



## Chapter 6

# Kringle's Magical Education

So as the Elf King, Kril, decreed, the Elven brothers did indeed take little Kringle to their hearts, and each one taught him in the arts of Elven lore, and magic bold, and how the Elves ignore the cold.

Bingle showed him cookie dough, made from starlight beams and snow;  
Fingle taught him how to sing, and how to make a magic ring.

Hingle could a moonbeam fold, and turn it into Elven gold.  
Dingle chanted to the sky, and made time stop, or made it fly.

Pingle knew each single word in every language ever heard.  
Zingle waved a hand around, and no one else would hear a sound





But it was Jingle's special joy to know precisely which small toy, or large one too, would put a smile on the face of any child.

But Jingle could not use his skill, "Not for Humans," Elf King Kril would thunder in the village square. "We do not with the Humans share."

So years passed swiftly, one, then two, then twenty more as Kringle grew and grew and grew and grew some more, until he crawled in through the door and Hingle yelled, "Make yourself small; you know you're too big for the hall."

And Kringle did, for he could shrink to half his size when he would think about himself as one small mouse, living in a great big house.

"But Elven magic's not the way for me to walk around all day."



"You're right," said Jingle, "It is time to build a home of oak and pine; one just your size, a home of wood. And we will build it very good!"

And so they did, and on the top, they built a giant magic shop.

Jingle still loved building toys, and Kringle too, though all the boys and all the girls within Elf-town had every doll and puppet clown and ball and bat and choo-choo train imagined by an Elven brain.

Elven women, and their girls, had all the finest fancy swirls and patterns in their coats and gowns, though showing off in Elven towns is rather pointless, for you see, Elves have beauty magically.

Their eyes are large and bright and brown, or brilliant blue; they seldom frown, so their faces have no lines or other Human worry signs.

The Elves' ears are all pointed, too; they hear far more than me or you.





And though we think Elves rather small, they feel that being three feet tall is just the perfect, perfect size to show off their large ears and eyes.

So clothes were nice, and toys were fine, and Elves do not by nature whine, but finally Kringle told the King, "You know, Good Sir, I wish to bring an end to Elven-Human fear; it is that job that brought me here.

"The folks of Yule gave me to you; across much time and space I flew. The North Pole now is where we live, but there are Elves with love to give to all the people of the Earth. Surely, Love has that much worth."

"I mistrust Humans; they are strange." Kril said, "We must stay out of range and keep outside away from view by those who look like, well... like you."

Kril puffed and huffed; it was a sight to see him at his full elf-height. But that is only three feet tall, and frightened Kringle not at all.



"But you have raised me, all the Elves. I can do magic, like yourselves, and maybe I'll do even more, for I have memories in store from Yule, my other home out there. On Yule with all we share. We share!"

But Kril said "No!" and "No, again! We do not traffic with the men of Earth and furthermore, I never will—and that's for sure!"

And so the matter stood awhile, and toys unused became a pile so high that up there at the top, it shoved the roof right off the shop.

It could not stay that way, of course. They had a train and hobby horse or maybe six or eight to spare for every Elf-child living there.

With all those toys piled up so high they had begun to block the sky.

Kringle knew the time had come to share their gifts with everyone. And finally, his decision made, Kringle bowed his head and prayed:





"I know that I am not all-wise, but I do think a compromise  
could help the Humans and the Elves to love each other, and themselves.

"What can I do? What can I be?" And the Angel heard his plea.

