

The Santa Claus and the Police

The Christmas was here. Daddy had brought a huge Christmas tree to the living room and it took Marilyn and William quite a long time to decorate it properly. To hang eggs and gingerbread on the upper branches, they had to bring a table to the tree. Daddy helped to put the lights on the tree.

In the end, everything was ready and the tree was glowing in all its glory. The following evening, the Santa Claus was supposed to come and bring presents.

Even her older sister Lucy had learned a poem by heart, not to mention Marilyn and her tiny brother William. It was only one night and day left to go and then... All the children were very excited and couldn't get any sleep in the evening. They sat on the carpet in Marilyn's room and dreamed about their gifts.

"Good evening, children!" the Sandman suddenly said, standing at the door.

"Hi, Sandman!" the children replied with one voice.

The Sandman sat among them and placed his sand sack next to him, in a dignified way.

“You have no idea how I got here today,” the Sandman said. “You see, I hitchhiked.”

“What does that mean?” tiny William asked.

“I know,” Lucy explained. “If you don’t have money for the bus ticket, then you stand by the road, lift up your thumb and stop the cars that pass by. Some of them will pick you up and take you to your destination eventually.”

“Something like that,” the Sandman was satisfied with Lucy’s explanation. “So I went hitchhiking. And no car wanted to stop. You see, I’m really small and quite hard to notice. I was standing by the road for about an hour and



started getting cold already, you know. But then I saw him coming! Straight from the skies! The Santa Claus himself! With a neat reindeer sledge and everything.

So he landed straight in front on me and shouted: “Jump on, Sandman!” I felt so happy it nearly took my breath away. I quickly climbed onto the sledge and off we went. Straight to the skies! The Santa threw me a big warm scarf so I could cover myself.”

“Is the Santa here already?” the children got excited.

“Well he kind of is and kind of isn’t,” the Sandman sighed. “He’s at the police station now, being held in a cage.”

“The Santa in a cage?” tiny William stared at him.

“In a cage, yes. In a cell,” the Sandman said.

“You see, what happened was that when the Santa landed near here and turned into your street, he didn’t use the turn signal. The police stopped him with their striped wand and asked to see his driver’s license. But the Santa didn’t have a driver’s license. Neither did he have a pilot license, an ID, insurance or a technical inspection proof of the sledge. Neither did his vehicle have any lights, brakes, safety triangle, wheel chocks, medical kit, or fire extinguisher. Besides, the Santa had no education and a couple of his back teeth were missing. So, considering all these things, the Santa was one of the most serious criminals the police officer had ever met.”

“And how did you manage to escape?” Lucy asked.

“But I wasn’t guilty of anything,” the Sandman said. “One police officer pointed her finger at me to show the others that there was another one of those, a tiny one! But as I wasn’t driving, they let me go.”

“Oh my God! Does it mean that Santa won’t be coming tomorrow?” Marilyn gasped.

“Don’t worry. The Santa will get out of there. He knows all kinds of magic tricks and I’m sure he will find a way to prove them that he’s the real Santa Claus.”

The children were very worried and nobody could get any sleep. This was a chance for the Sandman to do his job properly, so he sprinkled sleep sand in the eyes of all three children.

Once the Santa had left the children, he went to the police station to investigate the matter, just in case. He climbed onto the window sill and peeked in. The picture that he saw calmed him down instantly. The Santa had been let out from the cell and was sitting on a chair, a sack full of sweets next to him, looking all pleased. A police officer was reading a poem, waving her hands, another one was dancing and the third one was locked in a cage. There was a bunch of twigs lying in front of the cage door and you could see that it had been used. The Sandman felt happy and he skipped on to work. The reindeer were trampling their feet in front of the police station as the Sandman waved them goodbye.

