

“THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER”

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“THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER”

Synopsis

This is an illustrated “Christmas Adventure,” created to be read to young children, one episode each evening, on the fifteen nights leading up to Christmas Eve.

Jack and Mary are six-year-old twins. Mary has emailed her Christmas letter to Santa. Jack, being a boy, is a bit of a skeptic. But when Mary gets a return email advising that Santa’s Reindeer have disappeared, and that Santa’s Christmas Eve sleigh ride may have to be cancelled, Mary and Jack look for a way to help.

Santa, seeking assistance, has referred Mary to his “website.” To try to help Santa, Mary and Jack “click” on the link on Santa’s site and embark upon their magical Christmas adventure in Santa Land. Their goal is to help Santa to recover his missing reindeer, and ensure that Christmas Eve will be one more wonderful “night before Christmas.”

Upon arrival Jack and Mary encounter "Snowman" and the other Christmas blow molds, Poo-lá-ris (a pint-sized polar bear) with his peanut-butter chocolate-chip cookies, Elrick the Elf and his snowmobile taxi service, Warnock the Wizard, Tetchy the Troll (Warnock's faithful servant), George (Warnock's Familiar Spirit), Harry (George's moat monster), Maladonna (the very bad Arctic witch who is very angry with Santa), her super-sonic magic broom with its headlight, Rudolph and his red nose, the rest of Santa’s reindeer-helpers, and finally, Santa Claus, himself.

“THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER”

Episode I

After School in the O’Connor Home

The O'Connors were a family of four: Mom, Dad, and the six-year-old twins — Mary and Jack. They lived a modest home, in suburb not very far from here.

Because mom and dad had always read to them at bedtime, although kindergarteners, both Jack and Mary could read ... a bit — and sound out some bigger words.

Their adventure began two days before last Christmas. It had just grown dark outside, when their mother poked her head into the computer room and asked, "Jack, Mary, what are the two of you doing?"

"I'm on the computer," answered Mary. "I'm on the Santa website you showed me. I wanted to see if Santa answered my Christmas letter."

"Okay, but don't go to any other website without my permission. How about you, Jack?"

"Homework. It's about the twelve days of Christmas."

"Dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

"Yes, ma'am."

Satisfied, Mom headed to the kitchen to finish up dinner.

"You don't really still believe in Santa, do you?"

"Don't you?" asked Mary.

"No way. That's kids' stuff."

"Too bad. In that case you probably won't get that *iPad* you want."

"Huh? Why?" queried Jack.

"Because I asked Santa to bring it for you?"

"Why? You don't even like me!"

"Of course, I do. We're twins. I have to like you. I think it's one of Dad's rules."

"I'm going to write Santa and tell him what you just said. He's supposed to know whether you're being 'naughty or nice.'"

"Why would you write Santa?" asked Mary. "You just said you don't believe in him!"

"I like to hedge my bets. You'll be lucky if he brings you a fruitcake."

"If you write that letter, I'll write a letter telling him that I forgot to mention all the really rotten things you've done this year!"

"What really rotten things?"

"Like the time you clobbered Sara McCarthy with that snowball?"

"That was an accident!"

"You hid behind a tree for a half hour!!"

At that instant, the computer went "ping," indicating the arrival of an email. Mary immediately checked.

