

Christmas Party
By Stephanie Wilson © 2008

“Alex, it's time to get dressed for the party.”

“Do I have to wear that?”

“Yes. Come on....”

Alex starts to get changed, pulling off his clothes.

“Charles, do you think Santa will come tonight?” Alex asks as he pulls on black dress socks.

“Of course he will Alex. Santa comes every Christmas.”

“I asked for a bike. What did you ask for?” Alex says as he steps into his black trousers.

“Heheh, nothing Alex. Santa only brings gifts to kids.”

“How come?” Alex asks as he puts on a white dress shirt. Charles does up the buttons on it for him.

“Because... he doesn't have time to bring gifts to grownups.”

“What age does he stop giving gifts?” Alex asks worriedly. Charles does up Alex's tie.

“Uh....12 maybe? I'm not sure Alex.” Alex is doing up his black belt.

“Why doesn't Santa hire FedEx?” Alex asks as he steps into his polished black dress shoes.

“What?” asks Charles.

“FedEx. To deliver the presents. Then he could deliver to adults too.” explains Alex.

“Uh...too expensive I guess?” responds Charles as he hands Alex his black blazer.

“Santa should get more capital. Then he could grow his operations.” Alex tells Charles.

Charles laughs as Alex finishes brushing his hair in the mirror.

“How's this?” he asks Charles.

“Looking good buddy.” says Charles as he leads him downstairs.

The house is bustling. There are people finishing setting up a Christmas tree in the living room. Caterers are in the kitchen. The photographer is set up in front of the tree. He spots Alex and heads over, kneeling down in front of him.

“Ready to have your picture taken Alex?” he asks. Without waiting for an answer he takes Alex by the hand and places him on a seat in front of the tree. He starts taking light readings.

Alex is looking around at all the going ons. "Can someone make the kid sit still?" yells out the photographer. Charles comes over to Alex.

"It's picture time Alex. You have to sit still so the photographer can get the lights ready for the shot. Ok?"

"It's boring. How long do I have to sit here?"

"Not too long buddy. Come on, you can do it. Be a big boy."

Alex sighs with agreement.

About 10 minutes later, the photographer goes into his Alex's father's home office. They return and Alex's father steps in behind him for the shot. The photographer snaps away for a few minutes. "All done Mr. Heaton." he says. Alex's dad smiles and heads back towards his office.

Alex hops down and heads over towards the kitchen. He wants to see what all the good smells are. Alex is peeking into a few dishes when one of the catering staff notices him. "Where are your parents?" he asks Alex. Alex looks up at him, unsure if he has done something wrong. "My dad is in his office." he says. "Why don't you go bug him?" replies the staff.

Alex wanders back out. He sits down on the floor of the family room to play some video games. A few hours later his dad comes in. "Alex, what are you doing on the floor? Do you want to get your clothes all wrinkled? He turns off Alex's game, much to Alex's frustration. "But Dad, I..." "No buts young man! Now come on, the party is going to be starting soon!" he says as he takes Alex by the hand and leads him back out towards the front of the house.

The night is dull. Alex is the only child there. It is a Christmas party for his father's company. Every now and then his dad pulls him over to meet someone. Then ignores him as they start an adult conversation.

Alex likes sitting by the bar. He drinks coke on the rocks. Sometimes people tell him funny stories. Sometimes they are new at work and don't know who Alex is. Then he hears the best stories.

After a few hours, it's Alex's bedtime and Charles brings him up to his room and tucks him in. Alex is excited because Santa will come during the night. Alex knows that Santa brings lots of gifts for him.