

THE
GAMS
CHRISTMAS
ANTHOLOGY





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CHRISTMAS
ANTHOLOGY

: TALES OF HOPE, FAMILY,
AND GHOSTLY VISITATIONS.

BOOK I



PREFACE

Whether it is the misty-eyed memories of holidays past, or time spent wondering about the year's events, Christmas is a time for reflection.

Great Christmas stories capture the spirit of the festive season both as it's meant to be and as it really is; it is a time for giving, and for sharing.

Bound within this little book are some short tales written by our wonderful students. From a festive, mischievous mouse, to reflective stories of loss and love, this book showcases the creative talents of Cams Hill students, while also embodying the community-centred culture of the school.

So – to misquote Dickens – may this book not put its readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, or with the season. May it haunt your classrooms / houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it.

Merry Christmas,

From The English Department
(**Mr. Underwood**)



'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, no creature was stirring... EXCEPT for the mouse...

The usual bare grate was stuffed full of sticks,
as the plumpest of cherries went into the mix.

Beside him, streams of newspaper chains,
white paper snowflakes and mint candy-canes,

two mouse-made wreaths of red and green
and the loveliest minced pies, you've ever seen.

The mouse looked around, pleased with his tricks
as he gave one last stir to his Christmassy mix.

Life had been bleak for those in this house,
but Christmas would be special. All thanks to the mouse.

Elvie



Grandad

Sienna sat by the window, a solitary string of fairy lights cast amber rays down upon the soft snow beneath.

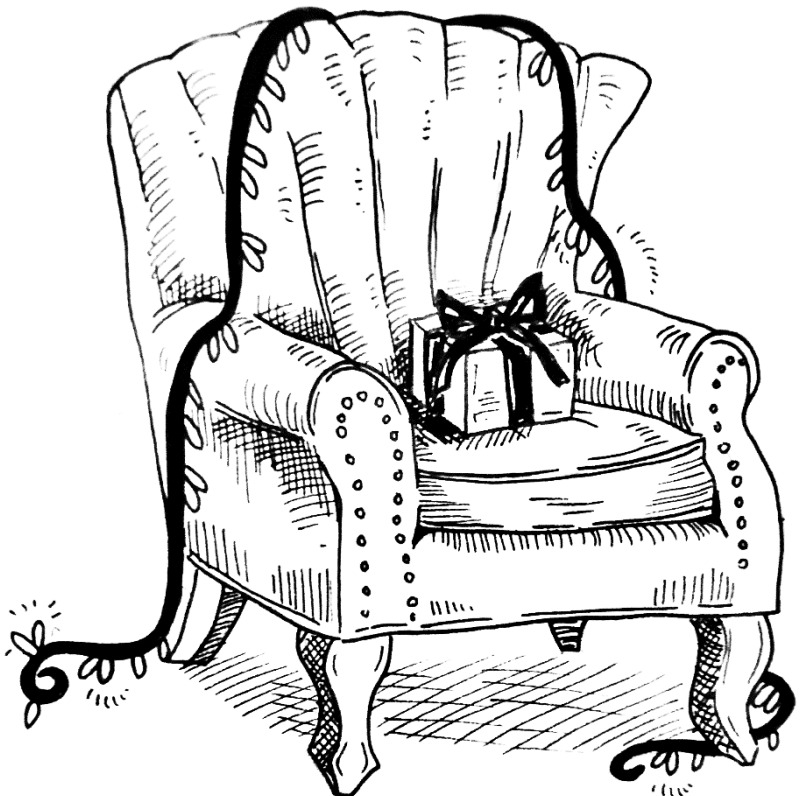
Outside was filled with love and warmth, but inside was hollow and empty. Grandad's laughter used to fill the rooms, the hallway, the living room. His voice – a memory – still resonates in the walls, but he is no longer here.

Snowflakes continue to dance outside reflecting the memories of Christmases past.

Christmas had come.

Grandad was not here.

