

Pinky the Elf

COMES TO SEATTLE



“Well, this’ll show Santa,” Pinky mumbled as the bus pulled away. She had saved all her elf money for a ticket to Seattle, hoping the trip would get her away from the frustrations at the North Pole as Christmas was drawing near. She just needed an escape.



Pinky was sad. She slumped in her seat, thinking about the things that she couldn't do. She was the tiniest elf, after all. All the other elves were big enough to help Santa with his big jobs — loading the sleigh with packages, using heavy power tools to make toys, or even fixing Mrs. Claus' rocking chair.



When the bus slowed down, rolling past the Space Needle, Pinky knew she had made it to Seattle. She'd heard what a great place it was, filled with friendly people and fun things to do. "Do you know how far it is to the Experience Music Project?" she asked the bus driver, hoping it could get her mind off all the tasks she was too small to perform at the North Pole.



After getting her directions, she started walking right away, glad to be out of Santa's workshop for once. She was admiring all the cute houses in Seattle when she suddenly saw something that caught her attention: smoke pouring from the roof of a two-story house.



All alone in a new place, Pinky didn't know what to do. She saw a light on in the second-story window, noticing flames starting to emerge from the roof. She decided in an instant to scurry up the drainpipe and peek inside, seeing a young girl laying asleep in her bed. "Wake up! Wake up! There's a fire!" Pinky shouted, pounding on the window pane with all the strength her little elf body could muster. "Call the Seattle Fire Department!"



Pinky's noise drew the attention of the girl's parents, who rushed into the bedroom, shocked to see a tiny elf yelling at their window. They immediately smelled the smoke and carried their daughter down to safety, calling 9-1-1 after they had escaped the burning house.



The Seattle Fire Department rushed to the scene and doused the flames, glad to see the family had made it out unharmed. “That little elf saved our lives,” said the daughter, giving the tiny Pinky a great big hug. “Thank you so much!”



The next day, Pinky was a hero. Her story made the front page of The Seattle Times, and everybody in Seattle was talking about her bravery. She even got a medal from Mayor Michael McGinn for courage and service to the community.



That's not all. When word got around about Pinky's heroism, some businesses thought it would be a good idea to hire someone with that kind of character. "I could use some help picking up lug nuts," said the manager of Les Schwab Tire Center. "I bet Pinky would be perfect for planting seedlings at my nursery," said the owner of Swanson's Nursery. "And I'd love for her to keep our patients company," said the administrator at Northwest Hospital.



Pinky thought about it. Staying in Seattle sounded so appealing, but she also knew her calling in life was to be an elf. As she bought her bus ticket back to the North Pole, she realized she'd learned an important lesson that would serve her well at Santa's workshop: It's the size of your heart that matters more than anything.



Upon returning to the North Pole, Santa was already waiting for her. “I’ve got a job for you, Pinky,” he said, holding up a list of the good girls and boys who deserved extra toys this year. “I need you to check and double-check this list. It’s a big job, but I think you can handle it.”

Now thanks to Pinky — and the lessons she learned in Seattle — all the Christmas toys will arrive on schedule this year.

