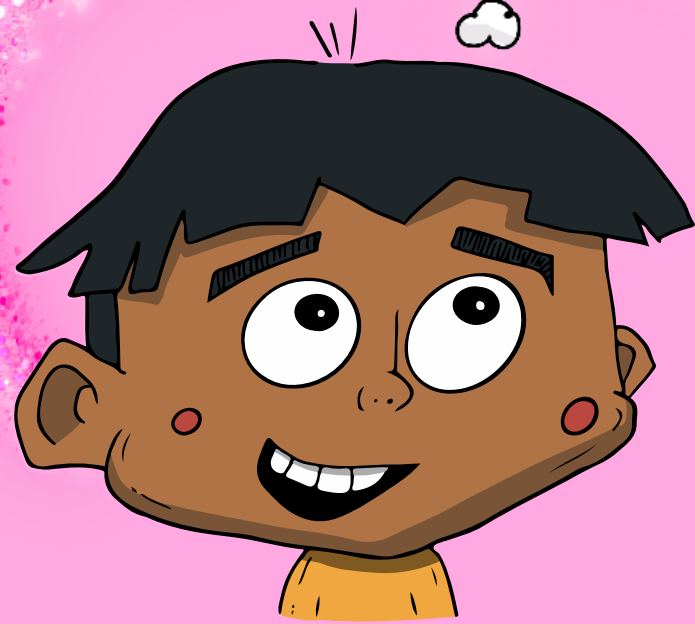






*One cold, snowy night on the 8th of December,  
A little boy, James, wrote a list to remember  
Of the gifts that he wanted from Santa that year  
To open on Christmas and deliver him cheer.*



*On his list were a tiara, a dress, and some dolls,  
And some fun glitter posters to hang on his walls,*

*And an Easy-Bake Oven to learn how to bake,  
And a frilly, pink swimsuit to wear to the lake.*





*He looked his list over,  
sealed it up, held it tight,*



*But couldn't shake the feeling  
something didn't feel right.*



*"Aren't dolls meant for girls?" he started to think.  
"Should I want to wear blue when I feel right in pink?"*

