

# Present Fiasco

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Submitted: December 14, 2005

Updated: December 14, 2005

*A short Christmas story i had to write for english.*

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# 1 - Present Fiasco

Hanna ran out of the store, if she didn't hurry she would be late. She had been so busy decorating her house with tinsel and garland, and studying finals, that she forgot to get Garret a present. She had remembered thirty-nine minutes before the party was to commence, and her car wasn't working. It would take her fifteen minutes to get to the store, and if things went her way she could get home in time. Her feet carried her swiftly as she ran home, but she slipped on a sheet of ice and someone bumped into her causing her to fall. The present soared into the air and landed on the other side of the street, teetering between falling in the sewer and staying on the street.

"Nooooo!" Hanna yelled as she stumbled to get up. She sprinted across cross the street, but half way through she got hit by a bicyclist causing her to skid across the asphalt. She got up and finished crossing the street and made a diving catch for the present. She caught it just in time. Quickly dusting herself off she began to run again, faltering once and in awhile, as snow began to a fall.

She finally reached her dormitory out of breath and all scraped-up. Walking through the door she was greeted by the freshmen, some staring at her various scrapes. Hanna then climbed the twenty flights of stairs that led to her floor. On the 13th floor she ran into Blaine, the biggest jerk at Clarkston University. Seeing the present he snatched it out of her hands and held it above her head, taunting and teasing her.

"Oh, how nice you got me a present." he said in mockingly.

"Give it back." Hanna yelled as she jumped up, trying to grab it back.

"Oooo, shorty got an attitude?" He chided with an impish grin.

What happened next would spread like wild fire and be whispered among the halls of the university for all of eternity. Susan P. Tanner best described the event in the following way, "Something in Hanna must have snapped as she lunged at the greasy jerk. She ended up plowing him down one flight of stairs before they came to a stop. She then grabbed the now battered gift and spat at his bruised face. Best of all, the jerk-face ran down the rest of the stairs crying like the big fat baby his is"

Hanna some how found a way up the rest of the stairs, stumbling most of the way of course. When she finally got to her room she looked like she had just walked out of a tornado. Quickly retrieving her keys, she opened the door and when she opened it she got a big surprise. Every one was all ready there talking and dancing. It seems that Mary, Hanna's roommate, had let them all in for the Christmas party. They all stopped and stared at the urchin-looking girl.

"Wow Hanna you really got dressed up didn't you." whipped a sarcastic voice. Hanna flopped down in a cotton chair, and then someone came up to her.

"Hey there, you O.K.?" came a kind, concerned voice.

“Yes, here just take this.” she said as she held up the battered present.

“Oh, um, thanks.” He muttered. He cautiously opened the present and inside was a new digital camera.

“I'm sorry it's a little beaten up I've had kind of had a rough day.” Hannah sighed.

“Wow Hanna, thanks this must have cost a fortune.” He said in awe.

“Hey Hanna and Garret look up.” Mary called from across the room. Hannah looked up with great dread, `now what?' she mused. Low and behold there was a twig of the poisonous plant called mistletoe hanging above her head.

“I swear I didn't put any mistletoe up.” She said in shock.

“Must have been Mary,” Garret said amused.

“ Well, I guess I can't skip this holiday tradition,” she said with a smirk.