



EMILY'S SANTA

Teaching Children How to Be Caring, Polite And Kind



(Bedtime Stories for Kids Collection)

Bedtime stories for kids

EMILY'S SANTA



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ABOUT AUTHOR

Emma is a passionate author. Emma and her children live in the Bay Area with their super cute dog.

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Emily's Santa



*Emily's
Santa*

It was the 15th of December and the festivities following Christmas Eve were in full swing. The malls were so crowded that you couldn't even hear your voice. That's how loud everyone was. Even Walmart was raining people. It was the first time Walmart had seen such a large number of shoppers since COVID-19 lockdown ended. It was as if people had taken this year's Christmas as a breath of fresh air, as an opportunity to get their lives back on track and to live to their fullest, to cherish every little moment because who knows what tomorrow brings



In a corner there, stood little Emily eating from a bar of chocolate with her mother, who was looking for the best frying pan to buy. Somewhere in this crowded store was a confused Allan, Emily's dad, pacing back and forth in an aisle that had all sorts of different lights. He was confused between two different types of equally beautiful fairy lights for the Christmas tree they had just put up in their living room.

"Allan?? Have you decided yet?" Exclaimed a breathless Victoria from amongst the crowd coming his way.

"Suggest one," Allan demanded while sticking out both his hands.

"This one would do. Now come on, we're getting late!" Victoria said irritatingly.



Just as this family of three exited the departmental store, it started snowing. Oh, what a view it was, tiny white specks of snow falling from the sky, just like glitter raining down on earth, looked so exquisite, you could only imagine. Emily and her family reached their apartment just in time for dinner when they were interrupted by a rather jolly-looking 10-year-old boy playing with a fake basketball in the lobby. It was John, their neighbor's son. "May I please play with her??" John asked, pointing towards Emily.

"Umm... Isn't she too young to be playing with this big ball of yours?" A confused Victoria replied.

"Please? I promise I won't hurt her." John pleaded with his signature puppy eye look.

"Haha! Okay, but just 10 mins, then I'll call her for dinner. Okay?" Victoria had to give in.



Victoria then headed to the kitchen, where she emptied the grocery bags, turned on the oven, and dumped the pre-cooked pizza they had just bought from Walmart into it to warm it. There was no time for them to cook an entire meal today, as they had invested all their day at Walmart today for shopping, and looking at the condition of Allan, Emily, and herself, she had no choice but to go for the blessing of a pre-cooked meal.

"Mommy, I made a new friend today." Emily happily exclaimed with a mouthful of the pizza that she was devouring.

"Oh! That's great, darling." Her mother appreciated it.

"Now eat fast! You have to sleep afterward as it's already getting late," Victoria told her.

"Oh no!" Emily was disappointed. She wasn't in the mood to sleep. She had planned on playing some more with her new friend in the lobby.



'Mommy, Mommy, would grandma come to meet us for Christmas?' Emily asked her mother excitedly.

"Oh darling, I don't know, I'll have to ask her that," Victoria assured her.

The very next morning, Victoria called her mother to ask about her flight details and whether she could make it to New York for the Christmas celebrations or not. To her disappointment, her mother would not be able to be in time for Christmas as an emergency had just occurred, so she excused herself and assured Victoria that she would plan a visit in the coming year. Victoria got extremely upset, not only for herself but for Emily too, as Emily was looking forward to her grandmother's visit. Since they had moved to New York, Emily had felt very lonely. She hadn't made any new friends at school, nor did Victoria have any acquaintances here. John was the only friend Emily had made, and that too just two days back





Emily again inquired about her Grandmother's visit that day. Victoria had no choice but to let her know the sad news. Emily was devastated upon hearing that her Grandmother wouldn't join them for Christmas this year. She started crying and kicking her feet. Emily wanted to spend some time with Grandma as she had been missing her since they came to New York.

“Hey, Emily?” What have you got for Christmas this year?” John asked

“Oh, nothing,” Emily replied sadly.

“Why?” John inquired more.

“I... I don't know. My Grandma is not coming to see me this year. Now I won't get any presents.” Emily told John about the heartbreaking news her mother gave her.

“Oh! That's sad, but don't worry, maybe she'll come next year and will bring you even more presents.” John tried to console her.

“Yeah, maybe.” Emily shrugged and went inside her house. She wasn't in the mood to play that day.



John, on the other hand, had a plan. He asked his parents to take him shopping so that he could buy some presents for his new friend. John's parents agreed upon hearing that their neighbors won't have any other extended family members this year for Christmas as they were new here and had no one of their family in this country. John and his parents bought many gifts for Emily and her parents and were ready to gift them on Christmas in 3 days.



The most awaited day arrived, obviously, for John it was. But for Emily, it was nothing special, just another day when she wakes up, does breakfast, and plays.

Christmas Eve had always been a day to cherish, a day of celebration, and a day of value to Victoria and her family. When they were in London they used to celebrate it with passion and happiness with all their friends and family members, but in New York, they had no one to celebrate it with. Just as she was thinking this, the doorbell rang, she went and opened the door, and there stood John and his parents with hands full of gifts and food. They had come to celebrate Christmas Eve with their new neighbors.





Victoria had tears of joy, and Emily, who was standing behind, was so happy that she started jumping with joy. Victoria thought to herself that indeed Santa does exist, inside all of us, in our gestures of caring, in our love for other people, and in what we do for others.

The end...



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