

Hi Folks,



When kiddies and their parents contemplate sending me a letter up at the North Pole, what mental images do they harbor of our icy world? Perhaps a workshop of bubbling industriousness framed with an overarching chaotic background hum, elves scrambling to and fro assembling all manner of kid-pleasing toys? Then too, there is the non-trivial chore of monitoring and verifying the goodness...or badness...of the wee rascals and rogues out there. I could go on one serious rant about costs of the video feeds, satellites, et al for that task ... but hey, let's not tarnish the holidays. We must of course vet the wish lists and subsequently execute a rather humongous and intricate game plan to satisfy said lists.

What all you southerners rarely see though is how the North Pole community lives the other 90% of the time when our crunch has wound down and the absolute pandemonium has abated. I think you might enjoy an abbreviated peek behind the door as it were, a quick slice of life in Santa's compound.

With the media hubbub about melting icecaps at near fever pitch you can be sure we adhere to organic low-impact environment-friendly design principles in the construction of our compound. A premium was placed on the use of local materials – the cost of ice being what it is, no complaints there. While spacious enough it bears no resemblance to the baronial pleasure palaces of the money movers and shakers of the world with their accoutrements galore. However befitting our preeminent international profile we do retain limited creature comforts.



So...how do we de-stress and cool our heels after our full-tilt boogie in the workshop? What could be more apropos in Santa's neighborhood than a concrete reflection of kidz-dom. Behold,... one of our rumpus rooms. Not surprisingly, a few slippery characters like to frequent this spot. Yes indeed as you can tell even the boss loves to step away from North Pole executive duties and retreat to his childhood days.

Simply appointed bedrooms in the compound reflect a fusion of clean Eskimo architectural lines with Scandinavian practicality. Even an alpha-male polar bear finds these rooms a compelling escape for chilling out, or cuddling as one's spirit dictates. Notice the sharply dressed, suave wait staff we provide as a well-deserved perk for our hard-working North Pole associates and friends.



One prescription for North Pole denizens seeking after-hours relaxation is of course ... Santa's Ice Bar! What better way to let off workplace steam. Alternative options for happening venues like this prove thin at best across the polar icecap. Consequently the cast of characters,... and we get all types here,... is randomly on the dodgy side.

You might think Rudolph, with his pristine public persona, would be the model of decorum. Well...Rudolph and his bonehead buddies, not unlike that knucklehead golfer down south who had his alternate persona unveiled, tend to go buck wild when all liquored up. Those bad boys are now in Santa's outhouse until they learn to behave like model citizen reindeer. The Public Relations Department was in no mood to taint our image.

Ahh, young'ens. As has occurred through time immemorial, the young and immortal tend to dress on the impractical side when conditions call for more prudence. 0 degrees outside, not much warmer inside....what's to worry?



Bar guests this eve include a coterie of mischievous gamins, methinks looking for action. Santa just loovvsss their saucy style ... mmm, mmm .... oops...the Mrs. needn't know that.

The couple gliding across the floor, quite chic I might add. Hot latin blood flowing in their veins... who needs temperature control? No shortage of exquisite eye candy gracing the joint by my reckoning.

Our barkeep is a down-home, salt-of-the-iceberg character. He exhibits attitude when the local seals drop by sometimes however he's truly a softie...and one mean mixmaster.

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So there it is; our eclectic polar clan. Not bad digs either, eh? Drop by if you happen to be in my hood. And ... come delivery time **do not forget** to leave out the milk and fresh-baked cookies, lest you're angling for a lump of coal in the holiday stocking. Deal?

With that, I am wishing you the **absolute bestest year-end holidays**.



*Santa Claus*