that can stop me now is my own imagination. So let's imagine all the possibilities together. Let's think of all the new ways we can celebrate this year together.

These are some of the things that excite me today, so let me start by telling you this… okay?

Can you finish the story?

The Mysterious Gift

Máire Zepf

The tree was decorated, its lights twinkling in every colour. Over the mantelpiece, stockings were hung, ready for Santa. With only three sleeps left until Christmas, Lorcan's tummy was so full of butterflies that he thought he might actually burst.

When Mum and Dad were busy, he slipped quietly into the living room and lifted the presents into his hands. He gave them a careful shake-shake-shake to hear what was inside.

The shiny red box, card from Granny, rattling sound inside? Lego, maybe?
The L-shaped parcel, messily wrapped, from Aunty Rosie. Was it a scooter?

But when he touched the gift with the starry paper - the one on the left at the back of the Christmas tree – it began to jitter. Lorcan jumped back, hand-on-mouth with panic. The whole tree was shuddering now – lights, decorations, everything. Even the star on the very top shook.

'Meek – Beek – Boop…' said the parcel. It was shaking now like a washing machine.

'Beeky – Booky -Moop!' it said, even louder.

'MOOKY – BOOMPY – BEEK!!' came from the present, and then BANG! – the box opened…

Can you finish the story?

Scéal Nollag

Cecelia Ahern

Oíche Nollag atá ann. Tá slua mór i bPáirc an Fhionnuisce, iad go léir ag béicíl is ag ceiliúradh agus na soilse á lasadh ag an Uachtarán Ó hUigínn ar an gcrann Nollag is airde san Eoraip. Tá an réalta ar bharr an chrainn ag lonrú agus tá tinte ealaíne ag líonadh na spéire. Na dathanna geala ag pléascadh mar a bheadh *piñatas*, na soilse ag drithliú is ag sileadh anuas mar a bheadh milseáin ag titim ón spéir.

Gach úúúú agus áááá le cloisteáil ón slua agus fad is atá súile gach duine dírithe ar an spéir téimse i mbun oibre.

Déanaim mo bhealach tríd an slua, sparán á phiocadh as póca anseo, ifón as bugaí ansiúd. Ansin, sula mbíonn seans ag aon duine breith orm, ar aghaidh liom ar cosa in airde isteach sa choill.

Cloisim siosarnach sna crainn.

Stopann mo chroí is mé ag ceapadh go bhfuil na Gardaí tar éis teacht suas liom. Níl ann, áfach, ach réinfhia mór fliuchshrónach agus beanna ollmhóra ar a chloigeann.

'Bhuel?' arsa mise. 'Céard tá uaitse?'

Féachann sé ar an bhfón agus ar an sparán atá anois ar an talamh.

'Coinnigh do shrón mhór fhliuch amach as rudaí nach mbaineann leat,' a deirim.

Go tobann, cloisim *Crais* os mo chionn. Féachaim in airde. Tá mála glas veilbhite i bhfostú sna géaga. É ag cur thar maoil le bréagáin. Ar fheabhas ar fad. Tuilleadh stuif domsa.

Ar bharr an mhála tá liosta. Liosta de na bréagáin ar fad agus ainm agus seoladh le gach ceann.

‘Tá na seirbhísí seachadta ag dul in olcas ó lá go lá.’

Sméideann an réinfhia orm agus déanann sé gnúsacht.

‘Déan dearmad air!’ a deirim. ‘Níl mise chun iad seo a sheachadadh.

Is ag tógáil stuif ó dhaoine a bhímse, ní á thabhairt dóibh…

Can you finish the story?

An Mór-ghanntanas Gealáin

Eoin Colfer

Ní míorúilt ar chor ar bith é an rud ar a dtugtar *Míorúilt na Nollag*, ach cothromóid chruinn mhatamaitice nach dtuigfidh an chuid is mó de na daoine ar feadh na nglúnta, ach a bhfuil ar eolas cheana féin ag na lucharacháin, ar ndóigh. Tá meicnic chandamach i gceist sa chothromóid seo, agus tá sí chomh casta sin nach n-aithníonn gnáthdhaoine ceann de na gnéithe inti mar ábhar ceart ar féidir a thomhas fiú. Seo a leanas an chothromóid:

Fad = Creideamh x Luas x Am.

Is í an athróg is mó sa chothromóid seo ná *creideamh* agus tá a chomthromóid féin ag an ngné seo atá i bhfad rófhada agus róchasta le dul sa leabhar seo.

