

# DONNA by Naomi Stevens

Donna opened her eyes. It was still dark outside. What was that weight on her foot? She sat up and looked down the bed. Realization dawned. It was Christmas Day.

All the brightly coloured packages with their sparkly strings winked at her from the end of the bed as they spilled out of the pillowcase that her mother had given her the night before.

Excited she leaned forward and grabbed the nearest one. As she tore off the paper to see it's contents, she was already making a mental note of which one would be the next to be opened.

She scarcely looked at the gaily coloured jig-saw before pushing it aside to grab the next parcel. A box of hankies, how dull, never mind let's try the next one . What is it? It rattles. Oh no, not another jig-saw.

This parcel looks more interesting. It's bigger than the others. A doll, it's exactly like the one I got last year.

The pile of wrappings grew bigger as more and more torn sheets were pushed into it. Among them were the offerings that did not please. No notice had been taken of pretty bows, of carefully written labels with loving messages. In her eagerness to find something she really wanted she had unwrapped everything in sight and all that was left was a small dull looking sock with funny shaped bumps all through it.

She picked it up disinterestedly and glanced at the little card tied to it. "From Auntie Grace and Michael with all our love" She thought with contempt of Michael as she opened the sock.

Her joy knew no bounds as from within she drew an orange, six nuts, an apple and wonder of wonders, six shiny new pennies, Happy Christmas!