

THE SANTA CLAUS APPRENTICE

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Kymaera Edizioni

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The long awaited moment had finally arrived. Another few minutes and Santa Claus would announce to the Commission, formed by the oldest goblins, the name of his young successor.

For two years Santa Claus had followed, by a large and magical crystal ball, all the children of the world named Nicolaus. This occupation had given him much joy. All the children were fantastic and managed to be happy and carefree when played amongst themselves. Santa Claus observed them carefully but could not decide on the choice to make. All were good. All deserved to take his place when he would become too old.

Days went by, weeks, months, and Santa Claus just could not make a decision. The more children he watched the more he was convincing himself his choice would be very difficult.

Then, one Sunday afternoon from his crystal ball had appeared to him the Nicolaus he was looking for.

«There he is!», exclaimed Santa Claus. «It's him, it's him! Finally, I found him!»

Luckliy, that day he was all alone in the house otherwise it would have been really embarrassing for anyone watching a sixty-five year-old man, tall and robust, with wavy and white hair, white and bushy beard, jumping happy like a child.

He had found him at last!

Santa Claus could not contain his joy. That child one day, when he would be big enough and prepared, would have taken his place and during Christmas time, would have granted all the wishes of the children in the world.

However what was so particular in this child to make him so happy? Frankly he did not know. He had watched thousands of kids, but no one had touched him so much. This kid was special.

Always laughing, putting out his tongue, embracing all affectionately. Santa Claus thought that this child did not like to wear shoes so much, because he had placed them on a park bench and continued to play walking and running barefoot. In addition, another aspect struck him particularly: this child wore beautiful glasses that made him even more charming and likeable.

For days, Santa Claus, eyes wide in surprise, continued to observe the child from his magical crystal ball. He often saw his mother running after him trying to make him wear his shoes. Nevertheless, there was no way Nicholas and his shoes would ever have become friends.