Curtha go simplí: Dá mhéad daoine a chreideann go dtiocfaidh Daidí na Nollag ar cuairt chucu Oíche Nollag, is ea is mó daoine ar *féidir* leis cuairt a thabhairt orthu. Tomhaistear luas i mílte, tomhaistear am i nóiméid agus tabharfaidh muid 'gealán' ar aonad tomhais an chreidimh, ainmnithe i ndiaidh an tOllamh Seosaimhín Ní Ghealáin (Josie dá cairde, JoJo dá tuismitheoirí) ó Choláiste na Trionóide, Baile Átha Cliath, a d'aimsigh an t-aonad le micreascóp candamach, dhá bhanda leaisteach agus tiúb gliú gealra. Agus cé gur dul chun cinn suntasach eolaíoch a bhí sa méid a fuair an tOllamh Uí Ghealáin amach, níor chreid oiread is duine amháin í agus rinneadh ceap magaidh di i measc an phobail eolaíochta. Scaoileadh Josie óna post agus rinneadh magadh dá hainm. Nuair a mhaígh eolaí rud a bhí thar fóir nó deacair a chreidiúnt, dúradh go raibh '*droch-chás de na Gealáin*' tagtha orthu.

An rud a d'oibrigh Seosaimhín Ní Ghealáin amach go cruinn ná go raibh ar a laghad 2.5 gealán an páiste ag teastáil chun boilgeog ama a chruthú thart ar Dhaidí na Nollag agus a chuid réinfhia, chun go mbeadh sé in ann cuairt a thabhairt ar gach páiste ar domhan in aon oíche amháin. Ach, is é Daidí na Nollag féin an déantóir gealán is mó, atá freagrach as breis is tríocha faoin gcéad de chreideamh an domhain, agus gan a sciarsa níl a dhóthain creidimh ann ar an bpláinéad chun carr sleamhnáin a ardú ón oighear, mar is é Daidí na Nollag laoch na féile, nó sin mar a bhíodh ar scor ar bith. Sular chaill se a chuid gealáin.

Trí lá roimh an Nollaig, bhí na réinfhia ag amaidí in aice le humar storáis gealán an Mhol Thuaidh nuair a chuir Dancer poll sa chásáil práis lena chuid adharca. Stealladh an fíor-dlúthán leactach gealáin ar fud an oighir. Bhí seo thar barr do na héisc faoin oighear a d'aithin go tobann go raibh siad in ann eitilt, ach bhí sé tubaisteach do Dhaidí na Nollag agus dá sceideal seachadta, mar gur cailleadh beagnach soláthar bliana san Aigéan Artach.

Bhí a fhios ag Daidí na Nollag nach raibh ann ach duine amháin arbh fhéidir comhairle a thabhairt dó: an t-eolaí náirithe Éireannach: An tOllamh Seosaimhín Ní Ghealáin…

Can you finish the story?

Scéal Nollag

Roddy Doyle

Cúpla ab ea Tomás agus Lile.

Ach ní haon scéal mór é sin.

Bhí siad beirt sa chúlghairdín. Ní haon scéal mór é sin ach an oiread ach beidh sé ina scéal mór i gceann nóiméid.

Bhí siad sa chúlghairdín mar nach raibh aon spás fágtha sa teach.

Ag tús na dianghlasála rinne athair na bpáistí císte. B'é sin an chéad uair riamh do Dhaid císte a dhéanamh agus bhí sé an-bhlasta mar chíste.

Bhí rudaí aisteacha de gach sórt ar bharr an chíste agus rudaí aisteacha de gach sórt istigh ann.

Bhí Tomás agus Lile agus a máthair an-tógtha leis. Chomh tógtha sin leis gur bhácáil Daid císte eile. Agus ceann eile a bhí níos mó. Agus ceann eile. Agus ceann eile fós.

D'éirigh Tomás agus Lile tuirseach de na cístí. Lean Daid ar aghaidh ag bácáil, áfach. Lean sé ar aghaidh ag ithe freisin. Ní raibh sé in ann stopadh.

Thosaigh Daid ag fás. Agus ag fás. Ní raibh a máthair feicthe ag na páistí le cúpla seachtain. Bhí sí taobh thiar de Dhaid áit éigin. Chroch sí lámh ar an gcúpla thar ghualainn Dhaid.

'Haigh, a pháistí!'

Pé scéal é, bhí Tomás agus Lile sa ghairdín.

Tá an chuid is spéisiúla den scéal ag teacht anois.

Sheas Lile ar lucharachán.

'Seachain tú féin!' arsa an lucharachán.

D’fhéach Tomás agus Lile síos.

