

Vanessa #1

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It's Christmas time and she's waiting...

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Mummy has the Christmas tree nice and pretty. There are lots of baubles and tinsel around it and special stars hanging on the branches. She let me put the angel on the top, the pretty angel with its pink dress and silver wings. There are lights on the tree too. Mummy put them into the wall and they turned on, lit up in red, blue and yellow. Some are white and it looks really nice.

It snowed a little bit, but not a lot. I tried to make a snowman but I was too excited. Daddy's coming back today and I'm really happy to see him. It's been a long time since I saw him because he went on a plane in the sky to get to work. I looked out for the plane but I didn't see him on it because I didn't know which one he took.

I haven't been on a plane before but mummy said we're going on a plane this year when daddy gets home. He's not going away for a while after this trip and we're going on a plane to somewhere warm. Mummy told me the name, but I can't remember.

The table has a red blanket over it and lots of rectangle boards that you put your plates on. I put the plates out to help mummy set up for when daddy comes back. We're making a dinner for him and are going to surprise him with presents when he comes back.

Its Christmas today and I'm really excited for daddy to come back. Mummy's in the kitchen making the food and I'm waiting for daddy by the window. I haven't opened my presents from Santa yet because I want to give daddy his first. I got him a pair of yucky socks and mummy and I were laughing when I picked them.

The food smells really nice but I tell myself I'm not allowed to eat it yet. I had some sweeties from my stocking but I don't want to have too much chocolate or I won't be able to eat all my food for dinner. The snow is starting again. I like the snow. It's really pretty but it's cold too. The boys around here like the snow too, but they're bold.

Me and mummy were out walking yesterday and they threw a snowball at us. It hit my hair and it went down my back. It was cold so I ran after the boy and threw lots at him. Mummy was laughing when I got him and it turned into a big snowball fight. It was fun, but I was really cold after. Mummy lit the fire in the living room so I stayed warm.

I look at the sky but can't see any planes up there. I wonder if daddy is back yet, but mummy told me she'd tell me when he's at the airport. I'm not very patient and I keep looking at the clock on the wall. I can't tell the time yet, but mummy said it was 3 o'clock a few minutes ago.

The phone in the hall rings and I rush to get it. It might be daddy! He said he would call when I talked to him last night on computer. I take the phone off the plastic thing it's sitting on and press the green button that's flashing.

â Hello?â I answer it, smiling and hoping it is daddy.

â Is your mother there?â a voice asks. I don't know who it is but it's not daddy. I'm sad that it's not daddy, but he's going to be home soon.

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â My mummyâ s in the kitchen making din-dins for when daddy comes home,â I tell the man, happily.
â Iâ ll get mummy for you.â

I take the phone from my ear and walk into the kitchen, not run. Mummy told me to not run in case I fall. I donâ t want to hurt myself so I donâ t run. I see mummy at the cooker and skip over to her.

â Mummy, a man is on the phone and he wants to talk to you,â I tell her, giving her the phone and waiting to see what the man wants.

She takes the phone from my hand and pulls the mitt off her hand before placing the phone to her ear.
â Hello?â she says into it, just like I did.

Mummy and I look the same, but sheâ s really pretty. She has yellow hair that is up in a bun, glasses that are in her hair because sheâ s not reading and blue eyes that are really nice. I have blue eyes too, and my hair is yellow, but sheâ s older than me and is wearing lippy on her lips. I tried some on, but it tasted weird and wiped it off. Mummy told me daddy likes it and she wears it so he will kiss her.

I donâ t want boys kissing me, so I donâ t wear any. Mummy painted my nails pink, my favourite colour and I look down at them. I painted her nails purple and I did a good job. She told me I did well and gave me a biscuit to eat. It was one of the ones I left out for Santa, but she told me she had more to give Santa.

Thereâ s a smashing sound and I look up to see a broken cup on the floor. I look up at mummy to see is sheâ s hurt, and she has tears running down her cheeks. I quickly run over to her and my feet hurt when I stand on the broken cup but I donâ t care. Mummyâ s crying and she never cries. The man mustâ ve said something bold to her.

I hug mummy and pull her away from the broken cup. She follows but the tears are still falling. The phone drops to the floor and I pick it up to tell the bold man off.

â â lplane crashed and he was taken to hospital-,â the man is saying but I talk over him.

â You isnâ t allowed to say bold things to my mummy!â I tell him, angry because he made mummy cry. â You has to say sorry now.â

I hold the phone to mummy but she doesnâ t take it. â Mummy?â I ask, taking her hand and placing the phone in it. But she doesnâ t lift it to her ear like she should so I climb onto the table and look at her pretty blue eyes.

â Mummy, the bold man is going to say sorry,â I tell her. â Heâ s going to say he was sorry for being bold.â

But she doesnâ t look at me as I talk to her and she cries even more. He mustâ ve said something really bold to her. Mummy falls to the floor and I quickly get off the table and sit beside her. Sheâ s shaking and crying loudly and Iâ m scared.

â Youâ s bold!â I shout into the phone at the bold man. â My mummyâ s really sad now and sheâ s on the floor and shaking.â

I turn the phone off and throw it on the ground before lying beside mummy. Her hair smells of apples because I washed it for her with the apple shampoo yesterday. Mine smells of strawberries. I tap mummyâ s shoulder but she doesnâ t get up. She still lies on the ground and shakes but I donâ t move away from her,

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even when the phone starts to ring again.

“It is okay mummy,” I tell her, rubbing her hair like she does to me when I get sad. “Daddy will be back soon and he can tell the bold man off.”

But that makes her shake even more and I start to cry. Why is mummy crying? The man sounded nice when I talked to him. I got him to say sorry to mummy but she wouldn’t talk to him. I say daddy is coming back and she cries even more. Did the man tell mummy a lie about daddy?

That makes me angry and I go over to the phone to call the man back. But a hand pulls me back and mummy wraps me in a hug, squeezing me tightly and still crying. “Don’t leave,” she says, holding me and shaking. “Don’t leave me too.”

“I isn’t going,” I tell her. “I was going to tell the man off for being bold to you.”

“Don’t leave! Don’t leave!,” she keeps saying but I don’t know why.

There’s a knock at the door and I get up, happy daddy’s here. He can kiss mummy and she’ll be all better! I get out of mummy’s hug and run to the door, pulling it open so I can jump into daddy’s arms. But it’s not daddy.

Two men push past me and run into the kitchen to mummy. I go after them to tell them to get out of the house and that they can’t come in, but a woman comes in behind them and kneels before me. She’s very pretty but she’s not allowed into my house.

“You can’t come in,” I tell her angrily. “Daddy’s going to be back and he won’t be happy if you’re here.”

She looks at me with sad eyes. Hers are brown and she smells of roses. “Sweetie, your daddy isn’t coming home.”

“What? Yes he is! He talked to me last night on the computer and said he is,” I tell her, shaking my head at her silliness. “He got a plane to come home and is coming back for dinner! You can’t be here though because we don’t have enough food. I won’t tell daddy if you go now though.”

The woman starts to say something again, but I hear a shout coming from the kitchen and mummy crying again. I push the woman away from me and run into the kitchen. The two men are standing around mummy but she’s shouting at them and kicking.

“Leave her alone!” I scream at them, hitting them away from her. “You aren’t allowed in here!”

Mummy cries even more and the woman pulls me away from the men. I start to cry when she shouts at them but I can’t do anything. “Tell them to leave her alone,” I beg the woman who’s holding me.

“They’re hurting her.”

Mummy is hurting because of the bold man. I am hurting because mummy was hurting. I want people to leave. I want daddy.

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