

An Angel Atop the Tree



Christmas Eve should have been a happy time, but it wasn't that year. Santa couldn't remember being so upset. Nothing was going right. Mrs. Claus had burned the last 70 batches of Christmas cookies. The elves were complaining, even more than usual, about long hours and low pay at the workshop. And the North Pole observatory was predicting torrential rains across most of North America and Europe. To top it all off, someone had mistakenly sent the spiked eggnog out to the stables. The reindeer, naturally, had gotten drunk and decided to take the sleigh out for a spin and crashed it into a tree, breaking off one of the runners.

"I CAN'T believe it!" Santa shouted. "I've got to deliver millions of presents all over the world just a few hours from now and my reindeer are blitzed and my elves are talking strike. I don't even have a Christmas tree! I sent that stupid little angel out HOURS ago to find a tree and he isn't back yet! What am I going to do?"

Just then the little angel opened the front door and stepped in from the snowy night dragging a huge tree behind him. He said: "So, Santa, where do you want me to stick the Christmas tree this year?"