D’fhéach an lucharachán aníos.

‘An mbíonn tusa ag obair le Daidí na Nollag?’ arsa Tomás.

‘Bíonn cinnte,’ arsa an lucharachán. ‘Tá Daidí na Nollag ag iarraidh cabhrú le bhur n-athair. Ach caithfidh an bheirt agaibhse cabhrú leis.’…

Can you finish the story?

Carr sleamhnáin

Chiamaka Enyi-Amadi

‘Ní thomhaisfidh tú go brách cé leis a raibh mé ag caint ag am dinnéir?’ a d’fhiafraigh mama Nollaig, agus í ag baint lipéad beag bán de bhábóg, macasamhail lucharacháin, a bhí gléasta ó bhun go barr in aon bhall éadaigh amháin a raibh dath dearg air.

‘Níl tuairim na ngrást agam, níl seó ar bith ach thú ag caint le daoine ar do ríomhaire glúine,’ a dúirt Nollaig léi agus é ag croitheadh a chuid guaillí, agus a chuid súile greamaithe dá chluiche i gcónaí aige. Chuir sé strainc air féin nuair a tháinig dath dubh ar scáileán a iPad agus gan súil ar bith aige leis. Ní raibh sé ag tabhairt airde ar bith ar na fógraí a bhí á bhfáil aige nach mórán cumhachta a bhí fanta san iPad agus anois bhí rud amháin eile nach bhféadfadh sé a úsáid leis an gcluas bhodhar a thabhairt dá mháthair.

Chaith Nollaig uaidh an iPad anuas ar an mboirdín beag le taobh na leapan, a bhí sé a úsáid freisin mar dheasc scoile, agus bháigh sé a chloigeann catach ina philiúr.

‘Á, gabh i leith anois a stóirín, tomhais cé a bhí ann,’ agus an lucharachán curtha suas faoina smig aici agus í i ngreim ina dhá lámh agus í á chur anonn agus anall, ‘seo leid duit.’

Bhioraigh a chuid cluasa dá bhuíochas nuair a chuala sé an focal ‘leid.’ Bhreathnaigh sé siar thar a ghualainn agus chonaic sé go raibh straois an chailín báire ar éadan a mháthar. Dúirt sé leis féin go n-imreodh sé an cluiche a bhí aici, ar ndóigh ní raibh tada le cailleadh aige.

‘Ó, an raibh tú ag caint le Santaí?’ a d’fhiafraigh sé.

‘Ní raibh muis, ní hé sin atá i gceist agam, ach duine éigin atá ard ar a fhoireann – bíodh a fhios agat go bhfuil Santaí an-ghnóthach go deo an t-am seo den bhliain – an té atá i gceannas ina cheardlann mar a tharlaíonn sé’ a dúirt sí agus í chomh postúil le cat siopa.

Bhreathnaigh Nollaig anonn thar a mháthair, agus a dhá shúil mhóra dhonna greamaithe aige den lucharachán beag a bhí suite thuas ar an tseilf leabhar, ‘an é

sin a bhí ann mar sin?' agus é ag croitheadh a chloiginn ar an mbábóg a bhí gar dá gualainn.

Bhí sé ag iarraidh, ní hea, theastaigh luchtaire uaidh don iPad. B'fhéidir go bhféadfaidís margadh a dhéanamh, b'fhéidir go ligfeadh sé air féin go raibh sé meallta ag a mhama sa gcluiche a bhí sí a imirt, go bhféadfadh sé tuilleadh dá chluiche a imirt ar an iPad roimh an dinnéar.

'Níl tú i bhfad as marc,' a dúirt mama agus í ag buladh bos agus ag cuimilt a dá lámh dá chéile ina dhiaidh sin. Fuair sé boladh óil; chaithfeadh sé gur chuir sí díghalrán ar an mbosca ina raibh an lucharachán. Ní féidir éalú ón díghalrán céanna….Santaí féin, ní thabharfaidh sé na cosa leis, cuirfidh mé geall, a dúirt sé leis féin. Ní i mbliana, ar aon nós.

'Bhí mé i dteagmháil leis an lucharachán atá i gceannas sa Mol Thuaidh agus chuir seisean a chara beag chugainn chun cúnamh a thabhairt duit a bheith thar a bheith go maith do Santaí', agus í ag déanamh comharthaí anonn ag an mbábóg dhearg. '*Elf ar an tSeilf*. Ba dheas uaidh duine dá chuid oibrithe a spáráil duitse amháin, nár dheas?' a dúirt sí agus í ag caitheamh an lipéid bháin síos sa mbosca bruscair.

