Chapter 1

The Girl and Boy

The year was 1983. It was a cold December day. There was only one day until Christmas Day.

Everyone was excited and just couldn't wait to open presents the following day. There were only two people in the whole village of Carole, Maine who weren't that excited. They have never had a Christmas in their life. Either, they were working too much or they just didn't understand the meaning of Christmas. It was one of the two. His name was James Presley and her name was Madison Peptide. The whole story of two unchristian people starts at a bar on December 24, 1983.

The two lonely people came strolling in Jerry's

Bar of Liquor and Wine, one after the other. Since there was a blizzard going on, Jerry's was about the only place anybody could go and be warm. There was a large crowd of people in the bar, most of whom were drug dealers and hunters. Everybody else were hopefully, snuggled up at home next to a warm fire. It was toasty in the bar. Almost 150 people were crammed in a bar about the size of an apartment or small house. James and Madison sat down next to each other at the counter. "I'll have the martini grande, please." said Madison. "And I'll have a beer thank you." said James.

"You actually like beer?" asked Madison.

"Yes I do. It has a very strong taste and it helps me relax." replied James.

"Well, I like beer, too. I only didn't order it because it's cold outside."

Mr. Colorado (who has a reputation for being mean and unreasonable)came crashing in the bar. The wind blew from behind his back and a lot of snow came in below his feet. Mr. Colorado had a huge grin

on his face. His teeth were as black as the bark on the trees, and he walked with a limp because, when he was seven he got into a really bad accident and his leg was almost severed from his body. He had three pet sharks all named Jake. He was the meanest man in Carole. Even his own parents were afraid of him.

“Hey, bartender fix me a pitcher of beer. You there, get away from that pool table or I’ll pull your eyeballs out and feed them to my sharks.” bellowed Mr. Colorado. He came over to the counter by where James was sitting and yelled “That’s my spot you’re sitting in!”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t see a name on it so I assumed it would be O.K to sit here.” Everyone started to laugh, this made Mr. Colorado mad. He turned around and everything went silent.

“You think that’s funny, fruitcake? Well, it’s not. I better not ever run into you in the streets because it will not be pretty, for you.” With that, he drank his beer and stormed out of there.

Mr. Colorado had never had a Christmas either, and he never planned on having one. When he left the bar he headed for his business. Mr. Colorado sells wood and steel. He used to have a partner named Macy Douglas. (This was his best friend) He and Mr. Colorado were the partners. In 1952, Macy became diagnosed with cancer and died a year later. Mr. Colorado thought it was unfair that his partner had died at such a young age. That is what caused Mr. Colorado to become so mean. When Mr. Colorado reached his company, Colorado and Douglas Co., he stomped his way passed his bookkeepers and chairman. His chairman's name was Klein Markus. He had been working for Colorado and Douglas Co. for over 30 years. His chairman walked in to his office shyly and said, "Mr. Colorado?"

"WHAT?!!" asked Mr. Colorado.

"Well, sir. Today is December 24 and it is Christmas Eve."

"DO I LOOK LIKE I CARE WHAT TODAY IS?!!" growled Mr. Colorado fiercely.

“Well, no you don’t. But I just wanted to invite you to my house for our annual party on Christmas Day. That is if you do decide to come.” He put a card on his desk and walked out. Then, Mr. Colorado picked up his phone and started to dial his best friend Macy’s phone number until he realized that Macy was long dead.

Hours passed and Mr. Colorado had fallen asleep, while going over stacks of paperwork on his desk.

“Mr. Colorado?” asked Klein. “Everyone has gone home and I was wondering if you wanted me to go ahead and close up the office?”

“Um, O.K. Lock up the place. But don’t be late tomorrow morning, or you will pay the consequences.”

