

Click's Everyday Magic

Click and the Very Quiet Christmas

Book Two

Strangewoven

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A little patience.
A little kindness.
A place for a friend.

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Christmas was coming to June's house.
There were boxes, ribbons, and tangles of lights.
Under a sheet of tissue paper,
Click found a little plastic nutcracker.
One arm hung crookedly.



“Hello,” said Click. “I’m Click.”
The nutcracker said nothing.
“That’s all right,” Click told him.
“I didn’t know much on my first day either.”



Click showed him the Christmas lights.
“They’re stars that stay indoors!”
The nutcracker stared straight ahead.
Click waited.
Not even a little wiggle.



“Perhaps you’re cold.”
Click borrowed a tiny scarf.
The nutcracker looked very cozy.
He also looked very quiet.
“Take your time,” said Click.



June needed help wrapping presents.
Click folded the paper. June tied the bows.
The nutcracker watched the ribbon.
“You have an important job,” Click told him.
“Ribbon gets away.”



“Most toys don’t talk,” June said gently.

“Or move.”

Click looked at his own plastic hands.

“But neither did I.”

June rested her hand on his sleeve.



Dad helped fix the nutcracker's loose arm.
Click held him steady while Dad tightened a screw.
"There," said Click. "Does that help?"
The nutcracker's arm stayed straight.
The nutcracker stayed silent.



Click made him a little chair beside the tree.

“You don’t have to talk,” he said.

“I can still tell you things.”

Then he told him about flowerpots,
and how wonderful slippers were.



Together, they helped finish a gift for Mrs. Alvarez.
Click tucked in the tissue paper.
June tied the ribbon.
The nutcracker watched the bow.
“Good work, everyone,” said Click.



On Christmas Eve, Click saved his friend a place.
He told him about June, and Pip, and coming home.
Then he sat quietly beside him.
For once, he wasn't waiting for an answer.
He just liked the company.



On Christmas morning, a tiny voice spoke.

“Excuse me.”

Click looked down.

“What’s a stocking?”

The nutcracker was looking up at him.



Click carefully sat down.
“This,” he said, “may take a while.”
June leaned closer to listen.
And Click began at the beginning.

A PLACE FOR A FRIEND.



The End

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