

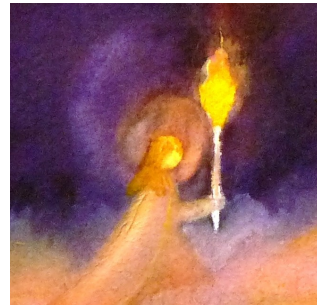
# SANTA'S LIGHTS



Written and Illustrated by  
JOE BENNETT



This book is dedicated to my daughter Rachel. She is the beautiful, strong and resilient character in this book.



Many helped me. Especially grateful to Leslie Konya, Steve Spaulding and Diana Chien for their editorial suggestions.

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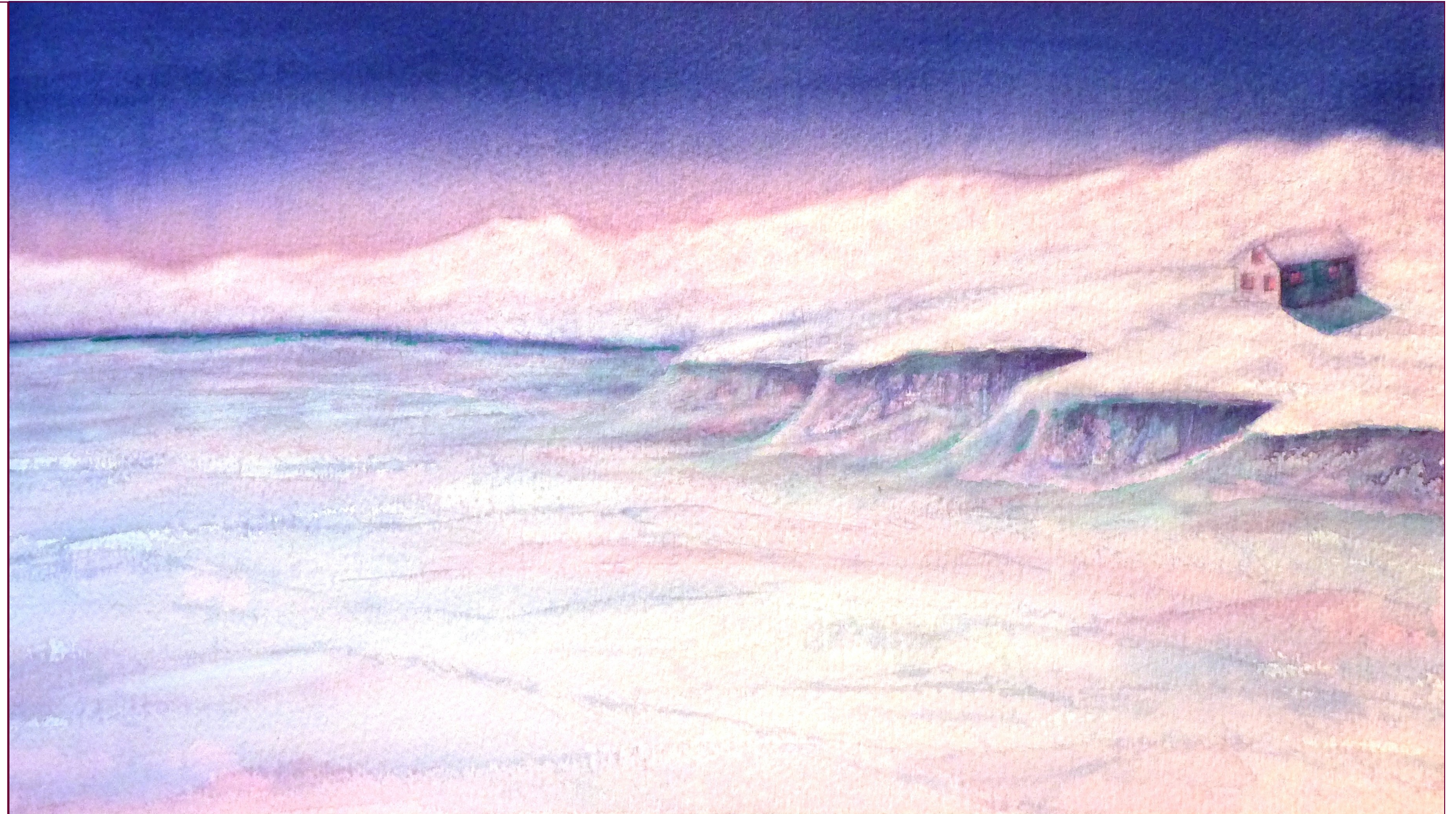




During the Christmas holidays I visit my favorite uncle. His name is Uncle Charlie.

