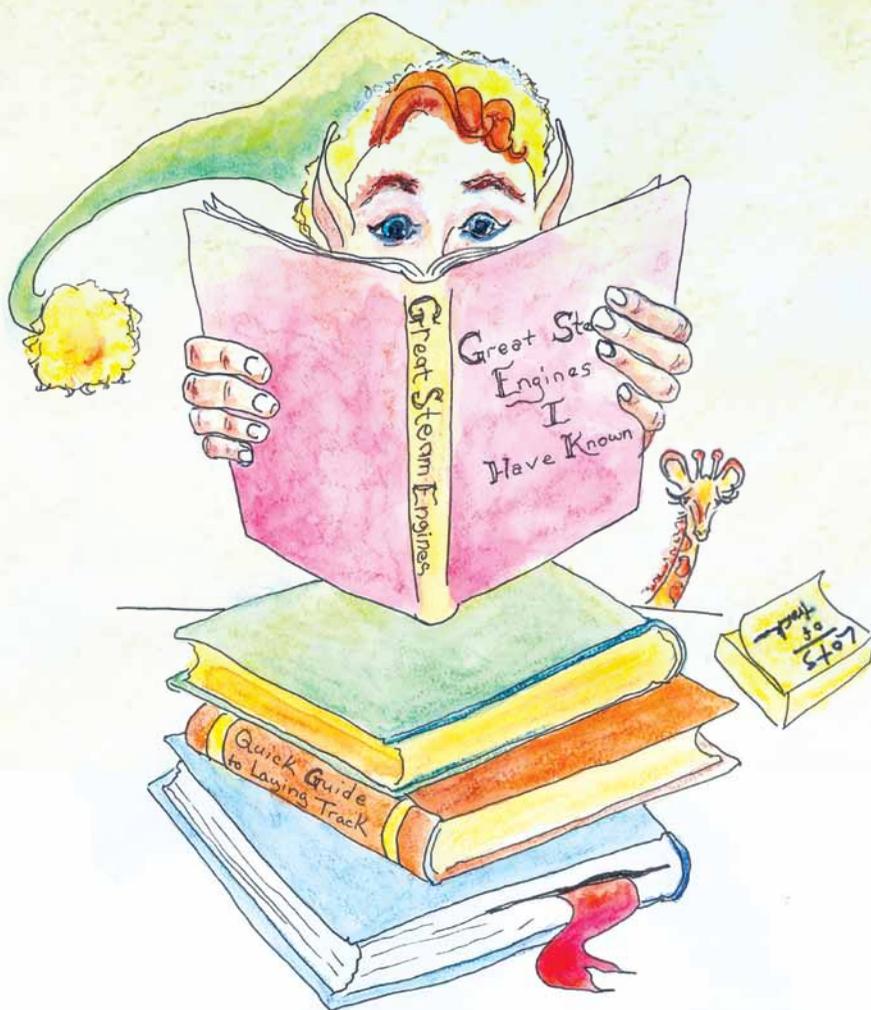


Edison the Christmas Elf and the Imperfect Perfect Toy



By Papa V

Illustrations by Melissa Blue

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This book is dedicated . . .

To my wife, Cindy, for her love and support; to Melissa Blue, whose wonderful drawings brought *Edison the Christmas Elf* to life; to fellow author Edward Denecke for his encouragement.

To my daughters, Kimberly, Kristen, and Stephanie,
who met the Christmas elf many years ago.

To my grandchildren, Chase, Griffin, Madison, Presley,
and Reese, in the hope that they, too, will enjoy the story
of the Christmas elf.

And to my favorite animal, the giraffe, who shows
up where you least expect to see him.



Chapter One

Once upon a time, not so long ago, in a place as close as your imagination, there lived an elf who dreamed of making the perfect Christmas toy. This is his story...

Knock! Knock!

“Santa!”

Santa Claus rolled over in his bed and looked at his alarm clock. It was midnight!

Knock! Knock!

“Santa!”

Santa pulled the covers over his head.

He didn't want to answer the door. He knew who was pounding on it: Edison, the Christmas elf.

