



Elfwood left the workshop and went to find the other elves, who were already gathered in the big meeting room.

"Mrs. Claus is away on a business trip and isn't answering her cell! It's a nightmare!"

"Who will deliver the presents? Surely not a bus full of Santas pulled by nine reindeer!"

"Don't panic; the real Santa will come back!"

"But what if he **NEVER** comes back?"

Elves pulled at their hats in worry, ate box after box of cookies to comfort themselves, and curled up in balls under the table.

"That's enough!" shouted Elfwood, ringing the big bell Santa used to call meetings to order.

Everyone fell silent. You could have heard a fly. But since there aren't any at the North Pole, there was only the sound of muffled sobs.

"First of all, before panicking, we need to think. Has anyone had the brilliant idea of actually asking the Santas which one is the **REAL** one?"

The elves looked at each other, a little embarrassed. Nobody spoke up.

Without waiting for an answer, Elfwood left the room with the bell.

Outside, he pulled himself onto the roof and rang the bell with all his might. The Santas assembled quickly. Another elf handed Elfwood a megaphone.

"Ahem! Hello everybody. Would the **REAL** Santa Claus raise his hand? We need to talk to him."

All the Santas raised their hands.

