

The Star

By: Brooklyn S.

Every Christmas Eve Makayla and her mom put the star on the tree. In the past, her mom put the star on the tree because Makayla was so young, but this year she turned ten so her mom let her.

“Be careful Makayla, that's grandma's star,” mom said in a soft voice.

“I will!” answered Makayla.

Makayla picked up the star with excitement. She got on a chair and put it on the top of the tree with a smile.

Then her mom said, “It's time for bed now, get ready.”

After Makayla got tucked in, she started to think about her grandma. Makayla's mom had always told her that her grandma was a very magical person. There was also a picture of her downstairs. She was wearing a beautiful red dress with some white gloves. Other than that, Makayla didn't know much about her. She never really thought to ask. Makayla yawned and slowly drifted off to sleep. Crash! Makayla jumped to her feet at the sound. She put on her slippers and quietly walked downstairs to the noise. When she got to the bottom of the stairs she slowly turned her head. She saw the star on the floor...broken! She walked towards the star and picked up the pieces.

“No, what will I do?” she said, holding in tears.

Then in the corner of her eye, she saw a small figure. She walked towards the figure still with the star in her hands. She heard the back door open and ran toward it quickly. Then, she opened the door and saw something crazy. A real elf jumping on a sleigh. Makayla ran toward the sleigh and jumped on the legs. She used all her strength to pull herself up. She found herself face to face with an elf. The elf seemed to be just as surprised as she was.

“What are you doing here?” the elf said, still shocked.

“The question is, “What were you doing in my house?!” Makayla questioned.

The elf told her that his boss had sent him to check on the star.

“Why? What is so special about my grandmother's star? Makayla asked.

The elf responded, “You see, this star is magic and my boss said to make sure that it is not losing its magic.”

Makayla told the elf that she had no idea what he was talking about, but she begged him to help her fix it because it was very special to her. She held up the pieces of the star to show the elf.

“Oh no! I don't think I can fix that, but maybe my boss can,” the elf said. “Then, please take me to them!” Makayla begged. The elf told Makayla to calm down. He explained to her that it would only take ten minutes to get there.

“Good, thank you so much! “It’s fine. The star is also important to my boss,” the elf said.

No one said a word for the next ten minutes, but Makayla thought about how her grandma’s star, the elf and his boss were all connected. She also wondered what the elf meant by “check to see if the star was losing it’s magic.” What magic was he talking about? Finally, they arrived at the North Pole. Makayla started to shiver so the elf handed her a jacket.

“Follow me,” the elf said. Makayla followed behind the elf.

The elf led them through countless rooms with elves working and big machines humming. Makayla stared at everything in amazement. Then, they stopped in front of a door.

“Wait, there is one more thing I forgot to mention,” the elf said. “Well, nevermind, you’ll see when you come in.”

Makayla tried to think about what the elf was trying to say, but she couldn’t so she followed without a word. She walked in the room where she saw an older lady sitting in a chair.

“Have you told her?” the older lady asked.

“No, I was going to let you,” the elf replied.

Makayla wondered if the woman was the boss of all the elves or just this one. “Come here my dear,” the woman said motioning to Makayla.

My dear? Now Makayla was really confused. Who exactly was this woman? Then in the back of her mind, something clicked. Her dress. Her hair. It was the same as her grandma. Could it be her? Makayla walked towards her slowly. “Who are you?” Makayla asked.

“Me, well, I am Mrs. Clause, but more than that, I am your grandma sweet girl. “My grandma is Mrs. Clause?” Makayla said shocked.

“Yes, I am your grandma,” she replied.

Makayla ran up and hugged her. She had so many questions, but only one of them seemed important at that moment.

“Grandma, will you help me fix the star?” “Oh my dear, I think I can help you, she said. “Hand me all the pieces and step back.”

Makayla stepped back and watched as the star floated up in the air and then her grandma waved her hands as the star started to glow. She put her hands together and the pieces of the star came together perfectly. It was fixed.

“Thank you grandma!” Makayla exclaimed. “So, grandma, do you want to help me put the star back?”

“Of course, my dear,” grandma replied.

They went to the sleigh and drove to Makayla's house. They walked in from the back door and grabbed the star. Together, they both held one end of the star and placed it on the tree. It was truly the most magical Christmas ever!