

## English:

This is a story about Father Christmas. As we prepared for bed, we would write our present requests and, holding them up over the flame of the fire, allow them to drift through the chimney in the smoke to Father Christmas. Then, upstairs, our stockings, which were large socks, were placed at the bottoms of our beds. It was so difficult to get to sleep. We would wake up, and it was still dark. "Has he been yet? Has he been yet?" If yes, we would grab our stockings and run to our parents' room, only to be sent back because it was too early. We'd sit in our beds, feeling every bump and shape. What was in there? We would never dream for unpacking them on our own.

Eventually, the shout would go up. "He has been!" Dragging our stockings, we'd all tumble into my parents' bed. Who would get the best place in between both parents? It was warm, no danger of getting cold when the excitement began to fade, and there was no danger of falling out when someone got overenthusiastic. I had five brothers and sisters, so it was a bit of a squeeze. Then, officially at least, we'd take it in turns to remove our present and show it to the others.

At the top of the Christmas stocking, there was always something soft and cuddly: a small doll, or a teddy, or something similar. Then, a painting or activity book. I always liked magic painting books, where you just have to add water for the picture to appear, or the shiny scribbling book, where your pencil produced the same effect. A small pack of colouring pencils; we might need those for school. A toothbrush; always had a new toothbrush. Some sort of a game, perhaps a pack of cards; Old Maid, Happy Families, and Snap spring to mind. Or maybe the latest great playground craze: jacks, Five Stones, yo-yos. Then, if we were really lucky, another small toy: a car, or in those days, a gun for the boys and tomboys of the family, or perhaps something to make. A packet of sweets, or a small chocolate bar. Finally, the essential item of clothing: a pair of gloves, socks, or pants. We'd reach the heel of the sock; we'd find an apple, an orange, or a handful of nuts. Then, joy of joy, a pink or white sugar mouse: something that had to be eaten immediately.

## Simplified Chinese

这是一个关于圣诞老人的故事。睡觉前，我们会写下我们的请求，然后将它们举过火光，让其烟雾中飘过烟囱，来到圣诞老人面前。然后，在楼上，我们将长袜，即大型袜子，放在床底。很难入睡。我们会醒来，天还是黑的。“他来过过了吗？他来过过了吗？”如果是来过过了，我们会抓起长袜跑到父母的房间，但还是会因为时间太早而被送回自己的房间。我们会坐在床上，摇晃每一份礼物。猜测里面是什么？我们绝不能自己打开礼物。

最终，喊声响起。“他来过过了！”拖着我们的长袜，我们冲到父母的床上。看看谁会在父母之间抢到最佳位置？非常温和，当兴奋开始消退时，没有感冒的危险，当有人过度热情时，也没有摔倒的危险。我有五个兄弟姐妹，所以有点挤。然后，至少正式地，我们会轮流拿走我们的礼物并展示给其他人。

在圣诞袜的顶部，总是有一些柔软可爱的东西：一个小洋娃娃，或者泰迪熊，或者类似的东西。然后，一本绘画或趣味书。我一直都很喜欢魔法绘画书，只需要加水，图片就能出现，或者是闪亮的涂鸦书，你的铅笔也能产生同样的效果。一小包彩色铅笔；我们可能上学需要这些彩色铅笔。一把牙刷；总是有一把新牙刷。某种游戏，也许是一副牌；老姑娘，幸福的家庭和斯内普浮现在脑海中。或者也许是最新的游乐场热潮：千斤顶、五块石头、溜溜球。然后，如果我们真的很幸运，还有一个小玩具：一辆汽车，或者在那个年代，可以给家里的男孩和假小子一把枪，或者也许可以制造一些东西。一包糖果，或一小块巧克力。最后，必不可少的衣物：一双手套、袜子或裤子。我们会一直摸到袜子的后跟；在那里，我们会找到一个苹果、一个橙子或一把坚果。然后，欢乐的喜悦，一只粉红色或白色的糖老鼠：必须立即吃掉！

### Traditional Chinese

這是一個關於聖誕老人的故事。睡覺前，我們會寫下我們的請求，然後將它們舉過火光，讓其煙霧中飄過煙囪，來到聖誕老人面前。然後，在樓上，我們將長襪，即大型襪子，放在床底。很難入睡。我們會醒來，天還是黑的。“他來過了嗎？他來過了嗎？”如果是來過了，我們會抓起長襪跑到父母的房間，但還是會因為時間太早而被送回自己的房間。我們會坐在床上，搖晃每一份禮物。猜測裡面是什麼？我們絕不能自己打開禮物。

最終，喊聲響起。“他來過了！”拖著我們的長襪，我們衝到父母的床上。看看誰會在父母之間搶到最佳位置？非常溫和，當興奮開始消退時，沒有感冒的危險，當有人過度熱情時，也沒有摔倒的危險。我有五個兄弟姐妹，所以有點擠。然後，至少正式地，我們會輪流拿走我們的禮物並展示給其他人。

在聖誕襪的頂部，總是有一些柔軟可愛的東西：一個小洋娃娃，或者泰迪熊，或者類似的東西。然後，一本繪畫或趣味書。我一直都很喜歡魔法繪畫書，只需要加水，圖片就能出現，或者是閃亮的塗鴉書，你的鉛筆也能產生同樣的效果。一小包彩色鉛筆；我們可能上學需要這些彩色鉛筆。一把牙刷；總是有一把新牙刷。某種遊戲，也許是一副牌；老姑娘，幸福的家庭和斯內普浮現在腦海中。或者也許是最新的遊樂場熱潮：千斤頂、五塊石頭、溜溜球。然後，如果我們真的很幸運，還有一個小玩具：一輛汽車，或者在那個年代，可以給家裡的男孩和假小子一把槍，或者也許可以製造一些東西。一包糖果，或一小塊巧克力。最後，必不可少的衣物：一雙手套、襪子或褲子。我們會一直摸到襪子的後跟；在那裡，我們會找到一個蘋果、一個橙子或一把堅果。然後，歡樂的喜悦，一隻粉紅色或白色的糖老鼠：必須立即吃掉！