

I hate Santa

I hated Santa Clause. That omniscient old fart had taken over Christmas. Somehow this ridiculous old man with a god complex had become an icon for Christmas in the western world. How did this happen? I was sick of his clichéd ho ho hos and his cheesy TV specials. I wanted nothing to do with him. When my manager, Debbie, asked me to be him one Christmas, I flat out refused.

“Get someone else to do it,” I said.

“You’re the only guy in the whole school,” she said, “Why don’t you want to do it?”

Because Santa is Lucifer in disguise, Santa is an anagram for Satan didn’t you know. He’s the pagan sun-god flying in his chariot in the sky. He’s a coca cola commercial.

“I don’t know. I just don’t feel comfortable”

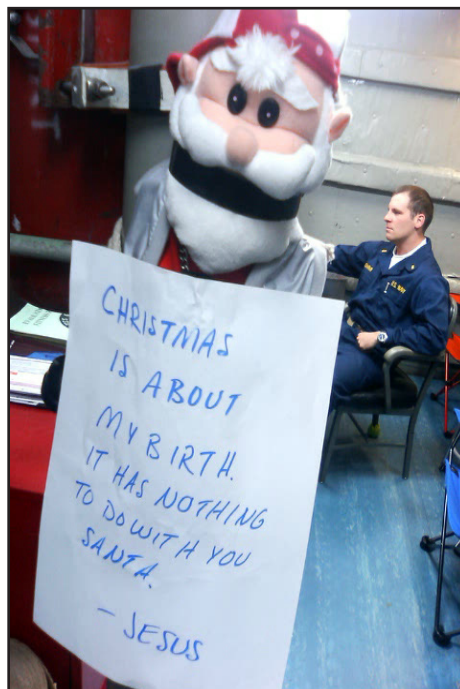
Debbie’s eyes started bulging. If you knew Debbie then you’d know this wasn’t a good sign.

“If you want to teach at this school, you have to be Santa. You have to do it for the kids. It’s in your contract.”

Being Santa is in my contract? How the hell did I end up

teaching Kindergarten?

On the big day I pulled on the baggy red pants and stuffed a pillow under my shirt. I had the white cotton beard and the infernal hat. I had everything except for the shoes. Santa would have to wear Airwalks



this year. Whatever. This is stupid, the kids will figure out it’s me in a second. I was determined to be the worst Santa ever. I wanted to be bad Santa.

I crept over to the large room where the kids were waiting. They were all sitting patiently in rows, waiting expectantly for Santa to arrive. They weren’t bouncing off the walls or punching each other in the nose. It was the quietest I’d

ever seen them. I walked into the room and suddenly forty suspicious little eyes were on me.

“That’s not Santa. He’s wearing Mr. G’s shoes!”

“Of course it’s Santa,” Debbie said crossly, “say something Santa.”

There was an awkward silence. My beard tickled. I looked down at all those puzzled little faces. Some of them looked downright hostile. I knew what I had to do.

“HO HO HO”

I started prancing around the room, rubbing my belly and acting like an idiot. I let out another gigantic belly laugh and jiggled my pillow fat. Those speech and drama classes I took in high school were really paying off. The kids were laughing their heads off. I sat in Santa’s big chair and opened up the bag of presents. One by one the kids came up to sit on Santa’s lap. I tried to ask pertinent leading questions.

“Did you fight with your brother this year?”

A crestfallen face stared up at the beard.

“Yes,” a scared little voice said.

“Oh...uh...well, I appreciate your honesty young man. Have a present.”

And on it went until all the kids had Christmas presents, which they weren't allowed to open until they got home (because some parents were richer than others). Debbie made the kids sing me some Christmas carols and I clapped along and pretended to enjoy it. My beard was itching like crazy but the kids were so happy I couldn't help but laugh for real. I don't think there was a doubt in their minds that it was the real Santa visiting them that day.

By Antoine Giraud.