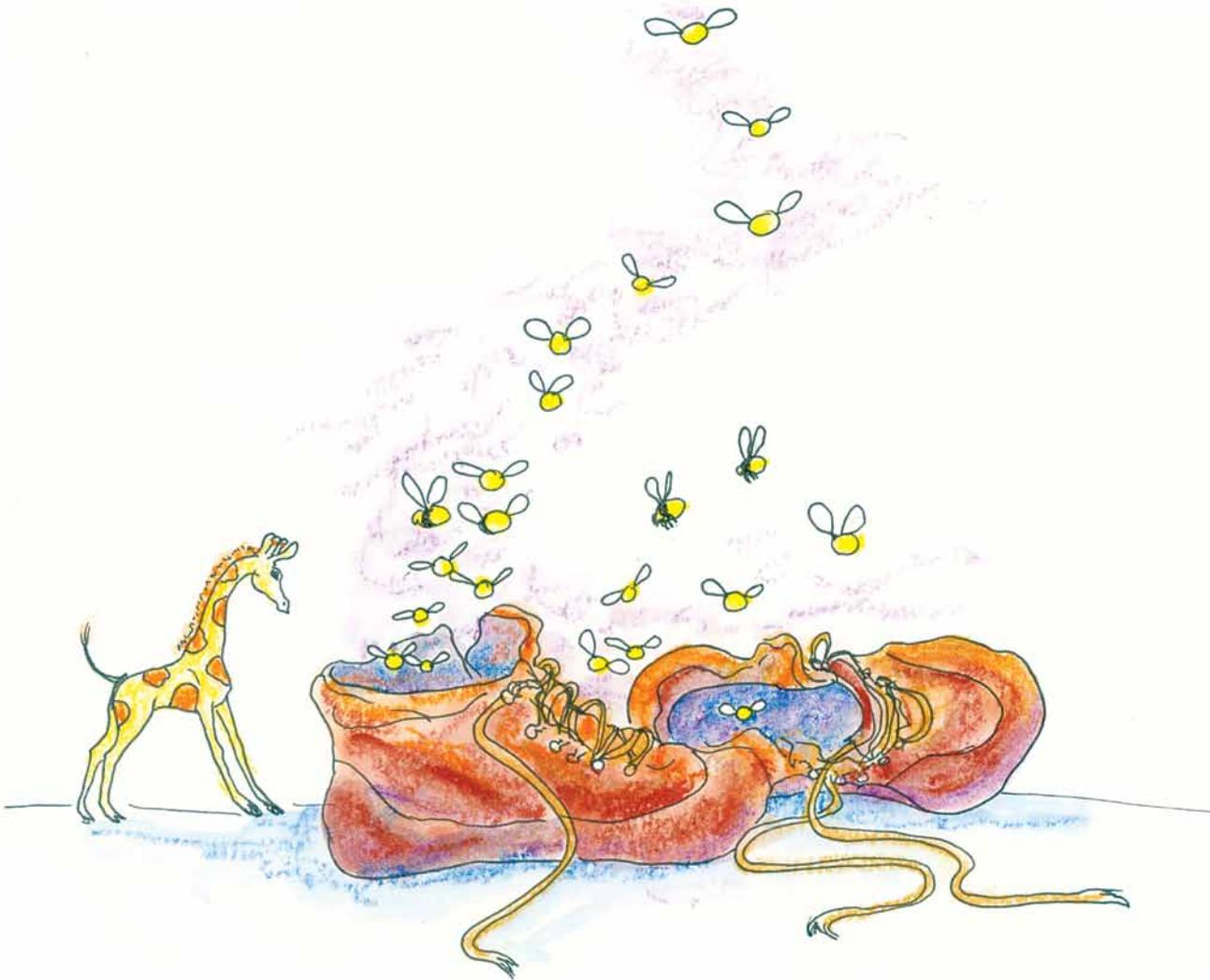
Every year Edison brought Santa ideas to improve Christmas, and although Santa loved new ideas, Edison's ideas were disastrous.

Santa remembered the time Edison had convinced him to let the elves make toys that wrapped themselves. That way the elves would have more time to make more toys. Santa agreed, and everything went just as the elf said it would.

The elves made the toys, the toys wrapped themselves, and that Christmas, the elves did indeed make more toys than ever before.

But there was a problem. Not a small problem, like when a swarm of bees decides to build a hive in your boots.

This was a *big* problem.





When children opened their presents on Christmas Day, their presents wrapped themselves up again. Children spent all Christmas Day opening their presents, and their presents spent all Christmas Day wrapping themselves up again. The elves never made self-wrapping presents again.

Santa could only imagine what Edison had dreamed up this time. Even though Santa wanted to remain in his comfy bed, he knew he would have to answer the door. He sighed, got out of bed, and put on his robe and slippers. He took a deep breath and said, "Come in."

Edison rushed in and announced that he had made the perfect Christmas toy. The elf invited Santa to visit his workshop the next day to see the toy.

Santa didn't think that tomorrow was going to be a good day. Maybe he shouldn't have answered the door.