



# *The Miracle of Christmas*

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Kids, Magic

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Finally, the time of the year has come when I can be the center of attention. Honestly, sometimes I even feel offended that people don't remember about my existence till a particular time of year, but oh well, I don't like wasting my time on negative emotions.

Usually I am naked and it's not like I dislike it, as all of my friends are like that and I have nothing to be embarrassed about. Despite the fact that it's not a bad thing to be naked whole year, I really like it when people come and dress me up with lights and different shiny things. I have a thing called "Lovemeter" on me, which shows how much love I get in a day, or a week, or a month, it depends. So, a light goes from my trunk up to the top when people decorate me with all the garlands, balls, toys and lights thus filling me, literally, with love and care.

Every year the citizens of this country write a wish on the paper and hang it on me, hoping that I would make it come true and that's what I try to do whole season long. Most people are free on Christmas, well for me it's the busiest season in terms of work. Even though they come and hang those wishes on me most of the people don't even believe that I can be powerful enough to make their wishes come true.

Today started just like any other Christmas day; kids running all around me and their mothers screaming at them (they're always afraid the kids would push me and I would fall), the snow encouraging equality by turning everything and everyone white and of course the presents under my feet. Sometimes I think people are so weird. How can they think that putting presents under my feet is a safe place? They're weird, but I like them. They make me feel so special, when in fact I'm a simple green tree just like any other tree.

The day would still be a common Christmas day, if a little girl didn't approach me.

"Dear Christmas tree, my parents don't believe in miracles, but I do. Most importantly I believe in you, I believe that you can help me. Please make my wish come true," she says putting her hands into the praying

pose.

“What do you want me to do honey?” I say and see how her eyes widen in astonishment.

“Wooooow! You can talk?” she says and a wide smile appears on her face.

“I mean why not? You, people can, right? And I consider myself somewhere near you during winter.”

“Why doesn’t anyone hear you then and why don’t they think it’s strange for a tree to talk?” she says with a frown on her face.

It’s so amazing how kids’ emotions are pure, you don’t have to contemplate about what they are really thinking, they’re transparent.

“I don’t know. I tried talking to every person who approached me. They either ignored me, which really hurt my feelings, or they just couldn’t hear me I don’t even know why,” I said realizing that I never really thought about why they might not hear me, but these little kids, they are curious about every single thing in this world.

“Okay let’s get back to your wish, but first tell me your name.”

“Emma. My name is Emma. I am pretty sure that you don’t have a name, so I’ll call you Chrissy short for Christmas tree. Are you okay with that?” she says obviously expecting to hear the answer “yes” from me.

“Sure, I am,” I said trying to keep my excitement inside. No one has ever given me a nickname.

“So, as I said my parents don’t believe in miracles and they don’t think you can make my wish come true,” she says in a low voice and her expression instantly changes into a sad one.

“What is it?”

“My granny is in a coma, that’s what my parents keep telling everyone. I don’t really understand what that is, but she’s sleeping and she doesn’t wake up. I miss her Chrissy. I understand that she might’ve been tired from playing with me, but I really want her to wake up,” she barely finishes the sentence when a tear falls down her cheek.

“No no no no no don’t cry. I start panicking when kids cry. Please don’t. Let me explain you something. I...I would really love to help you honey, considering the fact that you’re the only person who can hear me, but I don’t think I can. I think your parents were right. This is a situation where even medicine is powerless and I am just a useless tree. How can I help you?”

“Chrissy...but...but...I believe...I believe in you...” she says wiping the tears that covered her red cheeks.

“Maybe you’re wrong to believe in me?” I said knowing that these words would certainly hurt her innocent soul, but I couldn’t lie to her. That would be even worse.

She didn’t say anything, lowered her head as if to show me that she’s hurt and slowly walked away.

I couldn’t sleep that night. My thoughts were always traveling to her, the sadness in her voice and her facial

expressions. I mean I'd really want to help her, but how? She's the only human being who believed in me and now I'm disappointing her. Great job!

I want her wish to come true, I believe that it can come true, if I believe even harder. What if I could use the light in my Lovemeter to send love to her grandmother and help her fight for her life? I look up and see that the Lovemeter is completely full and I shut my eyes trying to send all the energy, strength, belief and more importantly love to her grandmother. When I run out of strength I fall asleep.

"Chrissy! Chrissy! Wake up."

I open my eyes and see that Emma is jumping around and calling my name.

"Emma? What brought you here?" I was pleasantly surprised to see her here.

"My granny got better. I knew you would do something. I knew it Chrissy," she shouts these words and runs to me hugging my trunk.

