

So Santa found a warm spot in a chair by the fire,
where several elves had gathered
to tell ghost stories and read poems out loud.
When it was Santa's turn, he picked up
a fat book bound in brown leather.

*He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.*

Santa put down the book on his knee and smiled.
"I really do laugh like that," he said.
And then he did.