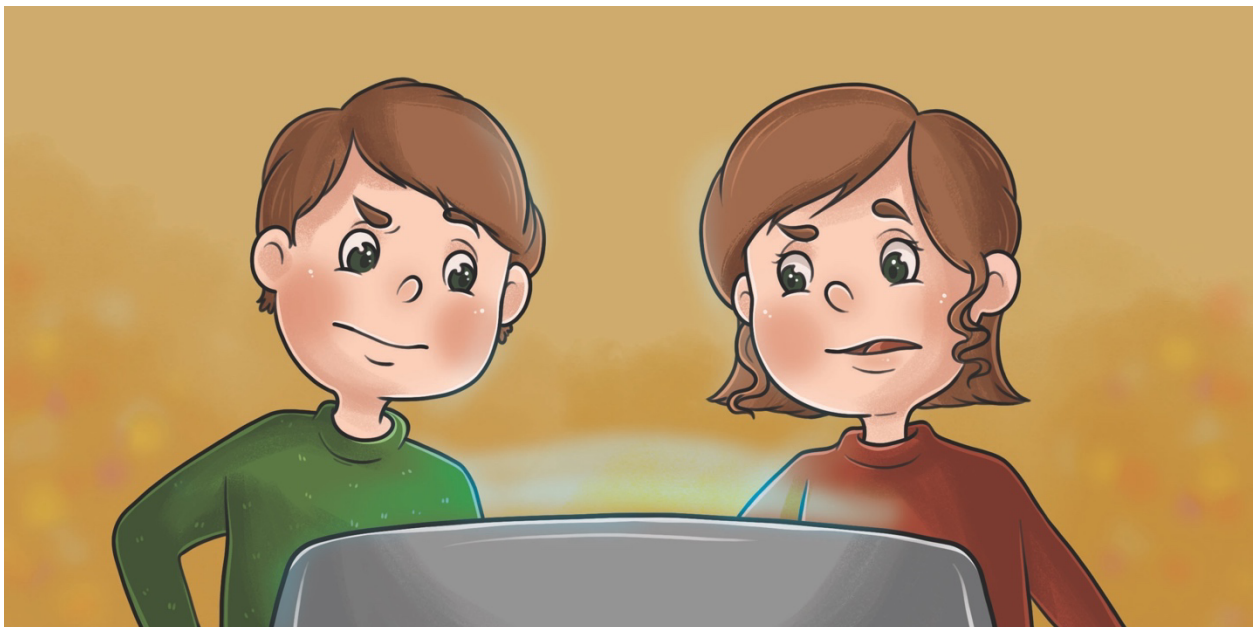
"Ha! Santa, has just answered my email! "

"Your letter to Santa was an email?"

"Of course, it's better for the environment ..."

Then, as Mary clicked the email to open it, her excitement quickly changed into disbelief.

"Jack, read this!"



"What's wrong?"

"Just read it!" snapped Mary, frantically.

Seeing that she was serious, Jack did as he was told.

"Dear Mary,

"It is with great regret that I must inform you that I will most likely be unable to stop by your home this Christmas Eve."

"Ha! He's found you out!" snickered Jack.

"Read further, *please!*"

Because the tone of Mary's voice signaled "problem," Jack did exactly as told.

"All my reindeer have disappeared. Unless, I can find them very soon, I will have to postpone my Christmas trip this year. Please accept my apologies."

"I know what a wonderful little girl you have been this year — even though occasionally browbeat your admirable brother. In addition, I also know what a fine boy Jack has been, even if he did clobber Sara with that snow ball."

"Santa ..."

"P.S. If you have any information about the whereabouts of my 'Christmas Reindeer,' please message me on my website. I am offering a reward for their safe return."

"Mary, we've got to help him."

"I thought you didn't believe in Santa?"

"I said, I like to hedge my bets!"

Then, at that moment, Mom called from downstairs, "Kids, dinner's ready!"

Episode 2

Santa's Website

After eating, the kids scurried back to the computer room. Mary, went straight to the computer.

"Jack, when you get done, we need to talk. We've got to help Santa."

"While I finish up, check out what Santa was talking about in his email."

Mary clicked on Santa's website link, and reopened it, just as Jack said, "Okay, I'm done!"

"Jack, look at this website."

"Scoot over, Mary. Hey! That's neat!"

"Look here. *"NORTH POLE TRANS-PORT-ER,"* said Mary, sounding out the big word.

"Put the mouse over it."

"Nothing happened, Jack. Should I click it?"

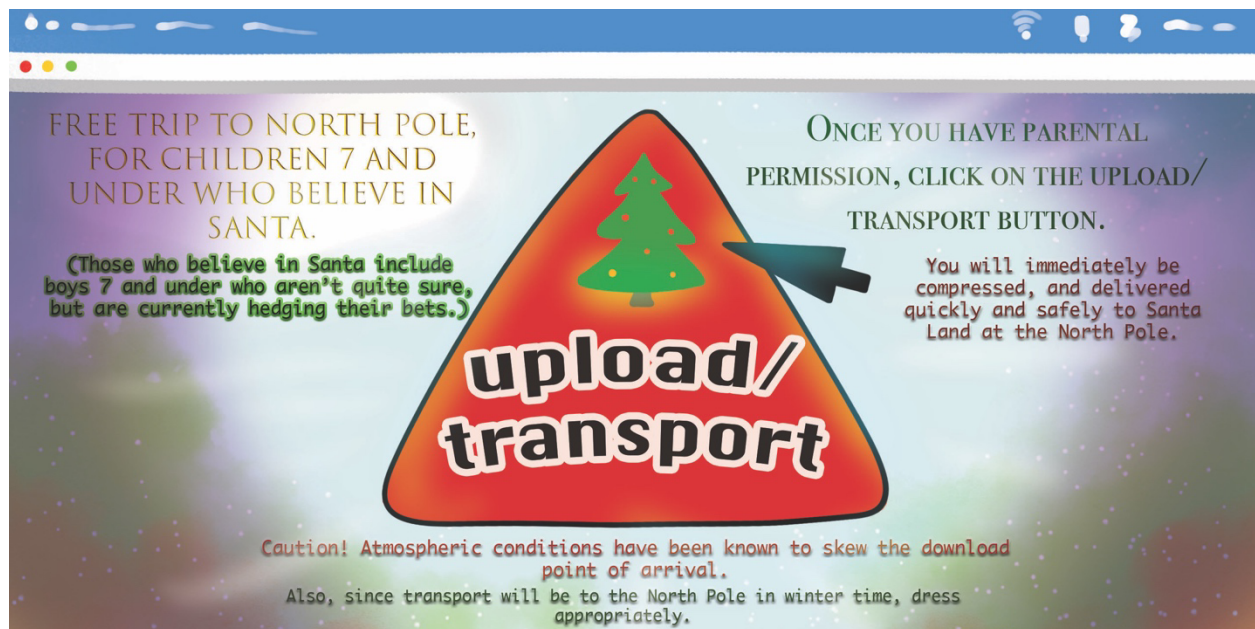
"Yeah."

