

# An Elf Named Finley



A Christmas Story  
by  
Rick Junnila

# An Elf Named Finley

HOW ELVES MANIFEST A LIFE OF DREAMS  
& HOW CHILDREN (OF ALL AGES) CAN TOO!

Rick Junnila

This book is dedicated to my beautiful children Matt & Chase.

I Love You

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# Chapter 1: A Lost Boy

It was a time in history when Christmas was no longer an occasion to believe in Santa Claus. People were more worried about the economy and keeping their jobs. Many people had lost their jobs recently and this made Christmas seem much less magical.

One person who was very worried was an orphan boy named Finley who just lost his very first job when the company he worked for closed. Being an orphan, and with no family to turn to, Finley found himself homeless.

In his early teens, Finley was still young and curious about Christmas. He did not have parents who he could ask questions about Santa and so he relied on what he had heard at school and from friends. He had many questions and wondered if Santa really existed. He wanted Santa to exist, but no one he knew ever saw Santa. Some of his friends would say, "I think Santa exists but I have never seen him." Yet others would say "Santa is just make-believe." And only a very few still believed. Finley realized that he had better focus his thoughts on more important things, such as finding food, shelter, and hopefully a job.

Cold and hungry, Finley found himself wandering out of the city through the bar-



ren forest. The forest had been devastated from over cutting and logging. He was lost and it was dark. After several days of walking he came upon a small snow covered town. Although it was dark outside, the town was very well lit. The houses were pushed together, as if one wooden house was built off of the next. Some were stacked up right on top of the house below. The homes were meager to say the least; flat tin roofs, old wooden doors and only a few had windows. There were no streets or sidewalks, no cars or buses, none of the things you would find in a big city. To his surprise, the people appeared to be peaceful and happy. It was obvious that they had some money because they were dressed well and were carrying presents in their arms. As they strolled about, talking and saying hello to one another, they were stacking the presents in the center of town. Finley thought that it must be the mayor's birthday or some other big celebration.

In passing, Finley asked an elderly man. "Excuse me sir, are there any jobs in this town"?

The old man answered "Yes there is one job. But the job that is available requires special skills. These are the sort of skills all people are given at birth, but it is obvious that you have not mastered them. We hire only professionals in this town."

"How do you know I haven't mastered the skills yet?" Finley questioned. "You haven't even told me what the job is. How would you know just by looking at me, that I am not qualified?"

The old man looked down at Finley and said "The reason I know is because you would not be asking for a job, if you had already mastered the skill. Only Santa's elves have the skill, and everyone you see in this town is an elf."

This guy has lost his mind, Finley thought. Then Finley said out loud. "You're not an elf, you are over six feet tall, your ears aren't pointed, you are wearing normal clothes and you look like a normal guy."

"The only difference between elves and what you call normal people is...elves cre-

ate real magic" said the old man.

Finley felt a little confused and assumed the "elf" was senile; after all, he was quite old. Nonetheless, the old guy knew of a job, and Finley desperately needed work.

"Well I am a quick learner and I don't normally do this but...I will agree to work without pay until I learn the job, whatever it is, to your satisfaction." Finley said with a firm voice.

The old man just smiled and said, "It is funny you say that, because the job doesn't pay. The people who do this kind of work do it because they love it. They do not work for money, my dear boy. They work for the love of what they do. You see, all the elves in this town have mastered the very skill they were born with, and they do what they do because it brings them joy. And that is why their lives are so abundant. By doing what they love, they make life better for other people. Then, and only then, does one receive true wealth."

"I'll do it, whatever it is, I'll master it." Finley did not understand exactly what the old man was saying but he was determined to try anything to get out of the cold and at least get some food. Besides he could plainly see that all the other so-called "elves" were doing quite well.

"It's agreed then. You start working for Santa tomorrow." The old elf continued. "Oh yes, before I forget...there is one important thing you need to know before starting the job. It may be painful work. Don't worry it is not physical pain. The pain is the type of pain you get with frustration. You see my boy; those who fail in this line of work do so because they do not follow the rules. Santa has never fired anyone. The one's who don't make it quit due to the pain of frustration.

Pain? What's this guy doing, running some kind of child labor camp? This guy has definitely lost his mind...nonetheless, I need work, Finley thought to himself.

The old man continued. "Pain is sometimes necessary for change...not always, but

sometimes. It has been said, that when a caterpillar goes into the cocoon - one that he has made for himself - the caterpillar knows he will change. He knows even before he makes the cocoon that becoming a butterfly may be painful. At some point the caterpillar has to make a choice, remain a caterpillar or trust that he can indeed change. If he decides to become a butterfly, he locks himself in his cocoon and then allows the process to happen. You see, he has to believe that the process will work, and then allow it to happen or it will never work. When the caterpillar awakens and leaves the cocoon, he realizes that he has become something much greater than he could have imagined. He has been forever transformed into a beautiful butterfly. And now, being something much greater the caterpillar can never go back."

"Alright Mr. Elf, I gotta get some sleep if I am to start work tomorrow." Finley said while thinking to himself. "Caterpillars! Pain! Santa's Elf! This old guy is a REAL LIVE LOON!"





## Chapter 2: Learning the Rules

The morning came quickly and Finley found himself waiting for work outside the old elf's house which looked like a large wooden shed. The old elf said, "Follow me to Santa's Magic Castle."

Finley could not believe it! If this guy is really an elf, he was going to see Santa at last. He was so excited he quickly asked "Will I get to meet him today, you know... Santa?"

The old elf smiled and said "Yes, Santa's here, He is always here. As a matter of fact he is here right now...want to meet him?"

They walked to the far edge of town. Then the old elf opened an old wooden door attached to a small shed. Inside there was a bowl with some bread and fruit on the floor. Other than that, the shed was empty with dirt floors and an old scroll nailed onto the wall.

"What kind of joke is this Mr. Elf?" Finley exclaimed.

"You don't see Santa? He is right here with you." The old elf said smiling and waving into the empty shed as if someone were there.

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