



Christmas with Grizelda

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This is a work of fiction.



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Wizzywang was a tiny village in Ohtoofor, a land where witches and wizards lived, worked and played together quite happily.



It was nearly Christmas, and the villagers were getting very excited. The witches and wizards who worked in the cauldron factory had been hard at it all morning, packing pots and cauldrons into boxes. When Hazel said it was time to go home, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.



Grizelda nodded but said nothing. They both continued to Hazel's house on their broomstick. Inside, Grizelda looked around and noticed how nice the house looked. There was a warm fire waiting and a cauldron full of delicious-smelling stew.

Grizelda sat at the table while Hazel got two bowls and filled them from the cauldron. Then Hazel made some tea. "That's it," she said. "That's the last of the tea."



As Grizelda and Hazel walked into the castle, they looked around the huge room in awe and gasped in delight. Toys were piled from floor to ceiling. Grizelda spotted a mountain of soft toys piled carefully in the corner of the room. She picked up a teddy bear.



When everyone finally got to the end of the room, they came to a door, which Mrs. Christmas opened. She stood to one side to allow Grizelda and Hazel to walk into the next room, where lots of little elves were running around, apparently playing with the toys.



Just then, two of the elves came running out of the stables and to Father Christmas. “Please come!” said one of them.” Rudolph is sick. We think he has a cold.”

“Oh, no!” Father Christmas and Mrs. Christmas hurried to where Rudolph stood just inside the stable door. He seemed to be feeling extremely sorry for himself.



Grizelda and Hazel turned around and waved frantically to the ones left behind. They waved and cheered till they would no longer see Mrs. Christmas or the elves. Then they sat back to enjoy their journey through the clouds.



“**R**ight,” he said as he got back on the sleigh for the hundredth time. “Now we have a bit of a journey to the next town.” He flicked the reins. The reindeer picked up speed, and before long they had brought them to the next town. Things began to happen very quickly again. Grizelda and Hazel were kept busy passing toys to Father Christmas as they moved from house to house. Then he stopped for a rest. He took his large handkerchief, mopped his brow, and reached for the large shopping bag Mrs. Christmas had given him. He proceeded to hand out mint pies, Christmas cake, and sausage rolls to Grizelda and Hazel. Then he gave them each a mug of tea, which they drank gratefully.

