

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE



“Let’s try to see Santa tonight,” I told my older brother, Luke.

“Yes, Taylor,” he replied, “And this year we’re actually gonna do it.”

Well that’s what we’d said. And now, at 11:56 PM, on Christmas Eve, it was actually happening.

“Grab the camera!” I whispered to Luke.

He reached over his shoulder to the old Polaroid camera that was in its case. We didn’t have the best view, but you could see clear as day that the red sleigh that was hovering near a chimney of the house down the street was Santa’s. It had gold edges and was swirled at the end. The sleigh looked as if it had been recently polished, just like the Christmas books I used to read said. They’d said that the elves shined the sleigh every year before Christmas. Eight reindeer were holding the sleigh up, and flying! Every doubt I had ever felt about Santa and Christmas magic was fading away.

“Over here,” hissed Luke, “We’ll get a better shot of Santa.”

We shuffled quickly into the ally, running to get down the street. The sleigh was already on its way to reach the next house. Each stop, we could see a figure take a huge bag and get out of his sleigh. He then would zoom down the chimney, come back up, and move on.

This time, we reached the house he was approaching.

It was dark at night, and you couldn’t really see much except for the sleigh, but you could hear,

“189 Rustward Drive,” said the man. That was our friends the Browns’ house.

Someone small, maybe an elf, replied, “Right here, Santa!”

The figure passed 4 boxes to Santa and Santa disappeared into the chimney.

“WOW!!!” my jaw dropped.

I climbed up a tree to see inside the sleigh.

“Come here Luke! You have to see this!”

Luke started to climb up the tree just as Santa threw his bag back into his sleigh.

I heard a click. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the film printing from the camera. Santa was coming back to his sleigh, and it seemed like he was looking at us.

“Quick! Hide!” I screamed, hoping none of the elves or Santa could hear.

I don't know why we did it, or how we did it, but our quick reflexes reacted. And we jumped right into the back of Santa Claus' sleigh! We rummaged around and I finally felt a giant box behind us.

"Look!" Luke turned to see the box.

"Let's hide in there!" He said.

It was empty inside. And dark. I closed the lid on top of us.

Then I realized it wasn't empty at all. We were swimming in a giant box of Santa's cookies!

"Luke! Luke!" I tapped him, "We're in Santa's huge stash of cookies!"

He looked up.

"I row Taywor! Isn't this awesome!" he exclaimed with a mouthful of cookie.

A muffled sound came from outside the box.

"Well that's enough flying for today, Doncha think?" questioned Santa to his elf,

"good job everybody! Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer, now Vixen, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donner, on Blitzen and Rudolph!"

***Oh no!* I thought.**

The box jerked, slid and we felt as if we were on a roller coaster. But really we were flying in the air through the night sky.

"Let's go deliver these cookies to Mrs. Claus," I heard Santa say.

We landed at the North Pole after awhile in the sleigh.

We felt tiny bodies unloading us.

"We brought you cookies!" Santa said enthusiastically.

I froze as the box opened.