'Ba mhaith uaidh go deimhin a mhama, an bhféadfainn litir, nó ríomhphost, a chur chuige ag glacadh buíochais leis, b'fhéidir……ar an iPad?'

'An-smaoineamh go deo, déarfaidh mé le do dheaide cúnamh a thabhairt duit amárach chun litreacha a scríobh.'

'D'fhéadfainn tosú uirthi roimh an dinnéar, má thugann tú dom an luchtaire, díreach ar feadh uair an chloig amháin, más é do thoil é a mhama?' a d'impigh sé uirthi agus é á leanúint amach as a sheomra agus isteach sa halla, áit a raibh plandaí daite ar gach aon taobh.

'Ná bí do mo chrá, is maith atá a fhios agat na rialacha. Caithfidh tú déanamh gan an iPad tar éis a cúig tráthnóna. Níl aon locht ar aon duine ach ort féin faoi gur imigh an chumhacht as an iPad i ngeall ar na cluichí a bhí tú a imirt,' a dúirt sí agus í ag tabhairt amach dó.

'Á a mhama, as ucht Dé ort' a dúirt sé agus é ag impí uirthi agus é ag imeacht ina diaidh. Bhí sé beagnach i ngreim ina gúna cadáis agus iad ag siúl síos an staighre agus eisean in anchaoi, bhí sin.

'Gabh i leith anseo agus éirigh as ag fuarchaoineachán, tá an crann nua feistithe ag do dheaide. Tosaigh dá mhaisiú agus cuirfidh mise síos an dinnéar…' Shín sí chuige bosca ornáidí óir agus airgid lonracha agus shiúil sí uaidh agus í ag caint léi i gcónaí.

Bíodh an diabhal aige seo, a dúirt sé leis féin agus chaith sé uaidh an bosca ag bun an chrainn Nollag, crann bréige mór millteach.

Chuir sé strainc air féin agus dúirt sé leis féin, gabhfaidh mise anois ag cuartú an luchtaire don iPad.

D'éalaigh sé suas chuig seomra a mhuintire, bhí a fhios aige go mbeadh a dheaide ina oifig go ceann leathuair an chloig eile ar a laghad nó go mbeadh an dinnéar ann… Nuair a leag sé a chos sa seomra, chuala sé torann.

Bhí an lucharachán ag faire go grinn air ón gcoirnéal…

Can you finish the story?

Tá Rud Éigin Sa Seomra Suite

Shane Hegarty

'Capaillín! Capaillín! Capaillín! a dúirt mo dheirfiúr beag Eve in ard a gutha. 'Capaillíncapaillíncapaillíncapaillín!!'

Maidin lá Nollag a bhí ann. Bhí mise agus Eve inár suí le huair an chloig mar ghur dhúisigh torann muid.

Chaithfeadh sé gurbh é Daidí na Nollag a bhí ann agus é ag tabhairt cuairt orainn. PHLÉASCfadh muid dá mbeadh orainn fanacht soicind amháin eile le fáil amach céard a bhí tugtha chugainn aige.

Rinne muid iarracht mama agus deaide a dhúiseacht.

''Sé lár na hoíche é,' a dúirt deaide go clamhsánach, agus a éadan báite ina philiúr aige.

'Ní fhéadfadh sé gurb é lár na hoíche é!' a dúirt mé, agus mé ag rith ar ais go dtí an leaba. 'Tá Daidí na Nollag tagtha cheana féin. *Chuala* muid é.'

Rinne mama gnúsacht mhór. Ba chosúil le muc agus le druillire ag an am céanna an ghnúsacht.

'Cé chomh fada is a chaithfidh muid fanacht?' a d'fhiafraigh mé de dheaide.

'…Uair an chloig,' a dúirt deaide go codlatach trína chuid fiacla.

'*Uair an chloig!*' a bhéic Eve agus rith sí amach as an seomra.

'Ffffftrrrkkkkllppptttt,' a dúirt mama de ghnúsacht, agus í cosúil le babún agus le lacha ag an am céanna.

Rith mé féin agus Eve síos an staighre go dtí an seomra suí. Tá mise mór agus mé in ann dhá chéim a thógáil in éindí. Shleamhnaigh Eve síos na ráillí agus leaindeáil sí de phlimp ar na cótaí geimhridh a bhí ina gcarnán thíos in íochtar.

Ba é solas na gealaí an t-aon solas a bhí sa halla agus é ag scaladh tríd an

bhfuinneog a bhí os cionn an dorais tosaigh. Bhí na réaltaí airgid a bhí ar mo phitseámaí ag glioscarnach dá bharr.