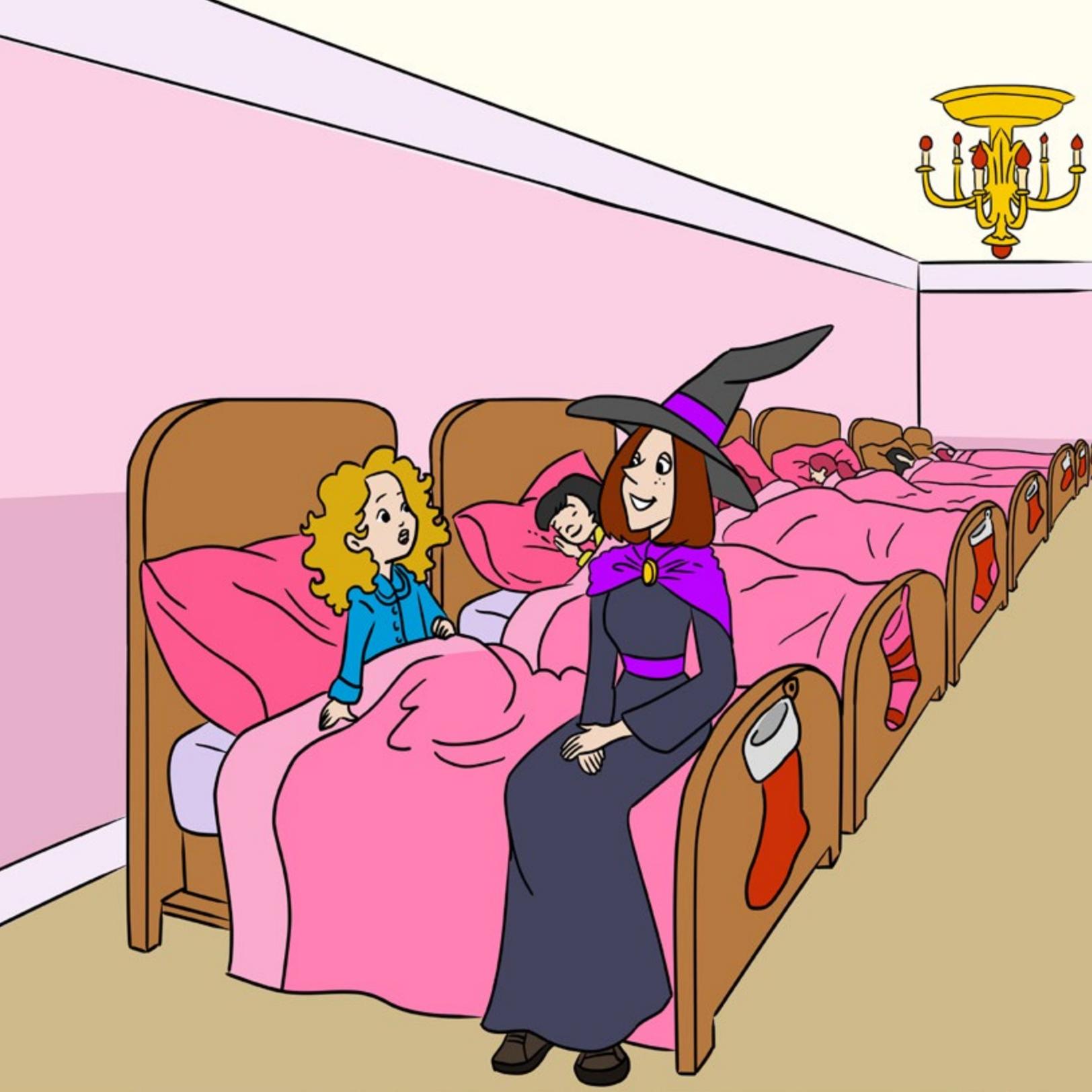


The goblins were doing their best to reach the sleigh and grab the sacks of toys. Suddenly Hazel had an idea. She took the lanterns from the sleigh and ran towards the goblins, holding the lanterns up in front of her. “Leave us alone! Go away, and leave us alone!” she shouted. She shook the lanterns in the faces of the ice goblins, who backed away. Some of them ran away, but two or three of them ran round the side of the sleigh, trying to get hold of the toys.

“Oh no, you don’t,” said Grizelda firmly, raising her arms and rushing towards them with her cloak flapping noisily. She looked like a huge bat. The ice goblins had never seen anything like it before and were really frightened. They left very quickly.



They worked and worked, covering the streets of houses with great speed. Then they left the streets behind, and Father Christmas guided his reindeer to land in a huge field.



It was Grizelda who stood there, shaking with fright. She didn't have a clue what to say to the little girl, who was sitting up in bed, staring at her with big blue eyes.

“You're not Santa,” said the little girl. “What are you doing in my bedroom?”

Grizelda sensed the panic in the girl's voice. “shush,” she said, flapping her arms at her. “You will wake everyone up if you are not careful.”

“Who are you? What's your name?”

“My name is Grizelda, and I am helping Santa to deliver his presents.”



Suddenly, there was something flying alongside him. Santa was startled for a moment, until he saw who it was.

“Hi Santa! It’s me, Ali.”

Santa landed a little way in front of Ali’s flying carpet. Ali landed with a bump next to him.



They went to the house of the three men, but they were not there. They were about to go looking for them when the men come up the garden path.

“What are you doing in our garden?” said one of the men.

“We’ve come to see you,” said Hazel in a firm voice, although she didn’t feel very confident.



