

Santa and Me

Each day arrived with growing excitement as I waited for my very first visit with Santa Claus. My mom and dad had promised they would take me to Hecht's department store to tell Santa what I wanted for Christmas. I was almost six years old and this was my big chance, so I had to choose carefully. Mom and Dad said I could only ask Santa for one present. With so many little boys and girls for Santa to make toys for, I should not be selfish.

At last, the big day arrived! I put on my best clothes and favorite winter coat and hat. After all, I wanted to look my best for Santa. After scouring the newspaper ads and all of the toy catalogs, I finally knew what I really wanted: *an electric football game!* There was something about the way the players jiggled and wobbled their way down the field. The part I loved the most was the buzzing sound the game made! It was just like the fans were cheering on their favorite teams.

When Mom, Dad and I got to Hecht's, the line seemed like it stretched forever. I felt both nervous and excited. I couldn't believe I was really here to meet Santa! As I got closer to the front of the line, I was barely able to stand still. Would I be able to tell him what I wanted? I was so excited I wasn't sure if I would even be able to speak to Santa when my turn finally came.

The area where Santa sat was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. His chair was like a throne, all covered in red and gold, and bigger than anything I could even imagine. My dad was a big man, but Santa seemed *huge*. There were Christmas trees around his chair, and the snow was so white and fluffy! It looked like angels had spun it out of silvery clouds.

After what seemed like hours, I realized I was next! As I cautiously moved toward Santa, I tried to remember what I wanted, hoping and praying that Santa would tell me I was on the nice list. As he invited me to sit on his lap, I suddenly knew everything would be just fine. His face was so kind, and his voice so deep and soothing, I felt as if I had talked to him many, many times before. He asked me a few key questions. Had I been good this year? I said yes, but I wondered, had I been good enough? He also asked if I did my chores, and how I was doing in school. Then came the question I had been waiting for: what do you want for Christmas? I told him all about the

electric football game, how the pieces moved and the roar of the crowd. Santa told me he'd see what he could do about my Christmas wish.

On Christmas morning, I woke up early and ran downstairs as fast as I could, hoping to find a special present from Santa. I searched all around the living room. Was it here? Then finally I saw a huge package leaning on the wall behind the Christmas tree. I started screaming and jumping up and down. I was sure this *had* to be my electric football game. What else could it possibly be? Mom and Dad came down to see what all the excitement was, and all I could do was point at that mysterious package. Dad reached behind the tree and pulled out the brightly colored box. As he looked it over, he asked Mom if she had ever seen that wrapping paper before. Mom examined it and said she had not. As Mom and Dad continued to study the strange package, I was becoming more excited as they went on and on and on. Finally Dad announced that it must be for me, my name was on the tag! And that tag also said it was from Santa! As I tore the paper away, I could see it was the game I had been hoping for. I sat there playing football for hours and hours, listening as the game buzzed with the cheers from the fans as they rooted for their team. Right then and there, I just knew Santa was real. And, best of all, I really was on Santa's nice list!