Chuala muid glogarnaíl sa seomra suí.

'Capaillín!' a dúirt Eve agus an anáil ag imeacht uaithi.

Bhrúigh sí isteach í féin – agus thosaigh sí ag scréachaíl.

Lean mise í, agus lig mé féin scréach freisin nuair a chonaic mé gach a raibh Eve ag breathnú air.

Bhí rud éigin sa seomra suí.

Lig *sé* scread.

Ní capaillín a bhí ann…

Can you finish the story?

An smaoineamh MÓR MILLTEACH a bhí ag Greta

John McCarthy

Bhí Greta cinnte dearfa go mbeadh an Nollaig uafásach uilig. Bhí sise ag tógáil áit a huncail, Santaí, mar gur bhris sé a chuid cosa agus é amuigh ar a charr sleamhnáin go bhfeicfeadh sé cén siúl a d'fhéadfadh sé a bhaint aisti, agus in áit aird a bheith aige ar a ghnó, céard a bhí sé a dhéanamh ach ag breathnú ar Instagram ar a fón. Bhí Santaithe go leor réitithe acu le háit Santaí a thógáil dá dtiocfadh orthu, ach bhí chuile dhuine amháin acu sin fós ag teacht chucu fhéin ó chonaic siad bean chéile Santaí ag ithe na gcluasa dó.

Ba í Greta mar sin a bhí i gceannas ar gach a raibh le déanamh --- ceardlann na mbréagán, na liostaí móra fada agus oiliúint a chur ar na réinfhianna.

Rinne sí a míle dícheall. Chuir sí na deich milliún treoir ag 'chuile theach beo sa domhan de ghlan mheabhair. Bhí sí sásta féasóg féin a chaitheamh. Ach ní raibh deireadh ar bith leis na drochscéalta: bhí na bréagáin clúdaithe le díghalrán lámh --- ba ar éigean a bhí na lucharacháin in ann greim a choinneáil orthu, ní áirim páipéar deas galánta a chur thart orthu; bhí an scaradh sóisialta bailithe sa gcloigeann ag na réinfhianna agus ní sheasfaidís i ngar ná i ngaobhar dá chéile ar ór ná ar airgead agus Greta ag iarraidh iad a oiliúint. Agus dúirt siad léi ansin nach bhféadfadh sí a bheith ag béiceadh 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' ar fhaitíos na bhfaitíos go dtarraingneodh sí a masc an iomarca agus go mbrisfeadh sé.

'Bhuel sin é an buille a mharaigh an mhuic,' a dúirt sí agus í ag croitheadh a cloiginn. 'Thar rud ar bith eile, ba é sin an rud ba mhó a raibh mé ag súil leis.'

'Mo mhíle leithscéal le chuile dhuine amháin agaibh,' a dúirt sí, agus í ag síneadh a lámh i dtreo an aláraim mhóir dheirg a raibh NOLLAIG AR CEAL scríofa air. 'Ní fhéadfaidh mé é a dhéanamh.'…

Can you finish the story?

Misean na Nollag

Lisa McGee

Nuair a dúirt a muintir le Seosamh (naoi mbliana go leith) agus le Seán (sé bliana agus trí cheathrú) go raibh siad ag dul ag cónaí ar Shliabh an Iolair, shíl siad gur ag magadh a bhí siad. Ní raibh ach trí lá eile ann go mbeadh sé ina Nollaig! Ar ndóigh ní raibh duine ar bith ina gcónaí ar Shliabh an Iolair. Bhuel cé is moite de chorr iolar b'fhéidir. Ach ina dhiaidh sin féin, b'iúd ansiúd iad. Sa teach mór millteach seo a raibh foraois thart air – agus gan duine ná deoraí le feiceáil.

'B'fhéidir nach gceapfadh sibh gur mórán de bhaile atá anseo anois,' a dúirt a máthair leo agus í ag labhairt go deas réidh.

'Ach geallaim daoibh go mbeidh sé an-speisialta,' a dúirt sí.

'Hmmm…' a dúirt Seosamh faoina anáil agus bhreathnaigh sé ar a dheartháir. 'Ní cheapaim é ar chaoi éigin,' a dúirt sé agus é ag cogarnaíol. 'Níl mé an-siúráilte an bhfuil aon mhuinín agam as Mama s'againne, bíodh a fhios agat?'

