

Santa and the Zabbazara Bus

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“He has a secret power,” said the beautiful princess.



Synopsis: The travelers get to Zabbazara. The Princess tells them she cannot help them because the Voodoo man has a magic greater than her own.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The beautiful Princess of Zabbazara had tears in her eyes as she explained to Santa Claus that she did not have the power to break the spell the Voodoo man had cast over Santa Land. “Oh, my,” moaned Mr. D. “To think there’ll never be Christmas again! How can he do such a thing?”

“He has a secret power,” said the Princess. “He is using it to get rid of all happy spirits and all good fairies. He wants to be king of all Fairyland and not even Zabbazara will escape.” The little lost boy couldn’t stand to see the Princess cry.

“Don’t worry!” he blurted out. “We will protect you. Won’t we, Santa? Won’t we, Mr. D?”

Santa shook his head helplessly but Mr. D said, “Of course!” He flapped his ears with excitement. “I’m not afraid of that old Voodoo man!”

“You are right not to be afraid of him,” said the Princess. “He has no power over real-life people. But you can’t stop him

from casting his spells over fairyland creatures.”

“We could find out his secret!” exclaimed the boy.

“Sure,” said Mr. D. “I’ve heard a lot of secrets in my time. Folks like to tell bus drivers their secrets.”

All this time Santa had been standing there not saying anything but just thinking and worrying about the awful power of the Voodoo man. Now he said, “We’ve got to find out what his secret is. Maybe they can do it.”

The Princess took the boy’s hands in hers. “Oh, could you?” she cried.

The little boy felt 10 feet tall. “We’ve GOT to do it!” he said. And Mr. D said, “Come on, boy, let’s get back to the bus and find the Voodoo man!”

But, alas! The Voodoo man had already found them!

They rushed out of the palace and down to the edge of the Sea. Far away they saw the Voodoo man holding a black balloon. He was just taking off from the distant shore.

“Get back!” cried the Princess to the waiting children, “Go quickly and hide!”

The children looked at her in astonishment. They could not understand why she was so afraid. Nevertheless they did as they were told.

Then Santa said, “We must hide, too.”

But the Princess said, “It’s no use. He will find us wherever we are. Oh, the poor children! Whatever will become of them?”

Suddenly Mr. D’s ears began to wiggle. Whenever he had an idea his ears flapped wildly. He put both hands over his ears to still them and then he burst out:

“Change clothes!”

“WHAT?”

“Change clothes. I’ll be Santa Claus and the boy will be the princess. The Voodoo man’s power won’t work on us, and you two will be safe!”

But you don’t have whiskers” protested Santa. “And you’re thin. I’m fat!”

“And how can I be a girl?” scoffed the boy. “I don’t look anything like a girl!”

But the Princess said, “I still have some power. I can provide wigs and whiskers and such. We must try it. It’s our only chance!”

To be continued