

Winnie and Lilly Two Christmas Grouches Celebrate Christmas



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Dear Readers,

First of all, thank you very much for purchasing my book. I hope that this Christmas story will give you and your family a little joy and put you in a Christmas mood.

My stories intentionally include topics that are not always happy but are still a reality. In this way, I would like to stimulate thought and offer a basis for discussion appropriate to the age of the child. It is also important to me that despite the serious issues, humor is not neglected. I also would like children to learn something positive from the stories.

It also is important for me to be largely neutral about the Christian faith in the stories because I think that it should be up to each parent to decide how he or she wants to raise children. That means that although I mention churches as buildings or nuns, I don't discuss them any further.

I wish you and your family a lot of fun reading, a nice holiday season, and a peaceful holiday!

Daniela Landsberg



“Again, this stupid Christmas!” Angry Lilly kicks the craft table. “Lilly, pull yourself together now!” Sister Maria warns her. “Pull yourself together? Do I look like a sheet of paper or what?” Lilly replies cheekily. “Lilly, that’s it, go to your room and immediately!” Sister Maria points with her index finger towards the door. “Oh, what a shame! I would have loved to continue making these Emperor Nero wreaths,” Lilly replies in a mock outraged voice. “These are Advent wreaths, Lilly, Advent wreaths. And you may no longer make handicrafts, but go to your room and think about your misbehavior,” replies Sister Maria angrily. Lilly puts her right hand on the fir branches, “Sorry, Nero, but you have to get by without your wreaths now.” Lilly pushes the fir branches over the edge of the table. These fall to the ground.

“Lilly!” shouts Sister Maria. “Stay calm, Penguin, I’m now going to my room to think about my misbehavior... maybe.” With her tongue out, Lilly leaves the art room. “This child still drives me crazy.” Exhausted, Sister Maria looks at the fir branches on the floor.



“Bovine spongiform encephalopathy comes from cattle and not from children,” Lilly explains to sister Maria, who put her head into the door again. “Lilly!” Sister Maria shouts again. “Keep calm, Penguin, keep calm. I’m already gone.” With these words, Lilly turns and slowly trots into her room.

At the same time...

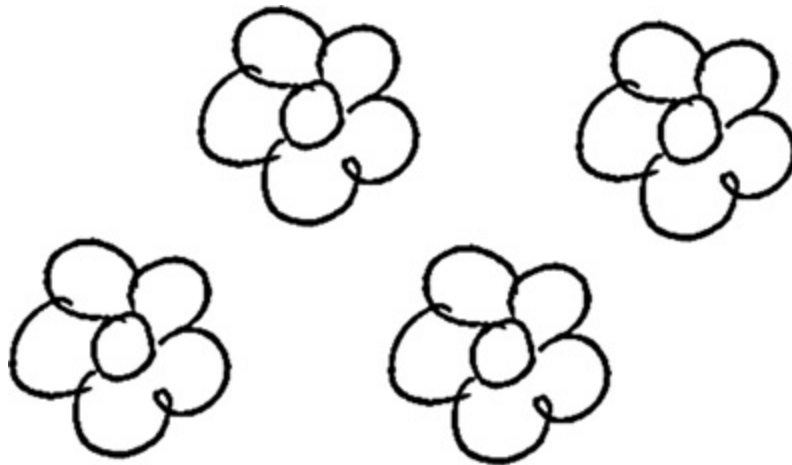


“321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, three hundred twenty...” Santa Claus hesitates. He looks at Christmas Elf 327 and 329 alternately. “Sepp, Hugo, where’s Winnie?” he asks the two Christmas elves. “So, Winnie...yes...,” Sepp hesitates. “He didn’t want to help,” Hugo cut him off. “Why? Don’t help?” asks Santa Claus indignantly. Hugo shrugs and raises his arms, “We tried to persuade him, but he just didn’t want to.” “He just didn’t want...Such a thing doesn’t exist at Santa Claus!” Angry Santa stalks off to look for Winnie.



