

Iris (Year 7, James Allen's Girls' School)
DLF 2017 Winter Short Story Competition entry

Holly Claus

As Winter starts to cast a frosty spell over your land, the little Normals start writing their little lists; the shops put up displays, and the Normals decorate their houses, in anticipation of the merrily bountiful Christmas. But to whom do the little Normals write their letters?

Who is the figure depicted on the decorations? Santa, Father Christmas, St Nicholas-call him what you wish, but they all mean that jovial bearded man who delivers those wonderful presents every year?

Well, here's something to chew on. That man has a daughter, and that daughter is me: Holly Claus, Santa's daughter. In fact, he has two daughters: there's my sister Beryl (Berry), as well.

Now, you Normals may think that our dad does an awful lot of work, with all those presents to make and deliver. Well, I hate to break it to you, but he really doesn't have much part in the whole business. He is the front-man, cover-figure, the credit-taker, and that has got to change.

Why? Well, how would you like it if your only education was in the crafting and boxing of presents? Every day is spent working in a loud busy factory, and your only friends, the elves, only speak Elvish.. And, it isn't even Dad who delivers the presents on Christmas Eve; Berry and I have to stay up all night, with help from a crowd of elves who have been taught to say 'Ho ho ho'.

And are we allowed to go as ourselves? Think again. Instead, we dress up like our father and the poor elves have to balance on top of one another, just so if a little normal catches a glimpse of us, it won't matter because it looks like Father Christmas, and no one will ever guess the truth.

Now, you may think I shouldn't be talking about Dad this way, but really it isn't his fault, and I don't blame him, Rather I blame the whole tradition of the man being the working man, which has led to there only ever being Father Christmases and never, not even once, a Mother Christmas, even if she were a whole lot more suitable for the job.

But all this is going to change. The next in line is me, and I'm not marrying until I'm well and truly Mother Christmas. It has always been the daughters and elves doing the work, and the father taking all the credit.

No longer: when Holly Claus hits the snowy scene, flakes will fly.