

Oh, it's you. I didn't think you'd be
back this year. I heard you

Retired!



I'm really not all that old you know—only 1746 years in March.



Getting down the chimney isn't as easy as it used to be. I can always use UPS (United Pixie Service) — they got skinny guys who can climb down chimneys.

It's about identity
you know. If I retire
I'm not St. Nicholas
anymore. I'm just
plain Nick Smith.
That's right, Smith.



My job is to spread love and joy wherever I go.
Does work get any better?

Happy Holidays

Look at the snot-nosed kid they want to replace me. Only 284 years old and doesn't even have a beard yet. I still think "Santa George" sounds funny.



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