

TWO WEEKS  
BEFORE  
CHRISTMAS  
ILLUSTRATED  
AND WRITTEN BY  
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When the alarm clock went off at 5:00 AM, Santa was not in the mood to go to work, or even get out of bed.

"Some days I just don't want to go to work," Santa grumbled as he pulled the blanket over his head.

"Burr, it's cold," he shivered, "I guess I could go in a little late today."

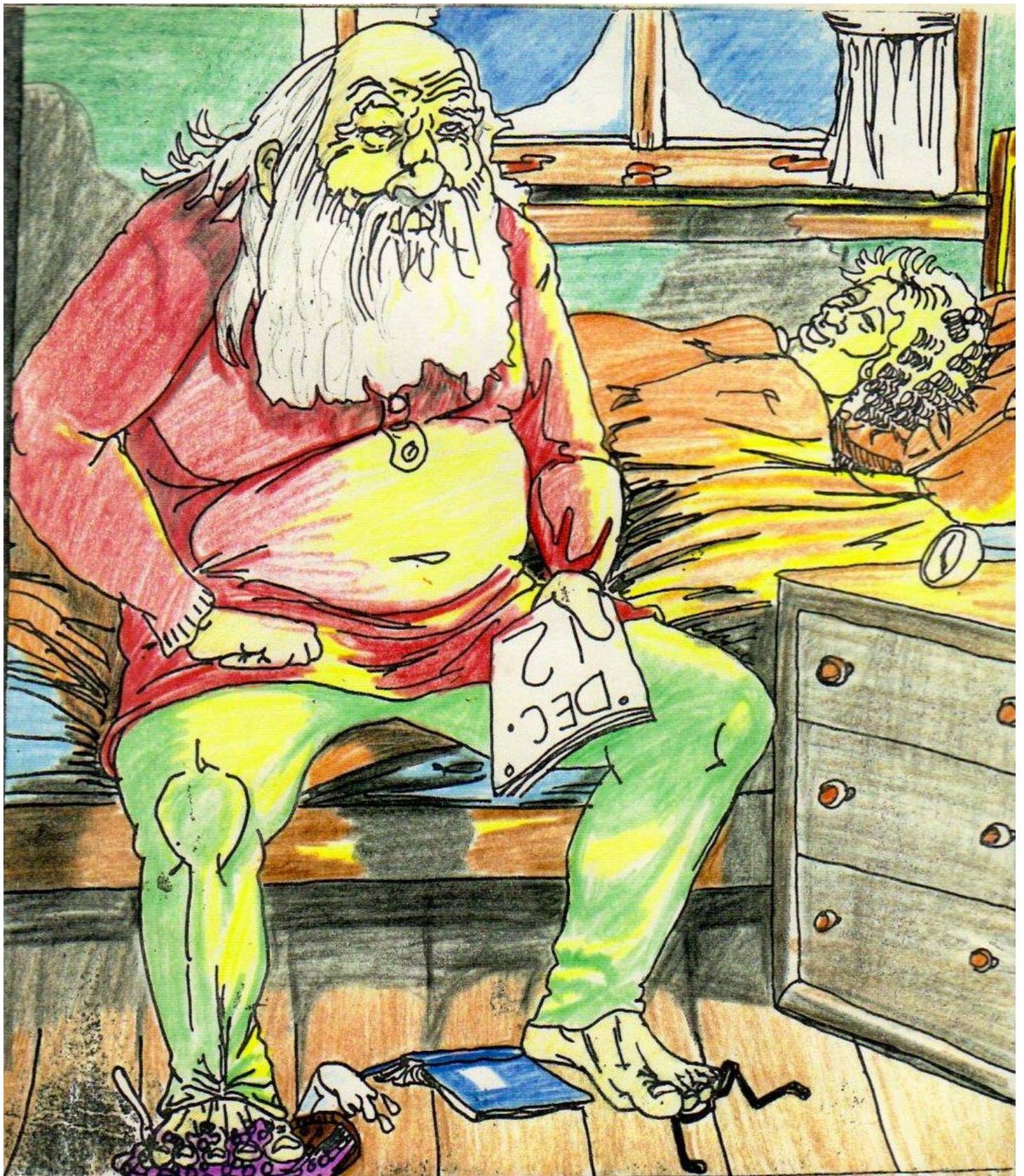
Santa peeked out from under the blanket for a look at the calendar.

"Ah, It's December 12<sup>th</sup> ... oh, no only a few days left, I gotta get to work." With that, Santa sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"Argh! (*Crunch*) Oh, no," he shuttered, "My glasses smashed under one foot and last night's blueberry pie under the other. Great start and only 12 days left until Christmas."

Santa had made so much noise that he woke Mrs. Claus. "Oh, you're up," Sarah Claus smiled sleepily.