Chroith Seán a chloigeann agus é ag aontú leis. 'Chuimhnigh na buachaillí an imní a bhí orthu a tharraingt anuas ag a n-athair, ach dúirt siad leo féin gur cur amú ama a bhí ann. B'í Mama a bhí i gceannas i ndeireadh na dála. Chuir sí ina cloigeann craiceáilte é go gcónóidís ar shliabh a chuirfeadh scéin i nduine ar bith agus ní raibh aon dul as acu anois.

'Níl cuma ná caoi ar an áit seo,' a dúirt Seán agus é ag ligean osna mhór as féin. 'Níl aon chairde againn le bheith ag spraoi leo agus níl an wifi féin againn – tá muid i bhfad ró-ard os cionn talún – tá sé coimhthíoch!' Bhí Seosamh an-tógtha leis sin. 'Coimhthíoch' – focal mór a bhí ansin do leaid óg nach raibh ach sé bliana agus trí cheathrú. Bhuel, maith go leor, níorbh é an áit ba mheasa ar fad é. Thaitnigh sé leo a bheith ag rásaíocht lena chéile ar na rothair síos cosán nach raibh deireadh ar bith leis agus ag spaisteoireacht sna pasáistí a bhí i bhfolach agus sna seomraí rúnda, ach bhí rud mór amháin ag tosú ag cur as dóibh. Ba ghearr go mbeadh sé ina Nollaig agus cén chaoi ó thalamh Mhic Dé a bhfaigheadh Santaí tuairisc ar an áit seo? Ní raibh aon litir curtha acu chuig Santaí le rá leis go raibh siad ina gcónaí in áit éigin eile. Ní raibh an t-am ann. Tá an teach seo chomh fada as gach uile áit agus i bhfolach ar an domhan mór

agus fiú amháin dá n-úsáidfeadh Santaí a Santaí-nav, siúráilte cinnte ghabhfadh sé amú air. Cén deireadh a bheadh air sin? Ní bheadh aon Santaí ann, ní bheadh aon bhronntanais ann ná an Nollaig féin.

'Á an stopfaidh tú, ní hé sin an chaoi a mbeidh sé ar chor ar bith!' a d'fhogair Seosamh agus é ag labhairt an-ard. 'Gabh i leith anois a Sheáin……..bhí mé ag cuimhneamh.'

Bhí scéin ina dhearthairín óg – ní rud maith a bhíonn ansin riamh, ach choinnigh Seosamh air ag caint agus é an-mhórálach as féin faoin smaoineamh breá a bhí aige.

'Mura bhféadfaidh Santaí muide a fháil – ní bheidh aon dul as againn ach Santaí a chuartú muid féin!' Sheas a dhá shúil i gcloigeann Sheáin

'I ndáiríre píre?' Tharraing Seosamh rop ar dhroim a dhearthára.

'Is ea, go deimhin. Pacáil do chuid málaí a Sheáin...tá muid ag dul ar thuras spéisiúil ina mbeidh iontais mhóra le feiceáil againn…'

Can you finish the story?

Scéal Nollag

Áine Ní Glinn

Cá raibh sé?

Bhí sé ann aréir agus muid ag teacht isteach ón gclós.

Nár chaitheamar dhá uair a chloig á dhéanamh.

Liathróid mhór sneachta don chorp. Liathróid eile in airde ar an gceann sin mar chloigeann.

Cairéad ón gcistin dá shrón. Clocha beaga bídeacha ón ngairdín cúil dá bhéal. Seanhata air a thug Daideo dúinn. Scaif de mo chuid féin thart timpeall ar a mhuineál.

Nár ghlacamar pictiúir. Mise agus mo dheartháir taobh leis agus gáire clochach air siúd.

Nár chuir mo Mhamaí na pictiúir ar na meáin shóisialta le go bhfeicfeadh m'aintíní iad.

'A Mhamaí,' arsa mise. 'Tar anseo. Tá sé imithe.'

'Céard atá imithe?'

'An fear sneachta a rinneamar inné. Níl sé le feiceáil áit ar bith.'

'Tá tú ag magadh fúm,' arsa mo Mhamaí. 'Ní fhéadfadh sé a bheith leáite chomh tapa sin.'

'Níl sé leáite. Féach amach an fhuinneog. Tá sé imithe.'

D'fhéachamar beirt amach an fhuinneog. Ansin d'osclaíomar an doras. Bhí gach áit fós faoi bhrat bán sneachta ach ní raibh tásc ná tuairisc ar an bhfear sneachta.

Ba ansin a chonaiceamar na loirg coise sa sneachta. Loirg mhóra, bhána. Bá léir nár bhain siad le duine ná le hainmhí ar bith. Thosaíomar á leanúint…

Can you finish the story?

