

**LIMITED EDITION SHORT
STORY BOOK:
"A CHRISTMAS STORY:
SANTA'S HELPER"
– OM MAHTO**

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First copy of *A Christmas Story:
Santa's Helper*. December 2023

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~Written in the style of a youngster~

It was Christmas Eve.

Just then I heard someone say sternly, "Hello boy...", behind my back.

I was initially scared, so I spontaneously looked up and found out that it was Santa. I was shocked that my jaw practically hit the floor. Was I seeing *the* Santa Claus? I couldn't believe my eyes... They were popping out of my sockets at the mere sight of him.

His ginger khaki eyes, with his long pure white beard on his chin down to his chest, and the velvety red suit with white overalls that he donned with his signature black belt that had a golden lozenge hook. His long-flowing straight white hair covered by his ginormous red hat. His big beaming smile with his pure white teeth and his white moustache hiding all the face under him. Everything was just white. But at least there was a mix with an excessive amount of red.

"Wha-...What... do...you...want?" I said slowly as I was still appalled, but it sounded like a frightened debrief.

I thought inquisitively, "Was I dreaming? Would someone pinch me please?"

Unfortunately, I inadvertently said that out loud, so Santa pinched me as hard as he could instantaneously.

"Ow!" I shouted at the top of my lungs when I was in pain and agony, aggravating the whole situation.

Minutes later, I was still in pain.

Santa waited for me, and finally said, "Sorry for the brief introduction. I am Santa Claus – I think you know. Many think I am not real, but I am. I just don't reveal myself to the public..."

He stopped, and a tear drop dropped out of his eye.

"I am sorry I am *gettin'* emotional. Usually, Misses Claus helps me with delivering all the presents, but sadly she passed away..." Santa said when his face was full of frowns.

I was hit by a pang of sadness. I then asked what we wanted from an ordinary boy which was me, and he said I was unique. I was dumbfounded and shocked. I had a million questions running through my mind.

"Me? I am unique? What? How the hell is that possible? Everyone told me I was even lower than average, how was I unique?" These were some questions I was thinking of.

Santa exclaimed that he needed a replacement to help him, and he came to me. Out of the 8 billion people in the world, he chose me! Anyway, instead of acquiescing, I agreed in a heartbeat and our adventure started.

I introduced myself when I was riding on his sleigh – which was brown with some green spots. We just chattered at

nineteen to the dozen about our personal lives. It just felt like I was in the fantasy world and a portal brought me in this dimension. I just had a feeling that I was Harry Potter on Hagrid's flying motorbike and Dumbledore was next to me. My dreams were coming true! I loved my life!

Santa broke the silence, and said, "No more daydreaming kiddo, come on, got some delivery to do *right*'?"

I sighed and nodded silently. Santa shared everything he knew, and we came up with a plan! Santa will go into all the houses through the chimneys, and I would try to throw the presents gently into them. Santa will catch them – hopefully enough and put it next to their Christmas tree – if the people even have one. Then Santa will skedaddle, hopefully not getting distracted by the cookies and milk everyone would probably leave for him – a lot of people want to catch him in the act, and as quietly as possible.

Then the cycle repeats until all the houses in the world is complete. I just freaked out at that moment of realisation. How am I supposed to conserve my energy when I need to throw so many presents? And I mean a lot. Even the smallest country in the world (Vatican City) has 5,000 households. Don't get me started, that's a lot. And what if one house has a family of 10? That would be 50,000 presents that I would need to throw for the smallest country. I wonder how many I would need to throw in China. Probably like a googol times more. I was gobsmacked every time I think about it.

It felt like Santa was reading my mind when he said,
"Well I know it's a lot, so let's get started!"

I was thinking the whole time when we were travelling between countries. How does Santa get 8 billion presents ready? I mean he does have a year but still... The thought of it.

What felt like an eternity later, we were done, finally. It was still hard to believe that we had done it in less than a day. Probably because of his sleigh. I think I drank about 10 bottles of water, which is a *dang* a lot. I probably needed to hydrate myself every five minutes or so – the job was arduous and the journey itself was taxing. I was fatigued in my arms. It felt like someone used a curse to destroy me overtime, and it jolly well was very painful. Just imagine you being stabbed by a knife, a sword, maybe even shot by a bullet. That's how I felt. It was aggravating every time I threw another present. Just then, Santa casted a spell.

He was saying, "*Eivg eht srewop, leah.*"

I thought that was gibberish but that made my life so much easier. Rays of oppressive light just shined all over my body, then for a second, I fell on Santa's sleigh. This felt like a ritual. But as I was trying to sit up again, all my fatigue just disappeared. I was no longer exhausted. I even felt like a god. I could do anything. Santa just explained that the spell makes me like him – a very powerful one that still can be susceptible to passing away.

"Hopefully you can pass my spell down from generations to generations to come." he said smiling.

I realised I could cast the spell even when I did not learn it. I just said casually, "*Eivg eht srewop*" which is "*give the power*" backwards if you noticed. Only skilful people can cast this spell which makes others like themselves – so it can be an infinite loop. You can figure out what Santa said earlier on, "*Eivg eht srewop, leah*".

This adventure was like a crazy rollercoaster ride. There was so many things happening at once, and I had so many emotions for my surroundings. I am sure I will give my powers to my family whenever I am about to pass on. It is now never hard to deliver presents anymore. From now on, I will always help Santa and will deliver presents every year on Christmas with him. When he passes, hopefully my family will help me as well, and my spell will pass down from generations to generations to come – just like how Santa had described. I will continue to do this as long as I can.

END OF BOOK