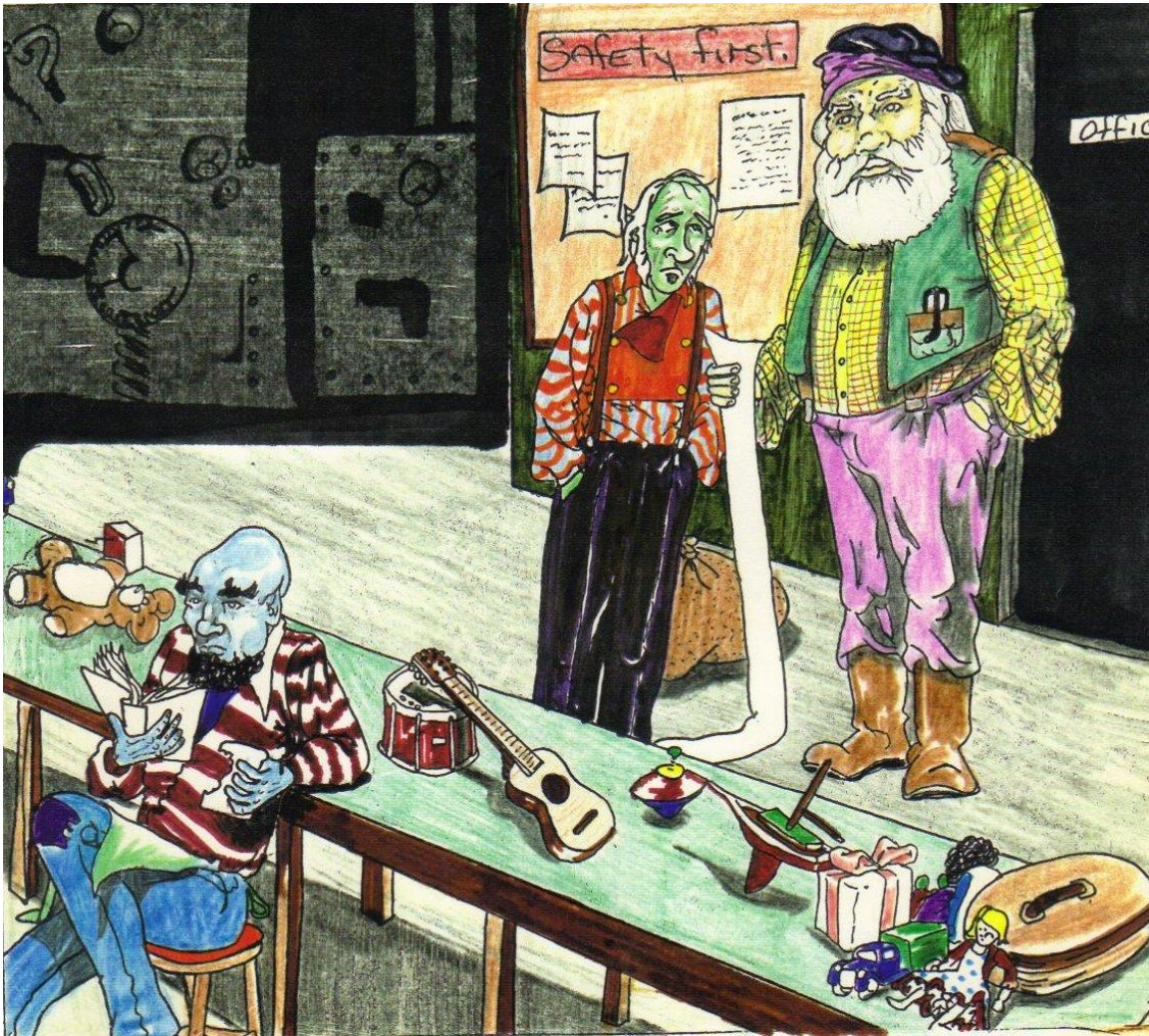




Once Santa was dressed and had breakfast, he went to the Toy Factory with his newest list of good boys and girls.

"Well, Mort, I have 73,897,244 items here that are marked rush. If we could just... Say, why are we shut down?" Santa finished.

"The parts haven't arrived yet," Mort answered.



"But ... but ... why ... when ... what? Um ... well get a crew of elves in the back shed, we'll do them the old way ... by hand." Santa had a job to do and it would get done, if he



had to call in more elves and do it all by hand. This was a bad way to start the Christmas season.

After spending yesterday in the factory, Santa hoped for better luck in the garage where the sleigh was kept.

"Good Heavens I thought this would be fixed by now. What's the hold up?" Santa was more than surprised, he was disappointed.

"We ordered some baobab from down south, but it hasn't come in yet," The carpenter foreman, Sneed Fipps said. "We'll do the best we can Santa."

"Oh, I know you will Sneed."

