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Punk Santa and Other Christmas Stories

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Lots of special, surprising things can happen around Christmastime. One kid finds weird glowing pictures in an Advent calendar instead of chocolates. A carrot is woken up from winter hibernation and forced to work as a snowman's nose. A new neighbor moves onto the bakery counter next to the cinnamon roll, cheese pastry, and raisin bun. Juss the Elf's mission to rescue abandoned slippers fails. And they say Christmas is a peaceful holiday!



Reading sample

Newcomers at the Bakery

The cinnamon roll, cheese pastry, and raisin bun were neighbors at the bakery. They'd become good friends while lounging side-by-side on the counter, chatting and teasing each other as they waited for customers.

"Have you seen the cheese pastry today?" the raisin bun asked her neighbor one morning, fresh out of the oven.

"Yeah, just a second ago," the cinnamon roll giggled. "I wonder who'd ever buy her, looking like that!"

The cheese pastry, who'd been overbaked slightly brown, heard her friends joking.

"What're you snickering about over there? Leave me alone!"

"Okay, okay," the raisin bun said.

"Hop up onto the counter. Santa just walked in, and it'll be time to go in a jiffy."

Santa Claus was a regular at the bakery. He came in every day to buy one cheese pastry, one cinnamon roll, and one raisin bun.

"Ho-ho-ho! Hello, there! Oh, are you selling sausage rolls now, too?" he called out, seeing a sign on the counter.

"Yes, we thought we'd try something new," answered Leili the baker. "A batch just came out of the oven. Would you like some?"

"Of course I would! I'll take three."

"Sounds good. Would you also like a cheese pastry, a raisin bun, and a cinnamon roll?" Leili asked as she bagged Santa's order.

"No, three will be enough. These sausage rolls look so tantalizingly fresh!"

Smiling, Leili handed him the bag.

"My dear Santa, you know everything we sell here is always fresh!"

"Isn't that the truth! I'll see you tomorrow!" Santa said jollily, placing his money on the counter and leaving the store.

Her eyes bulging, the raisin bun watched the door swing shut behind him. The cheese pastry trembled next to her. Both were then startled by the cinnamon roll's piercing cry: "Aaaaahhhh!"

Leilie pushed the cinnamon roll away from the cheese pastry and moments later, he found himself staring into the eyes of a plump sausage roll in place of his dear old friend.

"Hi!" said the sausage roll. "I'm a sausage..."

"We know who you are!" the raisin bun shouted. "You're a full-of-himself sausage roll! The same whose relatives Santa just bought instead of us! Do you have any idea what that means?!" the pastry asked, glaring at the newcomer.

"That... we're tasty?"

"Tasty..." the cheese pastry growled.

"Oh, so you're tasty?" the raisin bun jeered. "Or does it mean that for the first time in the history of our whole family, Santa just came in and bought SAUSAGE ROLLS instead of a cheese pastry, a raisin bun, and a cinnamon roll!"

"But that only goes to show that we're tas-..." the sausage roll tried to defend himself.

"You show up here and scare us to crumbs. You not only ruin Santa Claus's Christmas diet, but even have the gall to elbow in between me and my friends!" cried the raisin bun angrily.

"Oh, no—we're not neighbors anymore!" the cheese pastry realized, buttery tears rolling down his flaky crust.

The day continued. The cheese pastry, cinnamon roll, and raisin bun all lay glumly on the counter, waiting for a customer that just wouldn't seem to come. That day, everyone who entered the bakery only wanted to try the new sausage rolls. But then, a little before five o'clock, the door opened, and a frazzled Santa Claus burst in again.

"Oh, thank heavens I made it here before you closed!" he boomed.

"There's still plenty of time!" Leili reassured him.

"Fantastic! Please give me a cinnamon roll, a cheese pastry, and a raisin bun. All day long, I felt like something important was missing."

The three friends on the counter woke from their daze and leapt happily into the paper bag Leila took from beneath the counter.

"Let's stay friends, okay?" the raisin bun called down to the sausage roll left on the counter.

The next morning, Santa Claus bought all four baked goods fresh out of the oven.