Nollaig Fíor-Ghnóthach

Sheila O'Flanagan

Chuir Daidí na Nollag air an masc ab'fhearr leis. Masc dearg a bhí ann, le réaltaí ar dhath an óir agus an airgid. Bhí air bheith mór go leor chun feasóg ollmhór Dhaidí na Nollag a chlúdach. D'fhéach sé air féin sa scathán.

'Difriúil,' arsa seisean os ard, 'ach fós go maith.'

Thóg sé a mhaide milis dearg agus bán agus shiúil sé trasna an ghairdín, a bhí clúdaithe le sneachta, go dtí an cheardlann. Chnag sé ar an doras lena mhaide. D'oscail a Phríomh-Lucharachán é. Bhí sé gléasta i gculaith ghlas agus bhí hata biorach glas air. Bhí masc glas air chomh maith.

'Dia duit, a Phríomh-Lucharachán,' arsa Daidí na Nollag.

'Dia is Muire duit, a Dhaidí na Nollag,' arsa an Príomh-Lucharachán.

Shiúil Daidí na Nollag isteach sa cheardlann. Bhí sé gnóthach mar ba ghnáth. Bhí na lucharacháin ar fad ina seasamh ag a gcuid binsí oibre. Anuraidh bhí binse fada amháin acu a líon an cheardlann iomlán. I mbliana, bhí a bhinse féin ag gach lucharachán.

'An bhfuil muid in am de réir an sceidil?' arsa Daidí na Nollag.

'Tá muid beagán ar gcúl' a d'admhaigh an Príomh-Lucharachán.

'Ná habair!' D'éirigh aghaidh Daidí na Nollag dearg. Bhí sé chóir a bheith chomh dearg céanna lena chulaith.

'Tá liosta na bpáistí maithe an-fhada i mbliana' a mhínigh an Príomh-Lucharachán. Agus tá an liosta dána an-ghearr.'

'Cad faoin gCúpla Uafásach?' arsa Daidí na Nollag. 'Cé acu liosta ar a bhfuil siadsan?'

Can you finish the story?

Ag Sábháil na Nollag

Louise O'Neill

Dhúisigh Lucy go tobann nuair a chuala sí an chéad phléasc. Bhí an seomra dorcha agus bhí sí leath ina codladh; b'fhéidir go ndéarfadh sí léi féin gur ag brionglóidí a bhí sí murach gur tháinig an dara pléasc - í níos láidre an uair seo -agus glór fir chomh maith, 'Fuist, a Blitzen, ní ag cur isteach ar Riverdance atá tú.'

D'fhan Lucy ina luí mar a bhí sí agus í scanraithe, greim an fhir bháite aici ar an bpluid. Ar cheart di a deirfiúr a bhí ní ba shine ná í a dhúiseacht? Ach 'sé an chaoi a mbeadh Katie – nó *Kate* mar a thugann sí uirthi féin ó bhí sí dhá bhliain déag - ag rá le Lucy gur ag samhlú rudaí a bhí sí, gur páiste mór a bhí inti agus gur b'shin an fáth nach raibh Kate ag iarraidh a bheith ina codladh sa seomra céanna léi ní ba mhó. D'fhiafraigh Katie dá máthair an bhféadfadh sí codladh i seanseomra staidéir a hathar; dúirt a máthair go mbeadh sí ag cuimhneamh air. D'iompaigh sí uathu ansin, ach chonaic Kate agus Lucy na deora ina súile. Bhíodh sí ag caoineadh go minic na laethanta seo. Dhúnadh sí doras a seomra codlata agus chasadh sí suas an ceol, ach bhídís in ann í a chloisteáil mar sin féin.

'Seo linn mar sin,' a chuala sí glór an fhir ag rá. Greadadh na gcrúb ar dhíon an tí, cloigíní airgid á mbualadh, agus an chéad rud eile bhí ciúnas ann arís. D'éalaigh Lucy amach as an leaba agus chuaigh sí síos an staighre. Chuala sí geonaíl íseal sheasmhach, agus nuair a d'oscail sí an doras chonaic sí madra beag donn taobh amuigh ag breathnú suas ar an spéir agus é ag caoineachán. Chrom sí síos lena chluasa a chuimilt agus chonaic sí rud éigin ar dhath an airgid thart ar a mhuinéal. Ba lipéad dá ainm a bhí ann agus é cosúil le calóg shneachta. *Nutmeg an t-ainm atá orm,* a bhí scríofa ar thaobh amháin de.

