Clare was born on 4th December 1998, in a small town next to the big and chaotic city of London. Day by day the child grew and her tastes, her personality and her character too. She had a very rich family, thanks to her father’s job who was a famous lawyer. Nevertheless Clare didn’t feel comfortable in so “snob” environment where the most important thing was to have a lot of money and not be united appreciating the values of each member of the family. Every Sunday the girl went to the cemetery to visit her grandpa who was dead when she was very young. He was the only one who could understand her. When she went to him, she told him the “news” of the week: the school, friends and especially about her family and, she felt better than before. The last Sunday of November Clare went to her grandpa after a quarrel with her parents. It was very late and the only sound that she could hear was the wind noise which closhed on the leaves of the trees. There was something in the air but Clare knew that it was the right thing to do. Step by step the girl was always closer to the grave. At some point Clare saw an envelope on the grave and she didn’t know what to do but after a few minutes Clare decided to open it. There was a letter in the envelope. She decided to read it. The words were written in an old language, almost incomprehensible, but Clare was able to read enough words:- If you want a more united family you will have to come here every day at midnight until Christmas Eve-. The girl didn’t know what to do so she started to think about who had written the letter. She stayed awake for an hour and then she went to sleep. The day after she woke up
very confused. Nevertheless she spent her day normally. She got up, she brushed her teeth, she went to school, she had lunch and after a few hours she had dinner. Everything was normal but Clare was very curious and decided to go to the cemetery at midnight, as written in the letter. There was nobody. Midnight arrived. The girl was still a bit far from the grave and when she saw it, she had a shiver of fear. This time there wasn’t a letter on the grave but, there was something written on the tombstone. She read:— If you are reading, it means that you are a very brave girl, I am proud to have a granddaughter like you. Yes, you have read well. I am your grandpa. Don’t be scared. I asked you to come here every day until Christmas Eve, because I want to help you. I heard about your parents—. Clare went a bit back but she continued to read:— I want to help you. Every day I’ll tell you what you will have to do to spend more time with your parents— the girl then asked:— what is the first piece of advice?—. On the grave appeared a new written —You will have to go home, lock yourself in your room and don’t open the door for any reason until midnight, when you will come here—. Clare walked away frightened but once she was at home, she decided to follow the advice of her grandfather. She locked herself in her bedroom and opened the door at midnight of the next day. Nothing was changed. She returned to her grandpa and she saw another message:— You don’t see changes but... YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE IN THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS. —The next task is to say these words with me:—. The days passed and her grandpa told her what to do every day, then Christmas Eve finally arrived. She thought all advice weren’t very helpful because there weren’t changes, but she decided to go to the cemetery. This time she found nothing, neither an envelope
nor the written. NOTHING. At one point, a small and white cloud told her: I hope to help you. You trust me, you will have a memorable Christmas, and you remember: WHAT IS ESSENTIAL IS INVISIBLE TO THE EYE! and then the little cloud disappeared. The girl was very happy and after a few minutes she decided to get home. Clare arrived in her room and then she asleep. She woke up ay 10:00 a.m. of Christmas Day. Clare ran in her parents' room, but there was nobody, then went in living room and saw her friends, her uncles and especially her parents. They are the most important people. Clare ran down the stairs to hug her parents. Everything was perfect. Everyone opened the presents and even her parents. On the kitchen's table there were sweets of all types, probably made by aunt. She has always dreamed this Christmas. Now she believed in the magic of Christmas and she thought: You were right grandfather: What is essential is invisible to the eye and the essential is what I always wanted.

Bartolini Lucrezia