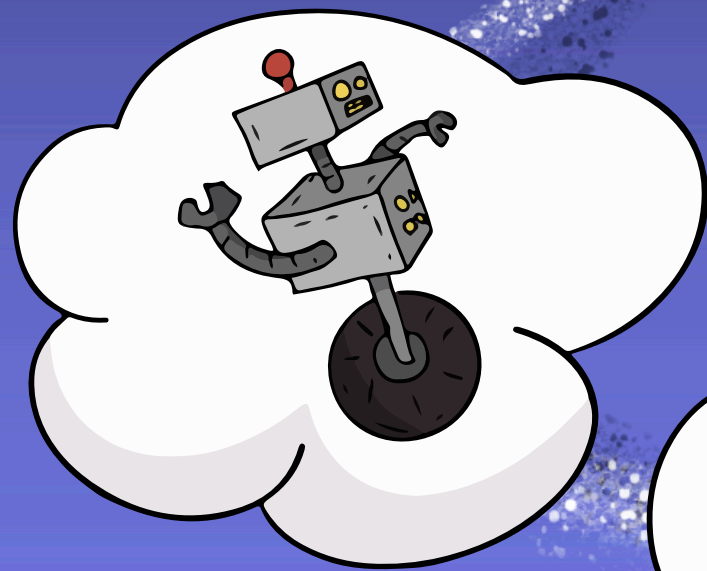




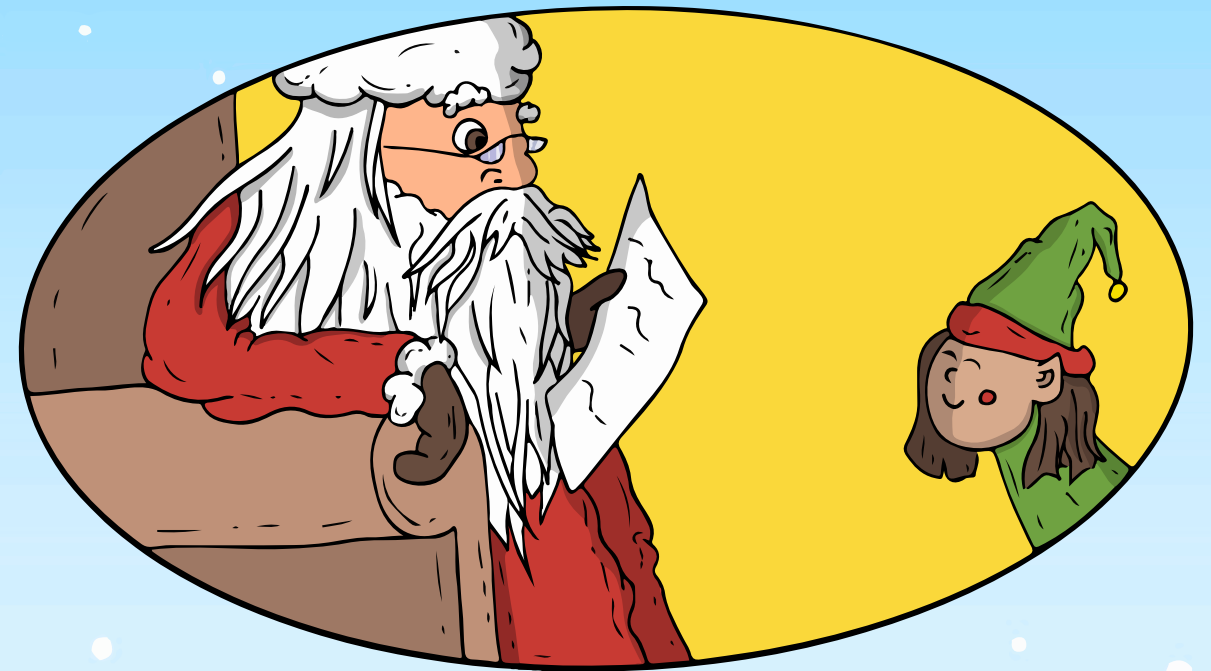
*So he ripped up his letter and started anew,  
Trying hard to sound like the other boys do.  
“Dear Santa, it’s James, the one from Vermont.  
I’ve given some thought to what I might want.”*

Dear Santa,

*"This year, I'd love sports stuff; I've forgotten the names.  
And some cars and some darts and some video games.  
And how about a swimsuit? I could use something new.  
The cut doesn't matter, as long as it's blue."*



*James sealed up his letter and sent it away.  
It arrived at the North Pole the very next day.  
Santa put on his glasses, peeped over his frames,  
And said to an elf, "Why look here, it's James!"*