He lives in Alaska, off the shore of the Arctic Ocean, close to the North Pole.

In winter it is too cold to play outside. So my uncle takes me along to where he works.





Uncle Charlie delivers  
supplies to the workers  
in the oil fields.

He flies a plane with  
skis attached to land on  
the ice and snow.

The engines are  
running and my heart  
is jumping.

Today I am flying with  
him!





Bands of color dance  
across the sky as we  
make our deliveries.

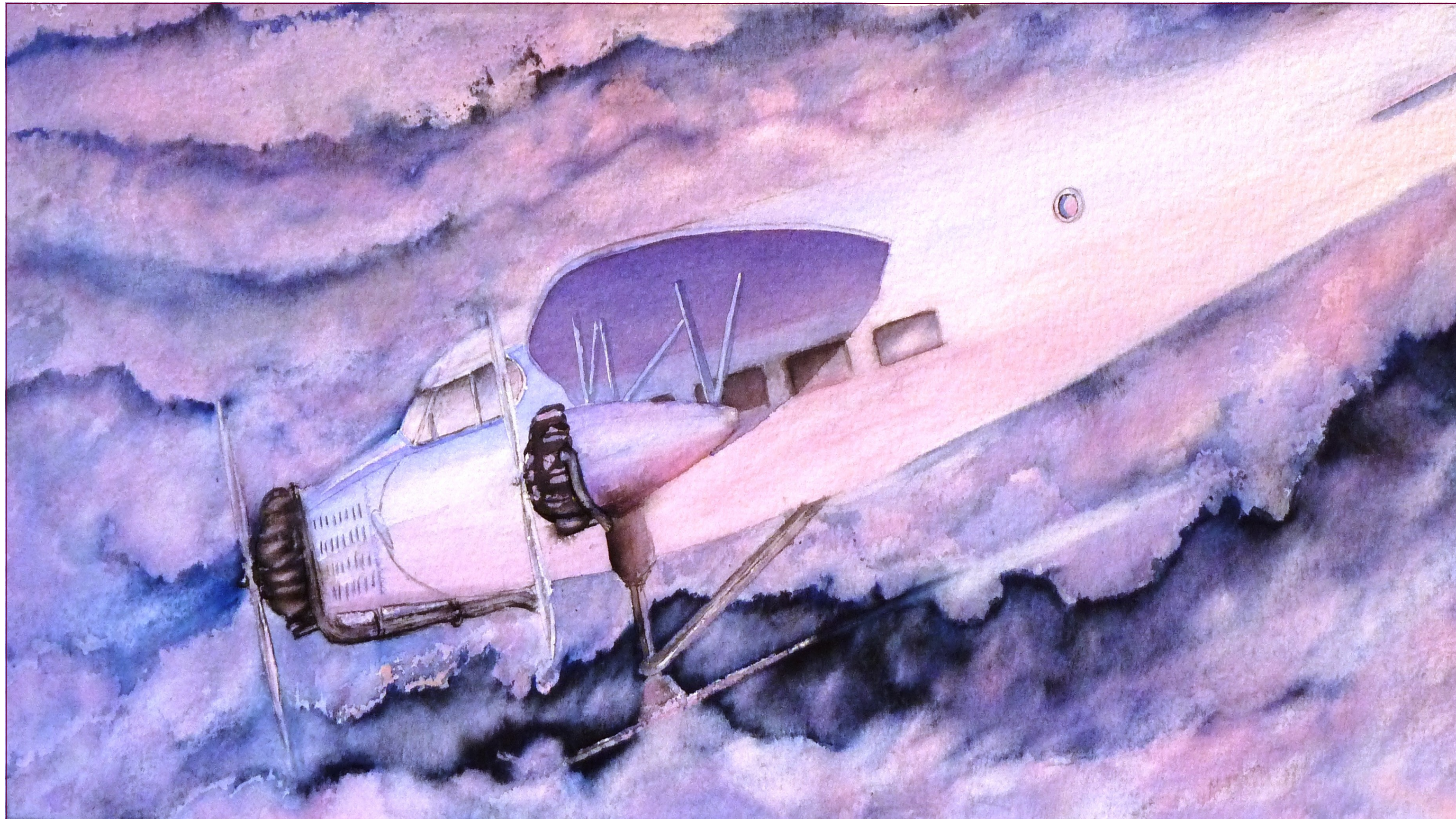
“Those are the Northern  
Lights from the North  
Pole,” my uncle tells  
me.

