

Jason's Christmas List

"Mum," cried Jason as he ran out of After School Care, arms outstretched for a hug. Once around the corner of the building, he doubled backed and waved good-bye to the staff through the window.

"Mum says Merry Christmas!"

Jason hid behind the hedge and waited. He knew the staff had sneaked a Christmas drink when they thought the kids weren't looking and along with it being the last day, he gambled that they wouldn't insist on his mum coming in to sign him out.

Once satisfied they had bought his ruse, Jason ran the kilometre home. Then, full of guilty excitement, he did the one thing he was forbidden to do; switch on the computer in her study, without her there to supervise. The clock said 5:05pm, one hour before she would turn up to After School Care, stressed and apologetic, as if it was the first time she had ever been late.

Jason googled 'Death Hunt,' which he had overheard some bigger X-Box kids brag about. A picture of a creature, half-man, half-beast appeared with blood-stained muscular chest, carrying a massive bazooka. In the background was a cool looking scene of carnage. Jason was over the moon, not just at the picture, but that it was available on PlayStation.

A photo popped up on the side of the screen. It was, (at least what he considered), an old man, smiling with slick black hair and shirt, a bit like what he imagined his father looked like. Above it were some words about a deal, valid only until Christmas. Jason looked back at Death Hunt and carefully checked that three was the latest version.

From the desk drawer, he took out a note pad and wrote:

SANTA LIST FOR JASON

PG Game (don't care which)

Death Hunt 3 FOR PLAYSTATION (just between you and me)

He wondered what he should get for his mum. On the computer, there was a different pop up-guy this time, a blonde one with a slightly wussy tattoo. In his arms was a very happy woman. He read the advert again. Jason knew

enough about the internet to know that pop-ups come up because it knows exactly what people are wanting, without them even realizing it. So, he added to his list:

A packit of Tinder Gold (to give to Mum)

Jason closed down the computer and raced back to school, beating his mother by only seconds. Before she could get out the car, he jumped in.

“Don’t worry, Mum, they’ve gone home. They couldn’t wait any longer.”

“Oh,” she said, confused.

Jason held up an envelope.

“Can we drop this in Santa’s box in the Mall, on the way home?”

“Not now darling, I need to get dinner on,” she said, smiling more to herself than him. “I’ll do it tomorrow on the way to the hairdresser.”

“Do you promise not to look at it?”

She ruffled his hair.

“I promise.”