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Santa Claus's Letter

Unknown writer

Christmas was coming. Jamie and Ted had already begun to write long letters to Santa Claus — but one thing was rather curious: both boys asked for exactly the same things. Every little letter ended with, "*Just like Brother's.*"

They'd agreed to ask for only one sled, too. They'd rather ride together. And wasn't that sweet?

One night, after they'd gone to bed, Jamie said, "Ted, if Santa brings us skates, Jim can teach us how to use them."

"Oh, yes! And if we get fur mittens, it'll be such fun to build a fort."

"And a snowman," Jamie added.

Ted went on: "I'll always ride the sled *down* the hill, and you can ride it *up*."

"I guess you won't," said Jamie, his voice rising.

"Why not?"

"Because it'll be as much my sled as yours."

"Yes, of course," Ted replied, "but I chose it first."

"You are a selfish boy!" said Jamie.

"Well, then, so are you!"

"I don't care. I won't sleep with you. I'll ask Mama if I can't have first pick — I'm the oldest!" roared Jamie, bounding out of bed.

"You're a big, cross crybaby," Ted shouted, jumping out after him.

Away ran Jamie to their mother, with Ted at his heels. Both were angry. Both talked at once.

Mama was grieved. Her dear little boys had never been so unkind to each other before. She kissed their flushed faces and stroked their hair. She told them quietly how their harsh words hurt, and how wrong it was to see two brothers who loved each other treat each other this way.

That night, they fell asleep in each other's arms, full of forgiveness.

Christmas morning came at last. Very early, the boys crept out of bed just to *feel* their stockings.

Papa heard them and, remembering that he was once a boy himself, went and lit the lamp.

Each little red stocking was full from toe to top. Boxes and paper parcels were piled all around them. Such shouting! Such a good time! It seemed as if every last wish in their letters had been answered.



Then Jamie cried, "Oh, Ted — here's a letter!"

They put their heads together, and with Papa's help spelled it out:

"My dear Boys — No sled this year. It quarrelled so, I was afraid to bring it. I dropped it off the load about a week ago. Get ready for it next year. Merry Christmas! — SANTA CLAUS."

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