

Cacaw. The feathery body of an owl clamped against my face. The small, howling creature dragged me with it as I fell off the sleigh and began to plummet from hundreds of feet in the sky. Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, not even Rudolph, didn't give my screams a second thought; instead galloping through the constellation of the night sky. That's when I hit it.

The upper half of my body had been engulfed by the chimney with only small remnants of my legs and feet poking out of the top, like human Christmas decorations. Charcoal, dust and a manner of grime polluted my nose, clogging my smell and blinded my sight. I was stuck. With no way to move; legs and arms restricted to small movements, jiggling and wiggling itching for escape.

The remaining parts of my body that still had oxygen soon were overcome with the cold breeze of the night wind, drifting up my legs sending shivering sensations down my spinal cord. How would I get out? I wondered. Millions will go without gifts if I don't save myself.

Soon, the blood started to collect in my head and I lost consciousness for I don't know how long. The last thing I saw was the remnants of the white on my now charcoal covered beard, turning sullen and grey.

As I crept out of my deep slumber and my eyes adjusted back to the darkness around me, I got an idea. If I could reach the small pouch of reindeer dust from my belt I could sprinkle it about myself and float out effortlessly. Only problem, my arms and legs were incarcerated between the brick walls of the chimney.

I wiggled around and eventually I reached it, but I was there so long I had lost weight and being away from the North Pole sped up my metabolism. I felt like I'd lost 20 stone but the hunger was too much. My back scraped down the dishevelled walls of the chimney and soot and webs rose to cover my fall.

The wall finally reached the end and the fire was in sight but I looked at the time...12:26 Boxing Day. Christmas is over and after Mrs Claus catches me, so will I be!

By Ryan Kerton (Y10)