

**Second Place in the Christmas 2007 Short Story Competition**  
**Junior Section (under 16)**

**Author – Megan Owen**

**With her story**

## **Little Pandora's Holiday**

My name is Lydia. I am fourteen years old and my thirteenth Christmas was when I met Pandora. Here is the story...

Clank clank! What was that? That strange noise, like a fox or something in the bins. Better ignore it, now back to my game (Dogs Life). The level is super hard you are controlling a dog and you have to save all these other dogs! Not again, it's that noise I better see what it is. It sounds like hoofs! My penguin pyjamas were so warm and I wanted it to stay like that, so I pulled on my long blue coat and rugby socks. Before I went outside I pulled on the slip-on shoes. The door was locked so (accidentally stepping on the cats tail) I scabbled about for the keys. When I got outside the night air was colder than I thought and the noise was louder. The slightly frosted grass was cold on my quickly freezing feet. Despite this I carried on to the bins. I wasn't scared one bit. I poked my head around the wall and guess what it was? It was a tiny fawn. That's a baby deer if you don't know and this one was very cute. I could see she had an injured leg. She was laying down her pale red nose trying to knock the big black bin over. Unfortunately she was way too small to do that so I picked her up and half walked, half stumbled back to my room. I plopped her on the bed and slept cuddling her, like a big teddy.

It was a strange feeling waking up with a fawn next to me. It made this Christmas eve very special. Remembering what happened last night; I picked her up, hid her in the wardrobe then went downstairs to get me and her some breakfast. I named her Pandora after a legend, it sort of suited her. I snuck her some wheat biscuits and a bottle of water diluted with milk. I locked my bedroom door and pulled Pandora out of the wardrobe. Offering the wheat biscuits to her I started to stroke her soft brown fur. She ended up eating the whole pack of biscuits and all the water too. It was a cold glorious day the frost was still there from the previous night so I couldn't take Pandora outside. I tidied [sic] my room so it was safe for Pandora. She sat on the bed chewing socks, not really helping at all! Even though I was tired I went downstairs and helped Mum I [sic] bake about eleven cakes to send off to family. The best I made was for my cousin, she owns a pony so I made a rearing horse in the middle I even pricked the green icing to make it look like a meadow, to finish it I put two bunnies next to the horse and boxed it up. I made a small sponge cake for Pandora. Before setting off to bed I said night to my parents then went upstairs.

I open the door to my bedroom to see an adult reindeer standing next to Pandora. I notice that this reindeer has a brighter red nose than Pandora it glowed like a light bulb. "Rudolf! Rudolf is your dad", I squeal, he nods, and so does Pandora. I wondered where Santa was. Pandora walks swiftly over to me for a last hug, that's when I realised I was crying, pearly beads dribbling down my face. I break the sponge in half, I give one bit to Rudolf though I gave the biggest bit to Pandora. Before they

left I took a photo of us all together I also took the bandage off her healing leg. Then, came the last hug, kisses and love. They flew off into the night. The morning came and there was an unlabelled present, it had an incredibly lifelike toy deer in. I knew who it was from... my parents didn't!

I do still get to see Pandora. Only once a year, at Christmas, for twelve hours exactly. I have so much fun with her each year but I am always sad to see her leave.

The End

*Megan Owen lives in Bolsover and goes to Bolsover school. She loves reading and animals. She enjoys walking her dog, going out on her bike, especially in the summer and is an active member of the Bolsover Bellringing group.*