



Santa Shot My Dad

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A jolly old fat man with a nickel-plated nine.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/micro-fiction/santa-shot-my-dad.aspx>

"It's not what it looks like," he said as I walked in. Ever since I was little I'd wanted to meet Santa, but silently sneaking down the stairs on Christmas Eve to find him standing over my father's body was

not how I'd pictured it. "You've kill my dad!" I cried as I rushed over to him. A glass of milk was spilled on the floor and chocolate chip cookies lay scattered like my broken hopes and dreams. "No, I didn't. I promise! Your dad, he..." "He what?" "Well," replied Santa, "he screamed like a girl and then fainted." "Oh."