

A Little Christmas Magic

By: Hannah Langford

Ok, here goes...

Checklist for December 19th, 2012

- ✓ Finish editing the comic, "Mario"
- ✓ Call Janie with finished book edit
 - ✓ Pick up dry cleaning
 - ✓ Pick up holiday wreath
 - ✓ Put Christmas tree up
- ✓ Get Fancy Feast and litter for Chrissy and Henry
- ✓ Get Janie to talk to Mark about "Mario" publishing



"Terrific. Another completed checklist. Are you happy for me, Chrissy?"

The Oreo colored cat stares back at me blankly.

"Aw, come on Chrissy, I worked hard today, for *your* food! Yet you don't even care how my day went or appreciate my accomplishments? Wow, I really need to find myself a husband...and some snow. What's Christmas without snow?" Chrissy tilts her head to the right. *Sigh*. "Well, at least you know I'm talking to you."

I walk over to the refrigerator to pour myself a glass of sparkling cider, admire the newly set up tree, and call Chrissy and Henry for dinner. "Ooh, yes that's right; I did get your favorite food today! Aw, how nice. You are so welcome!"

The cats look at me like I've sprouted a second and third head, so I decide to just give them the food and go admire the tree again.

Wow. I did a really good job on the tree this year, I thought. I decided to go with all white lights along with red, green, silver, and gold glass ornaments. To break away from my normal tree decorations, this year I added these little silver birds that wrap around any individual tree branch and look like they're flying away. It adds the most perfect little flare and I love it. I wait all year for Christmas time. All my furniture has been strategically purchased so that it never clashes with any of my decorations, and the texture of my couch pairs nicely with the texture of the Christmas tree (And cat scratches blend in seamlessly).

bacon, beef, chicken, ham, sausage, steak, and turkey. Below that are the fruit and vegetables. In the fruit drawer are apples, blueberries, oranges, and pears. Finally, in the vegetable drawer are carrots, cucumbers, squash, and tomatoes. Since I want you to not die of boredom, I'll skip what's in the door of the fridge and just say that it is equally as nice as the rest of the refrigerator. If you're thinking I'm some kind of freaky lunatic obsessed with food, you, my unknown friend, would be wrong. The significance of this fridge is that all the different types of food are separated onto different shelves. The foods on each shelf are alphabetized and all foods are equally spaced apart from each other. See? Is that not better? Now you wish I was just obsessed with food, don't you? This refrigerator is my pride and joy, and will forever remain clean.

If I were a crazy person...I would have a messy fridge.

.....The Next Morning.....

"GRAHH! Seriously? Chrissy! Henry! Come look at this! Look at the tree. What do you see? That's right Henry; you do see a missing red ornament. GGRRRAAHHH! This is going to mess me up at work all over again. I. Am. Totally. Getting. Fired!" *HHEEE WWHHOO deep breath Rachel, the world has not ended yet. The fridge is still clean. I can get a new ornament... but then I will have an odd number of extras and I can't give them away because there won't be an even number of the same color so now I'll have to give them to Goodwill but they won't want them either! HHEEE WWHHOO. Just breathe. Your home life is different from your job life. No one else needs to know what happened. Just act normal. This is a flaw in yourself. Fix it.*

.....After Work That Same Day.....

"Chrissy! Henry! I'm home! In case you guys were wondering, today was a little better, therefore I might be off the chopping block...for now. So you don't have to worry about your precious cat nip or kibble. I just kept reminding myself that people don't know what happened to my tree, so I shouldn't give them any indication that everything in my life isn't going the way I want. I even managed to get four book edits done today! Even before their deadline. That's right, your little kitty eyes are staring at the vision of success. Be proud to call me your owner." *Time for a checklist.*

Checklist for December 21st, 2012

- ✓ Get "Mario" to publishing (Finally!)
- ✓ Pick up more glass ornaments ☹
- ✓ Edit "The Dungeon in Candyland"

- ✓ Edit "A Whale Named Moby"
- ✓ Edit "Cindernever"
- ✓ Pick up more bacon, yogurt, and orange juice
- ✓ Edit "Catch Me if You Can, Mr. Egg man"
- ✓ Call dentist

"Yay! Once again another completed checklist. This must be one of the best feelings in the world. It is shifting into a fantastic day."

.....The Next Morning.....

"Oh come on! Seriously? This is getting old. Another ornament from the tree is missing? Who's taking them anyway? It can't be a robber because they would've just taken the valuable items, and I don't know anyone who would cross such a terrible line as to mess up my tree. I mean who does that?? 'The Ornament Bandit'? I guess they don't know the meaning of holiday cheer."

.....After Work That Same Day.....

"Chrissy! Henry! Guess who's hooomme! I am so super excited for tomorrow; no one even knows. I purchased a little video recorder thing and I'm going to set it up looking at the tree to record what happens tonight! Perfect idea right?" The little video recorder is about the size of my palm and has a neutral coloring with roughly a three inch screen and two buttons on the side. This camera is strictly for recording things for long amounts of time. I'll call it an early Christmas gift to myself.

