

## **The Key to Christmas**

By Dana Ailer

My mom and stepdad, Hank, keep a key to their back door under the mat. (Don't tell anybody.) To my knowledge, nobody in the family has their own key. We all just use that one. Several months ago the key went missing. We all accused each other of mislaying it, but assumed it would turn up sooner or later. But it never did.

Today Fin presented me with an extremely cool Christmas present. It's a sort of diorama she's been working on for a long time. It includes a castle made of styrofoam and pipe cleaners, lots of drawings, stamps, a plastic horse, and a key taped to a big poster board. A key. THE key!

"Fin, where did you find that key?"

"You know, under the mat. But nobody was using it. It was just laying there."

Later tonight the remote for the DVD player disappeared and Fin was highly insulted that we wondered if she might have had something to do with it. It still hasn't turned up. I wonder what she'll make me for Mother's Day...