

The Wish

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Small curls of powdered silver danced through the sky, lightly brushing the air with a gentle grace. Cobblestone roads swerved around the houses, covered in soot from the day's crowd. There was not a stir, a rustle, nor a being to be found. The only life remained in the glow of many a light, covering cottages in color and a gentle luster. All was quiet, and all was well. In the midst of a rickety home, a boy faced the prussian blue sky through a glass pane. He pressed himself close, his fingers sensing the chill of the night. His bony legs clamored onto the windowsill, trying to scale the small gap between the floor and the window. He stared at the speckled sky, then closed his eyes in deep concentration. His small, red lips moved with a soft murmur. He gave a momentary glance upward, jumped off the wooden sill, and skipped back into his shabby bedroom.

Through the crisp wind of the gentle night, a chorus of ringing could be heard. Bells danced blissfully on a carnillion sleigh, pulled by eight headstrong reindeer. In the topmost seat of the magnificent sleigh, a plump and rosy cheeked figure sat, giving a contented and tender smile to the adjacent homes collected below him. The figure looked downward, spotting the boy's home in the distance. He rode towards the young boy's home, looking upon it with affectionate eyes. His hand reached up and caught a parcel, delicately encased in golden wrapping with silver tinsel. The energetic creatures pulling the sleigh were led toward the house's chimney stack, the figure guiding them by leather reins. Then, as if on command, the wind of the night cupped the golden parcel into its arms and led it down the hollow hole of the chimney, placing it gently under the lopsided tree.

It was dawn now, and the chorus of jingling bells faded with the sleigh. Streaks of orange, red, and pink coated the sky in their brilliance, an extravagant, luminous orb of light protruding from the bottom of mountains and cliffs in the distance. Within the boy's cottage, the light began to stream through the window panes and cracks in the walls. Under the tree decorated with withered popcorn and dusty ornaments lay the gold and silver tinsel wrapped parcel. The boy trampled down the creaky stairs. His eyes stared blankly at the elegant present, beams of gentle light reflecting off its golden surface. He was dumbfounded at first glance, never seeing something more beautiful, nor so welcoming in his life. His small feet padded toward the tree. He knelt on the ground and slowly undid the pristine wrapping, making sure not to damage the contents. He could not believe what he saw at first, but he knew this. Someone was there for him, and someone had heard his desire. The boy gave a thankful glance out the window pane, took the precious gift with him up to his room, and gently closed his wobbly door.