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No Christmas In The House

Marie Irish

Once upon a time, in the snug and lovely town of Frostville, the Wallace family resided. There was Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, their lively children Alice and Fred, and the wise, loving Grandma Wallace. Their home was always full of warmth and laughter, except when it came to the topic of Christmas.

One chilly winter evening, as the snow blanketed the world outside, they sat in their cozy living room. Mrs. Wallace brought up plans for Christmas, excitedly mentioning inviting their relatives over and preparing a festive feast. But Mr. Wallace, ever so practical, expressed his distaste for the fuss and expense of Christmas.

Despite the protests from his family about the joy and love Christmas brings, Mr. Wallace remained unmoved. He was adamant about not celebrating Christmas that year, leaving the family in a melancholic mood.

But in the spirit of the season, Alice and Fred decided to keep the Christmas cheer alive in their hearts. They started making homemade presents in secret and wrote hopeful letters to Santa Claus, asking him to bring back their father's lost Christmas spirit.

On Christmas Eve, the house was unusually quiet and the absence of festive decorations made it seem colder. But in the middle of the night, Alice and Fred crept downstairs and quietly filled the living room with handmade decorations and gifts.



As dawn broke, the first rays of the sun shone through the windows, making the modest decorations twinkle. Mr. Wallace, who was an early riser, walked into the living room and paused in surprise. The room, though not grandly, was full of Christmas spirit. His eyes fell upon the letters to Santa that Alice and Fred had carelessly left on the coffee table.

He picked up a letter and began to read. "Dear Santa," it read, "all we want for Christmas is for Papa to find joy in Christmas again. We don't need presents or a big feast. We just want our family to be together and happy."

Mr. Wallace felt a tug at his heartstrings. He looked around the room at the

homemade decorations, the simple gifts, and finally at the photo of his family on the mantelpiece. He remembered his own childhood Christmases, full of laughter, love, and togetherness.

Just then, the rest of the family woke up and found Mr. Wallace sitting in the living room with a strange softness in his eyes. "I may have been wrong about Christmas," he said slowly, "I forgot that it isn't about the fuss or expense. It's about family, love, and togetherness."

And so, the Wallace family ended up having a very merry Christmas after all. It may not have had the grandeur of previous years, but it was filled with more love, joy, and togetherness than ever before.

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