“If you’re happy and you know it, clap your hands If you’re happy and you know it, clap your hands If you’re happy and you know it And you really want to show it If you’re happy and you know it, clap your...” “Winnie! What are you doing there?” Santa Claus calls out in a loud voice. “Aaahhhhh!” Winnie is startled. Pink and light blue confetti flowers fly in a high arc through the from the bag Winnie was holding in his hand. Winnie looks innocently at the confetti pile that has landed at Santa’s feet. “Great, thanks, Santa Claus, now I have to start again,” Winnie says indignantly. “Start again?” Santa Claus doesn’t seem to believe his ears, “What does it mean to start again? Nothing is going to start over here. You explain to me what’s going on here!” Winnie looks around proudly in his room, “You see that, bad...um...dear Santa...I

decorate.” Santa Claus snorts angrily, “Winnie, does it look *Christmasy* in here as it should?” Winnie snorts playfully, “Does it look like your room? Or maybe like that of the other 1294 Christmas elves?” Winnie shakes his head, “Nooooo, this looks like my room...and this is my room, too,” he states energetically. To reinforce it, Winnie crosses his arms over his chest. “Winnie...it’s *Christmas*...you are a *Christmas Elf*,” Santa tries to explain in a calm but determined tone, “that means that you have to help with the preparations and decorate everything for Christmas.” Winnie defiantly goes to his closet and pulls out another bag of confetti flowers. “But I don’t like to have Christmas. I want to have spring!” With these words, he reaches into the bag with his right hand and throws a handful of confetti flowers into the air.



At the sight of the confetti flowers, which are slowly falling to the ground, Winnie’s mood changes suddenly. “Whee... that’s nice! Look, Santa Claus, how they fly!” Without words, Santa Claus leaves Winnie’s room and goes into the large living room.



There he sits down in his large red armchair next to the fireplace. Immediately there are a dozen Christmas elves around him including Sepp and Hugo. Santa thinks for minutes, and in the meantime, scratches his beard. "It doesn't work anymore with Winnie like this," he finally says. "He behaves as if he were the spring god himself. No, it can't go on like this!" "But what do you want to do about it, dear Santa?" Hugo asks carefully. Santa Claus kneads the tip of his red nose. "That's a very good question, Hugo, a very good question," he replies thoughtfully. "I think I'll sleep on it for one night. I'm sure something will come to mind by dawn," says Santa firmly. Santa Claus claps his hands and then actively rubs them. "So, guys what do you have to report? What do the TV shows in the children's rooms?" Immediately the elves start talking wildly.

"So, there is a girl who has..."

"The little boy with the toy car..."

"The two siblings quarrel all day..."

"The girl from the children's home..."

"Stop! Stop! Stop! Not all at once," Santa Claus interrupts the elves. "I can't concentrate at all."

He looks at Elf 327. "Sepp, start it," Santa says. Sepp clears his throat for a moment and then starts to tell excitedly. "So, there is a little girl in the children's home. Her name is Lilly. And Lilly doesn't like Christmas at all. She doesn't really like anything. She's just cheeky all the time and doesn't listen to what the adults tell her." Santa and the other elves listen intently. After Sepp is finished, Santa Claus looks around thoughtfully, "So, the girl doesn't like Christmas," says Santa Claus to himself. But Sepp nods immediately and confirms, "Yes, she doesn't like Christmas and just nothing," he repeats. "It's interesting, very interesting," says Santa Claus, still thoughtful. The elves look at each other questioningly.



