

Waiting for Santa

a story by Anjolie, Armani, Fiona, Tamia, Dorothy, Beth, Julio & Mr. H

One day Anjolie, Armani, Fiona, Tamia, Dorothy, Beth and Julio, were having a big sleepover party at Tamia's house. This was no ordinary sleepover party. This was a "we-are-going-to-stay-up-and-meet-Santa-party." Around nine o'clock AT NIGHT, they all started yawning. Fiona forced her eyes to stay open and said, "in order to stay up long enough to see Santa we need to play rock and roll!"

"Party hearty," shouted Beth.

"Ho, ho, ho," shouted Julio!

For two straight hours, the magnificent seven danced and partied to rock and roll music. They wore little red hats that Armani and Beth made in arts and crafts class. At eleven o'clock AT NIGHT, Tamia's mother came downstairs and said, "it's eleven o'clock AT NIGHT and you are blasting rock and roll music. If you think Mr. San T. Claus is going to visit some wild and loud house, with wild and loud children, you had better think again!... Pajamas, now!"

Without so much as a peep, they slipped into their special red and white Santa pajamas. They were all red and all ready" to meet their favorite person Jolly Old St. Nick, Kris Kringel aka Mr. San T. Claus. They stayed quiet, calm and snug inside their sleeping sacks for at least three whole minutes, which to them felt like three whole hours, even days.

Anjolie spoke first. "I can't wait any more. I just can't lay still knowing the big guy may be sliding down the chimney right this very minute."

Julio leaped out of his sack with anticipation. He wiggled and wiggled. Then Dorothy jumped up and jiggled and joggled. Before you could say "Prancer, Dancer and Blitzen," they were all up wiggling and wiggling, jiggling and joggling. Again it seemed like hours, but it was only minutes before Julio asked, "shouldn't he be here by now?"

"Santa doesn't come until 12 o'clock MIDNIGHT," snapped Armani and Anjolie.

Tamia asked, "how can Santa come at midnight to everybody's house in the entire world at the same time?"

"Because there are different time zones," answered Fiona.

“And, he’s very, very fast,” said Beth.

“For a large man,” added Dorothy in a respectful tone.

“He can’t be that fast,” challenged Julio.

“I got an idea,” said Tamia. “When he gets here, we’ll ask him how he does it.”

“He’s not going to have time to answer our questions, if he’s got to go to the rest of the world,” said Armani.

“What’s one little question?” Fiona asked. “Of course, he’ll answer. He’s Santa!”

The room grew quiet as each child imagined all the things Santa can do and all the things he’d be bringing in his sack.

“I got a question,” said Julio.

“As long as it’s not math,” said Dorothy.

“How does Santa fit all the toys that all the kids in all the world want in just one sack?”

“That sounds like a math question. Anjolie, you answer it.”

There was silence for what felt like 55 minutes, but it was only 5 seconds.

“Anjolie! Are you awake!” Beth screamed.

“Yeah, I’m awake. And so is half the neighborhood thanks to you.”

“Sorry, but this is important. How does Santa fit all the toys into his sack?” Beth repeated, really wanting an answer to this age old question.

Anjolie drew up imaginary numbers on an imaginary chalkboard hovering above her sleeping sack. Then she started to explain her math. “Okay, if we’re seven kids in one house and if we’re getting just five presents each and there are twenty houses on this street with at least four people in each house who’ll be getting at least three presents each…” Anjolie paused to factor in the hundreds of other streets in just their small town.

Only ten seconds passed, but it felt like 10 minutes, and then the sweet silence of the room exploded again, this time with the loudest, harshest, screechiest, shriek the seven children or anyone in the entire Boro of Willing had ever, ever heard. No it wasn’t Anjolie… Not Santa either. It was Armani.

“Girl, girl, Armani,” Tamia’s mom called out as she came flying down the steps. “Are you okay? Did you see a ghost? Have a bad dream? Break a nail? What?”

“Sorry, everyone. It’s just that my head nearly exploded trying to do that math problem.”

“Math problem?...” Tamia’s mom repeated in amazement. “It’s Christmas Eve. And you children are doing math problems?... Math problems that can make your little heads explode? I think I may have underestimated your commitment to learning. I am IMPRESSED. But please, for the sake of PEACE ON EARTH no more math problems tonight. Just go to sleep and tomorrow morning we’ll open presents.”

Tamia’s mom quickly gave them all a comforting hug then scampered back up the steps mumbling something that sounded like, “doing math on Christmas Eve. Note to self, tell Ms McAnulty to ease up just a bit.”

