

Santa Claus Does Not Forget

Bertie was a very good boy. He was kind, thoughtful, obedient, truthful, and nice to his little sister. Unfortunately Bertie had one big fault. He had a very annoying habit of forgetting!

It was strange how often he forgot. He forgot to do things his mother asked him.

“Did you remember to brush your teeth, Bertie?”

“Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

“Did you remember to make your bed, Bertie?”

“Oh sorry, I forgot!”

“Did you remember to write to Auntie Sue to say thank you for the present?”

“Oh sorry, I forgot!”

He forgot to do things his father asked him to do, too.

“Did you remember to help your mother with the washing up this morning, Bertie?”

“Oh sorry, I forgot!”

He forgot to take his boots to football practise. He forgot to give his Grandma a very important message from his mother. He forgot to take a gift to his best friend’s birthday party. And he even forgot to do his homework.

“Oh sorry, I forgot!”

His father and mother were very patient, but no matter what they did, Bertie forgot all the things he wanted to forget and only remembered the things he wanted to remember. After a while his parents decided that something must be done to help their little boy remember to do the things they asked him to do.



Christmas was near, and Bertie remembered to write out a list of things which he would like Santa Claus was to bring him.

"Santa Claus may forget some of those things," said his mother.

"He won't," replied Bertie. "I've written them very clearly, and there isn't too much on my list, and I've been very good this year. I'd like a new remote control car, and some chocolate, and a DVD or two, and a ball, and maybe a football shirt. I think Santa can manage that!"

Christmas morning came, and Bertie and his little sister were up at the crack of dawn to see what was in their stockings. The little girl's stocking was bulging, and she kept squealing with delight as she put her hand in and pulled out all the goodies. Bertie was very quiet. His mother kept away from him as long as she could, for she knew what Santa Claus had done.



Finally she heard him coming with slow steps into her room. Sadly he opened the door and came towards her. He held in his hand a very long list : in fact, it seemed to be much longer than the one he had sent Santa. He put it in his mother's hand, while tears of disappointment fell from his eyes.

"Look what Santa Claus left for me. He might have left me one tiny present, don't you think?"

Bertie's mother looked at the list. It was a list of all things that Bertie had forgotten to do over the last six months. At the end of the list was written, in big bold letters,

"OH SORRY, I FORGOT!"

Bertie wept for an hour. Then his mother reminded him that they were all going to Grandma's house for lunch. Grandma always had a pretty tree and she would have a present for Bertie.

When Bertie arrived at his Grandma's house he gave her a big hug and told her that he wasn't going to forget things anymore. And guess what he found underneath Grandma's tree? A stocking full of presents, just for him. Santa Claus hadn't forgotten him after all, and, from that day onwards, Bertie didn't forget either.