

# Chapter 1

Anthony was awoken by the thick aroma in the air of fresh candy canes, buttery soft chocolate chip cookies, and warm cinnamon pastries in the oven, ready to get eaten. *Look out world, here comes Anthony Claus, preparing to eat all of your food!* Anthony jumped out of bed and glanced at the clock, which said 6:00am. Suddenly, he remembered. It was his first day of SCHOOL! "Ack!"

Anthony scrambled to slip on his clothes. *Should I choose greenish-white socks, whitish-green socks, or green socks?* And those were just the socks! Anthony tumbled downstairs, practically inhaled his breakfast, (which contained hot cocoa and a few cookies with extra chocolate chips) and skidded to his sled, all ready to go.

*Hmmm... something feels wrong.* Just then, he realized that he needed his backpack. "RUNRUNRUNRUNRUN!" He shouted to himself as he took the elevator to the 2,000<sup>th</sup> floor. When he got to the top, he was greeted by the noisy hubbub of elves scrambling to put together toys. "Hi Bob #341!" He yelled. Bob #341 stopped his work and waved back. "Can you hand me my backpack?" Bob #341 said, "Sure thing, kiddo! All of a sudden his backpack hovered right in front of him. Anthony grabbed it, jumped inside the elevator again, went down, and slid into his sled.

He wiped his sweaty palms on his blackish-something pants. *Calm down; just don't crash the sled this time.* "HYAAH! Let's go!" He yelled. The reindeers didn't move. He sighed and recited their names. *Now they moved.* Anthony shot off into the sky with violet and green magic particles guiding him on his way to school. The last of his house/factory/robot/bakery was now a blimp on the mountain, and Anthony thought, *if school doesn't go well for me, I'm going to-* He didn't get a chance to finish the thought, for the sled dipped low and shot into the light.

## Chapter 2

After Anthony *didn't* crash the sled and saw the school, his first thought was, *Yup, I'm for sure going to die here.* But he didn't say this because non-sanitary conditions the school was being held in. Or even the roving gangs of bullies already forking kid's lunch money from their pockets. It was because girls were already clustering around him, looking, blushing, and then trying to "fix" their already perfect hair.

When Anthony was about 9 years old, his dad, Santa Jr., always said he was a handsome young man. Anthony didn't think much of it, (since dads always said that, but he soon realized that HANDSOME stood out. A lot. He didn't look at the mirror *all* the time, but when he did, he guessed that he was-err-good looking. Now this confirmed it. Great. He ran into the school, went into the cafeteria, and got his agenda. It was all easier than he expected. He looked at it and saw:

Claus, Anthony David

1	115	Jax, Jason	Science
2	712	Lesper, Robert	Social Studies
3	118	Kirman, Tracy	Math
4	919	Lin, Jonathan	English
5	613	Henderson, Rachel	Reading
6	516	Lewis, Daniel	Band
7	213	Deven, Patrick	PE(Boys GYM)
8	415	Chen, Ashley	Advisory

*What about lunch?* He wondered as he hurried off to room 115. He almost made it to class safely. *Almost.* When he was 3 yards away, a smell that would make a skunk faint entered his nose. A boy 6ft tall and 2ft wide with arms as big as tree trunks appeared in front of him. It didn't help that he had a bunch of skulls tattooed to his arms. By the name tag, it appeared his name was Mitch.

"Hi! My name is Anthony, and I really need to get to class so can you please-pleasey please-pleasey please-pleasey-with-vanilla-icecream-whip-cream-and-a-cherry-on-top-let-me-go-through?" Mitch didn't budge. Anthony tried to duck under his arm and go through. Mitch punched him in the face, and he flew down the hall and slammed into the wall. Anthony said, "Owwwww." Apparently the big bad bully wasn't done. He charged down the hall making a roaring noise like a bear that didn't have its coffee.

Anthony ducked and prepared for the first human pancake to be created, but something stopped the bully. Anthony looked up and saw a whole bunch of girls lined up in between him and the bully with their arms crossed. The bully wasn't just stopped, he was drooling. It appeared the whole cheerleading squad had showed up to protect him like bodyguards.

"Get *away* from him." A devastatingly pretty girl stepped up and motioned to Mitch. Mitch got up like a dog and bounded out of the way, and awaited instructions. "SCRAM!" the girls yelled, and he fled into the 8<sup>th</sup> grade hallway. Anthony got up, flashed them a smile, said a quick thank you, and charged into science class before any of them could follow. He sighed. It was only the start of the day, and he already almost got smashed to a pulp. Hopefully he survived the rest of the day. Little did he know...

## Chapter 3

Apart from almost exploding the room in science, setting a new record for the mile run (6:03), and a few lovesick girl and a few bully incidents, Anthony had a pretty normal day. As he ate dinner with 699,347,512 elves, he found out that he actually sort of *liked* school. For instance, in math, Mrs. Kirman gave them all cookies and let them play for the rest of the day.

He fell asleep wishing the new day would come, and when it did, he received his first medal in bully knocking out. He punched them in the nose and delivered a karate chop that he learned from his dad when they were fighting the Abominable snowman, quickly knocking them out. Everyone, including the teachers, cheered like crazy. After he fled the lunchroom to avoid his fans, he saw the head cheerleader, Fiona, standing against the wall, looking at him. He stared right back until he noticed that he was staring.

Fiona giggled nervously and then scrawled down her number on a piece of paper and gave it to him. The most cheery and beautiful of the cheerleading team had given him her phone number. As he shared that he was actually Santa's son, more and more people wanted to be his friend. Bullies learned to stay away from "that-dude-that-has-a-ton-of-friends-and – knocked-Kevin-out-in-the-lunchroom." By the end of the week, he took his dad's advice and called Fiona and all his other friends over for one huge party, from bonfires to s'mores. He and Fiona snuck out and sat on the highest place in the palace, looking as splashes of pink and orange glinted off the glaciers.

Anthony thought his life was very close to perfect. He had a girlfriend, a swarm of other friends and buddies, and great grades. He was among the most popular people in school. He took a chance, did something new, and look at what he accomplished. He remembered his dad telling him once, "Sometimes, when life takes you in a direction, you don't fight against it; you let life do its work." And as Anthony looked at Fiona's hand in his, and heard the partying friends behind him, he knew it was right.

He survived the first week of school, if he tried hard, he could have an awesome school year... he hoped.