

Santa Claus Forgets

by Chan, Wei 章瑋

Today is Christmas Eve. Just like other children, little Henry is extremely excited. He runs around the living room all night with Christmas stockings in his hands.

“OK, my Teddy bear, it’s time for you to go to bed. If you are not being good, Santa Claus won’t come to see you tonight. Give your Christmas stocking to daddy; he will put it on the most obvious position for you.” Mommy holds little Henry in her arms and goes upstairs to his room to tuck him in.

A few hours later, when the world falls asleep, Santa Claus arrives on the snow-capped roof of Little Henry’s house. He parks his sleigh and reindeers beside the chimney. He gets off the sleigh, taking little Henry’s present out of his present-filling bag, holding it in his big hand and then he walks towards the chimney.

Now Santa Claus is in his preparing pose. He stands on the edge of the chimney. He has done this over hundreds of years. What he has to do is sliding through the chimney which will easily lead him down to the fireplace; this is just like kids sliding down the slope.

“Oops!!!” Santa Claus drops little Henry’s present on the roof. He stretches his arms, trying to reach it. His hands are trembling fiercely. But the present just rolls away and disappears.

Because the edge the fatty Santa stands is too thin and his body is too plumping,

he cannot hold his center of gravity. The fatty Santa Claus starts to swing back and forth and back again.

Suddenly, Santa Claus slips. “Wow-woo-wa-wa-ahhhhhhhh!!!!!!” He shouts with a low voice. He is falling down with his body upside down.

“BANG!!!!!!” Santa Claus bounces out of the fireplace, and bumps his head against the floor. The noise awakes little Henry, who does not sleep so deeply.

Little Henry tiptoes downstairs with both excitement and doubts. “Santa?” he sees the messy Santa Claus and asks.

He is Santa Claus, little Henry is sure. He appears exactly the same as the storybook describes—red Santa suits, big and white beard and a roundabout body like a ball. But there is no present in Santa’s hands. Little Henry wonders where his present is.

Santa stands up and looks at little Henry and asks him, “Where am I? Who am I? And who are you?” Santa shakes his head and grumps, “Oh! My headache is killing me.”

“Are you all right?” little Henry is scared a little. How come that cute, fat and warm Santa will appear in this unbelievable way? “You are Santa Claus! Don’t you remember?”

“My name is Santa · Claus? What a strange name....”

“No!!! That’s not your name. You are Santa Claus, who gives us presents on Christmas day. We have songs describing you—*You better watch out, you better not cry. Better not pout, I’m telling you why. Santa Claus is coming to town,*” little Henry sings enjoyably and dances a little.

“Really? I don’t know that,” Santa Claus murmurs.

“How about your reindeers? You must have your reindeers on the roof.” Little Henry grabs Santa Claus’s hand and goes out. The reindeers, while seeing Santa Claus, run down quickly and stop next to him. “See? They recognize you. And the red-nose Rudolf is the leader of your reindeers. We have songs about him, too—*Rudolf, the red-nosed reindeer had a very shiny nose....* And you asked him to guide your sleigh!”

“I own those reindeers? I have eight reindeers and a sleigh! That’s cool.” Santa Claus looks at his reindeers carefully and praises. “And what’s inside this bag?” He points at the bag in the sleigh.

“You don’t remember a thing?” Little Henry stares at Santa. He is about to cry.

But Santa Claus does not notice that little Henry’s tears are rolling around his eyepits. “Where do I live?” Santa keeps on asking questions. That is a good question. Little Henry does not know the answer at all.

“Live with me,” Little Henry offers this to Santa. He wants to help Santa Claus.

“Thank you, kiddo. You are really a good boy,” grins Santa. Since he has no place to go, he accepts little Henry’s invite.

“Let’s hide your reindeers and sleigh there,” Little Henry says to Santa like a commander, pointing to a wooden hut. “That’s daddy’s old garage, but it’s my secret place now. Take off your suit, too. I’ll find clothes for you in daddy’s closet later.”

Little Henry hides Santa Claus in his own room. Then he goes to Daddy and Mommy’s bedroom secretly to take some clothes for Santa. He does not want Daddy and Mommy to find out this. They will certainly be frightened.

Today is Christmas morning. Crying, sobbing and howling can be heard from every corner on earth. Santa Claus did not send present to children!!! “Where did Santa Claus go?” “Santa Claus forgets the world!” Newspapers, broadcasts and television program keep reporting this shocking news.

This is the saddest Christmas that people have ever had. No Christmas songs are played on the street, no one says “Merry Christmas,” and no one dresses like Santa Claus to distribute candy bars.

Little Henry and Santa go out for a walk. They go to one store after another. Little Henry shows some fabulous Christmas trees to Santa Claus. There are shining stars on the top, and mini gifts, sticks, angels and snowflakes hanging on the branches. He also shows some delicate Christmas cards and presents to Santa Claus. He brings

Santa Clause to bakeries to see beautiful Christmas cakes. He reads Christmas stories and sings Christmas songs to Santa Claus. But Santa Claus cannot remember anything.

The following days little Henry still works hard on helping Santa. Seven days have passed. Today little Henry takes Santa Claus out to play with his friends; they want to have a snow fight. Little Henry introduces Santa as his “Grandpa Santa” to his friends. They have a stirring fight. Little Henry flings the ball, but using too much strength, he trapped. Santa Claus quickly runs to little Henry. “Does that hurt?” he asks worriedly.

“No. I’m fine. Thank you, grandpa Santa.” Little Henry gives Santa a sweet smile. But he does not stand up. He just lies on the snow and starts to brandish his arms and legs. “I’m making an angel!” Little Henry laughs. Seeing this, other children lie down quickly one by one and start to do the same as little Henry does. Children laugh heartily and shout with joy.

Seeing these innocent and pretty smiling faces, something occurs to Santa Claus’s mind. That is so familiar to him. But what is that?

“Come on, grandpa Santa. Let’s make your angel.” But Santa doesn’t move.

Plenty of different smiles of children flit through Santa Clause’s mind. He remembers! He is Santa Claus, who brings happiness to every child. He likes seeing

children's smiles and hearing their laughter in lovely voices.

Santa does not say anything for a long time. Snowy little Henry stands up and stares at him, worried, shaking Santa's hand, "Santa? Santa? What's wrong?"

"Henry bear, Merry Christmas! Hohoho!" Santa laughs, so does little Henry.

They rush to the old garage, taking out Santa Clause's reindeers and sleigh and suit. "Long time no see, my perfect partners." Santa Claus pats his reindeers.

"Thank you so much, my little angel. I'm going to finish my work now. You know I'm already late." Santa gives little Henry a big hug and a kiss on his cheek.

"I will miss you, grandpa Santa!" little Henry yells with all his strength.

Today is New Year's Day. Screaming, hailing and laughing are all around the world. Every child got their Christmas presents and a note from Santa Claus. There is a big smile on the paper, and under the smile, it says, "Sorry I'm late."

"Santa Claus does not forget the world!" "He's late, but who cares?" "Santa Claus is back!" Such headlines appear in every newspapers, broadcast and television program. People are under extremely joyful mood; they greet each other with "Happy New Year and Merry Christmas!"

As for little Henry, he receives a greatest present which he has never thought to get one even in his dream—an invitation from Santa Claus!

Dearest Henry bear,

I cannot say enough thank you to express my appreciation. I have had an unforgettable Christmas experience with you being around me. Would you like to spend another Christmas with your Grandpa Santa? Next year after I finish my work, let's go to my house and celebrate our Christmas. Remember to keep it as a secret!

Hohoho!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

With love and hugs,

Your grandpa Santa