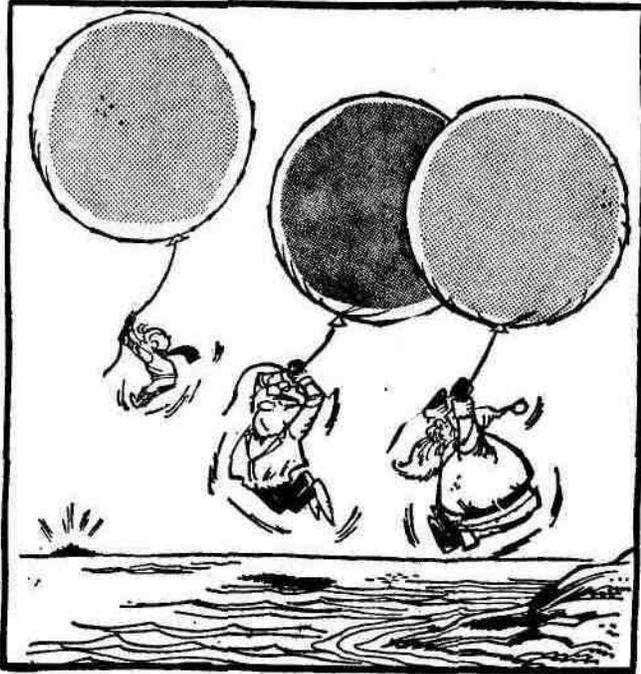


# Santa and the Zabbazara Bus

BY LUCRECE BEALE

*Airborne, the trio headed for the golden island.*



Synopsis: Santa shows Mr. D the Island of Zabbazara on a map of Faraway Places. They and the little boy get on the bus and set out for the island

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

They rode all day and they rode all night. On the morning of the second day they arrived at the edge of a blue-green sea. In the middle of the sea was a golden isle. This was Zabbazara.

Santa and Mr. D and the little boy got out of the bus. "There's no bridge!" cried the little boy. "And no boat. How will we get across the sea?"

Santa pointed to an old sea trunk on the beach. A sign on the trunk said "Free ride to Zabbazara." They opened the trunk. It was filled with pieces of colored rubber.

"They're balloons!" exclaimed Mr. D. "What use are they?"

The little boy snatched out a purple balloon and began to blow it up. In two breaths it was bigger than he. He could hardly hold on to it. A little breeze tugged at the balloon. Before he knew what had happened, the boy was in the air and sailing over the sea.

"My goodness!" cried Mr. D. "What a wonderful way to travel!"

He took a balloon out of the box and blew it up. In a few seconds he was sailing after the boy. A moment later Santa, too, was on his way.

When they came near the island the little breeze died down as if someone had pressed a button. The three travelers floated gently down.

Now they saw that the island was not all gold. But the trees bore such golden apples and oranges and pears and bananas, and the flowers had such bright yellow blossoms, that it seemed truly a golden island.

A group of laughing children burst through the trees and surrounded the visitors.

"Come play with us!"

Santa shook his head. "We don't have time for play. We have work to do."

"But, there's no work here! We only play!"

"Don't you even go to school?" asked the boy in astonishment.

"What for? We know all we need to know."

"Perhaps you had better take us to your elders," said Santa.

The children hooted. "We have no elders! There are no grownups in Zabbazara."

The little boy thought he had never heard of a land so grand.

Santa said, "You have a Princess, I have heard."

The children said of course they had a Princess, and they would take Santa to see her. They led the visitors out of the trees and down a golden street to a golden palace. There in a golden hall on a golden throne sat the Princess. She was no older in years than the little lost boy, who thought that never again in his life would he see so lovely and shining a creature.

The Princess smiled graciously. Santa told her he had heard she had great power and could grant any wish and break any charm. He asked her help in breaking the spell the evil Voodoo man had cast over Santa Land.

The Princess' smile vanished. She sent all the golden-haired children out of the palace. Then she said, "What you have told me makes me fearful for us all. The Voodoo man threatens us, too, and I do not want the others to know."

"But you have great power," began Santa.

The Princess looked even younger than her years. "Alas! The Voodoo man has found a secret magic that makes his power greater than mine. There is no magic I can work against him. Unless we find what his secret is he will destroy us all."

**SUNDAY: Mr. D's Plan**