



THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS

I can understand an authentic Christmas story.

1 READING AND SPEAKING Solve the riddle. What have you found out about this popular English holiday tradition? Have you heard of it before? If so, where?

I COME IN ALL COLOURS BUT ONLY ONE SHAPE.
THEY PUT ME ON THE CHRISTMAS DINNER PLATE.
PULL ME TO FIND A PAPER HAT, A PRESENT AND A FESTIVE JOKE.
I GO WITH A BANG; DON'T SCARE THE OLD FOLK!

3 a) READING Read the rest of the story on the opposite page. Choose the sentence that best describes its main idea.

- a) We should protect animals. b) Holidays are not about material things. c) Holidays are all about giving presents.

b) Read the story again, and answer the questions.

- 1 How does the story end? 2 How is Tommy different from the other two children? 3 What is the best thing you can wish for, according to Magic? Do you agree? Why (not)? 4 How does the story make you feel? Why?

4 WRITING Christmas is a time to be thankful for the things we have. What are you thankful for? Write six gratitude hashtags about it. Here are some suggestions to get you going:

- #thankfulforthememoriesmade #thankfulformygoodhealth #thankfulformyfurrrybundleofjoy

A Christmas to remember

Christmas is the perfect time to get creative and make great memories! Why not create a class Christmas photo booth? Prepare prompts such as a Christmas photo-booth frame, Santa's beard and hat, reindeer antlers, Rudolph's nose and crackers. You will need sheets of card, some coloured paper, wooden sticks, colouring pens, glue and scissors. **Say cheese!**



Creative me! CHRISTMAS EDITION

12 days of giving Christmas presents

Christmas is a time of giving, and what better gift than one that comes from the heart? Give your special someone (e.g. a parent, a sibling or a friend) a non-material gift: make a list of 12 things that would make that person happy, and do one each day leading up to Christmas. Have fun and spread the holiday joy!

LET'S PLAY!

Team up, and play a game of Christmas-carol charades. Write down the names of Christmas carols you know on slips of paper. Team representatives pick a slip, indicate the number of words, and then act them out without speaking. Their teammates try to guess the carol within a minute. The winner is the team with the most correct guesses. Celebrate your victory with carol singing!



‘Hi!’

I’m a magic dog, like the genie in the bottle.’ (...)
‘If you’re a MAGIC DOG, yeah, right, where are my three wishes?’ says the slim girl. The pale, quiet boy

says nothing. He’s looking at the dog.

‘OK! One wish each,’ says the dog. (...)

I want a Ferrari,’ shouts the fat boy.

‘Righto,’ says the dog. ‘Give me ten minutes.’ (...)

‘Me now,’ orders the thin girl. ‘Me, me, me! I want a real fur coat.’

‘That’s unethical,’ replies the dog. (...)

‘I want one!’ shrieks the girl with such force that all the glass baubles on the Christmas tree shatter to powder.

‘OK!’ says the dog. ‘Your wish is my command.’ (...)

It seems that the winning ticket 999 has not been multiplied by three after all. (...) The holders of ticket numbers 9 and 99 each added the required 9s to their stock. The big present will go to the real number 999 only. The pale little boy still has his ticket in his hand. The master of ceremonies examines it through a magnifying glass – yes, it’s the one. (...)

Hesitatingly the boy pulls the ribbon, because he isn’t used to big presents. He and his mother don’t have much money. Inside the box is a mountain bike. ‘And it’s all yours,’ says the master of ceremonies. ‘You won it fair and square.’ (...)

‘Well, you won’t be needing a wish, then,’ says the dog invisibly, from behind the blow-up reindeers. ‘Probably for the best, under the circumstances.’ (...) ‘I’m not a magic dog,’ says the dog. ‘I’m a stray. I got trapped in that cracker.’ (...) ‘What were you going to wish for?’ said the dog. ‘If I had been a magic dog?’

The boy thought for a bit because he was that kind of boy, then he said, ‘If I had a wish, my wish would be to take you home with me and keep you forever.’

‘What?’ barked the dog, his ears going round and round like satellite dishes picking up an alien signal. ‘What? Woof! What? Woof! What? WOO-OO-OOF!’

‘I’d wish for you,’ said the boy. ‘My name’s Tommy. What’s yours?’

‘Haven’t got one.’

‘Then I’ll call you Magic,’ said Tommy.

And Tommy asked his mother if he could take Magic home, and she said yes, he could keep the dog, as long as he knew that a dog is forever and not just for Christmas.

That was all right, because Tommy was a forever sort of boy. (...)

The dog trotted beside the boy, and looked into the clear sky at the star-dogs, cold and fine, and he knew that, whatever you wish, you can’t wish for better than love.

