

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SENTI CLAUS



TASNIM ODRIKA

"This year people will finally appreciate all the things I do for them." This is the silent prayer that I utter to myself before I start my journey from the North Pole.

I check my bag to make sure I have all the gifts, and the lists and addresses of all the kids in the right place. I suddenly notice a small crease in one corner of my suit. It appears that Mrs. Clause wasn't attentive enough while ironing my clothes. "Well, why would she be? It's only the most important day of the year for me." It was quite clear Mrs. Clause didn't care about me at all. But, I cannot let this bother me. Not today.

Now, there's one thing that a lot of people don't know about me and that is the fact that I have feelings too and I notice every small detail. As I drove off into the night on my sleigh, I was quite aware of the fact that the elves only waved goodbye for two seconds and then went about doing their job. It hurt and the worst part was carrying this hurt throughout the rest of the Earth.

But, I'm a forgiving person. So, I let that go as well. My mind starts filling with the images of all the appetising milk and cookies that await me. The first house I'm supposed to visit is little Sokhina's. I've been bringing her gifts every year for the past 10 years and it baffles me how she never once sent me a "thank you" note. Nevertheless, I still got her the dollhouse she wanted. Little Meena's parents were another ungrateful bunch. They never even clean the chimney, and, don't even get me started on the cookies that they put out for me. They're at least a week old. I'm only bringing joy and happiness to their kids. The least that they can do is give me freshly baked cookies.

Okay, let me stop right here before this rant turns into just an old man babbling about himself. I do wish the chimneys were cleaner, the cookies were fresher, and "thank you" notes definitely wouldn't hurt. But, at the end of the day, I always go to bed with this one thought, "Blessed are we for everything."

Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at odrika_02@yahoo.com

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