The kids waited twenty seconds, that felt like three days, and then Fiona asked Anjolie, “well, did you figure it out how Santa does it yet?”

When Anjolie didn’t answer in seven seconds, that felt like a week, Julio shined a flashlight at her sack. She wasn’t there. Suddenly, there was a noise coming from the kitchen.

“Santa?” all the kids whispered at once.

No, it wasn’t Santa. It was Anjolie.

“What are you doing in there?” asked Julio.

“Pouring a glass of milk and filling a plate with cookies.”

“How can you eat at a time like this?” asked Beth in utter bewilderment.

“It’s not for me. It’s for Santa.”

Fiona, Beth, Armani, Dorothy, Tamia and Julio said all at once, “Ohhhhh.”

“Why?” wondered Dorothy.

“It’s not like he’s starving or anything,” said Armani. “You know he can barely fit into his – “

“Shhhh, “ warned Beth. “You better not say anything rude about Santa’s size.”

“I just think since Santa does all these nice things for us – “

“And kids all around the world,” added Armani, still overwhelmed from having tried to imagine all the kids around the world.

“It would be nice to do something for him.”

When the others heard what Anjolie said, instead of thinking about when Santa was going to get to the house and what he was going to give them, they busied themselves making things they could give to Santa.

Tamia brewed up a pot of the creamiest, most delicious hot chocolate ever, then threw a glob of the sweetest whipped cream on top.

Fiona built the most amazing present making machine so Santa and his elves could take a couple of months off in the summer.

Armani designed a Boltmobile so the reindeer could have some well deserved help and an occasional rest.

Julio put a bow on his guitar.

“You’re giving Santa your guitar?” Dorothy asked.

“I think Santa should have it so he can sing ‘I wish you a Merry Christmas and Feliz Navidad’ as he shushes across the sky.”

“But you love your guitar. You make people happy when you play.”

“Santa, will make more people happy with it than I ever could.”

Beth gift wrapped a pair of beautiful silver earrings.

“Santa’s not going to wear earrings!” Armani blurted.

“They’re not for him, silly,” Beth said. “They’re for him to give to his mother.”

Every child had made something for Santa and now they were tucked back into their sleeping sacks as snug as a bug in a rug... Every child except two. Julio was in the kitchen setting up a video camera. Just in case he fell asleep, he wanted to see the smile on Santa’s face when he got his presents. And Dorothy, Dorothy was just standing in the kitchen with her arms out wide.

“Aren’t you going to give Santa something, Dorothy?” all the other kids asked.

“I am.”

“Well, wrap it up and go to sleep so he comes,” Tamia instructed.

“I can’t. I’ve got to stay up because my gift to Santa is a great big hug.”

“Good luck with that,” said Julio as he finally tucked himself into his sack.

With that, they shut off the lights and went to sleep. Try as she might, Dorothy couldn’t stay awake. She actually fell asleep standing up. But she had the most wonderful dream and when she woke up she felt all warm and loved and there was just

a hint of a North Pole fragrance in the air around her. Then she saw in her hand a little note. It read, "thank you Dorothy, I needed that."

"Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!" Dorothy screamed.

"What?"... "What?"... "What?"... "What?"... "What?"... "What?"

Came the chorus from her friends waking up with a start.

Santa was here," Dorothy exclaimed. "And he left me a thank you note."

Before you could say jingle bells, all the kids were up and reading their thank you notes. Along with the notes, each child got a little box. In the box, was a strange little piggy bank, not built to hold money. Built to hold something much more valuable. The note from Santa explained.

"Dear children. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! You truly understand the meaning of this day. The great joy is not in receiving, but in giving. Something thoughtful. Something meaningful. Something you hold dear. I call these good deeds. As a special gift, I'm giving you a good deeds piggy bank. For every good deed you do, place a grain of sand into this bank. When the bank is filled up, you will be very, very rich... rich in friends, rich in love, rich in your heart."

All the children finished reading their notes at the same exact moment. Tamia looked at Armani. Armani looked at Beth. Beth looked at Fiona. Fiona looked at Anjolie. Anjolie looked at Julio. And Julio looked at Dorothy. Then they all smiled, a smile that would melt an iceberg!

Their first good deed was to clean up the room and make breakfast for Tamia's mom. While the others were cooking, Julio snuck off to see what his video camera had captured.

There were no reindeer caught on camera. No big man in a red suit. All the camera showed was darkness with one second of light. In that lighted moment, was the biggest, jolliest smile Julio had ever seen in his life. It was only there for a second, but for Julio, Tamia, Anjolie, Fiona, Beth, Armani and Dorothy it would last forever.

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