

"Grisly Nightmare?"

I stayed home alone with the flu. I was really sick. It was a warm Christmas night. Unfortunately I'm always catching flu at holidays. I woke up in the middle of the night. I felt awful. My back hurt a lot. Like it was stabbed by sword. My muscles felt like they were being burned by fire. I was hungry and I had a headache.

"Mom? Dad? Anyone?" I shouted but nobody answered. I called them again but the result was this same.

"They are probably sleeping" I thought.

I got up from my bed and moved to the kitchen. I could barely move my dumb legs. I nearly forgotten how to move. Silently I took some pills and looked into my parent's room. Nobody was there. I could remember that my grandpa was here. So they could have driven somewhere. But at this hour? Strange.

I checked the last room in my house. In the middle of there was a Christmas tree. Under there was lying a really big present. It was bigger than me, covered with sparkly paper.

Suddenly the box moved rapidly.

It scared me. I stood still here observing when the box moved two times faster than before. It seemed like something from the inside wanted to go out.

"Who are you?" I asked like retard.

Sharp like swords claws tore the box from the inside. My eyes saw a grisly creature. It looked like an overgrown ape. His fur was as black as the night. His eyes were shining red. In them I could see an desire to kill. His breath stank like rotten meat. The monster's hands were ended with claws and covered with blood. In the present behind him I saw severed mother's leg...

The monster screamed and jumped on me. I felt incredible pain in my back.

I woke up in the middle of the night feeling awful. My back hurt me. I tried to call anyone but nobody answered. I looked in the room with the Christmas tree. Under it there was laying a really big present...

The Magic of Christmas

In a very small town lived a friendly family. They had four children: Anne, Thomas, Peter and the youngest - Sarah. They were not rich, lived modestly but they loved each other very much.

One warm day, when the pretty snow fell outside the window four children sitting at the kitchen table wrote letters to Santa Claus eagerly. Their mom looked at it sadly. She knew that as every year Santa doesn't make her children's dream come true. This winter their financial situation had deteriorated more than the previous year.

- If you finished, leave your letters on the table, I will send it to Santa Claus in the afternoon. You can go out to play - she said.

Mom hid the letters. Children believe in the magic of Christmas, Santa Claus, reindeer and elves. She didn't want to deprive them the joy because they were still so small. She couldn't buy their dream toys so she decided to bake gingerbread cookies and decorate them the names of children. Mom planned to put them under the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve night when children will still be asleep.

That night excited children arranged themselves to sleep very early. They couldn't wait for the next day and the most for presents. They dreamed about Santa Claus entering through the chimney into their living room with a bag full of gifts. He leave the gifts under the Christmas tree but accidentally he broke the little pink Christmas glass bulb which Sarah loved very much.

In the morning, children immediately ran to the living room to look under the Christmas tree wherefore they started to scream very loudly. Parents heard screaming when they were still in bed. They didn't expect such a disappointment among children. They came into the living room and stunned. Under the tree lay a lot of beautiful gifts, many of them have been already extracted. Mom looked at dad but he shook his head negatively. They've got absolutely no idea how these gifts appeared here. She also saw that the previously hidden list disappeared.

- Mommy! Mommy! - Sarah shrieked - My lovely pink bubble is broken!

From that day on, the parents also believed in the magic of Christmas and probably understood that even adults aren't able to comprehend the mystery of Christmas...

Laureatka II miejsca Aleksandra Żurawska, kl.III c

A Christmas Nightmare

Thomas Bexel like every year was waiting for a Christmas present. Tom was 17 years old. He lived in Helsinki in Finland. He liked Christmas time, Santa Claus and snow very much. He lived in a small house with his parents and sister Alice. Tom loved his sister a lot, she's 2 years younger than he. This Christmas was to be different...

In Xmas morning Tom came out of the house to chop wood. But he couldn't find ax. He thought that's very strange. He decided to go back home and spoke with father where the ax would be. When he came, his parents and sister weren't at home. He found a letter on the table in the salon. "We are in the city, we will be back at night." Tom thought it's great. He lit in the fireplace other wood, and watched tv. In the evening he heard a strange noise coming behind the window. He got up and approached the window, but he saw nothing. Suddenly the door opened. Thomas ran to close the door and lock it. He was very scared and didn't know what happened. Out of the blue Tom heard a bizarre voice.

"Tom come to me, I've got your Christmas present ha ha ha ha!"

"Who said, who are you?"

"I am your Christmas nightmare!"

All at once was a window struck, Tom didn't know what to do. Through the window entered the Santa Claus holding an ax in his hand. Thomas ran to the kitchen for cleaver. At a rate of knots Tom threw the cleaver in the heart Santa Claus, but he was still alive. Santa Claus approached the boy, he took a sword, which hung on the wall and cut a head Santa Claus. Later Tom buried the body in the forest and cleaned up rooms.

At night, the family came back from the city. Thomas told them what had happened, but nobody believed him. Tom didn't know if it really happened, the grave disappeared and the window was inserted. Was it a dream or truth?

Laureat III miejsca, Dominik Baj, kl. I b

„The secret case”

It was Christmas time. One day, together with my family I decided to decorate house and especially the old attic that nobody had visited for years. Once when I was a little girl, my grandfather told me some stories related to the history of the house and the mysterious strange things that are located in the attic. I didn't believe in it because I was sure it was one of the imaginary tales for bedtime but I guess I was wrong, however..

