Bloxwich Academy

A Christmas at Bloxwich Academy





It was the last week before Christmas at Bloxwich Academy, and the school was sparkling with tinsel, twinkly lights, and excited children.



Everywhere you looked there were paper snowflakes, shiny baubles, and drawings of Father Christmas.
But something was wrong.

"Miss Ali!" whispered Miss Jones, peeking into the empty classroom cupboard. "The presents are gone... again!" Miss Ali gasped. "That can only mean one thing," she said seriously. "Mr Mowe has been here."



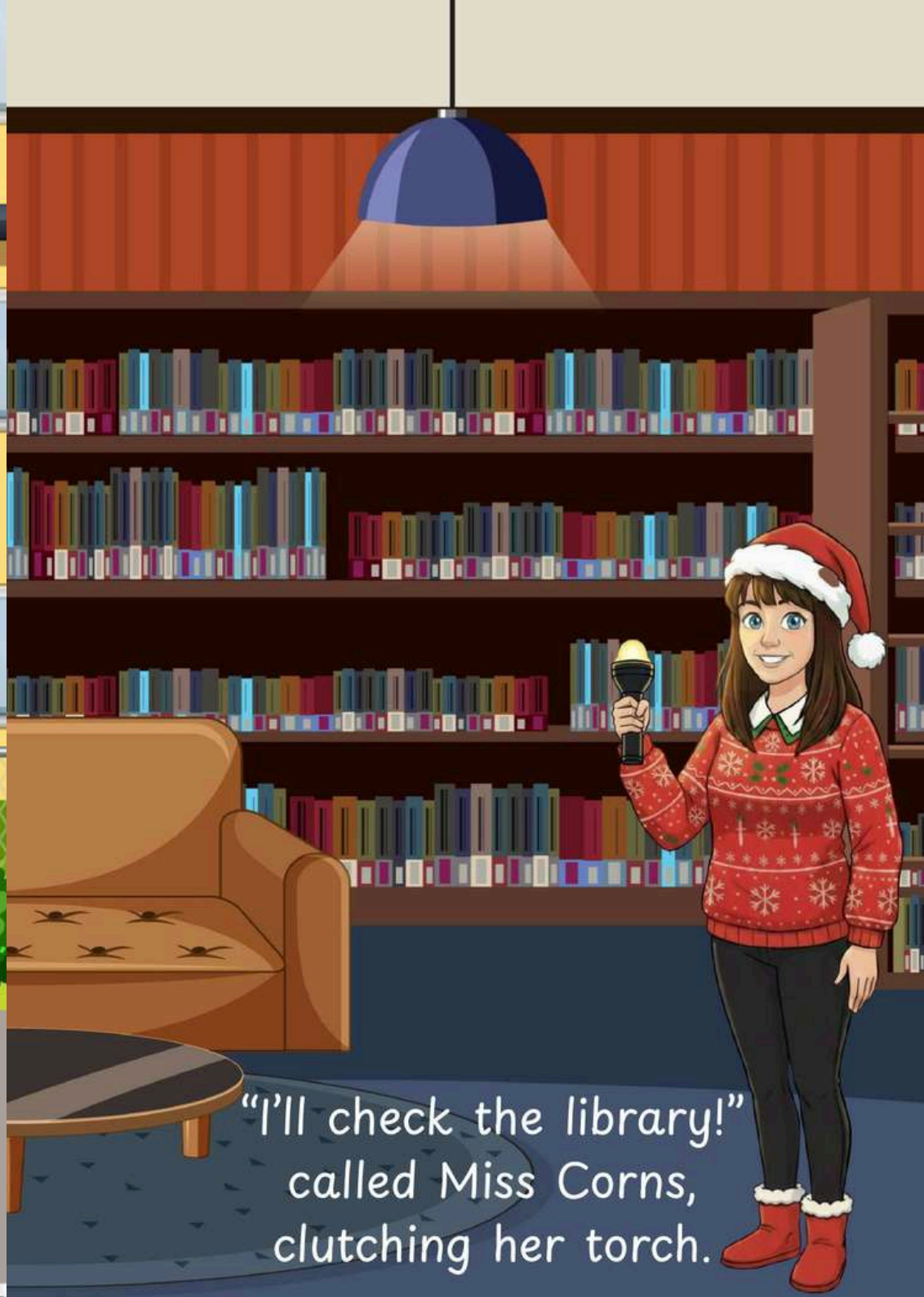


Mr Mowe was the naughtiest elf anyone had ever known. Instead of wrapping gifts and spreading cheer, he loved to sneak around stealing children's presents and hiding them just before Christmas. He thought it was funny—but no one else did.

