

# TARA AND THE TARA CHRISTMAS ELVES



Tara and the Christmas Elves

Elodieflorent Ducrocqbrunet



At the beginning of December, Tara's cozy house sparkled with festive lights. The Christmas tree twinkled with ornaments that made a gentle jingle, and the nativity scene rested peacefully. Tara, a sweet and slightly greedy little Beagle, watched it all with wide, curious eyes.



One quiet night, as everyone in the house slept soundly, a soft "CRAC CRAC!" broke the silence. Tara's ears perked up, and her eyes popped open. She spotted two tiny, mischievous figures tiptoeing across the living room carpet, no bigger than her paw.



These were two funny little elves, wearing bright pointy hats and shoes that made a silly "squeak squeak" sound with every step. One, named Flocon, had a snowy white hat, and the other, Grelot, wore a jingling red one. They smiled at Tara and held out a shimmering, magical biscuit.



Tara, always eager for a tasty treat, carefully took the special biscuit in her mouth. Miam! She crunched it with delight, feeling a warm, happy tingle spread through her. From that very moment, a wonderful and unexpected friendship began between the playful elves and the little Beagle.



Every night after that, the house transformed into a magical playground. Flocon and Grelot would slide down the sparkly garlands and leap from one colorful ornament to another, giggling all the while. Tara would watch, her tail thumping with excitement, sometimes joining in the playful chaos.



Their favorite game was "Magic Tree Chase," where Tara had to gently catch falling decorations before they touched the floor. Each successful catch earned her another delicious, magical biscuit from the elves. The living room echoed with happy yips and joyful elf laughter as they played.



They also loved playing hide-and-seek among the presents, having thrilling races around the furniture, and engaging in tickle fights on Tara's soft paws. Their laughter grew so loud and boisterous that the entire Christmas tree would tremble with their joyful energy. Yet, before the first hint of dawn, every decoration was perfectly back in place, and the elves were nowhere to be seen.



On Christmas Eve, a tiny, silvery bell chimed softly, signaling a very special arrival. Santa Claus himself appeared, his jolly face beaming, ready to collect his two little helpers. Flocon and Grelot knew it was time for them to return to the North Pole.



With a mix of sadness and warmth, Flocon and Grelot gave Tara the biggest, most heartfelt hug they could manage. They whispered promises of returning next year, their eyes sparkling with anticipation of future adventures. Santa, seeing their beautiful bond, presented Tara with the largest, most magnificent magic biscuit she had ever seen.



With a twinkle of starlight and a cheerful "Ho ho ho!", Santa's sleigh soared into the vast, star-studded night sky, carrying the two little elves home. Tara watched them go, a contented smile on her face, knowing that the magic of Christmas and the joy of her secret friends would always return to her next holiday season.

