

# Baby Santa

AND THE LOST LETTERS



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GREENLEAF  
BOOK GROUP PRESS

**O**n a bright, sparkly, icy day a week before Christmas, Santa walked out to his mailbox on a very important errand.

He went to collect the last sack of Christmas letters from children all over the world.

Santa and his elves had been busy all year reading letters to find out what boys and girls wanted for Christmas. They had made millions of gifts already, but they needed to read the last letters to finish making the Christmas presents.



Santa opened the enormous North Pole mailbox, looked inside, and found—nothing! There were no Christmas letters.









Santa closed the mailbox, ran to the elves' workshop, and threw open the door.

“What’s wrong, Santa?” Head Elf Stanley asked.

“The Christmas letters are missing,” Santa said sadly.

“The North Pole mailbox is empty. Christmas is only a week away, and we have to finish making the presents. Could the letters have been lost?”

“Oh no!” Head Elf Stanley shook his head. “Where could the last week of Christmas letters be? It’s always the biggest sack of the year.”

Santa and the elves stood quietly wondering what to do, when a strange muffled sound came from a corner of the workshop.

“Ho ho ho!” The sound was coming from Santa’s toy bag, which should have been filled with presents by now. Then the toy bag wriggled across the floor to the center of the workshop. The elves’s eyes opened wide. Suddenly a bright face popped out of the toy bag.

The elves’ eyes opened wide.

Suddenly a bright face popped out of the sack.

It was Baby Santa!







