



CHAPTER 2

TALE OF CHRISTMAS

When she opened the eyes she could not believe it. Through the window of her room, because she finally had her room and as you wish, she could see how the flakes of snow fell. She from a jump got up from the bed and she approached to the window observing like a white mantel it began to cover the whole town. An enormous smile adorned the face of the grandmother Marga because that meant something important: her first White Christmas at many time.

Immediately her mind began to imagine parties, family, gifts, happiness, more parties, drink, music, many more parties... she would happen a marvellous time. She began to dance imagining all those things, while she sang "Christmas, Christmas, sweet Christmas." She left from their room dancing and singing.

Exactly upon leaving from her room began to dance with somebody that sang the same song also and she had the same happiness that she.

She until past about second didn't realize that the person with which she shared dances and songs she was the grandmother Paloma. At that exactly moment the world stopped to her feet. She was left stone when she saw her dancing... and with happiness outside of the common... and more to those hours of the morning.



-Tell me where you have left to the true Paloma, impostor.

-Jajajajaja How pleasant Marga!.

And she descended the stairways singing "Oh! White Christmas" Marga could not believe it, would she be dreaming awake? When she arrived to the kitchen, she found her getting ready the breakfast, without stopping singing.

-We are going to have breakfast that we have to go to the market to buy many things.

-Well, well...

When they arrived to the market, Paloma continued keeping a great smile.

-Do you feel dear Paloma that these is our first Christmas together? That happiness could share it with you!

-Well, well...

-Jajaja... How great sense of humour you have! Today you are not very talkative; you take with that sentence all morning. Look at! We are going to buy some potatoes to Mr. Ruiz, that they is very delicious.



–But... but if last week you said that they tasted like straw.

–I exaggerated a little.

–A little? But if you said to him screaming and you threw them to the face.

–Jaja... Come on!, we are going to buy them.

Very resolved, Paloma come in the store. Marga followed her, without leaving from their astonishment.

–Good morning Mr. Ruiz, What do you make there behind the counter? Do you hidden of anyone? –Paloma said looking at round.



Not. Nothing doesn't happen me –Mr. Ruiz said quite nervous.

–Well. I would like that you weigh me two kilos of those delicious potatoes that you sell – said while she looked at the merchandise.

–Eh?–Mr Ruiz couldn't believe what he heard.

–Yes, Mr Ruiz –grandma Marga explained to the shopkeeper quietly– It is very strange but she is that rare from this morning. Not even I believe it. I will have to check my garden for if she has smoked any bad weed.

"I hope that the bad because how it has been the good I charge me her" –think Marga.

Surprised yet, Mr. Ruiz weighed the potatoes that Paloma had requested him. When he gave to her the bag, he said:



–Here you have. Anything more?

–Take the money. Thanks. Merry Christmas!

–Paloma, have been you lately in my garden?
–asked Marga.

The grandmother Paloma stayed looking at her and suddenly her face was illuminated.



–Oh my God! Almost I forget it. We should buy the Christmas tree in order to adorn it.

–We bought one of those that they are illuminated alone. –said Marga.

–Not. We will buy one traditional and we will adorn it to like to our. Doesn't seem you?

–One of those modern trees that seem of film with many colours and....

–That is artificial. A tree of the whole life, with their balls, their candles and their bands.

–Please, that is a matter of old. It is necessary to be modernized a little.

–Are not things of old. Don't you seem that in this town a modern tree is outside of place? Also... that Christmas spirit is that?

–Well, one spirit of the people of today.

–Then I think that you need to hear the verses of “*THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE*”

And the grandmother Paloma began to tell this beautiful story...



THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE

*I saw a truck of Christmas trees
and each one had a tale.
The driver stood them in a row
and put them up for sale.*

*He strung some twinkly lights
and hung a sign up with a nail;
"Fresh Christmas trees" It said in red
"Fresh Christmas trees for sale."*

*He poured himself hot cocoa
in a steaming thermos cup.
And snowflakes started falling
as a family car pulled up.*



*A mom, a dad, and one small boy,
who looked no more than three,*

*jumped out and started searching
for the perfect Christmas tree*



*The boy marched up and down the rows,
his nose high in the air;
"It smells like Christmas, mom!
It smells like Christmas everywhere!"*

*Let's get the biggest tree we can!
A tree that's ten miles high!
A tree to go right through our roof!
A tree to touch the sky!*

*A tree so big, that Santa Claus
will stop and stare and say:
'Now, That's the finest Christmas tree
I've seen this Christmas Day!'"*

*It seemed they looked at every tree
at least three million times;
dad shook them, pinched them, turned them
to find the perfect pine..*

*"I've found it, mom!
The Christmas tree I like the best of all!
It's got a little bare spot,
but we'll turn that to the wall!*

*We'll put great-grandma's angel
on top the highest bough!
Oh, can we buy it? Mom, please?!
Oh, can we buy it now?"*



*"How bout some nice hot cocoa?"
Asked the man who owned the lot*

*he twisted off the thermos top,
"Now, This will hit the spot!"*

*He poured the steaming chocolate
in three tiny paper cups.
They toasted "Here's to Christmas!"
and they drank the cocoa up."*

*"Is this your choice?" The tree man asked,
"This pine's the best one here!"
The boy seemed sad: "My daddy says
the price is just too dear ".*



*"Then... Merry Christmas!" Said the man
who wrapped the tree in twine,
"It's yours for just one promise
you must keep at Christmas time!*

*On Christmas Eve at bedtime
as you fold your hands to pray,
promise in your heart
to keep the joy of Christmas Day!"*

*"Now hurry home! This freezy wind
is turning your cheeks pink!
And ask your dad to trim
that trunk and give that tree a drink!"*



*And so it went on
all that blustery eve
As the tree man gave
tree upon tree upon tree*

*To every last person
who came to the lot*

*who toasted with cocoa
in small paper cups,*

*who promised the promise
of joy in their hearts
and singing out carols,
drove off in the dark.*

*And when it was over
one tree stood alone;
But no one was left there
to give it a home.*

*The tree man put on his
red parka and hood
and dragged the last Christmas tree
out to the woods.*



*He left the pine right by a stream
in the cold,
so the wood's homeless creatures
could make it their home.*

*He smiled as he brushed off
some snow from his bear.,
When out of the thicket
a reindeer appeared.*



*He scratched that huge reindeer
on top his huge head...
"It looks like we've
started up Christmas again!"*

*"There are miles more to travel,
and much more to do!"*

*Let's go home, my friend,
and get started anew!"*

*He looked to the sky
and heard jingle bells sound.
And then... In a twinkling,
that tree man was gone!*



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–Yet I knew Paloma, thank you by remembering me it. It is a beautiful poem. –said Marga very touched.

–It is a story softness that makes me perceive the happiness of the Christmas. For that reason, in these dates, I try to be what I am not the rest of the year. Giving the best of I

–You are very strange! But I like this, very Christmas! –she explained with a great smile–. I would wish that the Christmas will last more months!



– If the Christmas lasts more months you then would not notice me so different from the rest of the year. They would not be some special dates. Also. At who would you tease? At whom would

you grunt?

–Because you are right. I would not have to whom bother.

–Look at; there the trees are. Let's see!

–And they are like those of your tale. Even there is an old with beard selling them –joked Marga.



–We will look for one as traditional as I like them. But we will decorate it with something as modern as you want. So, the will be to the liking of both

–All right. We are going to look for one very pretty and very big, so that it shines well in the parties that we are going to mount with all the

single of the village. How much we are us going to enjoy this Christmas!.

–Jajajaja... It sounds good what you say.

And the two grandmothers, without stopping laughing, they walked down the street, to search of the biggest tree and more pretty.

They with it would decorate their house and they would throw a great party in their first Christmas in VillaSimlandia. For the first time they agreed, they felt united thanks to the Christmas Spirit.

