



The Mouse that Helped Kris Kringle By the grandson of Little Mouse

It all happened a very long time ago in a small village in Norway on a dark and cold Christmas Eve.

The Village people, at that time, and in that tiny village, called our Santa Claus, Kris Kringle. Some still do to this day. This is what happened on that night.

It was a very cold night and Little Mouse was pretty comfortable in his tiny little room in the home of Lars Nordstrom and family. They all knew he was there, but since he was of little bother and didn't eat very much he was allowed to stay. All, in all, it was a wonderful relationship and Little Mouse was quite welcome.

One night, a very bitter and cold night, Kris Kringle was making his rounds filling the stockings of all the little children of the village. He was a jolly old man with the hearty laugh we all are aware of, and his belly did jingle when he laughed.



Everything was going quite well and Kris was almost finished. He was making his last stop at the Nordstrom cottage before going on to the next little village when he noticed that he was short one gift. "I wonder", he said to himself, "whom am I missing?" Little Mouse was watching and he noticed that Kris didn't have any cheese so he shouted, "It's me that

you forgot!" "Oh dear", said Kris, "I'm so sorry but I don't have time to go back to the North Pole and bring back the cheese and still have time to fill all the other stockings and give out all the gifts, I'm so very, very sorry Little Mouse."

Little Mouse was sad and he hung his head so that Kris wouldn't see the little tears running down his little face. "Don't worry", he said, "I can do without I have plenty of cheese." But, Little Mouse had no cheese left. He had no food at all, and there was very little in the house.

Kris knew that Little Mouse was sad and that he probably didn't have any cheese so he looked at Little Mouse and said, "Would you like to help me tonight, I have so much to do and I'm very late?" "Yes", exclaimed Little Mouse and immediately his tears dried up and he was so happy. After all, nobody had ever helped old Kris Kringle before, except the Elves, of course!

So off they flew, and busy they were. Little Mouse even flew the sleigh and when they finished Kris took Little Mouse back to the North Pole where the Elves had a very big piece of cheese waiting. Oh, it was the best Christmas Little Mouse ever had. It was very early the next morning, just before day break, that Little Mouse returned home. He had barely gotten to sleep when he was awaked by the Nordstrom family. They were laughing and full of joy. The children had all the contents of their stockings spattered across the floor. Little Mouse came out of his little room and he looked at the joy on all the children's faces and thought to himself, " I helped Kris Kringle, that makes me a "Christmas Mouse!" .Back to bed he went and slept through the next day. He was so tired, but so proud. His chest burst with pride and he often exclaimed, " I'm Little Mouse the "Christmas Mouse", and I know Kris Kringle. I have been to the North Pole., I know the Elves, I'm the "Christmas Mouse!"

In later years a chocolate statue was made of "Christmas Mouse". He didn't want a metal statue, or a bronze one. Chocolate was his favorite thing other than cheese, which was his next choice. So, chocolate statues were made every year in honor of "Christmas Mouse".

Well, little mice that is the story of your great-grandpa, "Christmas Mouse", now go to bed and be proud, stick out your chest with pride because you are the great-grandchildren of "Christmas Mouse!"



*Christmas,
Mouse*

*Merry
The grandson of Christmas*

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