

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# After all, it's Christmas

It was three days until Christmas, and it was cold. It hurt just to reach outside for the newspaper. We felt safe and warm inside. My parents, my older sister and I were all home. None of us had to go out for anything. We had lots of food. We had a warm fire and we felt full of Christmas spirit.

"It's so nice here," my mother said. "I made some cake and coffee. I wish we could bring someone in from the cold. I'd like to share this cake and coffee with someone. It would seem more like the Christmas season."

Then dad spoke up. "The gas man comes to read the meter today," he said. "He's sure to be cold. You could give him some coffee and cake."

My mother liked that. "Good idea," she said. She set a place at the kitchen table. Then, she stood at the window. She was watching for the gas man.

"Here he comes," she said at last. A man in a blue coat came running into the garden. He had a bag of tools. My mother opened the door. "Come right in," she called. "I've got coffee and cake for you. You can get warm here. After all, it's Christmas."

The gas man looked at her. "Well, that's good of you," he said after a moment. He came in and put his tool bag down. He warmed his hands by the fire. Then, he sat and ate some cake. I don't know what they talked about. I had to go do my homework. Soon, the man left. My mother was happy. She had shared our warm house and food with a stranger. She had shared the Christmas spirit.

An hour later a man knocked on the back door. "Gas man," he called out. "That's strange," mother said. She let him in anyway. A second later a policewoman came to the door.

"There's been a robbery near here," she said. "Have you seen any strangers? Has anyone been in the garden?"

My mother's eyes grew big. Now she knew what she had done but it didn't bother her a bit. She led the real gas man and the policewoman into the kitchen. "Sit down," she said.

She gave them coffee and cake. She told them what the thief looked like. Somewhere in the town there was a thief full of coffee and cake that didn't deserve it. My mother still didn't mind. She just said, "After all, it's Christmas."