

# Storytime with Dad

Ho, ho, huh?

Welcome to Storytime with Dad. Today we'll be reading Ho, ho, huh?

Once upon a time, in the frost-kissed realm of the North Pole, a Christmas Eve unlike any other unfolded. Santa Claus, the embodiment of holiday cheer, was busily overseeing the final preparations in his bustling workshop. Elves scurried about, with the lead elf, Tinsel, orchestrating the joyous chaos.

Amid this cheerful scene, a beautifully crafted wooden toy airplane, perched atop a high shelf, teetered precariously. In a fateful moment, it toppled over and fell, heading straight for Santa. With a surprising thud, it struck him squarely on the head.

The impact was sudden and startling. Santa staggered, his big frame swaying unsteadily. The workshop fell silent, the elves' eyes wide with concern. Santa, usually so sure-footed and jovial, crumpled gently to the ground, the fallen toy airplane beside him.

Tinsel rushed to his side, his heart pounding. "Santa, are you alright?" he asked, his voice tinged with worry.

Santa slowly pushed himself up, a hand on his head, his usual twinkle absent from his eyes. He looked around, visibly dazed, his gaze drifting over the familiar sights of his workshop as if seeing them for the first time.

"Where... where am I?" Santa asked, his voice filled with confusion. "And who are you people?"

The elves exchanged worried glances. Santa, the very heart of Christmas, not recognizing his own workshop or his beloved elves, was unimaginable.

Mrs. Claus, upon hearing the commotion, hurried in. Her eyes immediately found Santa, and she rushed to his side. "Santa, my dear, it's me, your wife," she said softly, trying to provide comfort.

Santa looked at her with a polite but puzzled expression. "My wife? Do I know you?"

The realization that Santa had lost his memory set in. Mrs. Claus and Tinsel exchanged a look of determination. They knew they had to do whatever it took to help Santa remember who he was – for his sake, and for the sake of Christmas itself.

"Santa, my dear, you've lost your memory" she said gently.

Santa, with a puzzled smile, replied, "I feel fine, but who is Santa?"

Tinsel, watching anxiously, suggested, "Let's take him to the house, Mrs. Claus. Maybe being there will help."

The workshop, usually a hub of joyous activity, had fallen into a hush as Mrs. Claus led Santa out of the room. With each step, Santa looked around with a mixture of curiosity and

bewilderment. The elves, usually so busy and cheerful, stood silently, watching the scene unfold with concern.

Once they arrived at Santa's house, Mrs. Claus guided him through the familiar red door. Inside, the house was a warm haven of Christmas comfort, adorned with festive decorations, a crackling fireplace, and the sweet aroma of freshly baked cookies. Despite the inviting atmosphere, Santa's face showed no sign of recognition.

"Santa, this is our home," Mrs. Claus said, her voice gentle and reassuring. "Look, here's your favorite chair by the fireplace, where you always sit to check the Naughty and Nice list."

Santa glanced at the large, plush chair, adorned with a red and green knitted blanket. He moved towards it slowly, as if drawn by an invisible thread of memory, but then stopped, still looking lost. "It's a nice chair," he said, "but I don't remember it. I don't remember any of this."

Mrs. Claus, trying another approach, led him to a wall filled with photographs. "These are our memories, Santa. Look, here we are at last year's Christmas parade, and this is you with the reindeer," she pointed out, her finger tracing over the images.

Santa leaned in, squinting at the photographs. "These people seem happy," he remarked, a hint of his old warmth flickering in his voice, "but I can't remember being there."

Feeling a growing sense of urgency, Mrs. Claus called for Tinsel. "Tinsel, maybe bring some of Santa's things. His coat, his boots, something that might trigger his memory."

Tinsel, eager to help, quickly returned with Santa's iconic red coat and shiny black boots. "Santa, these are yours. You wear them every Christmas Eve," he said, holding them out.

Santa reached out tentatively, touching the familiar fabric of the coat. For a moment, his brow furrowed in concentration, as if trying to grasp a fleeting dream. But then he shook his head, sighing. "I'm sorry. They're very nice, but I just don't remember."

Mrs. Claus, watching her husband struggle, felt a pang in her heart. The man who embodied the spirit of Christmas, now lost in a fog of forgetfulness. She knew they needed something more, something powerful enough to reach the depths of Santa's lost memories. It was then that she thought of music, the universal language that often touched where words could not reach. She decided to gather everyone to sing "Here Comes Santa Claus" hoping the familiar strains of Santa's favorite carol would awaken the magic within him.

As the familiar melody caressed his ears, a spark of recognition flickered in Santa's eyes. "That song... it's... it feels like home," he whispered, his voice tinged with wonder.

Mrs. Claus smiled warmly. "Yes, dear, it's your favorite. Do you remember the Christmases you've brightened?"

Santa's memories slowly unwrapped like gifts on Christmas morning. He recalled the sleigh rides, the laughter of children, the joy of giving. "Ho, ho, ho! Yes! I am Santa Claus," he declared, his voice regaining its familiar jolly timbre.

The elves cheered, and Tinsel exclaimed, "You're back, Santa! We have a big night ahead of us!"

With newfound vigor, Santa, Mrs. Claus, Tinsel, and the elves worked through the night, loading the sleigh with gifts. As dawn kissed the horizon, Santa, fully himself again, embarked on his magical journey, the melody of "Here Comes Santa Claus" lingering in his heart.

And so, the Christmas when Santa lost and regained his memory became a legendary tale, a testament to the power of the Christmas spirit.

The End.



What can I even say about that story. How fun - I think it's hilarious that Santa's favorite song is all about himself, Here Comes Santa Claus. But I guess it's technically more about him making other people happy, that it is purely about himself. The spirit of giving is right at the heart of Santa's favorite song. I know this episode is coming out the night before Christmas, that was planned! But, the season of giving is not over on Christmas. Did you know that Christmas lasts for 12 days after Christmas Day? You've probably heard the song the 12 days of Christmas, right? Well, those start tomorrow, the day after this episode was released.

Twelve days after Christmas is what we call the feast of the Epiphany. This day marks when the magi encountered Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and gave Jesus the gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. You know, what a lot of the Christmas songs are about.

So, my challenge to you from now through the Epiphany, is to do something nice for a friend, for your parent or parents, someone that you love. For example, if gift giving is how you show love, then maybe draw them a picture. There are a lot of ways to show someone you love them, and you get to choose your favorite. You have 12 days, and I hope you email me what you did to make someone feel special. Let me know at [hello@storytimewithdad.com](mailto:hello@storytimewithdad.com).

Merry Christmas and I will see you again next time.

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