“Isn’t that where Santa  
lives? Have you seen  
his house? Have you  
met him? Can we go  
there?” I ask.

Uncle Charlie only  
smiles.







On our way home we  
run into a horrible  
storm.

The plane struggles  
like a bird caught in a  
wind.

Uncle Charlie looks  
worried as he checks  
the gauges.

My Uncle tries to land  
the plane to get out of  
the storm.





Whump! Whump!  
Whump! Whump!

The plane crashes into the snow and my uncle bumps his head.

When the plane finally stops, my uncle seems to be asleep. I can't wake him.

When I turn the knob on the radio it only crackles.

"Hello, can anyone help us?" I call into the microphone, but I don't think anyone can hear me.

I decide to climb out of the plane to get help for Uncle Charlie.



Crunch...crunch...crunch...  
crunch...crunch.

I hear noises!

When I first see them I'm  
frightened, but when the  
reindeer come closer,  
I know I am safe.

The leader looks into my  
eyes and nods his head.

He wants me to follow  
him!





I follow the reindeer until  
I see lights coming from  
a pole atop a building.

There's a house with  
smoke rising from the  
chimney.

I wonder who lives here?

I run to the house and  
pound on the door.





A kind lady welcomes me in.

I tell her our plane crashed and my Uncle Charlie needs help.

“Don’t worry, everything will be alright. We heard your plane. My husband went to get your uncle.”

She brings me cookies and a mug of delicious hot chocolate.

I can’t keep my eyes open. Soon I fall asleep.





I awake to my uncle's snores.

A wonderful aroma fills the air. I follow the smell into the kitchen.

That's when I meet him. He's round and fat with a big white beard.

He smiles when he sees me and calls me by my name!

After breakfast he asks, "Would you like to visit a very special place Rachel?"

"Yes!"





He takes me to the building with the lights that come from the pole.

Happy elves greet us!

I see them wrapping packages for Christmas.

This is a fun place that I want to see.

He shows me everything.

Then he asks, "Would you like to go outside and see the most special thing of all?"





His magical sleigh!

He invites me to climb in and hands me the reins. I shake them and his sleigh slowly rises into the air.

Zoooom...I am flying!

The wind tickles my cheeks as I soar through the sky.

After awhile the sleigh settles onto the ground next to Santa.

“It’s time for you to go back to your home. I have a lot to do to get ready for Christmas.” he tells me.





Santa hitches a reindeer named Blixem to another sleigh.

The animal is funny and makes us laugh.

My uncle gets into the sleigh with us. We set off to go to our plane.

I hold the reins as we glide over the snow singing, "Jingle Bells."

Blixem's sleigh bells go jingle...jingle...jingle...jingle...jingle...adding music to our song.





When we arrive Uncle Charlie climbs into the plane.

