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When My Present Isn't What I Hoped



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Christmas Morning

My name is Luca. On Christmas morning, my family opens presents together. This story is about a present that is not what I hoped.





Hoping

I am hoping for a red racing car. I think about it a lot. I hope it is in one of the boxes.

A Soft Parcel

Grandma Bea gives me a soft parcel. I tear off the paper. Inside are some woolly socks.





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Disappointed

It is not a racing car. I feel disappointed. My tummy feels heavy. Many children feel disappointed about a present sometimes. That is okay.

Made by Hand

Grandma Bea knitted these socks for me. She knitted them on many evenings. She picked my favourite colours, green and orange.





A Big Breath

I can try taking a big breath and saying, "Thank you, Grandma." A thank-you is for the kind thought.

A Hug

Grandma Bea smiles. She gives me a big, warm hug. Her cardigan smells of soap.





Warm Feet

Later, I put on my new socks and my boots. I play in the cold courtyard with my friends. My feet feel warm and cosy.

Still a Happy Day

Sometimes I still think about the racing car. That is okay too. Christmas is still a happy day.



THE END

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