“But sir, tomorrow is Christmas Day. Do we really have to work on Christmas Day? I know you’re not much of a fan of the holiday, but on Christmas nobody works. You just stay home and open up presents and enjoy time with your family.” After a long silence, Mr. Colorado said, “Don’t be late.” Klein left the room with

a gloomy face. Mr. Colorado felt like that was the most terrible thing ever, but his mind told him it was the right thing to do. Mr. Colorado opened up the card and it said:

Klein and Mina are 12th annual Christmas party!!!

Time: 9:00am- 2:00pm
Place: 1500 Broadway Street
Phone: 555-7676

Mr. Colorado knew he wanted to go to a party with lots of sweets and cake. Mr. Colorado loved cake, very much. But he thought he would feel stupid going because he knew they would be opening up presents. But, he just sat back and thought. Soon enough, he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 2

The Moment of Truce

Klein was walking home in the heavy snow with a big wool jacket and a hat. Since he was late leaving the office, all the buses and taxis stopped running because of the holiday so he had to walk all the way home. As he made his way around a corner, he had fell to the ground. His fingers were beginning to turn purple and his face was red as cherries. He was so tired he just couldn't pick himself up. "Help. Help" he said with the little voice he had left. He was so cold and tired of walking, he just laid there and never woke up. Klein died 3 blocks away from his house, on December 24, 1978. The next morning, Mina came outside to shovel the sidewalk. She always wanted a

clear pathway to her house. When she saw his body, she thought it was somebody else. But then, she sat and thought. Her husband didn't come home last night and somebody was lying in the middle of the road. One of Mina's neighbors came out to him first. When the neighbor flipped him over, she screamed, "Oh, my god. It's Klein!!" Mina ran as fast as she could over to the two people. She started to cry like she just got a whopping.

All of the other neighbors came out of their houses when they heard her scream to the top of her lungs. In about 2 minutes, the whole neighborhood was gathered around. Even, Mina's children. They were the ones crying the most. When Mr. Colorado received the message, he started to cry just a little.

Later that afternoon, James and Madison just happened to meet in the corner store. "Hi." said James.

"Oh, hi. How are you?" asked Madison.

"Oh, I'm fine. Hey, did you hear about Mr. Markus? I mean he was just walking home and then

all of a sudden he drops dead before he gets home."

"Yeah, I know. I mean that must have been pretty bad for that fellow to have died on Christmas Day. Can you imagine that?"

"No. I can't" said James. "Hey, there is a question I have been meaning to ask you. Even though we don't know each other that very well, I was wondering if you would like to go out for dinner on Thursday night."

"Oh, my gosh, I knew you were going to ask me the next time we met. I just didn't know when. Oh, my gosh I was going to ask you the same thing. Yes, and you know what, Thursday is prefect."

"Good. So I'll pick you up Thursday at 7:00."

"Sounds good to me." Then, they left.

"Oh, wait a second. Where do you live?" asked James.

"1400 Pimpercreackle lane."

"Great. You live not far from me. Isn't that just something?" Time flew by and Thursday came. James and Madison were both getting dressed in their best

clothing and looking as good as a monkey at the zoo. When 6:55 came around, they both started to make their exits to the door. James drove his car around the corner and found Madison in the cold air in a big coat. He stopped the car and got out.

“Hello, Mr. Presley.” said Madison.

“Hello, Ms. Peptide. How are you on this fine cold evening?”

She giggled. “Cold and you?”

“Same here. Can I interest you in a warm car?”

“Why, yes you may.” James opened the car door and escorted Madison to her seat. Then, he got in the car and they went to one of the finest restaurant in town, Charpays.

“Oh, my goss, James I’ve always wanted to come eat here. How did you know?”

“I wanted to take you some where special. Well how do you like it?.”

“Well, I love it. Thank you, very much. How can I ever repay you?”

“Oh, that won’t be necessary. All you have to do

is have a great time at diner tonight and that will be payback enough." As they made their way to the entrance into Charpays, they saw Mr. Colorado already at a table.

"Hey, look. It's Mr. Colorado. You could find him out of a pile of evil people easily."

