



Short Story: Nice to Meet You Father Christmas

Level: A2-B1

Luso said that we should write a letter to Father Christmas this year.

"He's very rich! He's even richer than Bill Gates, Mark Zuckerberg and Jeff Bezos combined."

"Wow!" we shouted at the top of our voices. "Really?"

"Guys, he can give a present to every child who writes him a letter. Just imagine!"

Why haven't we done this before? we asked ourselves.

By the way, if you don't know Bill Gates, he's the guy who owns all the computers in the world. Mark Zuckerberg wants to be like him but he only has Facebook and Instagram. Oh, I forgot! He bought WhatsApp too! So, you understand why he's super rich. Then, the last one is Jeff Bezos. He's the owner of the world's biggest shop: Amazon.

I think Luso is lying though. Father Christmas can't be wealthier than these guys. Anyway, I'm just waiting to see if this man can really send us presents if we ask him to.

Wellington is suspicious too. He knows that Luso is a naughty boy and that we shouldn't believe him so much.

"Guys, it's just a letter. We can send it to him. It won't even cost us anything because we don't have to put a stamp on it. I'll ask my mum for some writing paper. That's all. I'll also ask my dad to buy a Christmas tree because he needs to put the presents under it. That's all guys. Come on."

Actually, I should say that Luso seems to know his stuff very well. I'll ask this Father Christmas for a computer and a bike. Wellington wants an iPhone and a Nintendo. Luso didn't tell us what he wanted though but I guess he'd like to have a video game and a skateboard.

What are we going to do?

The answer is simple. We're going to send a letter to the richest man on earth. His name is Father Christmas.

The next day we go to Luso's house. His mum is there but his father is at work. We sit at the dining table and Luso brings us some Sobo to drink. His sister has also made some *mandasi*, so it's quite a treat for us.

Luso has two brothers and one sister. He's the second-born child in their family. His sister's name is Primrose and his youngest brother is called Gilbert. Luso is the only one who has a Chichewa name. My name is Gama by the way. I have two younger brothers. Their names are Bradford and Nice to meet you 😊.

Let me go back to the story.

As soon as we finish eating and drinking, Luso brings the writing paper and pen and we start brainstorming our ideas.

Wellington thinks that we should rather go to the city centre because there are many Father Christmases there.

"Those are fake. They're not real, Wellington. Look at them. They're thin and black and they put stuff under their bellies to make us believe that they're the real deal. We should write to the real Father Christmas who lives in the North Pole. He's white and fat because he's rich and eats very well. Guys, this man is also a magician! He can fly and he has reindeer. Mind you not reindeers. We say two reindeer not reindeers, ok? Our Father Christmases don't even have bicycles."

Wellington retorts that they don't need bicycles to do their job very well. He says that we should stick to our Father Christmases here because they live right next to us. We shouldn't trust strangers, he says.

Luso and I decide to ignore Wellington; he's a bore and a killjoy. Guys, I need a computer and a bike and I don't think that our Father Christmases here will afford to give us any.

Here is what the letter looks like 

Dear Father Christmas, (the letter starts).

My name is Luso Migodi and I am from Blantyre, Malawi. I am also representing my friends: Gama Lipenga and Wellington Kalua. We are all twelve years old and we go to the same school.

We are nice boys (we heard that Father Christmas only gives presents to children who behave themselves very well 😊) and we always help our mothers and fathers with housework. (As a matter of fact, that's true for Wellington and I, but Luso is always running away from his responsibilities. For example, he refuses to wash the dishes every time his mother asks him to. He says it's a girls' chore 😞).

Let me start by describing myself. I am tall and slim and I like watching TV and playing football. Gilbert jokes that I am intelligent because my head is too big—that is not true of course. I am just naturally smart. I love eating raw mangoes with salt and pepper but I do not like sweet food. Wellington thinks I am crazy because he loves sweets and everything that has a sweet taste.

My friends

Wellington is one of my friends. He is short and a bit chubby. He loves playing football and watching TV with Gama and I. Wellington actually comes from a very big family. He has four sisters and five brothers! Most of them are older than him of course. They have jobs and families of their own. Wellington is very lucky because he gets a lot of presents from them.

I will describe Gama the last. He has been my friend since nursery school. He is very fast when we run. You cannot beat him. His nickname is the 'Hare' because of his speed. Gama is very good-looking as well. All

the girls want to be his friend. I am not surprised because Gama has such a smooth skin. If I were a girl, I would want to be his girlfriend too. My mother says we are too young to have girlfriends anyway, so that's it.

I really love my friends because they are great fun. They are also very friendly and we never fight. My parents also say that they are a good influence on me because they push me to do my homework with them.

I think that you know us by now and you must also have guessed why we are writing to you. I read in a book that I found at the library that we could write to you to ask for presents.

(Besides, we decide to end this important letter by telling Father Christmas what we wanted and we also specify that we want him to deliver our presents at Luso's house because Wellington and don't have Christmas trees.)

That's all!



After sending the letter at the Post Office, Luso is worried. He thinks that Father Christmas won't come because we don't have chimneys. Surprisingly, Wellington is more optimistic. He thinks that it doesn't matter. Not all houses in the world have a chimney.

On Christmas Eve, I have a nice and strange dream at the same time. I see Father Christmas bringing our presents but he's not flying. He's rather walking and carrying the presents' bag himself. I don't see any bike or computer. I'm very disappointed because this Father Christmas looks poor like our Father Christmases here.

When I wake up on Christmas Day, I quickly wash myself and brush my teeth. I don't even think of taking breakfast. I go to the living room to tell my mother that I'm going to Luso's house.

Surprise, surprise!

The first thing I see is a Christmas tree! In fact, my mother is not in the living room but my father is there. He has a wide, happy grin on his face. I smile because it's really nice to see my father in such a state. He tells me to call my two brothers so that we can get our presents. Presents!!!! 

I'm so happy! Actually, I don't need to call my brothers. They already heard my father. They join us in no time at all. Besides, my mother also comes to be with us. The whole family is there and it's such a joyous moment for everybody.

"Open your presents," my father says proudly and my mother looks at us expectantly. Presents! This year we have presents under a Christmas tree! This is unbelievable because, usually at Christmas, we just have new clothes and a new pair of shoes, so this is really a big surprise!

When we open our presents, I find out that I have a smartphone and my two brothers have video games. My mother and father are still smiling widely and they ask us if we like the gifts.

"Yes," we shout. "Of course, we do!"

We all hug our parents and we tell them that we love them. They say that they love us too. I must say that this is the best Christmas morning I've ever had.

Later on, Luso tells me that he got a nice BMX and Wellington got a computer and a skateboard.

Wow!

We quickly realise that Father Christmas did send us the presents we asked for but he just misplaced our names. Never mind! It's perfectly normal. He's not that familiar with this part of the world, I guess. Next time, we will give him our individual addresses since we now have Christmas trees.

Father Christmas is really the richest man in the universe. Imagine, he gave us presents and he doesn't even know us! Besides, it was even tougher for him because he had to travel all the way up here from the North Pole. Wow!

I'm so happy.

In the evening I have another dream. Father Christmas is in our living room and he's smiling widely. I smile back at him. I'm shy but I shout across the room: "Thank you for coming. Nice to meet you Father Christmas!"

He continues smiling and then he's gone. I shout, hoping that he'll hear me wherever he's flying.

"Thank you so much Father Christmas! Thank you for the best Christmas ever! We will never forget you! ❤️💛💚"



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