So while cleaning I noticed the secret case standing in the corner. I walked over to it. Suddenly the case opened itself. I got so frightened that I quickly ran into the room and the family which I left alone with this mess. I said nothing to anyone about the incident. Finally Christmas Day came and the whole family with my cousins visited us. After eating the meal I with my cousins burgled to the attic climbing up the ladder. I told them about the adventures of a mysterious case. We walked briskly into the case which re-opened itself. We were scared but we watched with interest what would happen next. Then suddenly in the case turned up the spirit of a murdered woman who lived in the house at one time. We were horrified by the spirit. He told us about his tragic death and requested that the case wasn't to be thrown away because it is his home and if we don't listen to it he would scare and haunt us forever. Finally we promised this spirit of peace.

Since then, I haven't gone into the attic and the mere thought of this amazing event makes me tremble. I realize that my grandfather never cheated on me. It was an incredible adventure which I will never forget.

Wyróżnienie, Karolina Śledź kl. II 'k'

“Portia fimbriata, a comedy beneath a Christmas Tree”

Two dwarfish, spread-eagle apparitions approached each other with a certain, familiar feeling. They came to this sacred land, The Golden Tree in search of the Holy Grail, Giant Swan, the unfathomable. The result of their search was to be expected, as if they both knew what will happen, although not possible to understand, infinite, ever becoming. Stefan and Johnny knew each other by heart. Each sob, every crime, every urge. They haven't seen each other for 6 years.

- I wasn't expecting to see you in this time and place. – prevaricated Stefan – I am now the Beast I worship.

Just as the Ripper started to tell his old friend how he got shot in the face, a skeletal lightning struck Stefan. Johnny has found himself in a somewhat unpleasant situation.

His 4 pairs of dark glazed eyes momentarily glinted with black, liquid grief filling them as he stood and watched this grotesque. Progression of mind-numbingly piercing sound filled with jostling the ocean of ebony tears recently formed like Gershwin's wailing clarinet glissando. Only it was muted. You couldn't hear the ravaging suite, but it was redundant, as subjectively synaesthetic image came into life with the scene of the greatest loss. Our once brave hero couldn't think of anything to do but pathetically linger in his painful gesture. Reality scattered, what was a tiny gradation has become an emptiness, the very last glimpse of a relationship with the sublime. Johnny saw the clock's mirage in a black mirror, of which one of his passions had been made. Midnight, announced by a dreadful gurgle. He whispered to his consciousness timidly, as frantically he roamed under its surface.

And he waited. But no one ever really came. He probably made it all up anyway.

Mateusz Zwolak, kl.III k

A Christmas Trick

This story happened five years ago. It was cold December. This Christmas Zbyszek was bored and he was at home. He was wondering what he's going to do in order to entertain himself. Zbyszek decided to go to the cafe which is situated on Sesame Street. He walked inside and sat down at the counter. Zbyszek was looking at the people there and he saw that they were having fun and he wasn't. So he decided to scare his friend Milly. He thought that he would scare her while she would be walking back home from work.

Zbyszek remembered that she panicked every time when he mentioned ghosts. He walked back home because he remembered that in his old wardrobe at home there is a scary ghost costume. He was wearing it a few years ago at Halloween party. He wore that costume and decided to hide in a dark street and wait for Milly.

Milly didn't know what he was going to do and she was walking home joyfully, singing a Christmas carol. Suddenly Zbyszek jumped out from a Christmas tree on the street where he had been hidden in, a ghost costume.

Milly started screaming and running in a panic. Zbyszek realised that it was stupid idea and followed her. When he saw her he said that he's sorry he won't do it again. Milly forgave him and they walked together to the Christmas dinner.

'The Secret Christmas'

It was freezing December in 1999, the Christmas was coming and everyone seemed very excited about it.

Most people were preparing for this special time of the year but not my neighbour Mr. Gloom. He has hated Christmas since there was the fire in his home caused by Christmas lights forty years ago. He lost everything. He has been very miserable since then.

It was snowy evening on Christmas Eve. Me and my family were having our dinner. Everyone had a good time, talking and singing carols children were playing with their new presents. When we finished dinner I decided to go to the kitchen and make some tea. When I entered the kitchen I heard some coming from my neighbour's house. I looked through the window and saw two people fighting in Mr. Gloom's house. It was strange because half an hour ago I saw Mr. Gloom getting into his car. I quickly called the police. They came ten minutes later and entered my neighbour's house. It turned out that they found a dead body. Few minutes later Mr. Gloom came back and he was astonished. The police started investigation. They asked him a lot of questions and finally took him to the police office. Next day I went to the police station to testify. It turned out that the victim was Mr. Gloom's twin brother - Bob who came for Christmas and Mr. Gloom was the main suspect. When I was talking with policemen, the priest from our church came and said that

Mr. Gloom couldn't kill his brother because at that time he was in church and I confirmed that I had seen him going somewhere by his car. Thanks to us Mr. Gloom could go back home. Even after a very long investigation the police couldn't find out who and why murdered Bob.

Ten years passed and every Christmas I think about that story and Bob's mysterious death.

Wyróżnienie, Maria Żybura , kl.I H