

The NUTCRACKER

It was Christmas Eve. The world was covered in a crisp blanket of snow. Everything was dazzling white, except for the golden light that spilled from Clara's House. Inside, a party was in full swing. Clara stared out the window... She was waiting for something magical to happen.

Suddenly, the door burst open. „Merry Christmas Clara!“ It was her godfather. “I’ve brought you a wonderful present,” he said.

“What can it be?” wondered Clara, as she lay in bed that night. She was so excited, she couldn’t wait to find out. Clara ran downstairs and ripped off the wrapping paper. Inside was a nutcracker toy. Clara hugged him tight. Then, with a yawn, she curled up under the tree. Soon, she was fast asleep.

Dong Dong! The clock struck midnight. Clara woke with a start. There was a great whooshing sound. The Christmas tree was rising up above her. “What’s happened?” “Hello Clara,” whispered a voice behind her. “My nutcracker,” gasped Clara. He bowed. “I’m the Nutcracker Prince,” he said. “I’ve come to protect you. The kitchen mice are plotting to kidnap you.”

He blew sharply on his whistle and six soldiers marched out of the toy box. They were just in time. The kitchen mice stormed out of the shadows. “Ready! Aim! Fire!”. The soldiers struck them down with lumps of cheese and sprayed them with water.

“Is cheese the best you can do?” jeered an evil voice. It was the Mouse King. He whipped out his sword and lunged at the Nutcracker Prince. Clang! Clang! went their swords. “I must help!” thought Clara. She took off her slipper and threw it. WEEEEEEEE! It whizzed through the air and knocked the king out cold.

“You were brilliant!” said the Nutcracker prince. “Now we must celebrate”. He called for his reindeer and his magical, golden sleigh. Clara and the Prince climbed aboard. They flew through an open window and into the snow-filled sky.

The reindeer rode through the night. Far below, Clara could see lollipop trees and marshmallow flowers. “Welcome to the Land of Sweets,” announced the Prince. They rode up to a marzipan castle, decorated with all kinds of treats.

“I’m so glad you’ve come,” said a dazzling fairy, dancing out to greet them. “I am the Sugarplum Fairy. Come inside and eat.”

Clara and the Prince sat down to a feast of cookies and cakes and candy swirls. They then watched dances from around the world. Spinning Spanish dancers clicked their castanets... Arabian princesses swirled... Chinese tea dancers whirled.... flower ballerinas twirled. Clara watched enchanted.

But the slow, soothing music called her to sleep. “It’s time to go home,” whispered the Nutcracker Prince. When Clara woke up, she was under the Christmas tree once more and the Prince has gone. “He’s only a wooden toy!” cried Clara.

“It must have been a dream. Unless... unless... it was the magic of Christmas Eve.”

The End