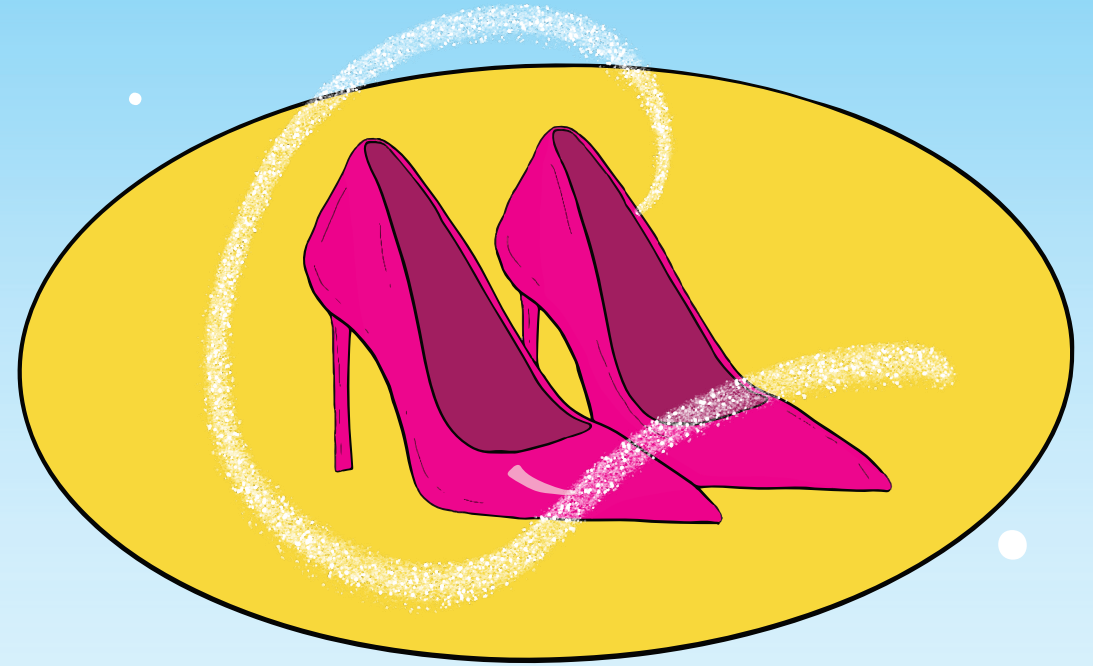




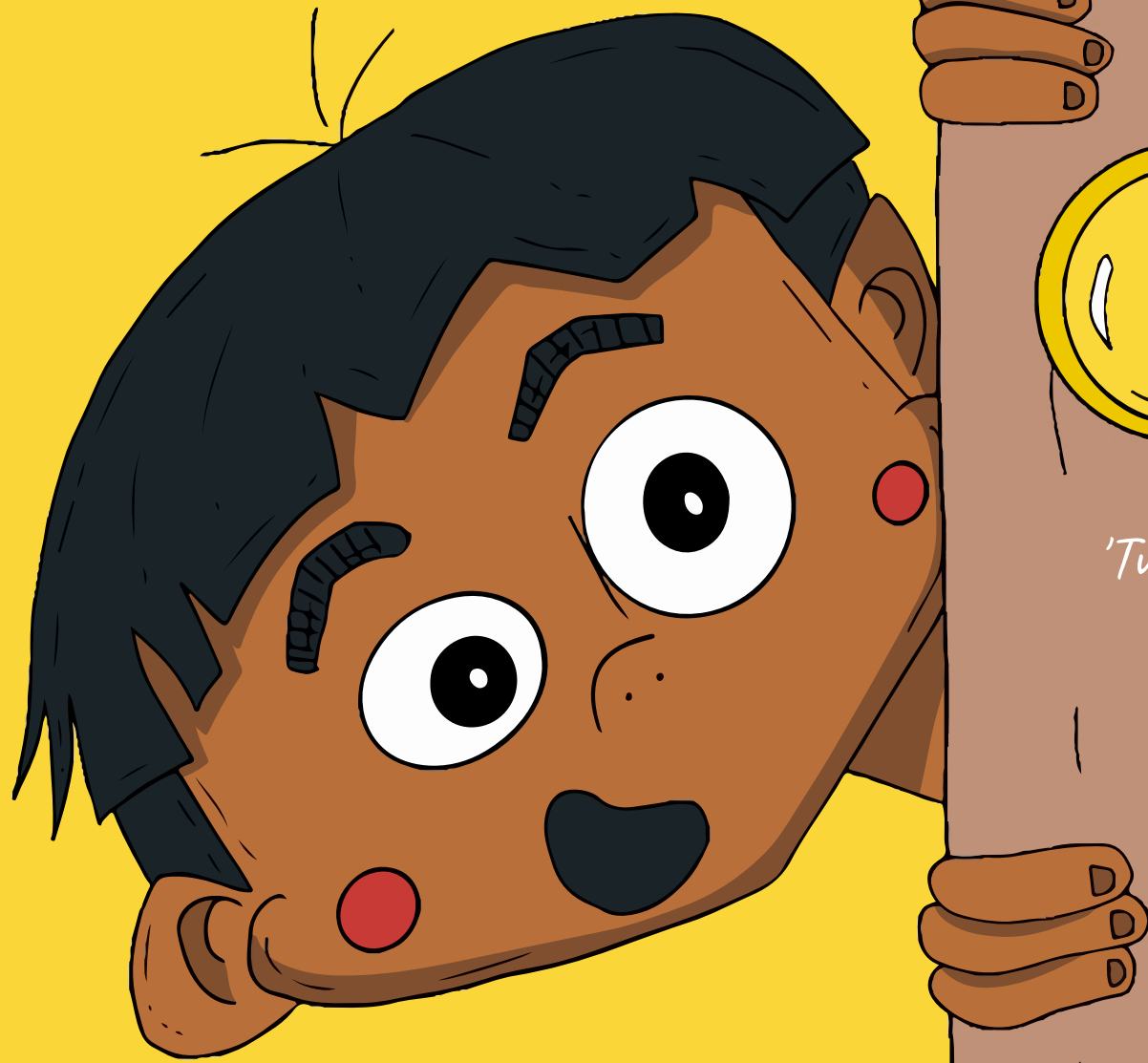
*He read over the letter, but from what he could see,  
This wasn't the James Santa knew James to be.*

*"Something's amiss!" he exclaimed to an elf.  
"Could it be James is nervous to be his true self?"*





*Santa yelled to his crew, "It's time that we show up!  
And give our friend James a well-deserved glow-up."  
So the elves got to work and came up with a plan.  
Even Mrs. Claus lent a hand to her man.*



*'Twas late Christmas Eve when James saw by the fire  
Santa standing in very un-Santa attire!*

*He sported a sparkle no words can describe.  
This was more than just Santa. No, this was a vibe.*

