



Santa's Journey



The snow batters the window in front of him, hazing his sight even more. He feels very aware of the time, slowly receding away from him with each hurdle. His warm suit causing beads of sweat to race down his face into his bushy white beard. Despite this, determination etched onto his face, his glasses sliding down his nose. He pushes them up with a white-gloved hand, keeping his eyes on the path ahead of him. Despite the snowstorm, he had still fought to go ahead, wanting to make sure every child got what they wished. He's Santa Claus for "goodness' sake".

Sitting in his converted sleigh, he ploughs on through the night, humming a Christmas jingle. His reindeer hurtle through the white snowflakes that are darting towards the ground like miniscule daggers. A bright red glowing light looms in front of his eyes, steering him in the right direction, its source a small reindeer leading the others into the unknown: Rudolph.

Stashed haphazardly behind him is a gigantic red sack, filled to the brim with toys upon toys, all stuffed neatly and conveniently into it, ready for each child. A smile plays on his face at the thought of children waking up to piles of presents shining under their trees, waiting to be ripped open. He chuckles, knowing the parents will be woken to the joyful shouts of their children rising earlier than usual.

Then, only just remembering, he sees the storm again, still chucking a tantrum. He sighs, a bit of jolliness leaking away from him. The storm will delay the journey no doubt, no matter how determined he may be. He wishes with all of his Christmas spirit that he will be able to make it to each house on time, hoping that his magic will be strong enough. As if in answer, the snow subsides, not slowly but all at once like a pin dropping. There is silence and he smiles in joy. Christmas will not be stopped by anything. "Ho Ho Ho, Merry Christmas!" His cries of happiness ring out into the silence, spreading far and wide to each corner of the world.

