DeVol 1

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**Santa Revelations**

 I don’t quite remember when I lost my innocence, but I think I have a fairly good inkling of how I did. It’s not one of the most original reasons for it happening, but I’ll tell it anyway. When I was in elementary school, we had to do many book reports. Book reports year round. It was like the book hater’s hell. I wasn’t a very big fan of books at the time, so I asked my mom for some recommendations. “How about a Judy Bloom book?” she asked. I had heard Judy Bloom was a good young reader’s author, so I thought I’d try one out. “Super Fudge? That sounds good!” I exclaimed. The cover looked funny, and I had already read Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing, so I knew I couldn’t go wrong with this.

About halfway through the book, a chapter about Christmas came up. Want to know what the first line was? “Don’t tell Fudge the truth about Santa.” What? What truth? I knew I had to ask my parents after that. If they’d been lying that entire time. “Please make it not so,” I said to myself. What use was that? None, I tell you. I was shocked that I had been lied to like that my entire life. And every time I looked at that book again… I swear it had an evil smile.

I felt as if all the fun had left my life that day. What did I have to look forward to anymore? What reason did I have to continue studying? You may think that learning the truth about Santa shouldn’t be a reason to be depressed. But you’re not me, are you?