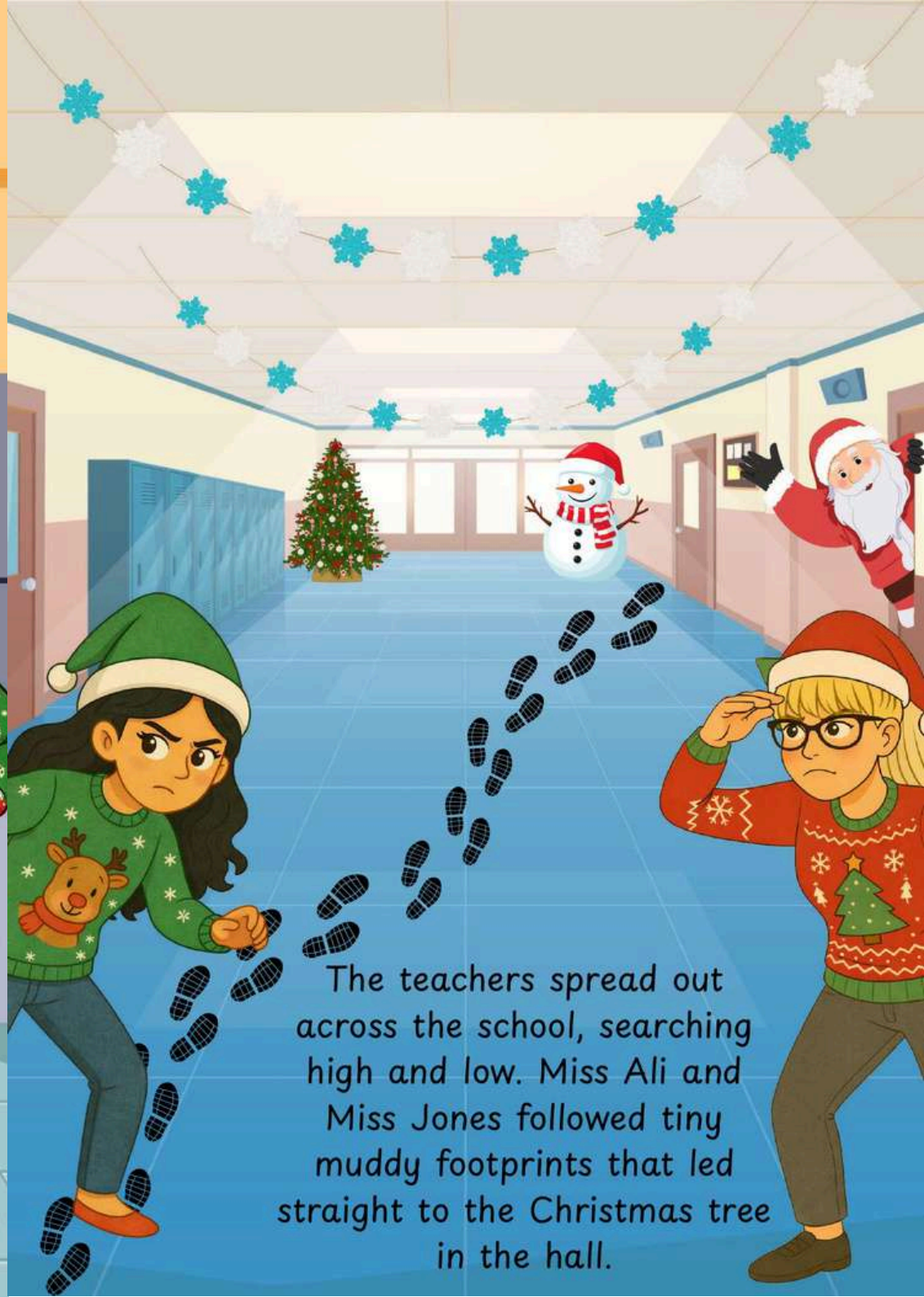

"We have to save Christmas," said Miss Jones. "The children are counting on us."


Just then, Mr Thacker hurried down the corridor holding a jingly bell. "I saw a flash of green by the hall!" he said. "It looked like an elf with a sack!"


"I'll block the playground gate!" said Miss Smith, running off quickly.


"I'll check the library!" called Miss Corns, clutching her torch.


"And I'll make some hot chocolate," said Mrs Sault kindly. "Everyone thinks better with a warm drink."


The teachers spread out across the school, searching high and low. Miss Ali and Miss Jones followed tiny muddy footprints that led straight to the Christmas tree in the hall.

Suddenly—CRASH!



Out popped Mr Mowe, giggling and juggling wrapped presents. "Too slow!" he laughed. "Christmas will be ruined!"
But before Miss Ali or Miss Jones could stop him, another shadow appeared.



"Oh, don't be so grumpy," said a voice—but it didn't sound very kind.
It was Mrs Cotterill, wearing a long green scarf and a sneaky smile. The children called her the Grinch because she didn't like Christmas songs, decorations, or fun.
"Take the presents, Mr Mowe," she said. "Christmas is far too noisy anyway."



"Oh no," whispered Miss Jones. "She's helping him!"

Mr Mowe and Mrs Cotterill ran toward the old storage room, laughing as wrapping paper trailed behind them. Miss Ali thought quickly.

