

## IS SANTA REAL?

Me name is Wayne from Burnley, but I call myself Credulous the Incredible.

I have always wanted to meet that man that needs no introduction, the superhero without a cape. I'm talking about Santa or, as I like to call him, 'The Incredible Claus'. You know, the problem is that the media establishment do not recognise his super powers. Batman, who has no super powers is lauded as a superhero. The Incredible Claus, who manages to visit over two billion homes in one night, never gets a mention. Is that fair? No way, man.

Sants was busying himself with his elves, up near the North Pole, when I met him. Of course, I did my best to appear cool.

'How's tricks, dude?'

'I'm sorry, but do we know each other?'

'How's the thing, man? You're so cool.'

Sants seemed a bit confused.

'Well, of course, I am cool. I mean, I do reside in the North Pole. It is rather nippy in these parts.'

I really didn't expect Santa to have such a posh accent. But I wasn't going to be put off.

'You got any vacancies for a elf?'

'I'm sorry, but there are certain criteria. I mean, where you hail from, for a start. **(Pauses)** Are you Scandinavian?'

'I'm from Burnley. I'm a Lancashire lad. Down in the hood, I'm real cool.'

At this point I knew Sants would be impressed.

'We normally recruit our elves locally. Especially during this time of Covid. Frankly, it just isn't safe to recruit from abroad, particularly, and no disrespect is meant of course, from places like Burnley.'

'Hey, Sants, man. Are you posh?'

'Well, I don't wish to sound superior in any way, but of course, one has to recognise and respect one's own skills and talents. And I believe, without wanting to sound in any way pompous, that my performances up and down chimneys show that I have what it takes to be regarded as saintly. St. Nicholas, in fact.'

Then the light bulb went off. The bird fluttered down from the tree. The chicken gave birth to a rooster.....  
Santa Claus, my hero, is posh. Wowsers!

Then I just knew it. Santa has been my hero all my life, but we are not from the same kinda place, so I tells him.

'Hey, look, Sants, I think you're great, man. But I don't think we can do our thing together. Let's say, your hood and my hood, they're just not the same, so it's time for me to split.'

So he turns his back and starts getting on with his Christmas stuff, making Monopoly games and that other capitalist clobber, while I tries to hitch a lift back to Burnley, on the next reindeer that comes along.

Bye, Sants! I still believe in you cos I've met you and I know you're real.

But you're not real like we are, man. Yes, you're cool in your own way.

But not like a Burnley Bro! (: