

# Santa and the Zabbazara Bus

BY LUCRECE BEALE



*"Here is Zabbazara. That's where we must go," said Santa*

Synopsis: Mr. D destroys the Voodoo man's evil mirror and tells Santa the story of the Zabbazara bus. Santa says there is such a place as Zabbazara and they will go there to break the spell of the Voodoo man.

## CHAPTER TEN

Mr. D patched up the broken gas tank with chewing gum and Santa filled the tank with gas from the toy automobile shop.

"I shouldn't drive," said Mr. D. "I can't see properly without my glasses."

"I keep a spare pair of glasses for myself," said Santa. "Try mine."

Mr. D put on Santa's glasses. For the first time in his life, things looked straight and true.

"They're like magic! Everything is beautiful!"

"Not I!" said the crocodile. "Even you," said Mr. D. "And the Fabulous Dunklebum, too!"

"Wait until we get to Zabbazara," said the little boy. "I bet that'll be the most beautiful."

The crocodile shook her head. "I'm going to stay here with the Fabulous Dunklebum."

The ugly old crocodile, in love with the ugly old monster,

couldn't bear to leave him even though he had turned to stone.

The donkey felt sorry for them. He said, "I'll stay, too. What if the Voodoo man comes I back? Someone has to be here to protect things!"

"That's true," said Santa. "How sensible you are."

No one had ever told the donkey he had sense. He felt very proud. He almost didn't mind I not going to Zabbazara.

"Goodbye! Goodbye!" He waved to Santa and the little boy and Mr. D as they climbed aboard the bus. "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything."

The crocodile waved, too, and called out, "Don't forget to break the spell."

In the bus, the little lost boy sat beside Santa. "What will happen if you don't find a way to break the spell?" he asked.

"There'll be no Christmas," said Santa. "How can I make toys without my workers, and how can I deliver them without my reindeer? And when the Voodoo man finds I did not look in his mirror and turn to stone, he won't rest until he has cast another spell for me. We must get to Zabbazara, and we must get there very fast for it is only a few days more before Christmas."

"But," said Mr. D from the driver's seat, "how do you know there is truly such a place?"

"I have a map and I have seen it there." Santa unfolded a sheet of fine linen. On it, embroidered in silk threads, was a map of faraway places.

"It's not a map of the world at all!" protested the boy.

"It is a different world. These are lands where you go in your dreams." He pointed to an island embroidered in gold. "See, here is Zabbazara. I have heard there is a Princess there who can give any gift and break any spell. That's where we must go."

"An island!" exclaimed Mr. D. "How on earth will I get the bus to an island?"

"Just follow the directions on the map."

Mr. D studied the map. There were directions in strange languages and roads whose names he couldn't pronounce. There were highways that seemed to leap across oceans and lands that seemed to hang in the skies.

Maybe it was because of the glasses Santa had given him or maybe it was for some other reason, but suddenly the map seemed very clear to Mr. D. He knew for sure that the Zabbazara bus really was going to Zabbazara.

**NEXT: The Golden Island**