

The Lost Elf

by Mrs. Crumbley's Class

In the winter of 1995, I was hiking in the woods of Alaska when I heard a bizarre rustling above me. I carefully gazed up and saw a little figure on a limb. It didn't look like a bird or squirrel, so I was quite puzzled. It was wearing what looked like a tiny green hat, with a red bell that was jingling in the breeze. Also, I saw sharp red shoes. Peeking out from the side of his green hat were his pointed ears. I began to think, "That looks like an ELF."

I turned and started to run when I heard a mystical voice speak: "Don't run away. I need help!"

Slowly, I turned around, not sure that I had really heard what I thought I heard. The elf spoke again and said, "I'm lost. I don't know where my parents are. I'm hungry and tired. Will you please help me?"

As I looked at the little elf, his lower lip was quivering and his eyes were watery. How could I not help him? I saw a long branch on the ground, picked it up, and held it out to him. I said, "Grab the branch, and come down. I would be happy to help you."

So, the elf came down and we began to talk about why he was lost. I fed him some Trail Mix from my backpack and he explained what had happened. He was walking behind his mom and dad and he stopped to look at something shiny in the snow. It was only a pop tab off of someone's soda. When he looked up, his mom and dad were nowhere to be found. He climbed a tree to get a better look. He saw his parents near a cabin with a roof painted orange, but when he started to climb down, a fox was sitting at the bottom of the tree, hoping for a meal. So, the elf had to stay put. The fox ran off when he heard someone coming down the path. That someone was me!

I asked the elf what direction was the cabin. He pointed to the northwest and I smiled. I knew exactly which cabin his parents had gone to. So, I picked up the little elf, put him on my shoulder, and started walking to the cabin. When we arrived, his mom and dad were standing on the porch calling out, "Simon Jose, where are you?" They seemed a little panicked.

I called to them and said, "I think I found him." The elf on my shoulder was jumping up and down with excitement. "Mommy! Daddy!"

I left the elf with his mom and dad, who looked very familiar to me. They were both plump and roundish. The dad was wearing a red shirt and red pants and had a long, bushy beard. His wife was also wearing red clothes and small round glasses. Her hair was as white as snow and pulled into a bun on top of her head. As I continued down the path, there were several reindeer and a red sleigh nearby. On the back of the sleigh was a tag that said, "HoHoHo1."

I HAD MET SANTA CLAUS, HIS WIFE, AND THEIR ELF!!