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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## Poor Santa Claus

I have always had a notion I wished I was Santa Claus.  
I have always had a notion I would like  
to be, because it would be such fun a-goin' down the  
chimneys all around, tiptoein' into bedrooms, stoppin' at  
each  
little sound, with my ears pricked up to listen for the  
little fellers' tread, peekin' out between the curtains,  
peekin'  
into each wee bed, harkin' to the talk of daytimes of  
each  
eager little tyke, an' then, Christmas, fetchin' to 'em all  
the  
pretty things they like.  
I have always had a notion I would like to  
get his mail, and read every little letter till the stars  
got  
dim and pale every morning. I imagine he gets just the  
quaintest pile of wee notes that it's no wonder that he  
always wears a smile; but I've also got a notion, just a  
sort of  
faint surmise, I can see a little sorrow 'way back in his  
laughin' eyes; an' it's that there look of sorrow gets me  
feelin' glad because I am only me, and do not have to  
be a  
Santa Claus.

I'm a fool! For when the presents had been  
scattered everywhere, and been clasped to breasts of  
babies with  
night's tangles in their hair, when 'twas the day after  
Christmas, the  
morn after Christmas morn, with the glad girls with  
their dollies, with  
the boys each with a horn,  
With the sun a-shinin' brightly, and with  
glorious New Year's Day  
seemin' to wait for us laughin' only just a  
week away, I would turn from it a-sighin', put my  
empty knapsack by, an' wish I could take my smile off  
an' go  
off somewhere an' cry.  
Cry for letters all unanswered, cry for  
stockings all unfilled, for child voices raised in hoping,  
now in  
disappointment stilled. I should want to go off  
somewhere by my  
lonesome just to grieve for the little bits o' stockings  
hanging  
empty Christmas Eve, that would hang empty and  
cheerless by  
the cold grate in the morn, when with joy the world  
was ringing and  
the Christmas Day was born. I would feel bad for the  
babies with their  
little cheeks tear-wet,  
Standin' grievin' Christmas mornin', thinkin' Santa could  
forget.

I am glad that I'm not Santa,  
glad that I  
don't have to be; there won't  
be no little babies Christmas  
morning blamin' me 'cause  
their little baby stockings were  
all  
empty in the light of the  
morning, that were hung up  
filled  
with hoping overnight. I can  
feel bad and be grievin' all of Christmas Day because  
of the disappointed babies without being  
Santa Claus; an' if I was him I reckon I could never  
play the part, for the thought of them I couldn't ever  
reach would break my heart.

