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# Laura's Star

*and the Search for Santa*



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**English text by Fiona Waters**

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## Christmas Biscuits



It was the last day of the school term and Laura couldn't wait for the Christmas holidays. Packed carefully in her school bag was the shiny red paper star she had made that day in class. Laura loved stars. She had her own amazing star that she had rescued once when it fell from the sky. It was her special

friend and she told it all her secrets as it twinkled in the sky outside her bedroom window, or sometimes flew down to be with her!

As the final school bell rang, Laura raced home. She ran up the stairs and into the house, calling for her little brother.

“Tommy, Tommy! Where are you? I have something special to show you.”

She went into his bedroom where Tommy was playing with his castle. He gazed at Laura as she pulled the red star triumphantly out of her bag.

“Look at this brilliant star I’ve made, Tommy. I shall put it on the

tree in our holiday cottage as soon as we arrive. Won’t it look lovely?”

But Tommy didn’t answer.

“Tommy, you are going to help me decorate the tree, aren’t you?”  
Laura asked anxiously.



Tommy shrugged. "I don't want to go away for Christmas," he said. "I want to stay here."

"But we will have great fun in the cottage. There will be lots of snow. We can have a snowball fight and build an enormous snowman," smiled Laura.

Tommy looked at his feet and mumbled something.

"What did you say, Tommy?" Laura asked.

"I said I don't want to go away for Christmas because Santa won't know where to find us," and Tommy looked so miserable that Laura knelt down beside him and gave him a big hug.



"Of course Santa will find us. He always knows where children are!"

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Of course I'm sure. But I tell you what you can do to make extra sure," promised Laura. "You can write him a letter telling him where you will be!"

“Will that really work?” said Tommy hopefully.

“Yes, it will, but come on, we have something else to do first. What did Dad promise us today?” grinned Laura.

Tommy thought for a moment then beamed at Laura.

“Biscuits! Dad said we could make Christmas biscuits!”

“Then let’s make them now, ready for Mum when she gets home from her concert,” said Laura, and they dived into the kitchen.

Tommy fetched the baking trays and a bowl out of the cupboard, and Laura lined up the flour, the sugar and the other ingredients on

the table. Dad appeared in the doorway. He was rushing about doing the packing for the trip to the cottage tomorrow.

“We are baking our Christmas biscuits now as a surprise for Mum,” said Laura.

“What a good idea! I’m sure she’ll be delighted. Let me know when you need me to put the oven on,” said Dad.

Tommy kneaded the dough, and then Laura cut out the biscuits with the special cutters into star and moon shapes.



When Dad appeared again, they proudly showed him the trays filled with biscuits.

“Well done!” he said. “They look beautiful. I’ll put them in the oven for you.”



Laura whispered to Tommy. “Come on, while the biscuits are baking you can write your letter to Santa.” So the two of them went into Tommy’s bedroom.

It took quite a while to write the letter. Tommy carefully copied the address of the cottage and drew a little map. He was still worried that Santa wouldn’t find them. Then a huge smile lit up his face.

“I know what! Let’s tell Santa that we have baked some special biscuits and we will leave some out for him. He is sure to be hungry,” he said happily.

They were just finishing the letter when Laura started sniffing.

“What is that funny smell? It smells like something burning.”

“Oh no,” yelled Tommy. “Our biscuits!”

Laura and Tommy dashed out of the bedroom and into the kitchen just in time to see Dad taking the baking tray out of the oven. The biscuits were completely black.



Tommy’s eyes filled with tears. “The biscuits! I was going to leave some out for Santa. I wrote it in his letter! Now he definitely won’t come to visit us!”

Dad picked him up in his arms.

“Of course Santa will come, Tommy, and we will have lots of biscuits for him. The shops are still open. We can go and buy him some special biscuits,” he said cheerfully.

“Can we really, Dad?” Tommy hiccuped.

“Let’s leave right now!” said Laura.