

Baby Santa



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On a cold and snowy Christmas Eve, Santa's sparkling reindeer pranced and snorted, anxious to begin their long journey. "Whoa-ho-ho," exclaimed Santa. "It won't be too much longer now. I just have to take the cover off the sleigh and—"



“Hi, Poppa!” Baby Santa popped out of the sleigh with a big smile. “I surprised you!”

“Ho, ho, ho,” Santa laughed. “You sure did, son.”

“On Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, and Comet!” Baby Santa chirped. “Get going Cupid, Donner, and Blitzen! And hurry up, Rudolph!”

The reindeer jumped when they heard their names.

“I will teach you how to drive the sleigh. It is all part of being Santa,” said Santa. “But right now, we don’t have time to play. The elves have to load the sleigh with the presents for all of the boys and girls around the world. Now scoot along and see if your mother needs help in the kitchen.”





Baby Santa skipped away to the house, tiptoed into the kitchen, and crawled under the table.

“Now who can that be?” Mrs. Claus wondered, as she pulled a tray from the oven.

“It’s me!” Baby Santa shouted, jumping out from under the tablecloth. “I surprised you!”

“Goodness, Baby Santa, you certainly did! But please be careful,” Mrs. Claus warned. “I don’t have time to play right now. I have to pack these reindeer treats for tonight’s long ride. You know how hungry those reindeer get. Now run along, Baby Santa, and see if the elves are ready to load the presents.”

“Okay, Momma,” Baby Santa yelled over his shoulder as he sprinted out of the kitchen.

Baby Santa burst through the door of the toy workshop and shouted, “Are you ready?”

“We would be if someone hadn’t unwrapped all of the presents,” Head Elf Stanley said, giving Baby Santa a stern look.

Baby Santa appeared nervous.