"Yeah. I even heard that when his chairman died, he started to cry just a little bit."

"But that must have been really sad for Mr. Colorado to have lost his chairman that had worked for him for over 30 years. It would have been very sad for me, too. Well, shall we go in and get our seats?"

"Sure." said Madison. As they entered the restaurant, Mr. Colorado was walking out. They both flew to the wall. When Mr. Colorado made his exit, Madison and James made their entrance into the restaurant. The hours flew by and James and Madison were in the car in front of Madison's house.

"I really had a great time with you tonight. Thank you for taking me to Charpays."

"I really would like to have another time with you

soon, Madison. I really enjoyed my self tonight and I hope we can have the same amount of fun later. So I'm just going to come out and say it. Will you, Madison, be my girlfriend?"

"Oh, my goss, James. I don't know what to say."

"How about yes?" said James.

"Then, yes. I will be your girlfriend." With that, James kissed Madison on the cheek and walked her up to her door.

Chapter 3

Back To The Past

Mr. Colorado was walking to his office with a bag of groceries in his arms. The weather was worse than the night Klein died, but Mr. Colorado didn't care. When he made it to his office, all of his co- workers were crying and working. They were very sad that Klein had died.

"Oh, suck it up. Klein is dead. Crying won't bring him back. It's not like your daddy just went to work

and will be back tomorrow. Now, stop all of that crying and more working, if you want the rest of the day off." Mr. Colorado walked to his office and put the bag down. On his desk he found a little card that had a set of directions on it. He folded it up and put it in his file cabinet.

After two hours, Mr. Colorado came into the work room and made an announcement to all of his co-workers.

"Every has made progress since Christmas. And for that you guys can have the rest of the day off." Everyone cheered and when they looked at Mr. Colorado, they saw that he had that look on his face, the same look that was on his face at the beginning of the story. Everyone got quiet really quick. They grabbed their jackets and flew out of there. Mr. Colorado went back to his office, pulled out a pen and started doing some paperwork. He stopped. He went to his filing cabinet and pulled out the slip of paper. As he opened it, he saw something shining in the work room. He dropped the slip of paper and walked into

the work room. He looked all around, but saw nothing. He turned around and heard a voice say, “Chris, Chris.” Mr. Colorado turned and saw a person floating in the air like a ghost.

“Who are you? What do you want with me?” Mr. Colorado began to trip over everything in the office. Then he fell over some papers. The person came over to Mr. Colorado.

“My name is Mary. I am an angel sent from up above. My duties are to: Show you your past. I am the one to tell you what your life was like when you were young.” Mr. Colorado looked deep into the angel’s eyes and then got up.

“This can’t be real.” he said as he looked all around.” I must be asleep at my desk again.”

“This is as real as it’s going to get.” said Mary.

The angel began to light up brighter. Mr. Colorado shielded his eyes. Moments later, he found himself in the town of his birth. He stood up and saw the angel. She was standing next to a house that looked familiar to Mr. Colorado.

He walked, slowly, over to the house. “What is this?” asked Mr. Colorado.

“This is the house you grew up in. Don’t you remember when you cut down your pecan tree just to make your mother mad?”

“Yes, I do remember.”

“Do you remember your first Christmas in this house?” asked Mary.

“No. I don’t.” said Mr. Colorado. The angel directed him toward the house. He looked in the living room window and saw him and his parents in the living room opening up presents. He saw himself open a present. Then he looked at his face. “I don’t look like I like that one.” The angel tilted her head back toward the window, and he looked. He saw himself throw the present at his parents and then run out of the house.

Mr. Colorado went over to the angry boy. He looked at his facial expressions. “It’s starting to come back to me now. I think the present was-” Mr. Colorado went back to the window and saw the present in his parents hand. It was a stationary kit. Mr.

Colorado had always wanted to be a writer but ever since 1st grade, when he read his short story in class, he felt he never could because nobody would like his story's.

