

Santa and the Zabbazara Bus

BY LUCRECE BEALE



"This isn't the Main Street bus any more," said Mr. D.

SYNOPSIS: Mr. D got tired of driving a bus up and down Main Street. He wondered what the world was like beyond the town. Finally he took down the bus sign saying "Main Street," put up one saying "Zabbazara" and started off.

CHAPTER TWO

How the people stared when they saw Mr. D and the Zabbazara bus drive down the Main Street of the town! "Hey!" they called. "Wait! Stop!"

They were in the very midst of their Christmas shopping. Their feet hurt and their tempers were short. They couldn't believe the bus wasn't going to take them up and down Main Street the way it always had.

The bus came to a corner where the traffic was so heavy Mr. D had to stop. The shoppers pushed open the door and cried out, "Let us on. We want to go down Main Street, you dunce!"

Mr. D pointed to the big sign he'd put on the side of the bus. He said, "This isn't the Main Street bus anymore. This is the Zabbazara bus. You want to go to Zabbazara?"

"ZABBAZARA! Where's that?"

"I don't know," said Mr. D. "But that's where this bus is going. If you want to go, hop in." Well, who wanted to go to a place with a name like that which no one had ever heard of? The people fell back grumbling and glaring at Mr. D as if he

had taken leave of his senses.

Mr. D didn't care. He put his foot down hard on the gas and scooted away. When he came to the end of Main Street he didn't turn the bus around the way he always had. He kept right on going straight out of town.

The bus lurched and shook. Mr. D bounced up and down so hard his glasses slipped off his nose. Without his glasses he saw two roads instead of one. He decided to take the left road. It was rough but he liked it because it was taking him further and further from Main Street.

Presently he came to a cross roads where an ugly old woman with a shawl over her head flagged him down.

"This isn't a real bus," Mr. D called out the door. "It's the Zabbazara bus." "That's real enough for me." Said the old woman and she climbed on board.

Mr. D slipped his glasses back on his nose and he saw that it wasn't an old woman at all, but a crocodile.

"Everyone is afraid of me. I am so ugly," said the crocodile as she settled herself in a seat. "I've been standing on that corner for more years than I can say, and no bus has ever stopped for me before."

Mr. D had never had a crocodile on his bus before, but he thought, "Perhaps this is the way things are away from Main Street and this is the life I wanted to see."

So he let the crocodile stay on the bus. He shut the door and started away. He hadn't gone far when he was stopped by a foolish looking animal standing in the middle of the road.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. D. "I don't know," said the animal unhappily. "I never went to school and I don't know anything."

"It's a donkey," said the crocodile from the back seat. "Donkeys don't have much sense."

"You better get out of the road," said Mr. D kindly. "You'll be hit standing there."

"It's just as well. What do I have to live for? Everyone despises me."

"Take him on the bus," said the crocodile. "He wants to go to Zabbazara."

"But there is no Zabbazara!" protested Mr. D. "I made it up!"

"So what? It doesn't matter. Let the donkey on."

Mr. D did as he was told. The donkey climbed on and the Zabbazara bus continued on its way.

NEXT: Little Boy Lost