

*[Reading to Prancer from a large red book.]*

... you tear apart the baby's rattle to see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man could tear apart. Is it real? Ah, Virginia, in all the world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God he lives, and lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

*[Sits up and closes the book.]*

I didn't read it as good as my mom used to. Who could, really?

Know why my mom read this to me every Christmas? What Virginia did is she wrote a letter to the local newspaper to ask if Santa was real, because a lot of people were telling her he wasn't. If you can believe that.

So, one of the reporters reads the letter, writes an article addressed to Virginia—that's what I just read to you—and tells her of course Santa's real.

Well, wouldn't you know, that article became one of the most famous things ever written by a reporter. True story. It happened a very long time ago, my mom said.

Aw, all this talk about Santa. You miss him, don't you? I know he misses you. He's probably out looking for you right now. Hey, I didn't think of that. I better get word to him.

Gotta go. I'll bring you some more hay and Christmas cookies first thing tomorrow. But listen to me. This is very important. No matter how hungry you get, you have to stay right here. My dad's on the lookout for you because of those little trees you ate. And believe me, you don't want to come face to face with my father.

Night, Prancer. I love you. Sleep tight.