"If you thought nobody would like you or your story back then, look at you know." said Mary. Mr. Colorado went back to the boy and the boy looked straight into Mr. Colorado's eyes. But eventually, the boy got up and went back into the house.

Chapter 4

The Accident

James and Madison have been seeing each other everyday for the last month. James thought they had something special.

“Madison, I would like for you to come and live with me in my house. I don’t think it’s healthy for you to live by yourself.”

“James! I never expected this, and don’t get me wrong, I expect a lot of things. But this wasn’t one of them. Of course. I would love to come live with you.”

“Great. I have an extra room which you can put your stuff in.” Later that afternoon, Madison had already loaded all of her stuff in a truck which she borrowed from her job. She was ready to go. She came knocking at James’ door. “WOW! I wasn’t expecting you to come this early, but o.k.! Come on in.” James and Madison both lugged her stuff into the house. James directed her to the room in which she could leave her stuff. That night Madison and James

had another date. But they couldn't decide where to go.

" I think we should go to Chandra's tonight."

"No. We went to Chandra's last week."

"I know but I love their chicken."

"Maybe we should go to The Spot. I hear they have really good poets over there and they have really good fish."

"I don't really like poetry." said Madison. Then she walked out of the room. "You know what, I have to go back to work. I'll talk to you later." Later on, James called Madison at work and told her that they could go to Chandra's. "Oh, yeah! I'm so excited! I leave work in twenty minutes."

"Great." That night, James picked Madison up while she was waiting on the bench in front of her house. "Good evening darling. You are looking mighty dashing today."

"Umm.. I know. Now would you care to open up the door for me?" asked Madison

"Oh. Sure. Here you are." Madison and James

were on their way to dinner when James took his eyes off the road. A car from the other side of the road almost ran into a squirrel on the street and swerved into James' car. James head got jammed into the steering wheel and started to bleed. But not to worry, nothing serious. Except for the fact that the two cars were smashed in the front.

About an hour later, everything was settled. James and Madison didn't go to dinner. By the time they got there Chandra's would be closed anyway. So they went back to James' place and had a nice frozen dinner.

Chapter 5
The Present

Mr. Colorado had just got back from his visit to the past when he found another non-living object in his office.

The ghost was sitting in Mr. Colorado's chair

looking at photo's in a photo album that he found sitting by the desk.

"Hey, get out of there!" Mr. Colorado ran over to the desk and slammed the book shut. He then looked up and saw the ghost.

"Hello. My name is Jacob. I'm sorry for invading your privacy without asking your permission Douglas."

"It's fine. You didn't know."

"I believe it's time for you to see how your present Christmas' have been." With three flashes of light and some sound effects the two of them were in the same spot in Mr. Colorado's office. "Look at yourself. Working, telling your co-workers that they can't have a day off, not going to Klein's funeral. What kind of heart do you have? A Working one or a brick one? You should start taking more care in for the world. Do you know how many wonderful things you could accomplish if you just had a tiny bit of care for others in the community around you? The possibilities are endless. You should really think about this. Now look out the window and tell me what you see."

Mr. Colorado look out the window and saw himself mopping around town screaming and yelling at people. Then he saw himself that night at Jerry's yelling at James threatening him that he should never run in to him on the street because it would not be pretty for him.

"Now go look in your office." said Jacob. Mr. Colorado looked into his office and saw him yelling at his bookmen about Klein dieing. One tear drop fell out of his eyes. Mr. Colorado stumbled back into the office and saw all the tears falling out of their eyes. He then walked into the office. Mr. Colorado was sitting doing paper work when he saw something on the floor. He didn't bother to pick it up. He just went back to his work. Mr. Colorado left the room. He went back to where Jacob was.

"I'm ready to go back now."

"Are you sure?" asked Jacob.

"Yeah. I've had enough of me mopping around this town."

"O.k. But I must warn you now. You have one

more visit to take, and it won't be pretty. You have to be careful there."