Chas sí thart é agus léigh sí na focla seo amach os ard: 'Seol ar ais chuig K. Kringle, F/Ch An Mol Thuaidh le do thoil'...

Can you finish the story?

Samhlaigh na Seansanna

Stephen James Smith

Seansanna, sin iad a thugann ardú croí dom agus bíonn seansanna ann i gcónaí. Cuir i gcás inniu, b'fhéidir nach bhfuil ann ach lá eile, ach tá draíocht ag tarlú anois díreach. Tá sé ag sneachta in áit éigint sa domhan, tá an ghrian ag dul timpeall orainn ar chaoi éigint, tá duine éigint ag gabháil fhoinn in áit éigint agus nach spraoi uilig atá ansin de shórt éigint. Draíocht atá sa méid sin uilig agus tugann sé dóchas dúinn agus cuimhníonn muid ar na seansanna a d'fhéadfadh a bheith amach romhainn.

Inseoidh mé daoibh fúm fhéin mar sin agus faoi na cuimhní cinn a chruthóidh muid an Nollaig seo. Tosóidh sé le cineáltas agus críochnóidh sé le háthas. Beidh crainnte Nollag ann agus aingeal ar a mbarr, amhránaithe a déarfaidh carúil, dream nach bhfaighfeá ní b'fhearr, ciseáin Nollag lán le brioscaí agus geansaithe Nollag atá orainn anois rófháiscthe!

Gheobhaidh sibh boladh agus cloisfidh sibh fuaimeanna an séasúr seo nach bhfuil cosúil le séasúr ar bith eile, gabh i leith go n-inseoidh mé dhaoibh fúthu. Labhróidh mé libh freisin faoi mo mhuintir, faoi mo chairde, faoi mo pheataí agus faoi na bronntanais uilig atá súil againn a fháil. Ach má tá muid le rud a fháil, caithfidh muid rud a thabhairt uainn freisin ar a shon agus sin é a thugann cúnamh dúinn maireachtáil i saol níos fearr. Inseoidh mé daoibh mar sin, cé dó ar mhaith liom cúnamh a thabhairt. Sin í an bhrí cheart atá leis an Nollaig!

Tá an oiread ar mhaith liom a insint daoibh, agus sé'n t-aon rud a fhéadfaidh mé a stopadh anois ná mo chuid samhlaíochta féin. Teannadh uaibh mar sin agus samhlóidh muid na seansanna a d'fhéadfadh a bheith amach romhainn. Tosóidh muid ag cuimhneamh faoi na bealaí nua a d'fhéadfadh muid an bhliain seo a cheiliúradh.

Seo cuid de na rudaí a ardaíonn mo chroí, anois tá sé suas agaibhse, a chairde, buailigí faoi…

Can you finish the story?

An Bronntanas Mistéireach

Máire Zepf

Bhí an crann maisithe, na soilse ag splancarnach go daite. Bhí stocaí na Nollag crochta thar an tinteán, réidh do chuairt Dhaidí na Nollag. Gan ann anois ach trí oíche roimh an Nollaig, bhí oiread sceitimíní i mbolg Lorcáin gur shíl sé go raibh sé chun pléascadh.

Nuair a bhí Mamaí agus Daidí gnóthach, shleamhnaigh sé isteach go ciúin sa seomra suí leis féin agus thóg sé na bronntanais faoin chrann ina lámha. Rinne sé croith-croith-croith orthu go cúramach chun tomhas cadé a bhí iontu.

An bosca lonrach dearg, cárta ó Mhamó, gliogarnach taobh istigh? Lego, b'fhéidir? An beart ar chruth 'L', clúdaithe go holc, ó aintín Róise. An scútar é?

Ach nuair a chuir sé a lámh ar an bhronntanas réaltógach ar chlé ar chúl an chrainn Nollag, thosaigh an beart ag creathadh. Léim Lorcán siar ón chrann, a lámh ar a bhéal le sceon. Bhí an crann ar fad ag creathadh anois - na soilse, na maisiúcháin, an réalt ar a bharr.

'Míc – Bíc – Búp…' arsa an beart. Bhí sé ag creathadh anois cosúil le hinneal níocháin.

'Bící – Búcaí – Múp!' a dúirt sé, go hard.

'MÚCAÍ-BÚMPAÍ – BÍC!!' a tháinig ón bhronntanas agus ansin PLAB! – d'oscail an bosca...

Can you finish the story?

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Can you finish the story?

FIGHTING WORDS
The Write To Right

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The Write To Right

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