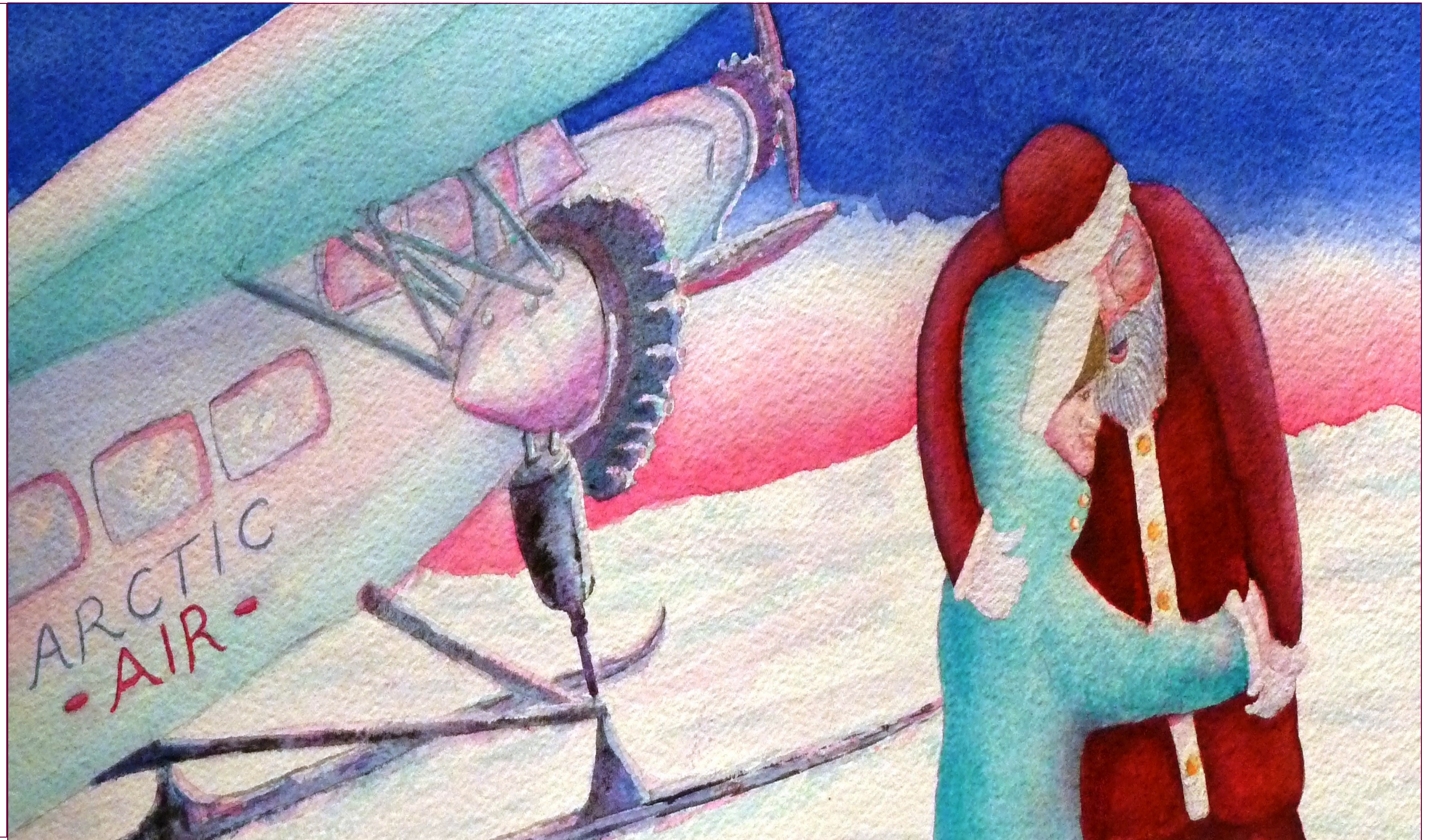
Santa tells me, with a twinkle in his eye, “Your uncle stopped believing in me years ago, so he may not remember what happened. But he’ll be alright.”

As I hug Santa goodbye, I ask, “What makes the lights shine from your workshop?”

“The magic in my workshop makes the lights glow. The elves call them Santa’s Lights.” he says with a laugh.

Then he gets into his sleigh, and shouts, “**Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas!**”

Whoosh! He is gone.







I climb into the plane and put on my seatbelt.

My uncle is confused. He shakes his head and asks, “What’s happened to us?”

“We were in a horrible storm and the plane crashed into the snow. You bumped your head. I went for help and met some reindeer who guided me to Santa’s house. Santa showed me his workshop and I got to ride in his sleigh!” I tell him.

He smiles and looks at me gently, “You must have bumped *your* head. No one lives here,” he says.

“This is the **North Pole!**”



After we take off the plane  
rises over Santa's house.

"Look! Do you see the  
lights coming from  
Santa's workshop?" I ask.

"The lights are beautiful!  
Those are the Northern  
Lights we saw before."  
he answers.





“The Eskimos believe the Northern Lights are the torches lit by the spirits to guide them on their way to heaven.” he tells me.

“No! Uncle Charlie, those are Santa’s Lights!”

“The magic inside his workshop makes the lights glow!”





As the plane thunders  
over Santa's house, I see  
Santa wave.

I wave back as my Uncle  
Charlie turns the plane to  
head for home.







Uncle Charlie doesn't recall what happened at the North Pole.

He couldn't see the house, the workshop, or Santa's wave.

But he loves the way the lights make it seem like Christmas today.

As we fly away, it starts to snow.

I wish that I could spend every Christmas at the North Pole.

The End.



## What are the Northern Lights?



The Northern Lights are seen only when it is dark. They are beautiful displays of color and light. The auroras often appear in stripes and bands of shining colors that move in waves across the night sky. The closer you are to the North Pole, the more likely you are to see them.

## According to the Ancient Native Peoples



Despite their great beauty, the Northern Lights were feared by some native peoples. The Eskimos living near Uncle Charlie believed that the lights were evil. When the lights appeared they carried knives to protect themselves and chanted songs to ward off any evil spirits.

