It was December 1st. The North Pole was bustling and outside through the blowing snow you could hear the whizz and whirr of the toy making machines deep inside the cozy workshop. Santa’s elves worked as quickly as they could. Toys were stacked up to the ceiling, all ready to be delivered on Christmas Eve.

Santa stretched out in his red velvet chair, warming his feet in front of the fire. One of his elves appeared with a cold glass of milk and a warm chocolate cookie. “Santa, you look worried? What is the matter?”

Santa smiled kindly at the little elf. “I’m just checking my list,” he said “and while all the little girls and boys are all being quite good, I’m noticing that some of them aren’t practicing the piano quite as much as they should be.”

The Elf shook his head slowly, “That’s not good is it?”

“It’s not.” Santa took a bite of his cookie. “This is the time of year when music should be in the homes of everyone. I love to hear the piano during the Christmas season. Music brings joy, and Christmas is all about making others happy. There’s just one way to fix this. Bring me my most talented scouts. I’m going to send you along with my very best elves into the homes of these girls and boys. You’ll help me remind them to practice, and you’ll report back to me.”

“I’m on it, Santa!” The Elf sprang into action, calling his friends away from their toy-making tables. “Everyone... Santa needs us! It’s time to go!”