

# A Strange Fellow

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## Notes

The following story is a translation of “*En underlig figur*”. It was Written by Patrik Nilsson sometime during 2005 in Swedish.

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## A Strange Fellow

This is Ralf, one of Santa's many helpers, he is a funny little fella.

Or wait, he is more a kook and not any longer one of Santa's little helpers anymore. Now days he is working at Barkarus in Stockholm as a cleaner and inventor of prank utilities.

Santa and Ralf didn't really agree after Ralf played a prank and put some snow into Santa's workshop, it was not a tiny bit of snow either, something more like three to four tons.

He had then to take a real discussion with Santa and they came to the conclusion that this should be his last warning, Ralf thought this was a bit odd since 215 warnings were nothing!

Since his last and exhausting joke was his last which he found very annoying. He simply changed the text on Santa's three lists since they where "Naughty Children", "Nice Children" and "Bureaucrats". These he changed to "Small Bastards", "Pizza salad 49,50:-" and "Sweethearts". This was apparently one of those things that lead to a nasty warning, or like in this case he was discharged. The shipment of packages apparently became a tad suffering.

So now three months later he works here at Bakarus. He is apparently quite liked here, if we exclude that time he exaggerated a bit and exchanged "fart gas" with teargas, it was not that popular amongst the costumers as he though it would be. But he has at least given his word that it should not happen again.

Last time I saw him was yesterday, he was sneaking around with a sack full of gifts (lets hope its nothing nasty).

How could one describe Ralf then? Well a little fat man about a meter high and a hairstyle which points in most directions it can from his tiny violet nightcap. Often his face has a slight resemblance of a real and young prankster. His eyes are small and brown to the colour. Oh sorry, I forgot to mention that his hair colour is a lesser ordered mix of brown and grey.

What is he up to now then? I just heard something thud down on one of the customers. This resulted in a bit of screaming, so its best that I go and take a look.

Well it was like i thought, but not really, I though it was worse. Apparently he had climbed up to the roof and sat down at one of the lighting fixtures to drop two balloons filled with five litres of green and red coloured gelatin, so its quite slimy everywhere in there. I will have to speak to him about abusing our customers, but now it's time for me to go home for the day, so at least I don't have to clean up this mess. I will go now, bye.