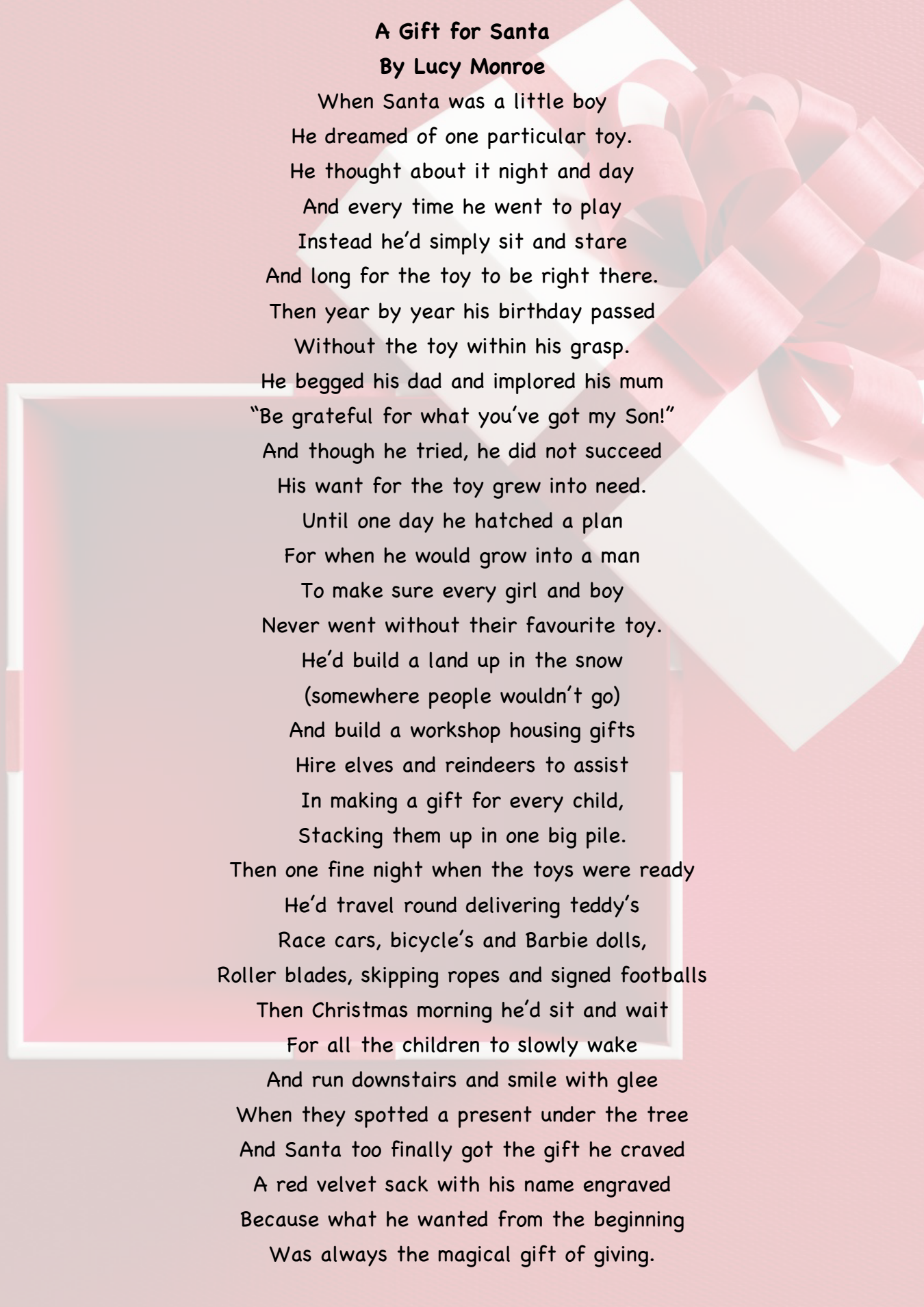


## A Gift for Santa

By Lucy Monroe



When Santa was a little boy  
He dreamed of one particular toy.  
He thought about it night and day  
And every time he went to play  
Instead he'd simply sit and stare  
And long for the toy to be right there.  
Then year by year his birthday passed  
Without the toy within his grasp.  
He begged his dad and implored his mum  
"Be grateful for what you've got my Son!"  
And though he tried, he did not succeed  
His want for the toy grew into need.  
Until one day he hatched a plan  
For when he would grow into a man  
To make sure every girl and boy  
Never went without their favourite toy.  
He'd build a land up in the snow  
(somewhere people wouldn't go)  
And build a workshop housing gifts  
Hire elves and reindeers to assist  
In making a gift for every child,  
Stacking them up in one big pile.  
Then one fine night when the toys were ready  
He'd travel round delivering teddy's  
Race cars, bicycle's and Barbie dolls,  
Roller blades, skipping ropes and signed footballs  
Then Christmas morning he'd sit and wait  
For all the children to slowly wake  
And run downstairs and smile with glee  
When they spotted a present under the tree  
And Santa too finally got the gift he craved  
A red velvet sack with his name engraved  
Because what he wanted from the beginning  
Was always the magical gift of giving.