

Santa's Tropical Island Resort  
P.O. Box 000  
Land of Sun and Fun, Santa's Top Secret Island USA

June 28, 2008

Dear Paula,

Santa's secret island is fantastic! I'm staying in a beautiful ocean side cottage with Chris Mouse. He hasn't stopped talking since we got here. You should see him in his sunglasses and swim suit running all over the beach!

It is sunny all the time and quite warm. What a difference from the North Pole. I know you are probably wondering how I'm doing in a place without snow. Well, Santa has taken care of everything. There are nice cool pools of water right outside of our cottage that I can swim in to cool off. I've sent you some pictures of me in the water. Santa even brought along a friend from the North Pole for me to play with in the water; she's in the pictures too. Her name is Petula. I don't think that you have ever met her. I know you would like her. Kind of an odd name but she is really very nice. She wants me to teach her to fly. Well, the elves are telling me to hurry up. They are waiting for me; we are all going to play beach volley-ball. I have no idea how to play beach volley-ball!

Wish you were here,

Patrick

P.S. There is something mysterious about this island.

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July 4, 2008

Dear Paula,

I really do wish you could be here. In fact I asked Santa if it would be all right if you joined us for a week or two but he just puffed on his pipe and said that he would think about it. I guess it is just such a secret place that he has to think about it. We have been having so much fun. I've never seen the elves happier!

I've made some new friends. I never met anyone like them before. They live in the palm trees here on the island. I met them one day when they almost hit me in the head with a coconut! Chris Mouse thought that was really funny. Well, we were walking along the beach and we were underneath a couple of palm trees when this coconut landed right in front of me. Then I heard this chatter and when I looked up there was this monkey. Not just one monkey but a little baby monkey too. I've sent you a picture of them.

She apologized for almost hitting me on the head with the coconut and we've been best friends ever since. Who would have thought that a polar bear would be friends with a couple of monkeys! It could only happen on Santa's Secret Island! I never met a monkey before – they are lots of fun. She's teaching me how to swing from the trees! I'm not too good at it. Oh, her name is Susie and her baby's name is Sam.

Miss you,

Patrick

P.S. There really are some mysterious things happening on this island. I will tell you more soon.

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August 29, 2008

Dear Paula,

What a life! We sleep late, fish, eat lots, lay on the beach, and play! Santa said that soon we will be going home, that we have a lot of work to do. The reindeer seem to really enjoy swimming in the ocean and lying on the beach. They have been practicing their flying over the island and I fly with them too. We don't want to forget how to fly. It is different flying without all of the cold wind and snow in your face; we don't have to wear goggles, we have to wear sun glasses!

Mrs. Claus makes really good tropical punch and she still bakes us all cookies. She makes sure that Santa is relaxing. They have a beautiful big house up on a hill that overlooks the island. Santa loves sitting out on the deck and watching the ocean. The elves think that he is getting restless; they think that he wants to get back to the workshop. They are probably right.

It is really funny to see Rudolph walking on the beach at night. All you see is his bright red nose! Well, I've got to run Susie and Sam want to show me how to crack open a coconut and drink the milk. I'm going to bring some cookies to have with the milk. I'll write again soon.

Wish you were here,

Patrick

P.S. Santa has been acting strange. It is like he has a secret. Do you think he has a secret?

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September 16, 2008

Dear Paula,

This will be the last letter that you will get from me from the Land of Sun and Fun; we are leaving tomorrow. In fact I have to pack right after I finish writing this letter to you. Everyone hates to leave but then again we can't wait to get back to work. We don't want to disappoint any children on Christmas and it takes a long time to make all of those toys.

I don't know how I am going to fit all of the seashells that I found into my suitcase. And, I don't know where I am going to put Susie and Sam. Yes, shhh, don't tell anyone about that. They want to come back with me to the North Pole. I told them how cold it is at the North Pole and they said that wouldn't matter to them. I guess Mrs. Claus could knit them some really warm clothes. I don't know where we will get coconuts and bananas up at the North Pole. They just wouldn't take no for an answer. Now I just have to figure out how to get them back without Santa or Mrs. Claus finding out until we are back at the North Pole. Chris Mouse doesn't even know about this. I might have to have him help me but since he talks so much and worries so much I'm going to wait until the last minute to tell him. Wish me luck! I'll write as soon as we get back to the North Pole. I hope that I don't get in too much trouble...lots to tell you.

What an adventure!

Love,

Patrick