

## A Letter from Santa Claus

Mark Twain

Palace of Saint Nicholas on the Moon Christmas Morning

My Dear Susy Clemens,

I have received and read all the letters which you and your little sister have written me . . . . I can read your and your baby sister's jagged and fantastic marks without any trouble at all. But I had trouble with those letters which you dictated through your mother and the nurses, for I am a foreigner and cannot read English writing well. You will find that I made no mistakes about the things which you and



the baby ordered in your own letters—I went down your chimney at midnight when you were asleep and delivered them all myself—and kissed both of you, too . . . . But . . . there were . . . one or two small orders which I could not fill because we ran out of stock . . . .

There was a word or two in your mama's letter which . . . I took to be "a trunk full of doll's clothes." Is that it? I will call at your kitchen door about nine o'clock this morning to inquire. But I must not see anybody and I must not speak to anybody but you. When the kitchen doorbell rings, George must be blindfolded and sent to the door. You must tell George he must walk on tiptoe and not speak— otherwise he will die someday. Then you must go up to the nursery and stand on a chair or the nurse's bed and put your ear to (Go to P7)

**1]— A Letter from Santa Claus** --- Mark Twain writes as Santa to her daughter.

**4]— I did it, So can you!** — Will return in January 2014

**6]— 2013 Year in Review** — Looking back and planning for the future.

**4]— Model T Coach House** — Timing triple gears and assembling the transmission

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