

The night Santa crashed, presents rescued

By Mary Lockwood
Special to the *Tundra Times*

Around statehood time, there was a rumor the Air Force radar station located a UFO originating from the North Pole. Apparently an old white man by the name of "Santa" was coming on a sleigh pulled by a team of flying reindeers.

"Oh, boy," I thought. "Things are really getting strange."

One December night, it hushy

when I was awakened by knocks on the door. The clothes drying racks were full of socks. My parents answered the door. A young lady had rushed from her home. I could tell because she didn't have a cover on her curly head. She greeted my parents with stifled excitement.

"Were you folks expecting a delivery of presents?" she asked.

"We were hoping to..." Mom said vaguely.

"Santa's plane crashed

and burned. He's at the Air Force site. Some presents were rescued."

"Kaa-aah?"

The lady was so logical, the news so incredible. I pinched myself. She opened the door and a rustling sound brought my parents to help her.

"Boy," Dad sniffed. "It's stinky."

"Yeah," agreed the lady. "But look." She reached in and a rustle of cellophane brought out a plastic covered doll.

"Oooh!" I pushed the covers off and rushed to the lady with my arms out to take the doll out of her hands. They looked at me with great surprise. The lady pulled the sack shut. I yanked the doll out of her hands.

"Mary!" Dad said in shock. Some kids stirred in bed.

"Shhh!" hissed Mom.

"Eee-ni-kee!" Dad scolded my greed. My face crumpled.

"Shhh!" commanded Mom. I felt terrible.

"You can keep the doll," said the lady. I looked at her.

"Really?" I asked. Adults were pretty unpredictable.

"Yeah. That's yours. Merry Christmas." Why was she calling me Christmas?

"My name isn't Christmas."

© 1992 By Mary Lockwood. All rights reserved.

(Editor's note: The author, originally from Unalakleet now resides in California.)