Checklist for December 22nd, 2012

- ✓ Pick up mail
- ✓ Call Janie about the 'Edit at home' workshop
 - ✓ Pick up video recorder
- ✓ Edit "Gifts for Everyone on Your List"
- ✓ Ask permission to organize fridge at work
 - ✓ Hang a new ornament...again
- ✓ Edit "Flash Drives, Servers, and Love"
- ✓ Be happy! It is almost Christmas and you are about to solve a mystery!

.....The Next Morning.....

“Come on, come on, don’t let there be anything wrong with the tree...please, please, please....YES!” Those would be my first words this morning as I stare at the wonderful, undisturbed tree. My camera worked! Well, not really because the person stealing the stuff from the tree most likely didn’t know I got it. Unless it was someone from work who saw my checklist! Oh, it is going to be a wonderful day. Time for some breakfast! I’m thinking it’s a peanut butter toast day. What are you thinking Chrissy?” No response. Oh well, some cats aren’t early birds.

I’ve just finished preparing my toast when the phone rings. “Hold on, I’m coming!” I say to the phone as I stick my peanut buttered knife into the knife section of the dishwasher. I quickly tell the cats not to touch my toast and run into the other room to pick up my cell phone. “Hello? Oh, hi Janie. Yes I should be at work the same time today, do you need me earlier? No? Hold on, you called me...just to ask if I was coming today? This makes no sense. Are you feeling alright? Well...ok. See you at work.”

“My goodness just when I thought she was normal, she gets all weird about the littlest things.” I mumble to myself while walking back to the kitchen. When I reach my toast, I see that the peanut butter is missing!! Who steals peanut butter? I mean if someone really wanted peanut butter they wouldn’t take it off my toast. A reasonable person would see where I put the jar and steal that, yet the jar’s right here.

“OOOHH!” I bet some of the people at work are doing this! Janie just called me with a suspicious phone call to distract me, while someone else, maybe Mark, came in here and scraped the peanut butter off my toast. I have no clue why they would do that... but if they want peanut butter and ornaments so badly, I will let them have them.

.....After Work That Same Day.....

“Chrissy! Henry! I’m hooomme!” I sing once again as I walk into my apartment. Life is good! Work went well, except when I tried to confront Janie and Mark and they acted like I was the weird one! Oh well, my mood is still amazing because I HAVE AN UNDISTURBED TR-“AHHHHH!”

“Mroooww!” sang Henry, obviously startled by my unkind greeting to him.

“Sorry Henry, but another ornament is gone from the tree! What would you do in this situation”? As a response I only receive a tilt of the head. *Sigh*. “What am I going to do, Chrissy? OH! The video recorder! I accidentally left it on this morning! We can check that!” I rush over to where the recorder was perched on a book shelf across from the tree, only to notice that it is

laying on the floor, the lens terribly scratched up. "How did this happen?" Why wouldn't my mystery robber just take the camera?

Checklist for December 23rd, 2012

- ✓ *Get more peanut butter*
- ✓ *Edit "A Church Miracle"*
- ✓ *Get Janie and Mark to not think I'm crazy*
- ✓ *Edit "Wealth Through Earthworms"*
- ✓ *Edit "Whine in a Carton"*

.....Christmas Eve.....

"Bye Janie! Bye Mark! Thanks for the flowers! Merry Christmas! Oh, and sorry about the peanut butter question. I must've had a dream that you stole my peanut butter. Ha-ha. Well, happy holidays!" I say to my work mates as I leave the building, headed for home.

Finally! I am at last on Christmas break. It sure took Father Time long enough! The only thing that could make this moment better would be to walk out of the building to find out that it's snowing big, fluffy snowflakes. Oh well, no snow will have to do.

You would think that not talking to my family would make Christmas a sad holiday, but I love Christmas. All of the light hanging, snowman making, hot chocolate drinking, and don't forget about all of the holiday socks. I think the saddest day of the year is December 26th.

As I enter through the front door of my apartment, I immediately notice some of the twigs on the table's centerpiece wreath are missing. Oh well, I decide not to freak out about it because... IT'S ALMOST CHRISTMAS!

.....CHRISTMAS DAY.....

The day has finally come! After much preparation and several heartbreaks, I couldn't be happier because Christmas is finally here. I got to sleep in until 10:00am, and as I lay in bed thinking about the real meaning of Christmas, Chrissy and Henry suddenly jump up onto my bed and start meowing their heads off. "Mrow mroww, mmmorrrroooowww, MRROOOWW!" With each meow their voices grow a decibel with insistence. "What do you guys want? It's Christmas, I don't need to go to work. I'm not late!" They keep meowing and slowly backing away from me, almost hitting my collection of snow globes, so I decide to give in and follow them before they ruin my display.

They run over to the Christmas tree and I am astounded by what I see. Under the tree lays the most beautiful snowman...well, kind of. The three ornaments that were stolen make up the body of the snowman, the light from the tree is the nose, and the twigs from the wreath create the arms. To top it all off, it is held together by the peanut butter from my toast. As if it couldn't get any better, each cat is sitting patiently on either side of the snowman, looking expectantly up at me. I couldn't have asked for a better Christmas.