“Why is that interesting, dear Santa? It’s terrible if someone doesn’t like Christmas,” Jakob asks in surprise. Santa carefully strokes Elf 318 over the head, “You know, Jakob, maybe I have a good idea. But I’ll tell you tomorrow. I have to clarify something first.” The elves look again questioningly, but they know that if Santa wants to keep something to himself, he can do it quite well (unlike the little elves, who sometimes spill out of sheer excitement). “Well,” says Santa Claus, “now the others, what can you tell me about the other children?” he asks with interest. The elves immediately begin to tell. After all the elves have told their stories to Santa, it is well after midnight. The first elves are already yawning. Some rub their little eyes. Santa Claus looks around. “So, you little elves, it’s time to go to bed. Quickly into the bathroom. Brush your teeth and put on your

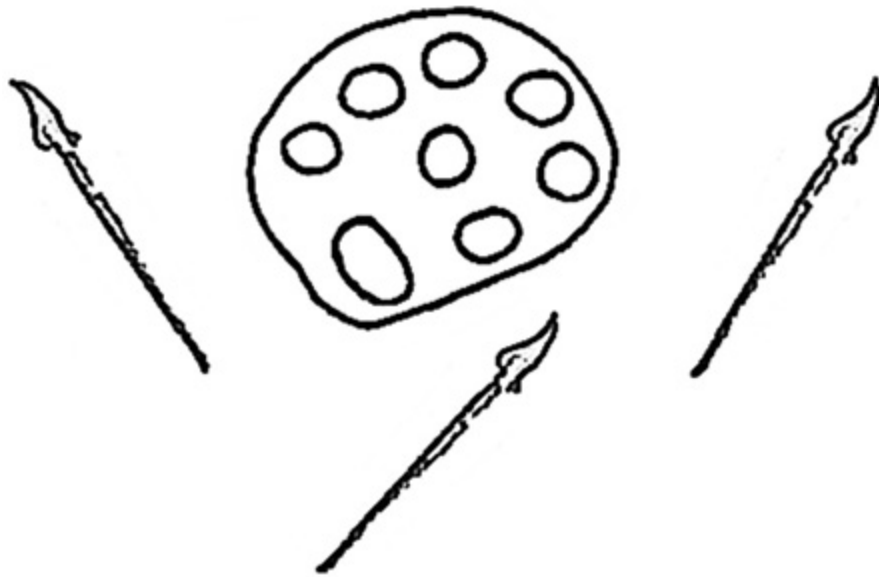
pajamas. There will be a lot to do tomorrow.” “Oh, I’m too tired to brush my teeth,” Vincent lisped through the gap in his teeth. “But if you don’t brush your teeth, the bad bacteria cause tooth decay,” says Theodor knowingly. “Oh, no,” Vincent replies defiantly and heads for the bathroom.

After all the elves have gotten ready and are lying in their beds, Santa Claus goes from room to room to wish everyone a good night. When he gets to Winnie’s room, he hears a crooked song outside the door.



“Under the sea - Under the sea - Darling it’s better - Down where it’s wetter - Take it from me...”

“Winnie, you should sleep,” Santa Claus interrupts Winnie’s singing. “Aaahhhhh!” Winnie is startled again. Again the utensils are flying through the room in a high arc. This time it’s a handful of brushes and a wide range of colors.



Winnie looks indignantly at Santa. "Thank you, Santa Claus! Now I can paint everything again." Winnie tears off the top sheet of his pad, which he had placed on his large easel. With a look at the smeared work of art, he sighs briefly, then picks up his painting utensils, and starts painting a beach landscape again. Without further attention to Santa Claus, Winnie starts singing again. This time a little louder and more crooked than before, "Under the sea - Under the sea - Darling it's better - Down where it's wetter - Take it from me..." Santa turns around speechless and continues his rounds. After closing the last door of the last elf, he goes to his room. He looks at the watch. "Hm, after 3:00 a.m.," he says. "Then I have to wait until morning," he says quietly to himself. After Santa Claus has also made himself ready for bed, he lies down and falls asleep immediately. Now it is almost completely quiet in the long hallway. Rustling, rumbling and rattling only come from one room. But at some point it is quiet in this room, and Winnie fell asleep.



Five hours later, Santa is sitting at his desk and rolling over the thick phone book that lies in front of him. "Children's home Sankt Katharina. Yes, that's it," says Santa Claus to himself. He picks up the phone and starts dialing the digits one by one on the large dial.