Remember when I said I felt special this time of the year? Well, I can surely say that right now I feel even more special, I feel powerful and confident. I haven't ever been confident before. It's a pleasant feeling.

"Thank you Chrissy, thank you Chrissy," she started singing while thanking me and that was the sweetest thing that happened in my life.

She would probably continue her singing, if her friends didn't interrupt her.

"Emma! Where is Chrissy?" a redheaded girl with many freckles covering her face approached Emma asking her about me.

"Chrissy's here." She shouts pointing at me.

"So is that you who made her wish come true?" a brown-haired boy asked while eating ice cream (how could his mother let him do that in winter?) and showing off his little dimples.

"You're the coolest tree I've ever seen," says the boy with sunglasses (I don't even know why he has them in this season). He slides the sunglasses down a little bit and points his fingers, as if he's showing a gun, at me.

"How is that possible that you guys hear me?"

"Well, I told them about you and how much of a hero you are. At first they wouldn't believe me, but you know how convincing I can be and they believed me and told me they would come later. So, here they are," she says gesturing at the little kids who surround her.

Wow. So, that's the secret, the fact that they believe me and that's when they start to hear me. This is incredible.

I talked to the kids for a long time, we were getting to know each other and I decided that I wouldn't give up on Emma's grandmother, as she's more to me than just an ordinary kid.

Thanks to the conversations that I had with the kids my Lovemeter was filled again, luckily, and now I could try again. I did everything that I could once again and met the beautiful creature again on the next day. She was even happier and so was I. This time she told me that her granny moved her finger, but today there wasn't anyone who came with her. She was alone. My Lovemeter was almost empty and I didn't know how to help her once again. The people of the city weren't coming anymore, all of them have already hung their wishes and the decorations. I didn't know what to do now. In front of Emma I pretended that nothing was wrong and that I would do anything to wake her granny up, but the truth was that I was panicking on the inside.

It was already evening and I was afraid that if I don't do anything by the morning her granny's situation will get worse and that would be the end for me and for everything.

I was hopeless. I got ready to sleep and closed my eyes still trying to find a way to figure this situation out. That's when I heard a sound.

"Emma? What are you doing here?" I asked surely not expecting her at this hour.

"I brought my parents and my grandfather. I wanted to introduce them to you Chrissy. I told them how you saved our granny and that it's important for them to meet you."

"Emma this doesn't make any sense. Why are you talking to the tree?" her mother said with an unpleasant expression on her face and that hurt me.

"Wait Helen, she's not lying I really can hear the tree," answered her father and I couldn't be happier.

"Edward have you gone crazy? What are you talking about?"

"No no that's true I really heard how the tree talked to Emma. What about you father? Did you hear it?"

"I did. He's not wrong Helen. We heard it," the grandfather whispered and then smiled at me.

"Oh God. This is just insane. Then why can't I hear it?"

"It's because she doesn't believe me. She doesn't believe in miracles, she doesn't believe that I can somehow be related to the fact that your relative is feeling better."

They passed her my message.

"I can't believe because it's not real. We waited for months, but nothing has happened and the doctors said that there's nothing they could do. But then you tell me that this tree saved her? Does that make sense? No, it doesn't."

She has a point and honestly I wouldn't have believed either.

"Mommy please. Believe Chrissy. Chrissy is my friend who did everything to save granny. Please try right now."

"I understand you Helen. You don't even have to try. I probably wouldn't have done it myself either."

"But I'm glad I did," and her answer shocked me to death, well not human death, but oh well you got my point.

I smiled happily and looked above to finally see my Lovemeter completely filled. They were arguing by now how Emma was right and how wrong Helen was, but I was happy, genuinely happy. I closed my eyes and tried one more time.

“Hello? WHAT? We’re heading there,” Edward hung up the phone and I knew what it meant.

Helen turned to me wanting to say something.

“Just go now,” I said smiling at them.

“I’m sorry and thank you.”

And this beautiful family was completely happy again.

Days passed by and I felt like this was the best winter of my life. People were coming and going talking to me, telling me stories and so was I. It was the best thing that could happen to just a common tree like me. The tradition went on and I was helping a family each and every year and granny was the one who reassured them I was right. I felt that I wasn’t a useless tree who’s only need is felt during the winter as a decoration. I was a part of a big family. I even have pictures with my family. People think that trees, not only them, the nature in general doesn’t have feelings, but let me tell you something I’ll never forget the sweetest words in my life: “I love you Chrissy,” accompanied with a hug by the soft little hands that gave me warmth during the cold and windy days of winter.

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