Sienna and
Chloe



The Essence of Christmas

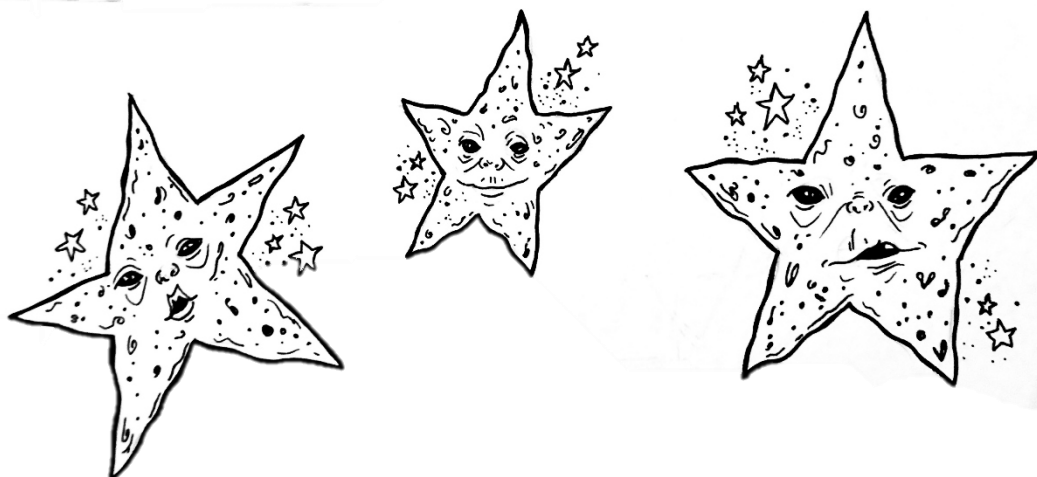
Listen.

There's no sound beside the beating of your heart.

A stillness resonates in the snow, yet you can feel something coming with the breeze. A silent singing as the stars shine, the soft sound of joy spreading through the air. Watch as the lights switch on and the stars slowly fade to one.

The silence shatters into shouts of joy and laughter, a thunder of children running down the stairs. Everyone has come together in one feeling: the one gift we all will share each and every Christmas – the joy that comes from family.

Jessica



Christmas Presence

It was Christmas Eve, and the old, abandoned mansion was rumoured to be haunted.

As the clock struck midnight, a ghostly figure appeared in the grand parlour. It was a woman in a tattered Victorian dress, with a pale and sorrowful face.

She whispered tales of lost love and broken dreams to anyone who dared to listen.

The tale spread through the town, and on Christmas Day, brave souls ventured inside to lay the ghost to rest.

As they sang carols and shared tales of hope and joy, the ghostly figure vanished, finally finding peace in the spirit of Christmas.

Lily



Her Christmas

My fire was warm, but her heart was warmer, filled with Christmas joy, bursting at the seams.

There was the twinkling of the lights on my tree, but only her eyes were igniting sparks of love and wonder. Under my tree lay many gifts, but under hers lay one.

My presents were piled high, as vast as her constant smile.

We shared our Christmas with her; food, gifts, everything. We laughed until it turned into tears.

“Thank you”, she exclaimed, “for the best Christmas ever.”

Mia



Reminiscence

As the snow glistened on the pavement, Scarlett sipped her hot chocolate and gazed up at the newly decorated spruce tree.

The banner commemorating the 75th anniversary of the Oakwood Christmas Festival brought back pleasant memories and she smiled as she reminisced about all the moments that happened while she grew up there.

As the crowd began to form and count down to the last second before the tree lit-up, Scarlett felt an overwhelming sense of hope and happiness engulf her...

3....2....1....

The lights shone as bright as 1000 stars, and Scarlett wore a smile that matched.

Mariam



Bauble

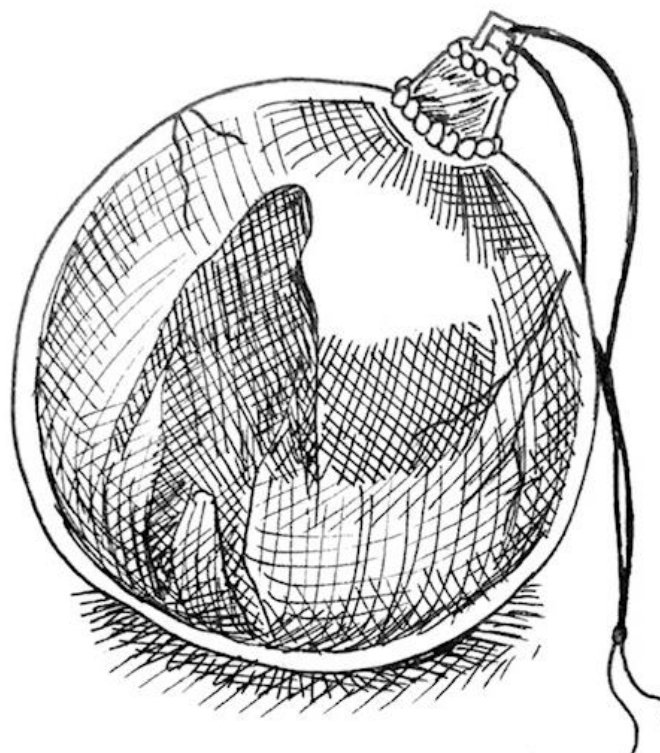
I sat in my lounge, home alone, with the fire beside me blasting comforting heat at me. A cheesy old Christmas movie played on my T.V, although I wasn't really watching it. When I heard a noise from my dining room.

