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CHRISTMAS FICTION

# Little Boy Wishes

STORY BY TERRA OSTERLING

**A** long time ago, when pine branches laden with snow shrugged low to the ground and tiny bells always seemed to be jingling in the distance, a little boy walked along on a wooded path.

His little boy feet crunched the fresh snow. His little boy nose was pink from the cold air. His little boy hands wore woolly red mittens to keep his little boy fingers warm. He walked and walked, and the sun yawned and went to bed.

Why was the little boy walking all alone in the woods? It was Christmas Eve, and he had nothing to give to his Mama, Papa and Old Mama. So from under his bed he took out the tin can in which Old Papa once kept pipe tobacco. The little boy had put exactly 42 pennies, five dimes, eight nickels and two quarters into the tin can since his life began. The shiny coins jingled in the pocket of his old wool coat.

Little Boy left the warm cinnamon kitchen where Mama would surely make cocoa to warm him at daybreak. He latched the door behind him and saw his little boy breath in the evening air.

Daytime had been very cold when he dragged his sled to the hill

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