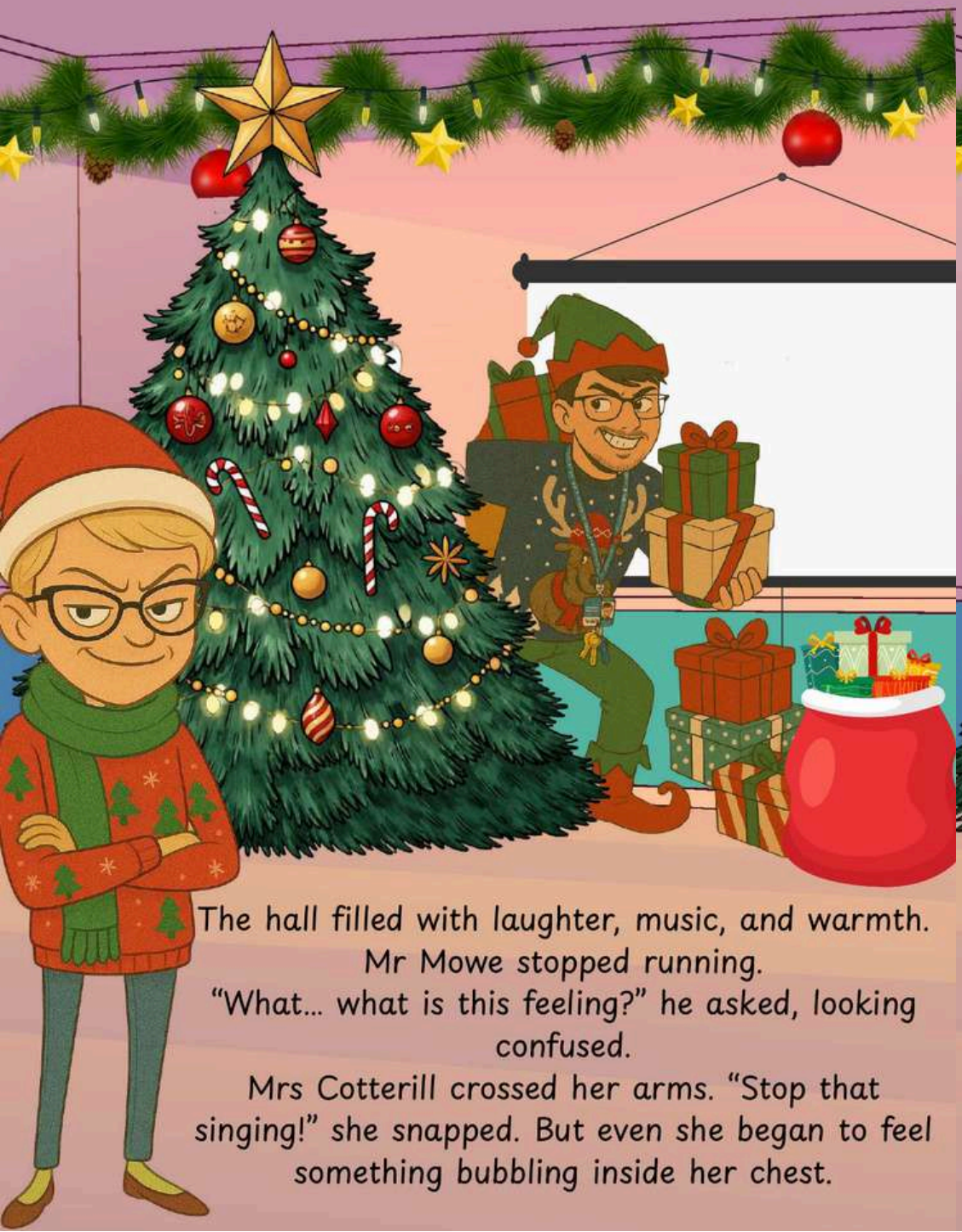
"Miss Jones," she said, "remember what Christmas is really about."

Miss Jones smiled. She knew exactly what to do.

She began to sing.

Not loudly. Not perfectly. But joyfully.

Soon, Miss Ali joined in. Then Mr Thacker rang his bell. Miss Smith clapped along. Miss Corns added silly actions, and Mrs Sault passed out mugs of hot chocolate to everyone nearby.



The hall filled with laughter, music, and warmth. Mr Mowe stopped running.

"What... what is this feeling?" he asked, looking confused.

Mrs Cotterill crossed her arms. "Stop that singing!" she snapped. But even she began to feel something bubbling inside her chest.



Miss Ali stepped forward. "Christmas isn't about stealing or ruining fun," she said gently. "It's about kindness, sharing, and being together."



Miss Jones added, "And there's always room for everyone—even naughty elves and Grinches."



Mr Mowe looked at the presents in his sack. Slowly, his ears drooped. "I just wanted someone to notice me," he said quietly. Mrs Cotterill sighed. "I suppose... I do get lonely at Christmas."



Miss Ali smiled. “Then stay. Help us. Be part of it.”
With a blush, Mr Mowe handed back the presents. Mrs Cotterill helped place them neatly under the tree. Together, everyone cheered.



When the children returned, the presents were safe, the hall was glowing, and Christmas at Bloxwich Academy was saved.



And from that day on, Mr Mowe became a helpful elf, Mrs Cotterill learned to love Christmas, and Miss Ali and Miss Jones proved that kindness can fix almost anything.