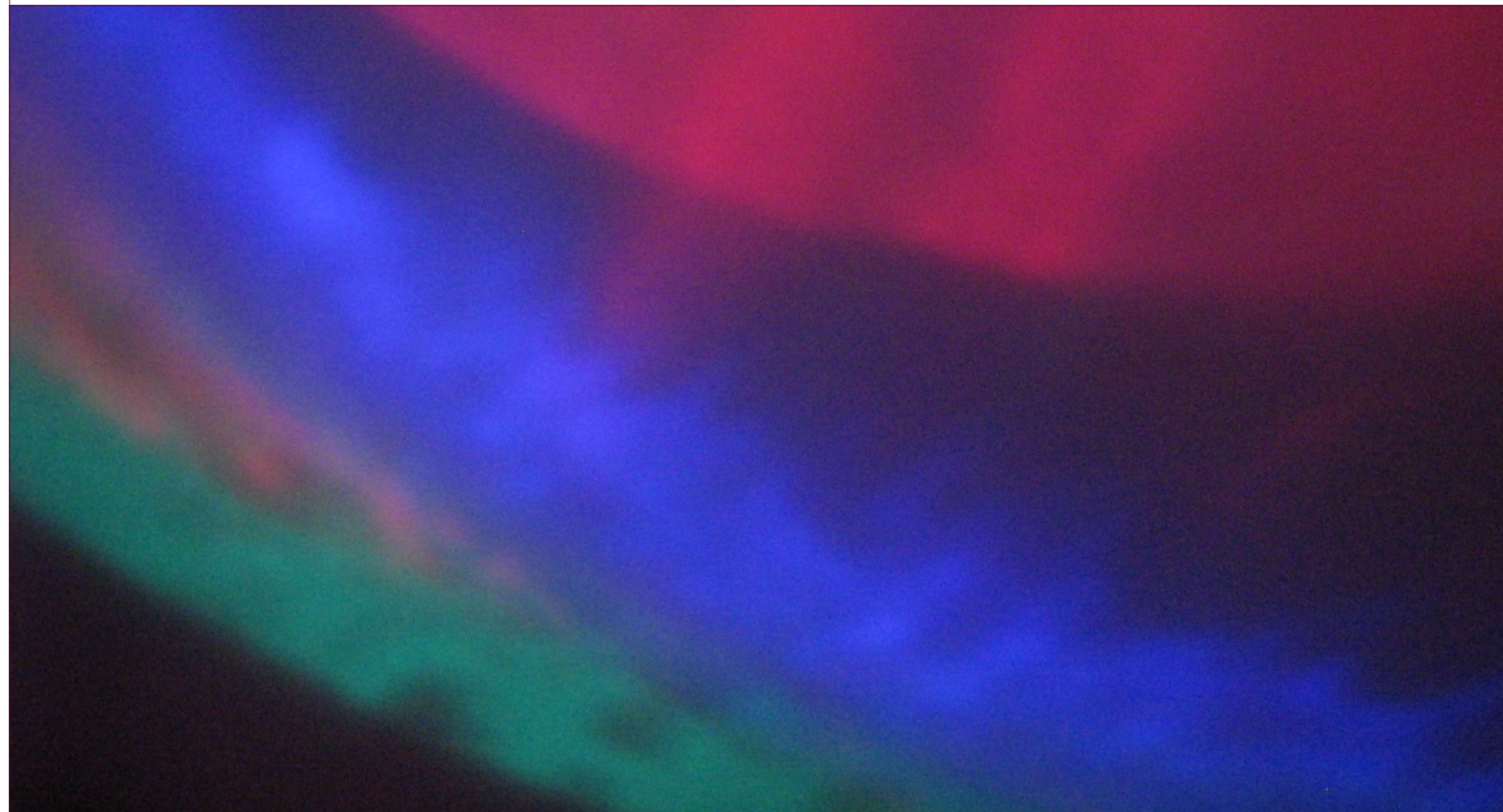
Most native people believed that the auroras carried blessings and the promises of good things to come. Some believed the Northern Lights were huge fires built by the Creator of the Earth to remind his people that he loves them.

It is believed the dragon legends of ancient China and Europe originated from the Northern Lights. They imagined them to be the fiery breath of dragons flashing across the sky.



## ACCORDING TO MODERN MAN

Scientists believe that the Northern Lights are caused by high-speed particles from the sun striking gases in huge oceans of air above the earth. When these particles hit the gases they glow.

