Nicholas A. Dudley

I Was A Buckle On Santa’s Shoe

That was me, alright. I was his right buckle and I knew what to do. I had a brother who was his left one. He was all thumbs, I mean toes. Santa who, you say? Why, Santa Clause of course, but he does not wear shoes, only boots, they are those big black shiny ones. Well, that’s alright, because you see, he only wears them when he goes out in the snow to make his Christmas deliveries and other places that he has to go to during the winter. Even during the summertime some times, he needs to wear them.

Up around the North Pole area there is snow on the ground all year long. But during the Summer days, being they are so long, a lot of that snow melts off, so off come the boots and on go my brother and I. We are lucky that we are only the buckles, otherwise we too might get wet sometimes, but he takes good care of us. He keeps near his big warm fire place, next to the wood pile, where it is nice and dry, and about once a week he polishes us up. The shoes I mean. My brother and I get the preferred treatment. He gets the brass polish out and does a real nice job of making us sparkle again. I still think that I can out shine my brother any day.

Enough about that for now. Let me tell you where he takes us when he does. It is the month of May up here and the days are getting longer. We have a small flower garden that is filled with Snow Lilies and Snow Daisy’s that Mrs. Clause had planted last year. They were a gift from his “tiny people” helpers. Do not ask where they found them. Probably on some web site. They are in almost in full bloom and gorgeous, so full of yellow and white blossoms.

It is almost Summer time and my keeper is off to the local lumber mill and paint store to buy some materials to make more toys. The next Christmas will be here before we know it. Anyway, it is only a short walk there, so off we go, my brother and I, and Santa for sure. He talks to the Miller for some time and arranges to have the wood delivered on the next day. It was mostly northern pine, naturally.

Then it was off to the paint store. The paint store keeper must have sneaked one up on “Old St. Nick”. Because when he started to look on the shelves and saw all the different types and grades he was confused for quite some time. There was glossy paint
and there was dull paint. There was "glow in the dark" paint and there was "glow in the
day" paint and a whole lot more. Well, it took him a while but he finally decided on what
to buy.

By the time we all walked back home it was close to supper time. That was alright
with us because we were not hungry. Mrs. Clause looked at Santa from across the dinner
table and just gave him one of her special smiles. She did not want any of the "tiny
people" to see her doing this. It was for him only. He caught on fast.

Then he and his "tiny helpers" made plans for how they were going to make parts
for more toys. These guys liked to work late and they enjoyed it. You see, they are
nonunion and they do not even get Christmas Day off, especially Christmas Eve. But when
it came time to paint the stuff all "heck" broke loose. The "little helpers" got the
wrong type of paint on the wrong parts. Some of it was "instant dry" while other stuff
would take several days to harden. It was a mess.

In the mean time, my brother, the other buckle, and I were taking it all in. We were
in sawdust and in the paint and than we had to do it all over again a second time to
straighten everything up. The floor was covered sawdust and paint specks and so were
we. Those lucky, black shiny boots were sitting along side the fire place, so nice and clean.
We could not wait until Christmas Eve comes and goes so that we could take a break.

Oh, Rudolph and his friends say hi, and that they glad that they do not have to be in
that messy shop neither.
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!

The Buckle Brothers