WINNER OF THE CHRISTMAS SHORT STORY COMPETITION DECEMBER 2025

The Great Christmas Pudding Heist by Harry

It was Christmas Eve. And Steve had just made a Christmas pudding with his mum's help.

'Steve', said his mom, 'Can you put that pudding in the dining room for Christmas dinner tomorrow?'

As Steve placed the pudding down on the dining table, his sister Grace came into the room.

'Steve, have I been good this year so Father Christmas will come?' said Grace.

'Yes, I am sure you have been good this year.' said Steve.

Steve headed to bed for the big day tomorrow. His dad came into the room.

'Steve, are you looking forward to Christmas Day?'

'Yeah, I'm going to enjoy that pudding I made earlier.'

A few hours later, Steve woke up. He swore he could hear high pitched laughter coming from downstairs. He sat up thinking to himself. It can't be mum or dad because they are fast asleep. And it can't be Grace as she is normally in bed and asleep by 8:30pm.

Steve crept downstairs and saw a strange sight: three goblins! They were about three feet tall and had a huge sack slung around their shoulders.

'This looks like a tasty pudding, Snik', said a rather round and fat goblin.

'Shut up, Mug!', said the goblin with the name Murg, sewn onto a black hat. 'The people will hear us.'

The third goblin lifted the pudding, Steve and his mum had made, and put it into his sack. This was Snik but the tattoo on his head read kinS. Steve thought he must have done it himself with a mirror. Silly goblin!

Snik gave the order. 'Guys, we have to go. Father Christmas's sleigh is on its way and we have to go.' At that, each goblin clicked their fingers and disappeared into thin air.

Suddenly, Steve heard bells and a second later he heard a grinding noise on the roof. That must be Santa, Steve thought. He was right.

A minute later, a loud thump came from the living room. Steve ran into the room and saw the man in red. His red and white velvet coat had several black marks from coming down the cold chimney. His white beard was well kept, long and fluffy. His leather boots were slightly worn.

‘Oh, hello’, said Father Christmas. ‘Shouldn't you be in bed?’

‘Santa, I need your help. Some goblins were stealing things! Can you stop them?’

‘Oh, ho, ho! They are the goblins that still things on Christmas Eve. If they stole a Christmas pudding then we have to stop them before they steal anymore as they will become more difficult to catch. Come with me and together we will stop them!’

Steve took Father Christmas’s hand and climbed up the chimney. It was dark, cold and smelled of smoke but finally, they reached the top.

The sounds of Birmingham echoed in the night.

‘Get in the sleigh.’ said Father Christmas.

Steve got in the sleigh. It was bright red and adorned with gold patterns. The seating was crimson, padded and velvety soft to the touch. Father Christmas climbed in, and before Steve knew it, the sleigh shot off like a rocket.

‘Don't worry, we will find them.’, said Father Christmas.

Steve saw all the houses flash by in a blur of lights. Then Steve saw them through a window: the three goblins.

‘Down there! The goblins are down there!’ shouted Steve.

Father Christmas told the reindeer to slow down and the sleigh was brought to a gentle stop. Father Christmas and Steve slid down the chimney and landed in the fireplace with a loud thump.

‘Hello there’, said Father Christmas.

‘Aaaarrrggghhh! It's Father Christmas! He’s caught us!’ said Snik.

‘Return the puddings and any other items you have stolen back to who you stole them from!’ demanded Father Christmas.

‘Never!’ screeched Mug.

Father Christmas lifted Murg by the ears and snatched his sack off him.

‘Put me down! I am not a toy!’ shouted Murk, cursing Father Christmas under his breath.

‘If you promise to be good next year, then Santa will put you down.’ chipped in Steve, who was enjoying seeing the goblins squirm.

‘OK’, said the goblins sheepishly and in unison.

Father Christmas, Mug, Murg, Snik, and Steve all climbed up the chimney, onto the roof and into the sleigh. As they flew through the sky on the sleigh, Father Christmas ordered

the goblins to go down every chimney of every house they stole from and return each of the stolen items. Reluctantly, the three goblins did as they were told.

Finally, after hours of work, Father Christmas arrived back at Steve's house.

‘Now Steve, don't tell anyone about this because I have to keep my existence a secret.’ He turned to go then whipped back around. ‘Oh, I nearly forgot!’ said Father Christmas and placed several brightly coloured boxes in the stockings hanging on Steve’s fireplace. ‘I must be off now. Still got Wales and Ireland to visit before heading to America and Canada.’ said Father Christmas. And with that he, Mog, Murg, and Snik climbed into Steve’s chimney and out of sight.

Steve ran straight upstairs and into his warm bed. He looked at his watch. 2:13 AM. Steve tucked himself in and fell sound asleep.

The next morning, Steve woke up to the sound of Grace shouting. ‘It's Christmas Day, wake up!’

As they ran downstairs, they could see the room was full of presents from various friends, family members and, not forgetting, Father Christmas. Grace poured out the gifts from her stocking, shrieking in delight, and ripped the wrapping paper off the gifts. She got: a small box of Minecraft Lego, a bar of chocolate, a soap on a rope, a book about cats and a soft toy monkey. In Steve’s stocking, he had: a Lego Star Wars set, a box of Jellybeans, assorted types of pens and a Christmas jumper.

At 12 o’clock, they all sat down at the table for lunch. Thankfully the Christmas pudding was still there, which means the goblins had given it back.

‘Steve’ asked mom, ‘why was there dirt on your pyjamas?’

‘I don't know. Maybe they just haven't been washed for a while’, said Steve. He knew they wouldn't believe him if he told them.

THE END