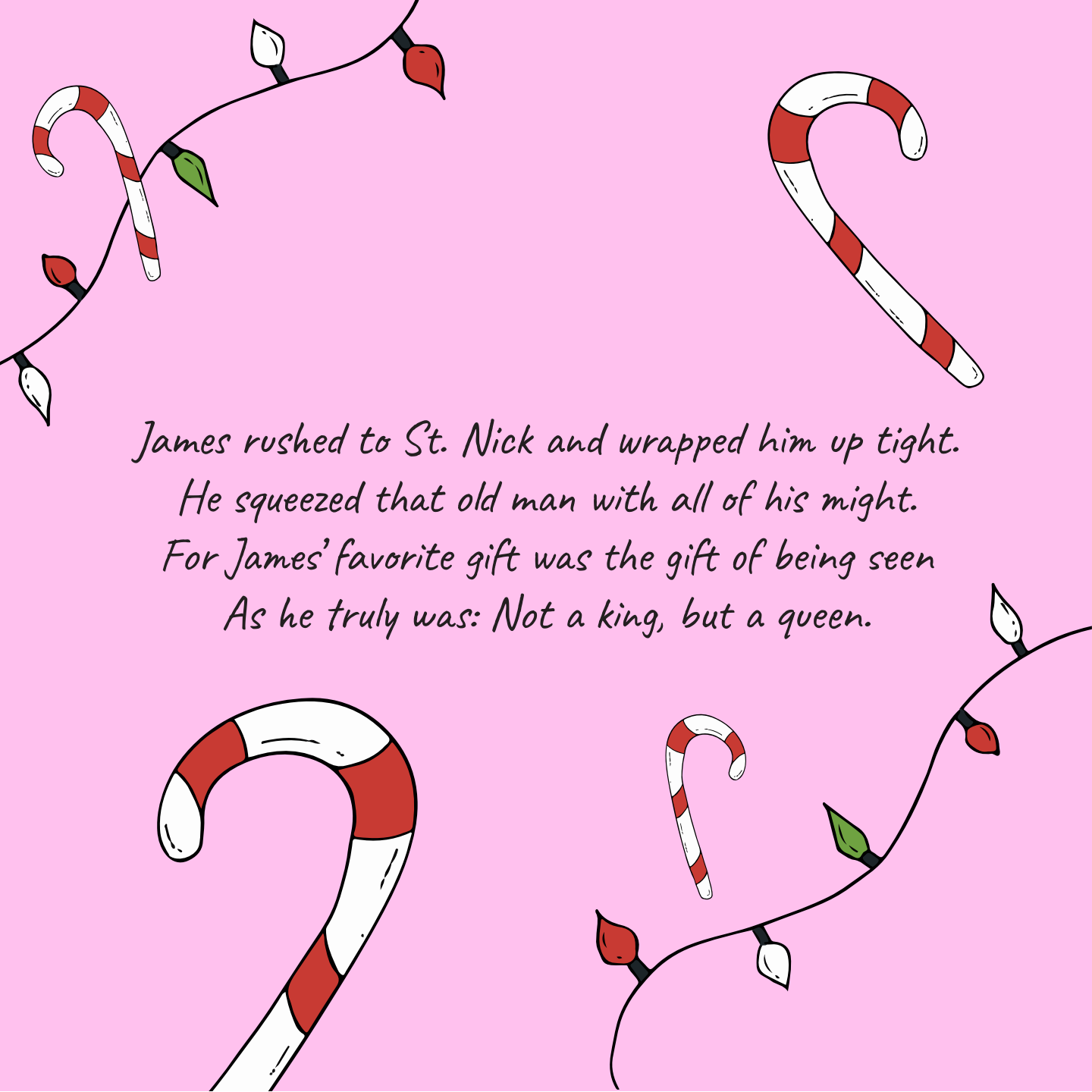




*Santa held up a dress and said, "James, give it a whirl!  
See, pink looks good on a boy OR a girl."*



*"And here's a tiara, see how it feels.  
Even I never knew I'd feel splendid in heels."*

The left page features a light pink background decorated with several candy canes and a string of lights. One candy cane is positioned in the top left, another in the top right, and a larger one in the bottom left. A string of lights with red and white bulbs and green leaves winds across the page. The text is centered in a cursive font.

*James rushed to St. Nick and wrapped him up tight.  
He squeezed that old man with all of his might.  
For James' favorite gift was the gift of being seen  
As he truly was: Not a king, but a queen.*





*Santa delights a world full of children.  
All in one day!*

*But letting each be themselves is  
Santa's true Christmas Slay.*





Love,

TERRI  
SANDY