

Milo's Christmas Eve Surprise



By Allergy UK

 AllergyUK



On Christmas Eve, with snow piled high,
Milo lay awake with a little sigh.
His nose was stuffy, his eyes felt sore,
His allergies bothered him more and more.

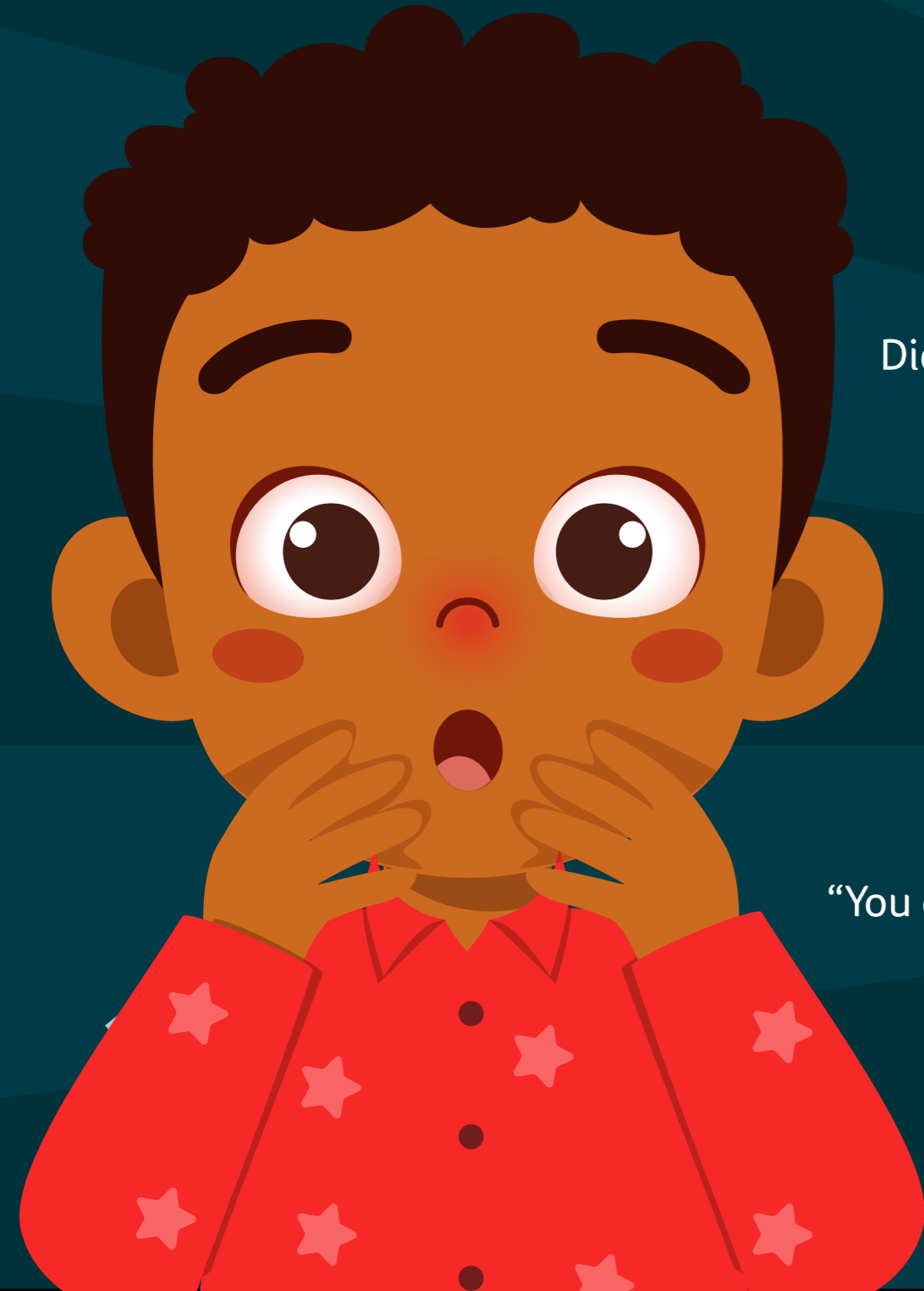
He twisted and turned in his cozy bed,
Worries swirling in his head.
“I’m supposed to be asleep,” Milo said,
“Or Santa won’t come; he’ll pass instead.”



The moon outside shone big and bright,
Casting silver beams of light.
Milo sat up and wiped his eyes,
Feeling sad under the starry skies.

Just then, he heard a sound so clear—
The gentle jingle of bells so near.
A rustle, a clatter, a soft, deep “Ho ho,”
Milo’s heart skipped—could it be so?





He rubbed his eyes and looked around,
And there stood Santa, big and round!
“Milo, my boy, why so glum?
Did you think I’d skip you and not come?”

Milo’s eyes grew wide with surprise,
“You came even though I’m not shut-eyed?”
Santa nodded with a twinkle and grin,
“Being awake is not such a sin.



I know your allergies bother you so,
And falling asleep is sometimes slow.
But I still visit every child, awake or not,
Especially ones who have given it all they’ve got.”

Santa sat down beside Milo’s bed,
With a warm smile and a pat on his head.
“I can’t make your symptoms go away,
But I can help you end this long day.”

From his coat, he pulled a book so bright,
With a cover that sparkled in the moonlight.
“Would you like a story, my little friend?
A tale of magic, before this night’s end?”

Milo nodded and snuggled in tight,
As Santa began under the soft, warm light.
He read of elves and a sleigh that could sing,
Of reindeer who soared like the wind on a wing.



As Santa’s voice flowed, deep and warm,
Milo felt cozy, safe from harm.
His eyes grew heavy, his breathing slowed,
The tiredness in him gently flowed.

“And so, on that Christmas night so bright,
The little elf found his joy and light.”
Santa whispered the final page,
As Milo drifted to sleep, calm and sage.



Santa stood up with a nod and smile,
And watched Milo sleep for a little while.
“Sleep well, my boy, and know it’s true,
Christmas magic is always with you.”

Out the window, he flew with care,
Into the crisp, cool midnight air.
And Milo, snug in his bed at last,
Dreamed of Santa and stories past.

So, if you worry that sleep won’t come,
Remember, Santa visits everyone.
Awake or asleep, he finds his way,
To bring love and magic on Christmas Day.



Merry Christmas
everyone



Children living with indoor allergy don't even get a day off from the symptoms at Christmas.

Allergy UK has created a bursary to provide air purifiers to households in need, so they breathe easier all year round. To help make this happen, please consider donating to our 'Wellcome Home' campaign.

Visit: www.allergyuk.org/breatheeasy

Text INDOOR followed by your donation amount (e.g. INDOOR5) to 70085

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