



Mrs. Wallace: "The winner is Robbie."

Big Eddie: "Oh no,"

Narrator 3: said Big Eddie.

Cool Katie: "It can't be so,"

Narrator 4: said Cool Katie.

Munching Max: "Bad show,"

Narrator 5: said Munching Max.

Robbie: "Pupper frow,"

Narrator 1: said Redheaded Robbie.

Narrator 2: That night Robbie felt sick to his stomach. How could he make up a story and tell it to the Christmas assembly without saying something silly?

Narrator 3: Robbie wrote a fairy tale about a snowflake that landed on a fruitcake and thought it was a raisin. The story was lame, and Robbie knew it.

Narrator 4: The next day after school, Robbie visited Big Eddie at his father's toy store. Robbie found him spinning around in his father's desk chair.

Big Eddie: "How's the story going, Redheaded Robbie?"

Robbie: "I need help,"

Narrator 4: said Robbie. Eddie said,

Eddie: "Make up a story about a boy who gets so many presents it takes him two days to open them all."

Robbie: "But Christmas isn't about getting presents. It's a time we give gifts to people who have less than us."

Narrator 5: Eddie stopped spinning in the chair.

Robbie: "I never thought about Christmas that way. Sorry I didn't help with your story."

Narrator 1: The next day after school, Robbie visited Cool Katie at her house. He found her at her desk, talking on the phone.

Cool Katie: "How's the story going, Redheaded Robbie?"

Robbie: "I need help."

Cool Katie: "Make up a story about a cool girl who throws a cool Christmas party."

Robbie: "But Christmas isn't a time for being cool. It's a time for being nice to someone new, maybe someone who is shy."

Narrator 2: Katie put down the phone.

Katie: "I never thought about Christmas that way. Sorry I didn't help."

Narrator 3: The next day after school, Robbie visited Munching Max. He found Max in his bedroom, staring at a box of broken candy canes.

Max: "How's the story going, Redheaded Robbie?"

Robbie: "I need help."

Max: Make up a story about a kid who is mad at his little sister for breaking his candy canes. He hides her Christmas presents as paybacks.

Robbie: "But Christmas isn't a time for paybacks. It's a time to forgive."

Narrator 3: Max put down the broken candy canes.

Max: "I never thought about Christmas that way. Sorry I didn't help."

Narrator 4: The next morning the students and parents gathered in the auditorium for the Christmas assembly.

Narrator 5: The fifth grade performed a Christmas play they had written. Only a few times did their wigs fall off their heads.

Narrator 1: A fourth-grader played a Christmas song he had composed on the guitar. Only a few times did he drop his guitar.

Narrator 2: A third-grader danced a Christmas dance she had choreographed. Only a few times did she tumble to the floor.

Narrator 3: When the time came for the second-grade performance, Mrs. Wallace said,

Mrs. Wallace: "Robbie will now tell us his Christmas story."

Narrator 4: Robbie stood before the assembly. In his hand was the story he had written about the snowflake that thought it was a raisin. His stomach felt like it was filled with hot candle wax.

Narrator 5: Robbie took a deep breath and started to tell his tale.

Robbie: "Wubby waisin."

Narrator 1: he said. Robbie's face flushed burning red. A couple of first-graders giggled. Robbie tried again to talk.

Robbie: Gleapin gloppin glope

Narrator 2: he said. A couple of fifth-graders whispered to each other. Again Robbie tried to speak.

Robbie: "Shamina mina flanket."

Narrator 3: he said. A couple of fourth-graders pointed at Robbie.

Narrator 4: His story was a disaster. Robbie felt ready to burst into tears, and he

put his hands over his eyes.

Narrator 5: Suddenly Big Eddie left his seat and walked to the stage. He stood next to Robbie and put his arm around him.

Eddie: "Redheaded Robbie knows a Christmas story. It's about a boy who thought that Christmas meant one thing: getting presents. Then a little angel with red hair visited that boy. The angel told him that Christmas is a time for giving to people who don't have much. After the angel left, the boy asked his parents to give some of his presents to the kids at the homeless shelter. That's Redheaded Robbie's Christmas story."

Narrator 1: Cool Katie left her seat. She stood next to Robbie and held his hand.

Katie: "Redheaded Robbie knows a Christmas story of a girl who thought all about being cool. Then a little angel with red hair visited that girl. The angel told her that Christmas is a time for being nice to someone new, maybe someone who is shy. After the angel left, the girl visited a shy girl and played with her. That's Redheaded Robbie's Christmas story."

Narrator 2: Munching Max got up from his seat. He stood next to Robbie and slid a bag of peanuts into Robbie's pocket.

Max: "Redheaded Robbie knows a Christmas story. It's about a kid who wanted to hide his little sister's Christmas presents as paybacks for breaking his candy canes. Then a little angel with red hair visited the kid. The angel told him that Christmas is a time to forgive, not to pay back. After the angel left, that kid forgave his little sister and took her sledding. That's Redheaded Robbie's Christmas story."

Narrator 3: The assembly stood and clapped. They didn't stop until Mrs. Wallace stood next to Robbie and asked for quiet. She wiped away a tear and said,

Mrs. Wallace: "Thank you, Robbie, for your wonderful Christmas stories! Let each person here follow Robbie's advice. Give before you take. Show kindness to someone new. Forgive a person who has hurt you."

Narrator 4: Mrs. Wallace looked at Robbie.

Mrs. Wallace: "Did I forget to say anything?"

Robbie: "Flurry Flickmas to all!"

Scripted by Kathy Gardner