**Here are your DECEMBER challenge prompts:**

* **Your story must take place on Christmas Eve/December 24.**
* **Your story must include a character who has an accident of some kind.**
* **Your story must include the words AGAINST, TOOTH and ORANGE***(Longer variations, e.g. “oranges” or “toothcomb” are acceptable, as long as original spelling is retained – so no “teeth”!)*

Sid vs Clarabelle AKA Santa vs The Tooth Fairy

Clarabelle held the list, limply, in her hand. Sighing she thought, good, all the teeth had fallen out on schedule by the 23rd. That meant she had plenty of time to clear out of the sky before that oaf Sid and his smelly, farty, reindeers crashed through.

Suddenly her bell rang, there was a new name on the list. Oh crap! A **tooth** coming out on the 24th! **Christmas Eve**! There would be hell to pay for the fairy that had allowed that to happen on their watch.

She flicked her wand, suddenly a cowering fairy, Krystal, hovered before her.

‘Hmmm, what have you got to say for yourself?’

‘It was a complete **accident** your majesty. The little girl was wriggling the tooth mercilessly, I went back every night to stick it back in …’

‘Yes, yes, well how can it be due out on the 24th then!’ Clarabelle might be a fairy, but she could be very intimidating.

‘Well, it’s her brother. He said he’d take it out with pliers on Christmas Eve so that Santa could give her twice the money you would.’ Krystal’s wings fluttered downwards as she felt Clarabelle’s wrath.

The fairy phone started ringing. It was a hotline to Santa’s workshop, and it didn’t ring very often. Clarabelle grasped Krystal’s hand tightly.

She drew herself up to her majestic fairy queen stature and, dropping Kystal’s hand, answered the call.

‘Yes, yes, Sid, I am well aware of the agreement we have.’

‘You have the sky one night a year to do what you want without worrying about all the little fairies flying around the place.’ She said this in a sarcastic tone and waved her arms as if they were the fairies flying through the air.

‘I totally understand…It just seems we have one rogue character wanting to extract a tooth by himself.’

‘Of course I’m open to suggestions.’ She mockingly bowed silently.

Krystal couldn’t hear the other side of the conversation but as she watched the Queen’s expression changed and her aura grew brighter. The plan did seem to be to the Queen’s liking.

‘Well Krystal, it goes **against** all my better judgment, but I’m going to fly out with Sid on Christmas Eve. Of course, he’ll be dressed in Santa mode, so he should be on better behaviour. I hope you realise the importance of this, it has never ever been done in the history of tooth collection!’

Krystal looked. The Queen’s aura had gone from regal purples and greens to excited **oranges** and pinks. Twinkles and sparkles emitting from her hands as she gestured.

‘On the 23rd I need you to hide the set of pliers that young lad is planning to use. Ensure that tooth stays in until the 25th. I’ll be delivering a toy dentistry set as a Christmas present. Sid says he’ll ensure the lad sees it is me delivering the present. The lad is destined to become a dentist.’