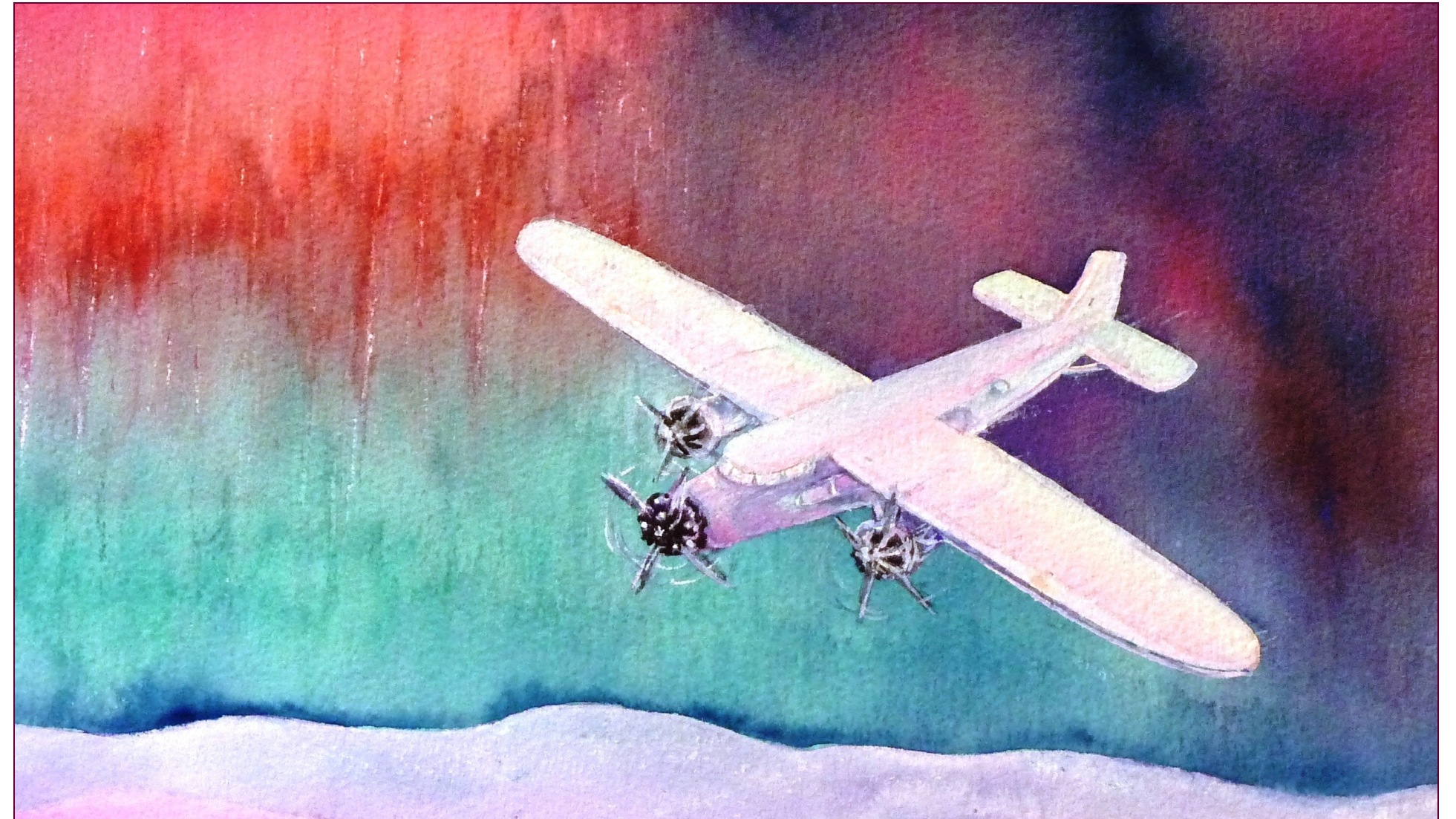


## ACCORDING TO BELIEVERS

For believers, those explanations are awfully silly!  
We know the Northern Lights are the lights that come from Santa's Workshop at the North Pole!







In this delightful holiday adventure climb aboard Arctic Air to deliver supplies to the workers in the oil fields. Fly over miles of frozen tundra and see the dazzling Northern Lights. Get lost in a powerful storm that takes you to the North Pole. Reindeer guide you to a wondrous place where you meet Santa, visit his workshop, and fly through the sky in his magical sleigh. Discover the true origins of the mysterious Northern Lights in this Christmas classic.