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THOSE OF YOU who may have met Mrs. Claus might think you know the woman behind the jolly, bearded man. However, what you may have seen is her public persona – the cheery, rosy-cheeked, cookie baker who brings Santa his snack while he listens to the secret desires of every good boy and girl at your local mall or toy store. So you can know the real woman, *Frisco STYLE* has included an excerpt from her tell-all book to be released next year: *Mrs. Claus: The Woman Behind the Fat Man*.

Back in the day, when I first met Santa, he was known as Kris Kringle. He was Mr. Big Stuff around The Nog-n-Toddie Pub, an elf bar I frequented with my girlfriends to watch the reindeer games. Everyone knew he was an up-and-comer in the holiday biz.

I thought he was quite handsome. At that time he wasn't too chubby, but his

True Confessions of Mrs. Claus

By Kristi Kringle

cheeks were rosy and even then, his nose was just like a cherry! And, those dimples, they were so merry they made me swoon! He was always very animated when I would see him regaling his friends with tales of whirlwind trips around the world and stories of flying reindeer.

I was smitten for what seemed like decades, I just knew he was the one, but he was oblivious. I don't know how many handkerchiefs I dropped or how many dances I declined, waiting for him to notice me. Then finally, when I had given up all hope, he asked me to dance to my favorite song, *Jingle Bell Rock!* I nearly fainted with a combination of embarrassment and glee when I saw how his eyes twinkled as he looked at me. My girlfriends were so jealous. Everyone wanted to catch a man with his potential and charm. I mean, who wanted to be stuck with some elf in the toy room for eternity? Sure, it's got stability, but where's the growth opportunity?

On our first date, he took me on my first of many sleigh rides around the world. It was far less crowded then, not as many gifts to deliver or children to keep track of on his list. Who wouldn't be impressed? On subsequent dates to mountain tops and exotic lands he continued to dazzle me with promises of a lifetime of magic and cheer, 363 days of luxury and only two workdays a year. He beguiled me with a home in a winter wonderland and all the children in the world. Little did I know he meant it, literally!

When he said winter wonderland, he meant snow... 24/7! My rear end hasn't been warm in over a hundred years! And, when he said all the children in the world, I thought, "Oh, he wants a large family." Ha! He meant, "Start cookin' honey,

we've got a lot of stockings to stuff." After our honeymoon, to Aspen (was I crazy?) I started baking cookies and making sugarplums and haven't stopped since. So much for two workdays a year – for him maybe!

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Now, however many hundreds of years later, where's the magic? What cheer?

Three hundred sixty three days a year, he's out "supervising" the workshops, playing reindeer games and reliving his glory days with the elves. When he comes home he leaves his keys by the door, the mail on the table and his wallet never in the same place (which he will ask me to help him find in the morning). After dropping his work clothes, covered in ashes and soot, on the floor in the bedroom, he "jams up," i.e. puts on pajamas that are older than Comet and have the holes to prove it. He makes his way into the kitchen, scratches himself and says, "Where's dinner?" You don't know how many times I've wanted to tell him EXACTLY where he can find it!

Every night after supper, he watches *This Old Gingerbread House* and reads his favorite magazine, *Reindeer & Rider*. For his



evening snack he goes to the “Cocoa Preparation Station” in my clean-after-a-long-day-of-cooking kitchen, leaves his dirty spoon on the counter, spills cocoa powder on the floor and walks away!

Does he ask me about my day? Does he volunteer to do the dishes? Has he even once picked up his wet towel off the floor after using all the hot water? No! And then he wonders, why I can't sit down and spend time with him watching TV.

Honey, I've got stuff to do! I've had a long day of being a supportive wife and generous mother to all those kids... and now I've got to cook your dinner, do your laundry, clean your dishes, sort the mail and find your wallet! Do I look like I have time to watch, *Pimp My Sleigh Ride*?

Later in the evening, after I've been able to relax and soak in my bath, he quietly slips up behind me wrapping his arms around my waist wanting to know if I want to “get on the naughty list.”

Secretly, I'm thankful he still finds me desirable... I've got bunions on my feet and burns on my fingers. My hair is frizzy, my skin is dry and my backside is gigantic (quality control on all those sweets).

When I mention these scars on my beauty he reminds me how beautiful I am in his eyes, how he couldn't survive one day without me and how he misses me when I'm not around. Then becoming my dashing young suitor again, he nuzzles my neck and offers to rub my feet while we watch my favorite shows, *Everyone Loves Blitzen* and *Survivor: Antartica*.

Oh, how I love him for loving me still... but, frankly, I'm exhausted. Being Mother Christmas to this Father is wearing me flat out! But I wouldn't have it any other way!

