

A present for Santa

It was like the breath of the winter goddess that blew on this Christmas Eve. Margaret was only a little girl, so she still believed that Santa would come Christmas night and bring her presents. And what Margaret really wanted was a princess doll and to play with it and become best friends with it.

“If only I could make friends with this beautiful princess doll and then I’ll be able to talk to her, and it’ll be wonderful.” Said Margaret. “If only I could sit with her on top of the farm and nap with her and make her a crown of flower.”

However, Margaret’s parents were very poor and they couldn’t never afford a doll that Margaret dreamed about. But, Margaret had also wondered about something else.

“If Santa is flying around the world giving out presents to the entire world, he must get pretty tired,” thought Margaret. “If he’s giving presents out to the world, who’s giving presents to Santa?”

Margaret, spurned by her idea, used pink origami paper and folded a little cat out of it, and used her crayons to draw a cute little face onto it. And then, she wrote a letter for Santa, “*Dear Santa, thank you very much for all the presents you gave me. This is my present for you.*” And then, she took this letter and paper cat and put them both into her stocking for Santa, which she hung on the wall behind her bed.

After a while, and while Margaret dreaming in a white and silent world, you could almost hear the faint sound of bells tinkling. And then, out of that twinkling sky came Santa on his sled of reindeer like a comet from the out of the cloud. Santa quietly landed on top of Margaret’s house, grabbed a big bag and slowly crept down the chimney. When Santa was about to put the box inside the stocking, something brushed against his fingers. When Santa opened her letter, he stood like a statue, forgotten by time itself. Bathed by the moonlight coming through the window, he looked like Jesus Christ himself.

“What a sweet little girl, pity, lately there have been less and less children that believe in me...I know! To make sure that she never stops believing, I’m going to give her this doll” said Santa. As he said that, he reached deep into his sack and pulled out a doll. Santa was gazing softly at Margaret’s sleeping figure, and slowly, a great big tear rolled down his cheek. The doll that he gave her was mysterious like the bottom of a mountain lake, and, wearing a blue dress, was like a princess.

On Christmas day, Margaret got up earlier than usual, and the first thing her eyes darted to was the stocking above her bed. In the stocking, drowned in the morning sunlight was a doll, sparkling like a blue diamond.

Hesitantly, Margaret reached for the doll, and almost instinctively hugged to herself. After a while, she reached into the stocking again, and found that her letter and origami cat were gone.