



STORY: SANTA'S STUCK!

By Dianne de Las Casas

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Note: This is an original story based on the Russian folktale "The Enormous Turnip." I was inspired by neighborhood holiday inflatable displays of Santa falling into the chimney and one of the reindeer pulling him out. It's full of fun audience participation. Kids LOVE this story.

It was Christmas Eve. Santa Claus loaded his sleigh, harnessed his reindeer, and began traveling around the world to deliver toys to good girls and boys. At the first house, Santa and his reindeer landed on the roof. Santa slid down the chimney. Whoosh! He saw a big plate of cookies and big glass of milk sitting on the table. He gobbled all the cookies and guzzled all the milk.

A sip and a bite and he felt just right!

He stuffed the stockings, placed the presents, and flew up the chimney. Santa hopped into the sleigh and the reindeer took off. Vroom!

At the next house, Santa and his reindeer landed on the roof. Santa slid down the chimney. Whoosh! He saw another big plate of cookies and big glass of milk sitting on the table. He gobbled all the cookies and guzzled all the milk.

A sip and a bite and he felt just right!

He stuffed the stockings, placed the presents, and flew up the chimney. Santa hopped into the sleigh and the reindeer took off. Vroom!

At the next house, Santa and his reindeer landed on the roof. Santa slid down the chimney but it was a tight squeeze. Whoops! He saw another big plate of cookies and big glass of milk sitting on the table. He gobbled all the cookies and guzzled all the milk.

A sip and a bite and his pants felt tight!

He stuffed the stockings, placed the presents, and slowly flew up the chimney. His belly was so full of cookies and milk that he could barely budge up the chimney! Santa climbed into the sleigh holding his full belly and the reindeer took off. Oomph! But Santa was so heavy that they had a hard time pulling the sleigh.

At the next house, Santa and his reindeer landed on the roof with a big THUD. Santa said to the reindeer, "Hey guys, watch this!" Santa ran to the chimney and dove in head first. Oomph! Santa was stuck! His legs were sticking out of the top of the chimney. Santa yelled, "Reindeer, pull me out!"

Dasher said, “Santa, if you hadn’t eaten all those cookies and drank all that milk, you wouldn’t be stuck! You’re going to have to go on a serious diet!”

Santa said, “Could you please just pull me out?”

So Dasher grabbed Santa and he began to pull.

He pulled (clap, clap) and he pulled (clap, clap) with a ho, ho, ho
But Santa was stuck! He wouldn’t go, go, go!

Dasher said, “Looks like I’ll need more help!” So Dasher called Dancer. Dasher grabbed Santa, Dancer grabbed Dasher, and they began to pull.

They pulled (clap, clap) and they pulled (clap, clap) with a ho, ho, ho
But Santa was stuck! He wouldn’t go, go, go!

Dancer said, “This is terrible! Santa’s really stuck! We’ll need more help.” So Dancer called Prancer. Dasher grabbed Santa, Dancer grabbed Dasher, Prancer grabbed Dancer, and they began to pull.

They pulled (clap, clap) and they pulled (clap, clap) with a ho, ho, ho
But Santa was stuck! He wouldn’t go, go, go!

Prancer said, “What will we do? We’re way off schedule and Santa’s really stuck! We’ll need more help.” So Prancer called Vixen. Dasher grabbed Santa, Dancer grabbed Dasher, Prancer grabbed Dancer, Vixen grabbed Prancer, and they began to pull.

They pulled (clap, clap) and they pulled (clap, clap) with a ho, ho, ho
But Santa was stuck! He wouldn’t go, go, go!

Vixen said, “This is impossible! We’ll never get Santa out! Santa’s really stuck!” The reindeer were so tired that they collapsed into a pooped pile on top of the roof.

Santa yelled, “Hello?! Where is everyone? Can someone please pull me out?”
Just then, a little mouse scampered across the rooftop. She saw the reindeer in a pooped pile. She asked, “What are you doing?”

Dasher answered, “Santa’s stuck in the chimney and we can’t pull him out!”

The little mouse said, “You certainly could use a little more help. I’d be happy to help pull Santa out.”

Grumpy Vixen said, “What? You, a little mouse? You’re so small. You can’t help at all!”

The little mouse wiggled her whiskers and wagged her tail. “A little bit goes a long way.”

Santa said in his muffled voice, “Let her help. Please pull me out!”

The little mouse scurried to the end of the line. Dasher grabbed Santa, Dancer grabbed Dasher, Prancer grabbed Dancer, Vixen grabbed Prancer, Little Mouse grabbed Vixen’s tail, and they began to pull.

They pulled (clap, clap) and they pulled (clap, clap) with a ho, ho, ho
Then Santa came loose! He began to go, go, go!

Santa came flying out of the chimney. He double-flipped and landed on his feet. Everyone cheered.

Little Mouse was named Santa’s official Christmas mascot. Little Mouse was so small that she traveled with Santa every Christmas Eve. When Santa would reach for a second gobble of cookies or another guzzle of milk, Little Mouse would wiggle her whiskers, waggle her tail and say, “A little bit goes a long way!”

