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Little Angel

A little girl's eyes burst open as she remembered it was Christmas day. She tried hard the night before to stay up and see Santa come, but sleep took over her. The Christmas tree lights dazzled her as she made her way closer to the tree. Underneath sat some presents, just waiting to be opened. The little girl squealed as she pulled one from under the tree that had her name on it. Behind her, her mother came out of her room. "Opening presents already?" she asked. The little girl nodded. "Only one, though, I have to go buy your uncle a present," she said. The little girl nodded and began to open her present. She lifted off the lid and found a small doll inside with a blue dress and blond hair.

"Mommy, look, a doll!" the little girl squeaked. "That's a beautiful doll, now come on, let's go." The little girl stood up and held the doll in one hand while she held her mother's hand in the other. They went to the car and began driving to the market.

The little girl played with her doll during the car ride. She already loved it and she had just opened it. Soon, the car parked and her mother lifted her out of the car. "Come on, Angel, this won't take long," the mother told her. Angel took her doll by its hand and skipped across the street onto the sidewalk. "Stay there, Angel, I have to get my wallet real quick from the car!" her mother called from the car. The little girl nodded then looked around at all the shops. They were full of bright lights and Angel could see Christmas trees in almost every window.

Close to Angel, two people sat on the side of the road dressed in ragged clothing with messy hair. Angel went over to them and asked "What are you doing?" The taller person looked at her and didn't answer. The smaller person next to her answered, "Me and my mommy are poor." The taller one nodded, "Yes we are poor, we have no money. I am Josephine, and this is my daughter, Amy." the Josephine said. "Why are you poor?" Angel asked the homeless mother. "Decisions that I've made," she answered.

Angel looked at Amy, the homeless daughter. "Did

you get any presents?" she asked her. "No," she cried. "It's been a terrible Christmas!" "Why didn't you get presents?" asked Angel, she thought that everyone got presents. "We can't afford anything, dear," Josephine said. "But, why not?" Angel asked. Josephine sighed, "There are so many things that you don't yet know, dear."

Angel felt really bad for these people. They didn't have any presents, food, or any house to live in. Angel looked at Amy and noticed she was staring at her doll. "I've always wanted a doll," Amy whispered. Angel looked at her doll and then at Amy. "Poor Amy," she thought, "She doesn't get any presents at all." Then Angel hesitated. Angel had many more presents at home to open, maybe she could give Amy her doll as a Christmas present, that would make her happy! "You can have my doll!" Angel told Amy, "It seems like you need it more than I do." Amy's eyes widened in surprise, and she looked at her mom for permission. "Oh deary, no. Isn't that doll important to you?" Josephine asked Angel. "Yes, but I want Amy to have it." Angel said, holding out the doll to Amy.

Amy slowly took the doll from Angel's hands and she rocked it like she was rocking a baby. "Oh thank you so much!" Josephine cried, tears of joy running down her cheeks. Angel smiled and then she heard her mother calling her name. "Angel, who is this you're talking too?" she questioned.

Angel's mother hurried to her and called her over. "Angel, what did I tell you about talking to strangers?" Before Angel could answer, Josephine interrupted. "Your child gave my child her doll, since we can't afford any presents," she said. Angel's mother looked at Angel. "Angel, did you really do that?" she asked. "Yes," Angel whispered, ducking her head thinking she was in trouble.

Out of nowhere, Angel's mother threw her arms around her and hugged her. Angel jumped in surprise. "You're the best thing that ever happened to me," Angel's mother told her. Angel hugged her mother back. Then they finally released. "Your child is the nicest person that I've ever met," Josephine said, holding Amy in her arms. "Thank you Angel," Josephine said once again. Angel and her mother gave them

several dollars before they waved good-bye. Then they started to walk down the sidewalk to find a store to buy a present. Then, Angel's mother stopped her and she kissed her on the cheek. "You know Angel," she began, "You are my little angel."