It was the nostalgic sound of a bauble hitting the hard floor.

I got-up and sighed thinking one of my cats had batted it off, however when I reached the tree I saw no culprit, or bauble for that matter.

But, directly behind me, I felt it, a breath on the back of my neck...

Thomas



Wonder

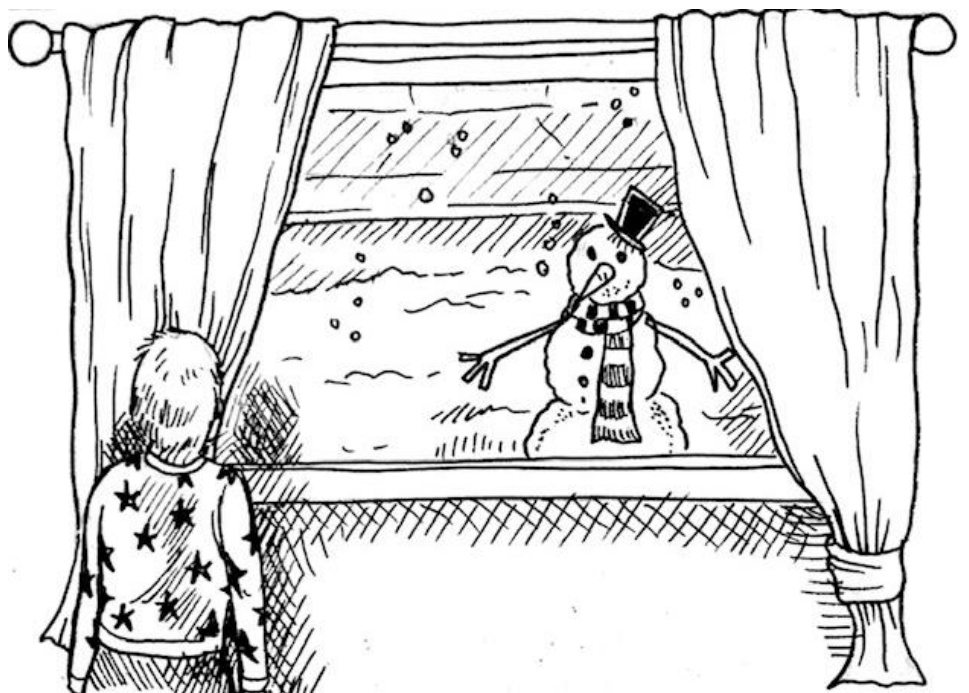
On a cold winter's evening, a small boy looked outside the window to see a frosty white blanket smothering the horizon.

He jumped with joy and squealed as he ran down the carpeted stairs. He had a warm feeling inside himself when he was greeted by his parents waiting patiently to open gifts.

The boy's jaw dropped in shock.

He took a moment to process his surroundings.

Brooke



The Sounds of the Forest

A winter night in the forest, the snow falling lightly, the air sharp and cold.

The trees were bare and barer still, the only signs of life being the occasional howl of a distant wolf. The stars twinkled in the sky, their light reflecting on the snow.

The air was tinged with the smell of wood smoke, as if the forest itself was alive and breathing, and the only sound was the soft crunch of footsteps through the snow.

It was a time for reflection and introspection.

The wolves howled in the distance, their voices echoing through the snow shrouded woods.

Wallis



Teeth

There will never be another Christmas like it again.

The cold. The darkness. The haunting voices. I cannot erase them from my mind. Circling round and round, devouring every waking thought. To relive the experience now frightens me, terrifies me even. The glistening teeth in the door frame, grinning, waiting to consume me.

They had stood in the doorframe. Their heads vibrant and adorned with bells, they grinned from ear to ear, white pearls dripping with saliva.

Then, they began to howl...

"We wish you a Merry Christmas!" they chanted, as dread filled my soul.

...it was only November.

Miss Underwood
(Endeavour)