"What if there's a virus?"

"Mom gave you permission to be on the site, and Santa would never direct us to a virus."

"I thought you didn't believe in Santa."

"I don't. But if there *is* a Santa, I don't want to upset him. It's too close to Christmas."



From behind her shoulder, Jack read, "Free trip to North Pole, for Children seven and under who believe in Santa."

"Well, we're both six, Jack. That's a start! Do you believe in Santa?"

"I'm not sure."

"Wait. There's some fine print! 'Those who believe in Santa include boys 7 and under who aren't quite sure, but are hedging their bets.' Hey! That's you!"

"Wait a minute. There are height and weight restrictions. What do you weight?"

"You can't ask a woman that question!"

"You're just a girl! It says girls have got to be under 48 inches tall, and under 50 pounds."

"I'm three-foot-ten.... 46 inches."

"Well, what do you weigh?"

"That's none of your business! Let's just say I'm 'in!' What about you?"

"Boys have to be under 49 inches, and 50.5 pounds. Mom measured me yesterday. I was just under 47 inches and I weighed 46 lb."

"Wait a second!" said Mary. "Look at this. It says, 'All children must have pa-ren-tal per-mis-sion.'"

"You already have permission? Mom knows you're on Santa's website."

Mary read on. "It says,

"Once you have parental permission, click on the 'up-load/trans-port button.'

"You will im-me-di-ate-ly be com-pressed," read Jack, taking over, "and de-liv-ered quickly and safe-ly to Santa Land at the North Pole."

"Look, Jack, there's a yellow warning sign."

"Yeah."

"Cau-tion! At-mos-phe-ric conditions have been known to skew the down-load point of arrival."

Mary then took over reading.

"Wear com-fort-a-ble shoes, in case you have to walk a bit. Also, since trans-port will be to the North Pole in winter time, dress ap-pro-pri-ate-ly."

"With all the global warming up there," observed Jack, "our sweats and tennis shoes should be plenty good. Everyone knows that the North Pole is melting right out from under the polar bears!"

This made sense to his sister. "Then, let's go! Shall I hit the *upload/transport* button?"

"Yeah. Click it!"

Then as Mary clicked the mouse, the kids heard a "whooshing" sound, and saw flashing of multi-colored light. Then, just as suddenly, everything went black.

"Jack. What's happening? I feel like I'm getting smaller!"

"You *are* getting smaller! I think we're being compressed."

"Grab my hand! I'm being sucked into the computer monitor!"

"I've already got your hand. It's not doing any good. It's got both of us."

"Shouldn't we leave a note for mom?"

"It's too late. The suction is too strong."

With technology like that, it's no wonder Santa can deliver toys to every boy and girl in the world on Christmas Eve!

Episode 3

Arrival in Santa Land at Father Christmas' Shop

At the time, a business was closing for the evening in a neighborhood in Santa Land. Its owner, “old” Father Christmas, had just turned out the lights, locked the door, and headed home for supper. Then, with the shopkeeper gone for the night, the plastic figures within the store—who had recently been molded and painted, and who were about to be shipped to all the stores for sale — suddenly came to life, as they always did after business hours.



"Hey, Candle," called the Snowman, "can we have some light here?"

"Of course," said Candle, turning on his light.

END OF FREE PREVIEW