



You want what

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You didn't write Santa for that.

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You want what? It was Christmas Eve 1996, daddy was back from the war in Vietnam. It had been a long year with daddy gone. Everyone was so excited about Christmas. We all bundled up and everyone jumped into the car to go and see all the Christmas lights. We were having such a great time and suddenly our five year old son excitedly said, "I can't stand it. I want it to be Christmas morning." I made the comment that he must be expecting something really special. "I am," he replied, "Santa Claus told me that I was going to get my big truck that I asked him to bring me." I quickly turned around in the seat with what had to be a look of astonishment on my face, if not horror. "Son, when we wrote our letters to Santa, you didn't ask for a big truck. " "I know. I saw Santa and asked him for it at school." "Son, you know we always write letters to Santa and tell him everything that we want him to bring. Then, even though we see lots of stuff and might change our minds, it's too late. When Santa receives your letter, he records in his big book that has all the children's names. That way he doesn't forget and puts aside your gifts with your name on them." "Mommy, he said I was going to get a big truck and Santa never lies." My husband and I exchanged glances for a few moments. We announced to the boys it was time to go home and have our hot chocolate and popcorn and get ready for bed. We certainly wanted to be asleep when Santa got there. No telling how many parents have lived through this situation on Christmas Eve, I'm here to tell you at that moment it wasn't fun. Knowing that service stations were about the only thing that was open, my husband decided the best bet was to try to find a Texaco truck. After several stops and having no luck, he finally asked if the man knew of any stations that might have one and was still open? "I know a couple big ones, let me call and check." To his total amazement, there was one about 20 miles away, but he was closing in 15 minutes. The man explained the situation and the guy said that if my husband would hurry, he would try his best to stay there until he arrived. The good Lord above being on our side my husband made it there in time. As children, my husband nor I had a lot at Christmas time. It was important to us that they enjoy their holidays. We always tried to get the boys to narrow it down to a couple of gifts. That made it a good possibility that we could get what they were asking for and we would still be able to eat the rest of the month. Being a Specialist 4 in the United States Army, daddy just didn't make that much money. By the time my husband got home, he was cold and wet. Living in Columbus, Georgia, it often was wet at that time of year. Pleased with himself, never the less, that he wouldn't have to disappoint his oldest son. It was late by the time Santa got everything wrapped, put together, check to make sure everything worked, and finally got to bed. Some how all the fuss left only sweet memories as we watched our oldest son tear into his new big truck. The look on his face was worth every bit of what we had to go through. So, this would be my favorite Christmas story. We have a lot of wonderful Christmases together. Somehow this is the only one that we had to

feel the fear of truly disappointing a five-year-old. We would never have been able to explain to him nor make him understand that Santa's helper had made a grave mistake. He shouldn't have promised a child a special gift when his parents weren't with him and had no idea that the child had added another special gift. I think Christmas is special for adults and children, old and young. It's sad, when children get to that age that older people try to convince them that there is no Santa Claus. I have always told my children that I still believe in Santa Claus. And as long as there are little boys and girls in this world, there will always be a Santa Claus.