

Santa and the Zabbazara Bus

Mr. D drove the Main Street bus.

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CHAPTER ONE

This is the story of the Zabbazara bus. How it came to go to Santa Land, and how Santa happened to ride in it, and how it came to Zabbazara which is a land where the sun always shines and no grownups are allowed.

The Zabbazara bus was not always the Zabbazara bus. It used to be the Main Street bus. Mr. Diefenderfer was the driver. He had such a long name no one ever bothered to say it. Not even Mr. Diefenderfer. Everyone called him Mr. D, and that's what he called himself.

He was a little fellow with big ears and long feet and crossed eyes. For as long as anyone could remember he had been the driver of the Main Street bus, which never went anywhere at all except up and down Main Street 33 times a day.

As soon as the sun rose each morning Mr. D. got on his bus and put on his special driving glasses. He put on the glasses the very first thing because without them he saw two of everything, and seeing even one Main Street was almost more than he could bear.

As soon as he put on his glasses he took off his shoes. His feet were so big he could never get shoes that fit, and his feet always hurt.

He tucked his shoes under the seat. Then he put on his driver's hat. It was an official cap and very smart.

At least on anyone else it would have looked smart. But the way Mr. D's big ears curled up around the hat it looked like a flying saucer with wings that had just happened to land on Mr. D's head by mistake.

He didn't look like much of a driver. But then the bus he drove didn't look like much of a bus either.

It looked like a beaten up old picnic basket on wheels. People said it was 100 years old at least, and how it held together even one no one knew. Yet Mr. D loved the bus. It was Main Street he just couldn't stand any more. And the people who rode the Main Street bus. They were very rude to Mr. D.

"Pull in your ears," they said to him. "They're shutting out the view."

They looked at his big shoes tucked under the seat and said, "Do you have permission to carry BOATS on this bus?"

Mr. D was tired of it all. He kept wondering, "What lies beyond Main Street?"

One day, right in the middle of the Christmas rush, Mr. D decided he had had enough. He got a signboard and he painted on it in big red letters ZABBAZARA. He took down the sign on the side of the bus that said "Main Street" and he put up the new sign saying "ZABBAZARA."

Then he got on the bus and drove straight through the town, never stopping once for all the people waiting for the Main Street bus.

NEXT: The Crocodile and the Donkey.