

REFLECTIONS.

Dear Father Christmas,

I've been a really good boy. I hope you're pleased with me.

I've been very sad. I don't want to tell you why. I don't want to make you sad too. I want you and all the elves to be really happy. I know that you'll all be working really hard in the snow.

You know I like toys. I love playing with racing cars. I used to like flying model planes, but I don't like doing that any more. I know that if you don't get planes for me, there'll be more for other children. Mummy told me it was kind to think of others.

I want to ask you for two puppets. I want one to be a man with brown hair and a moustache and the other to be a woman with blonde hair and a pinny with blue and white stripes.

I hope I see you this year. You know we haven't got a chimney. Grannie promised she would leave a key under the mat by the front door.

Love,

Timmy.

P.S. Grannie told me to do a PS at the bottom. I don't know what PS means. She said it's to tell you that she wrote the letter for me, but they are my ideas.

Dear Timmy,

I don't know why I'm writing to you, because I am you. I just needed to reply.

I am 45 now, and I was 7 when I wrote to Father Christmas. I wanted to tell you that you were a very brave little boy. I know Mummy and Daddy always taught me not to be big-headed, but I am proud of the way I was still so positive, despite what had happened. Last night I prayed for Mummy and Daddy, as well as Grannie and Grandad. They were like parents to me, making sure that I felt loved, always showing me old photographs and telling me stories, especially of Mummy, as they'd watched her growing up.

Reading the letter now reminds me the way things were then. I was taught not to cry, especially because I was a boy. 'Big Boys Don't Cry' is what they used to say.

That's why I didn't tell Father Christmas why I was so sad. I know it was because Mummy and Daddy were killed in a plane crash. I just couldn't write about it. I was so pleased when Father Christmas, or, at least, Grannie, got those two puppets of Mummy and Daddy for me. They are next to me now. When Father Christmas, or Grandad, wrote back, he pretended that he thought the stains on the letter were from the snow, which had fallen when the letter arrived at the North Pole. Now I understand that Grannie must have told him the truth.

It was because I'd been crying.

I am proud of you, Timmy. I'll always love Grannie and Grandad and Mummy and Daddy, even though they aren't here anymore.

With all my love,

Timothy.

xxxxx