

A Christmas Story

„You won't believe who I met!“, Tom's father said with a shaking voice, when he entered the warm living-room of his home in Isley Road 42. He lived there with his only child Tom, a 13-year-old teenager. The father carried a one-metre-high tree. It was meant to be their Christmas tree, because it was the 24th of December.

„Who was it?“, Tom asked without looking up from his tablet PC. He was keen on reaching the next level of his game „The Starchild Strikes Back“.

„It was Santa Clause!“, his father shouted.

Now Tom stopped playing, looked at his father and said in a tone that was completely empty of any sign of enthusiasm or interest. „Really?“

„Yes. Come with me, son! I will take you to him.“

„No thanks. I have already seen a hundred of Santa Clauses. I'm not interested in just another old man saying „ho ho ho“ and telling lies to naive children.“

„But this man is the real Santa Clause!“

„Is he? And how do you know?“

„I just had this warm feeling inside me when he talked to me.“

„A warm feeling? Are you sure it wasn't alcohol that made you feel warm?“

„No. I haven't been drinking for seven months. Believe me, it was HIM. It was Santa Clause.“

„Okay. I believe you. And now let me go on playing, dad!“

„No, you don't. You have to come with me and see. I promise I will buy you the newest tablet pc, if you can prove me wrong.“

„Fine, dad. I will come“, Tom said and slowly got up from the couch. „This will be very expensive for you.“

Twenty minutes later they arrived at the local Christmas circus, where Tom's father believed Santa Clause to be.

„Okay, dad. Here are some animals that almost look like reindeer. But here is no Santa Clause, not even a sleigh.“

„But he must be here. He told me that he travelled with the circus people.“

„Maybe he was just a circus clown“, Tom thought.

Suddenly they heard a deep voice behind them.

„Are you looking for me?“

The father and his son turned around and saw a man who looked exactly like Santa Clause.

„Tom, may I introduce Santa Clause to you?“

„This is not Santa Clause. He's nothing but an old man with a white beard and a red Santa costume“, Tom said.

„You're almost right, Tom“, the old man said. „I'm almost nothing but a 327-year-old man with a white beard and a red Santa costume.“

„No, you're not.“ Tom couldn't believe him.

„Yes, I am. And there's one thing more about me. I can be wherever I want to be.“

„Me, too. And now I want to go home.“

„Wait“, the old man called. „You don't have to go.“

„I don't? Why not? I don't see any sleigh around here.“

„I don't need a sleigh. I can move to any place I like just by thinking about it.“

„Okay. Then take me home right now. If I am not at home in the next 5 seconds, we will see that you are only a liar and a fake.“

„Fine. Give me your hand and close your eyes! In a few seconds you will be in your house in Isley Road 42.“

The father and the son did what the bearded man told them to do.

In the next breath the old man said: „You can open your eyes now.“

„Where are we?“, asked the son. „It's so dark and cold here. This can't be our house.“

„Tom, can't you see?“, his father asked. „We are in our cellar!“
„I prefer teleporting to cellars because there are usually less people that I could surprise with my sudden presence“, the old man explained.
„Wow! You really are Santa Clause!“, Tom shouted excitedly.
„Actually my name is Scott.“
Then the father said: „That was really amazing, Santa Clause, sorry, I meant to say 'Mr. Scott'“.
„Yeah“, Tom said. „And now I want to be in my living-room. So beam me up, Scotty!“
„Tom!“, his father said angrily. „Don't be disrespectful. Don't forget the magic word!“
„Which magic word?“, Tom asked. „Simsalabim?“
„No“, his father answered. „The word is please.“
Suddenly they sat on the couch in the living-room.
„Cool“, Tom said and smiled happily. Then he turned to Scott. „But they say that you come down through the chimney.“
„Yes. In the early days I came down through the chimney after teleporting on the roof because I could be sure that I would meet nobody on the roof. But then I realized that it was much more comfortable and safer to land in the cellar and then use the stairs instead of the chimney.“
„I thank you very much, Mr. Scott, for showing my son that Santa Clause is real. But now we don't want to steal your precious time any longer.“
„Wait!“, Tom shouted. „I still don't believe that Scotty is Santa Clause.“
„But what else does he have to do to make you believe, Tom?“
„I want him to take me to my mom so that I can talk to her.“
„But that's not possible. Your mom is dead.“
„For the real Santa Clause nothing is impossible“, Tom said. „And after all, is Christmas not the time for miracles? So can you, Santa Clause?“
„Yes“, answered Scott. „If you help me.“
„What must I do?“
„You have to close your eyes, think of your mother and feel! Feel your love for her! If you have got enough love, I will make you meet her.“
Then Tom closed his eyes ...

When he opened them up again, he saw his mother standing in front of him.
„Mom!“, Tom cried and stepped forward to hug her. But his arms went through her. He almost stumbled and fell. After winning back his balance, he began to curse furiously:
„What the hell! Why did you send me a hologram of my mother?“
„It's not a hologram, little Major Tom“, Santa Clause corrected him. „It's the ghost of your mother. Say hello to her!“
„It's true, dear child“, her mother said. „Heaven allowed me to speak to you for a minute so that I can tell what I always wanted to tell you.“
„What is it, mom?“
„I wanted to say that I am so sorry that I had to leave you and your dad alone. Besides, I beg you not to hate the driver who was responsible for my fatal accident. I am fine here up in heaven. And most of all, I wanted to say that I love you, Tom. I will always be watching you from above. Farewell, my child.“
„I love you too, mom“, Tom answered with tears in his eyes, while he was watching her disappear again.
After a moment of silence Tom's father went to his son, hugged him and whispered. „I love you, Tom. Happy christmas.“

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A long time later in a galaxy far, far away.

„Hey Scotty, has your mission been successful?“

„Yes, Captain. I think I have saved Christmas for my grand-grand-grand-grand-grand-parent.“

LIVE LONG AND PROSPER.