A Christmas Adventure

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It’s that season to be happy
In a city to the North.
All the children are excited;
It’s December 24th.
Like every boy his age,
Mikey likes it when it snows.
It’s the perfect Christmas weather
As everybody knows.

Mikey has some friends from school
And around his neighborhood,
But the friend he loves most is Santa,
As you might expect he would.

He’d often visit Santa
With his older sister Laurie
Inside a large department store –
It is here we start our story.
Mikey anxiously was waiting
At the front of a long line.
"Hi Santa!" he would shout,
"The next turn with you is mine."

"Hi, Mikey!" Santa said,
With a sparkle in his eye.
"Today is Christmas eve;
In a few hours I'll be by."

"I came to wish you a good trip,"
Mikey said to Santa Claus.
"Eat well and please dress warm,
And don't break any traffic laws."

"Don't worry my young friend;
I'll drive with greatest care.
When you wake up in the morning,
You'll know that I've been there."

Mikey left the store with Laurie,
Heading home to trim the tree.
"I'm so excited," Mikey said,
"Excited as can be."

"Look over there," said Mikey.
"Look who's ringing that red bell.
And just around the corner
Another Santa Claus as well.

"Those men are Santa's helpers;
He's very busy in December.
There are many gifts for him to wrap
And children to remember."
“Mikey,” said Laurie,
“Don’t you think, don’t you feel
That there isn’t a Santa,
That he just can’t be real?

“A sleigh and eight reindeer,
Bags full of toys,
One man who can visit
All good girls and boys.

“It sounds so impossible,
It’s not what it seems.
It’s all make-believe,
All wishes and dreams.”

Mikey couldn’t believe
The things he just heard.
What Laurie had said
Was wrong — every word.

Mikey’s eyes were all tears
As they came to their door.
He was thinking of Santa,
The trip home from the store.

“Laurie said there’s no Santa,”
Mikey cried to his mother.
“Laurie,” she said,
“Please be kind to your brother.”

“Santa is real
For all children like you,
But you change as you grow
And your ideas do too."
"You think not of Santa
In the way you do now,
But yet Christmastime
Becomes better somehow."
Mikey trusted his mother
As every child should,
But yet what she told him
Was not understood.

Mikey went to his dad,
Who said the same thing,
But no satisfaction
Did that comment bring.

The rest of the evening
Was spent pleasantly
Hanging up stockings,
Trimming the tree.

“Good night, dear Mikey,”
Both parents said.
“Put on your pajamas
And please go to bed.”

Mikey went to his room
Not feeling quite right.
He couldn’t be sure
What would happen tonight.

He walked to the window
With tears in both eyes.
Somewhere was his Santa
Up there in the skies.

Or was Laurie correct?
Was Santa a lie?
If the answer was yes,
He had to know why.
Then a smile lit his face
As he had a great thought:
“I will find the answer.
Is he real? Is he not?”

As Mikey lay upon his bed
And listened hard for noise:
The jingle of some sleigh bells,
The rattle of some toys.

As much as he had wanted
To stay up all that night,
His eyelids slowly lowered
And finally closed tight.

Then Mikey jumped up quickly.
What sound did he just hear?
Could it be that he heard Santa
And his famous eight reindeer?

He opened the door
And walked down the hall.
He came to the corner
And peeked ’round the wall.

His question was answered!
He knew all along
That there was a Santa
And that Laurie was wrong.
A chubby old fellow
Had laid down a bag,
Pulled out a package
And checked out the tag.
Santa's smile was so cheerful,  
His outfit so grand.  
The tree sparkled brighter  
From its star to its stand.  

Santa went to the stockings  
And there turned his back  
While Mikey crept closer  
To Santa's huge sack.  

So quickly in need  
Of someplace to hide  
That he went to the bag  
And crawled far inside.
It was then shortly after,
Perhaps only a minute,
When the bag started moving
With, of course, Mikey in it.

The sack moved up skyward
When a thud to his head
Made it clear he had landed
On Santa’s big sled.

The sleigh then took off
With incredible speed.
What excitement for Mikey!
What excitement, indeed!

The sleigh soared up higher
And the moon was aglow.
The houses looked smaller,
As were all sights below.

To town after town
Did the big fellow go,
Leaving gifts for the children
Whom Santa loved so.

Mikey’s trip went so smoothly
In there with the toys
When all of a sudden
He heard a loud noise.
“What bad luck,” said Santa. 
Next to Blitzen’s right hoof 
The sleigh’s right front runner 
Was stuck on the roof.

As hard as he tried 
Santa couldn’t succeed. 
The sleigh just stayed stuck 
And the runner unfreed.

“I’ll help you!” said Mikey, 
As he jumped from the sack. 
“With the two of us pushing, 
We’ll get back on the track.”

“Mikey, my goodness,” 
A surprised Santa said. 
“Why aren’t you at home 
Asleep in your bed?”

“No time for that now; 
We’ve got to move on. 
There are many more houses 
To visit by dawn.”
Mikey and Santa,
So hard did they push
When the sleigh finally moved
And suddenly – whoosh!
With two Santas as drivers
Much faster they flew,
Completed their job –
In record time too!

“You’ve been a great help,
But now we must hurry
To get you back home
So your parents don’t worry.”

In a matter of minutes
Mikey returned to his bed.
As he fell sound asleep,
Santa went back to his sled.

“Wake up, little brother!”
Laurie yelled from the door.
“It’s Christmas morning.
Don’t sleep anymore.”

Mikey’s eyes opened wide
And he jumped to his feet.
He rushed to the living room,
Still holding his sheet.

“I knew Santa was real.
I was with him last night.
What a time that I had!
What a sleigh! What a flight!”
Mikey told the whole story
Of him and of Santa,
Of their trips to New York,
San Jose and Atlanta.

All three listened well
To each word that was spoken,
But when he had finished,
Mikey’s heart remained broken.

For no one, but no one,
Believed he was right.
“Just a dream,” said his dad,
“You were here all last night.”

Mikey then wondered
“A dream – could it be
That nothing did happen
To Santa and me?”

All the gifts were unwrapped
And each brought a stare,
But the spark of past Christmases
Just wasn’t there.

The room had been cleaned,
Lunch was ready and hot
When Laurie said, pointing,
“There’s one gift we forgot.”
A small pretty package
On the lowermost branch
Nearly hidden by ornaments
Was spotted by chance.

"Where did that come from?"
Mother said in surprise.
"I've never seen it,"
Dad said with wide eyes.

The tag on the gift read
"To Mikey", no less,
So Mikey unwrapped it
And inside – can you guess?

The most beautiful medal
Tied around with gold cord:
"Santa's Number One Helper – A Special Award."

While his parents stood quiet
And Laurie said she was wrong,
Mikey thought, grinning,
"They knew all along."