



# From the Desk of Mrs. Claus

Dear Children:

There'll be no coal in the stockings this year. Simply surviving 2020 is enough punishment for all the naughty children 'round here.

Owing to his age and his weight, Santa's in a pandemic category deemed high risk. Though, I've nagged him to diet and scold him whenever he snags a cookie with a "Tsk, tsk, tsk." To reduce the number of households with whom he interacts, we've divided the workload and will both take to the sky. That means, my dears, I'll finally get to fly!

Though the North Pole summers tend to be cool, my doe-eyed team and I enrolled in flight school. I have an emerald green sleigh, which I've dubbed *The Minx*. It glides through the snow with the stealth of a Lynx. We land on the roof tops with nary a sound. My team, Scarlet, Strumpet, Siren, and Vixen are all as soft-footed as a cuddly gray kitten.

After being quarantined at home, Santa's no longer his jolly ol' self. It seems the coronavirus is catching, even among elves. To keep them safe the workshop was divided into A shift and B. Toys still get assembled, so yip, yip, yippee!

Panic buying caused a disruption to our supply chain I fear, but you needn't shed a single tear. It might not be just what you wanted, you see, but beneath every child's Christmas tree, will be a present from Santa and Me.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Anya Claus

Enjoy your Christmas!

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