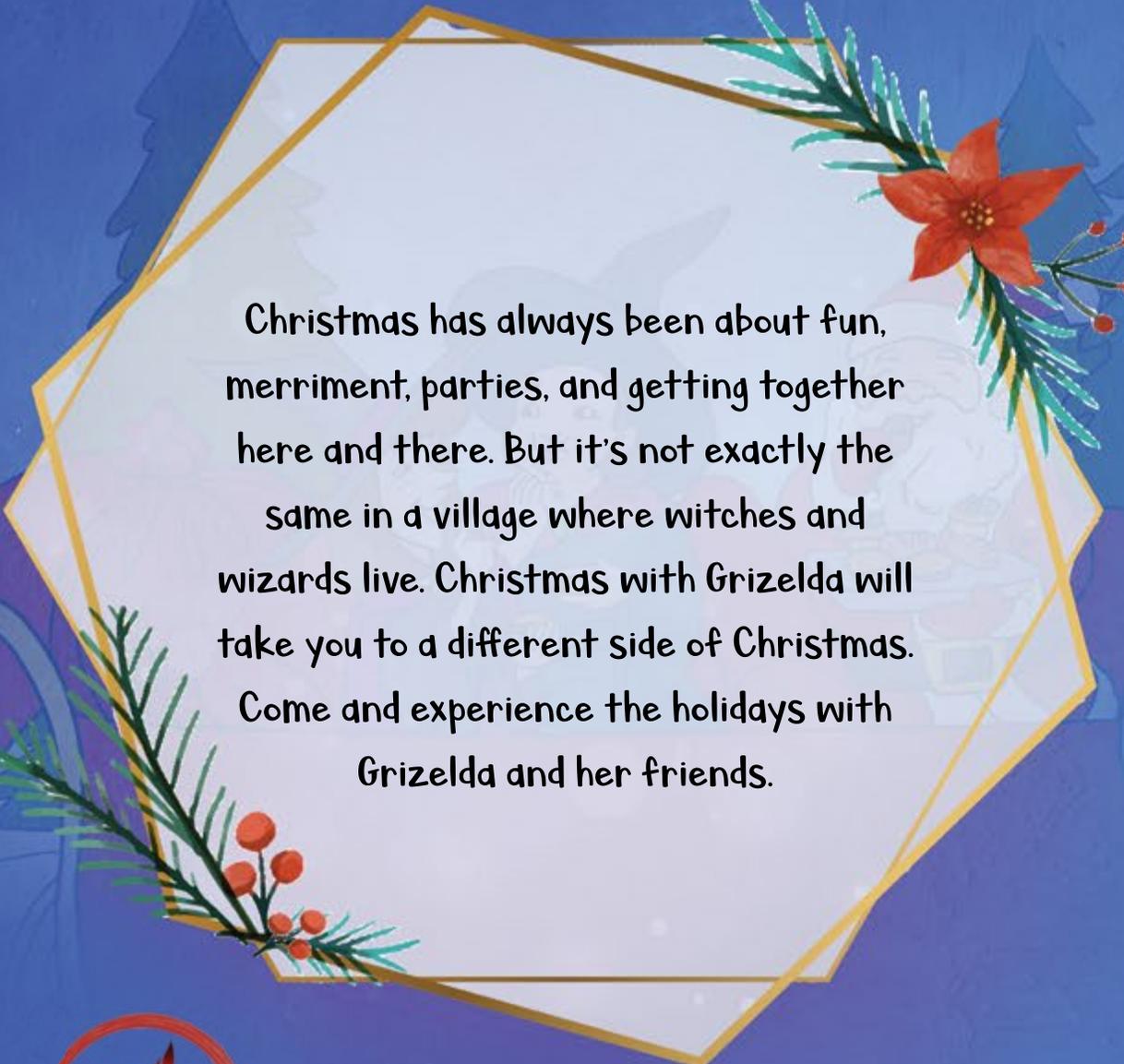
Quite soon they had arrived at Christmas Castle. The elves opened the huge gates. Grizelda jumped from the sleigh as it drew on halt and ran to the stables. There she saw Rudolf licking into some food, but as soon as he saw Grizelda, Rudolf trotted up to her and nuzzled her.



“Hi Rudolf,” said Hazel. “You look a lot better.”
She hugged him and fussed him. Mrs. Christmas came in then. There were yet more hugs and kisses, and then Mrs. Christmas said, “I’ll bet you are hungry and tired. Come and have something to eat. Then you can have a sleep before you go home. How does that sound?”

“That sounds wonderful,” said Hazel.

After they ate a beautiful meal, it wasn’t long until they were all sleeping peacefully.



Christmas has always been about fun, merriment, parties, and getting together here and there. But it's not exactly the same in a village where witches and wizards live. Christmas with Grizelda will take you to a different side of Christmas. Come and experience the holidays with Grizelda and her friends.



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