"Wait where?" Before there was an answer, there were the flashes of light and some sound effects and he was back in his office. Mr. Colorado looked on the ground. He saw the piece of paper. He unfolded it. It said:

"*You will receive three visits from three different angels Mary, Jacob and Marlene. Mary will take you to the past; Jacob will take you to the present; and Marlene will take you to the future. You will learn how you were, how you are, and how your life could turn out to be. Be careful."*

There was no sender. Mr. Colorado looked up and saw another shadow in the other room. He slipped the sheet of paper into his pocket and went into the room. There he saw Marlene. She was fairly big with curly brown hair and green eyes.

Chapter 6

The Future

"Hello. You must be Douglas. My name is Marlene. I have heard so much about you, and believe me, what I heard, ain't good. (Laughs). But anyway, we have to go to the future. Let's go." Three flashes of light…. Oh, you know the rest! Moments later the two of them were in Mr. Colorado's future. He found himself in a store still with a grumpy face on. He continued to watch. Someone came unto Mr. Colorado and pulled out a gun. The person was wearing a mask. He placed the gun into Mr. Colorado's lower back. He heard a trigger and Mr. Colorado fell to the floor. The man yelled at Mr. Colorado, "Get a heart and a LIFE!" Then he ran. Mr. Colorado fell to the side of the brick building and

began to cry, deep tears. The ghost came over and accompanied him against the wall.

“The ghost before you should have told you to be careful.” Mr. Colorado looked at the ghost.

“Why? Why me?” he said as he sobbed.

“Well, you have never had a Christmas before and we had the power to show what your life would be like. Maybe you have enough explanation to become a better person. Come with me.” The ghost and Mr. Colorado went to the park, where his funeral was to be held. Mr. Colorado saw a casket and not two feet away, one person stood in front holding a bouquet of flowers.

This person was one of the people who stood next to Mr. Colorado’s side since day 5 or 6. It was his bookman, Dylan. Mr. Colorado went down to the casket and looked in it. He saw himself laying there with a suit on holding a sheet of paper. Mr. Colorado plucked he sheet of paper from the dead man and read it. It said:

"*The following is a list of my Will. I know by now I must be dead for you to be reading this. I would like everyone to know from the bottom of my lonely heart that I am sorry for being so mean to each of you*." And then followed the Will.

The ghost came down to Mr. Colorado and said, "You can still change your future. All you have to do is began to be nice and caring to others feelings." Mr. Colorado looked at the angel and the angel smiled.

"I'm ready to go back now."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

The three flashes and sound effects took place seconds after the conversation. Moments later, Mr. Colorado was back in his office. No one but him and his paper work.

Chapter 7

The New Him

Mr. Colorado went into the work room with a

smile on his face and looked across the room. Everyone looked up to him and then one of them said, “Sir, are you o.k.?”

“You know what. It’s funny you asked.” Mr. Colorado went over to the window and turned the open sign over. “The rest of the day is going to be given to you. You deserve it.” Then he put the biggest smile on his face. He handed out everyone’s jacket as they left the building. Then he grabbed his jacket and headed for the door, still with a smile on his face.

Mr. Colorado ran around the street jumping and singing and talking to everybody that passed in his way. He told everyone he was sorry and gave them one dollar each. But he gave the children two dollars. Later on, he went to Mina’s house and told her that he was a changed man and terribly sorry about what happened to Klein. Then he gave that family thirty dollars. He ran all around town until he gave out all of his money. He even gave some to the homeless people in the alley.

As he passed the homeless people he said, “I

would like for all of you to come and live in my house until we find each one of you a home.” Everyone of those people ran all the way to Mr. Colorado’s beautiful castle. He gave each of them a room and a toothbrush. Even some food, clothes and other accessories.

Each day after that, he gave his co-workers most of the day off. He began to become a better person and then, he started to meet new people. He looked up in the sky and saw three balls moving in the air. “Thank you very much.”