

A Chaotic Christmas Night

It was December 21st, 1982. I had been doing my homework for the past hour; studying for the Christmas bumper test that my teacher gave us every year, when all of a sudden there was a loud *bang* in my sister's bedroom. I thought as if the house was about to fall down crushing everything there was inside. Without warning, there came a tremendous *roar*... by this stage, I was shaking with fear. *Crash! Bang! Roar!* I felt as if I was going to get eaten alive by some humongous bear.

It was time for me to act my age, be brave and actually find out what monster was in there. I stood up from my chair and was just about to open the door when: *Crash!* What was I going to do? I knew that I had to be brave, so I opened the door. Just a few steps down the hall and through my sister's bedroom door, that's all I had to do. Still though, I couldn't help but wonder what was causing such disruption? Right, one step completed, then the next and after a good, long minute of hauling myself down the long, narrow hallway, I reached my sister's bedroom. Trying to ignore all the deafening roars, I managed to get a grip onto the door handle. Ever so slowly, I pushed open the door. It was completely silent for about three seconds until I had a clear vision on the creature...*AAGH!* We both screamed, it sounds quite funny when you look back on it; but it definitely wasn't right there in that moment.

There, standing right in front of me, was a six foot tall, white, stinking, hairy yeti. That's right, there was a yeti covered in laundry (it had obviously gotten into the wardrobe!) standing upright in front of me. I could tell that it was stressed, God knows where it came from. It was groaning, neither of us knew what was happening. "*Hello*" I blurted out, trembling with the thoughts of what was going to happen next. "*Bonjour*" it urgently replied with an amazing French accent! I didn't have a clue as to what it was saying because I only spoke English, also wondering how it could talk! I told it to go home; where it belongs. Although it just stared at me, looking more puzzled than it ever could look.

I took a step forward, forcing the yeti to move back. Although as it took a step backwards, it tripped over a chair and fell straight down into a pile of laundry, sending t-shirts, trousers, jumpers and so much more, everywhere! "Urgh!" it moaned as it tried to escape the mountain of laundry that had almost buried it alive. I peered down at my watch to check the time; it was five minutes to seven and I knew that my sister would be home very soon. I knew well she would pass out if she saw a yeti in her bedroom and a laundry invasion!

I guided the yeti to the open window (it must've gotten in that way). Although it didn't seem to want to jump out of the window on a cold frosty night, it did. I was amazed how it followed my orders! I watched in disbelief as it crossed the road and knocked on the neighbours door. The door opened and there was two people dressed as elves in the house, they all ran to the next house and more people dressed up came!

Turns out it was just a fancy dress party!!!

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