



Santa's Diary - Volume 208, 11th December 2005

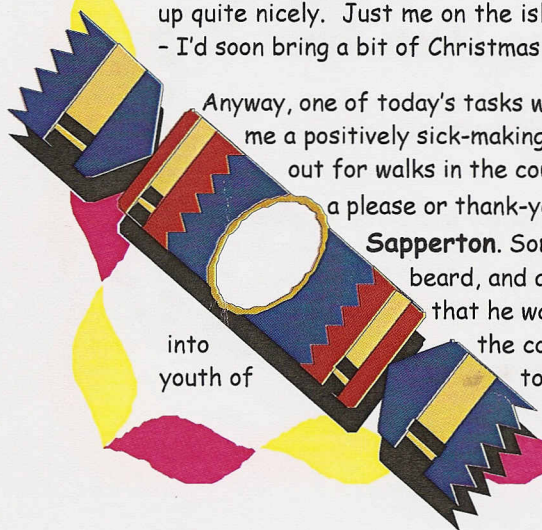
God I *hate* this time of year. All the last-minute shopping for silly spoilt brats who've left it *really* late to write to me. Half of the little sods don't even know where I live - Greenland, Iceland, Lapland, Toys R Us - get real! Even worse, they stick the note up the chimney - as if I've got nothing better to do with my time than swan around on the off-chance looking for charred letters!

It wasn't so bad in the old days - kids were nicer then. Perfectly happy with a Meccano set if they'd been really good, otherwise tiddly-winks, a catapult or a pea-shooter. Fat chance now - I got a letter from some grey underachiever at Health & Safety: Dear Mr Claus - supplying dangerous weapons, contravening s32(b)(iv) of 1984 Act, immediate closure of Xmas perquisite distribution business, fine €15,000 - what a tosser! The Animal Rights are after me for cruelty to reindeer, I get breathalysed by cops, and the NSPCC won't let me in a kid's bedroom without another adult present. It's no wonder I can't flog the franchise - I was bloody lucky to offload the USA to that smarmy git Kris Kringle.

I said as much to Timmy the other day - he brings a whole new meaning to the words 'Head Goblin' - maybe it's time I came out of the closet. I could go for one of them Civil Partnerships - what a lovely Xmas pressie for a gay Santa! But Timmy goes all pouty on me: 'Chrissy dear-heart, you simply *couldn't*...' he lisps. Some reindeershit about the little darlings all believing in me, spoil it all for every -body, someone's got to do it. Like I care - what about *me*? How come it's only the Queen and me never get to retire?

And all kids want these days is computer games - England World Cup Football - as if! If it's not that, it's Slash Strangers Up Into Bloody Chunks. Charmante, I don't think. As I said to Dasher and Dancer - I'm getting a bit long in the tooth for the Xmas delivery game. 200 years I've been on this patch. S'about time I gave it all up and took meself off to my island off Capri - oh yes, I've managed to put a bit by - all those fivers over the years, ten-bob stamp album and keep the change - it builds up quite nicely. Just me on the island - and a few of the more plump-buttocked gnomes for company - I'd soon bring a bit of Christmas cheer to their cheeks!

Anyway, one of today's tasks was to suss out some smarmy little creep called Jeremy. He wrote me a positively sick-making letter: 'Dear Santa, I've been *such* a good boy, taking old people out for walks in the country. Can I have a sailor suit and a French dictionary.' Not even a please or thank-you. So I puts on me civvies and hoofs it down to **The Daneway at Sapperton**. Some lanky bald git was there, covered in mud - and an old git with a beard, and another lanky old bald-ish git - everyone seemed to find it funny that he was early. A few more old gits turned up, then they all ran slowly off into the countryside. No bloody Jeremy though - typical. Still, that's the youth of today - no consideration for their elders and betters.



I sat outside with a beer and a spliff, as the sun gradually cleared the mist away - it turned into quite nifty blue sky, actually. Lo and behold Jeremy turns up half-an-hour later - but instead of some kid, he turns out to be *another* lanky old git. Stuff him! No goodies for him this year! Anyway, I had another beer, and they all eventually struggled back, some running, some staggering, some walking, all of 'em covered in mud. I hung around and earwigged for a bit. Seems they enjoyed themselves - takes all sorts! Ploughing through mud, across rivers, up and down hills - not my idea of fun, but they all thanked the baldest bloke as if he'd done something clever! A few birds turned up as well - one of them flashed her bum at me as she was getting changed - shame I'm not that way inclined... So, a bit of a wasted day, but the beer was good, roaring fire inside, hot soup all round - almost put me in the Christmas spirit. Right, back on me sledge - got to get that little David Cameron his first ever razor for his stocking....

Oh - and I found a few more cracker jokes - Ho bloody Ho:

What's purple and shouts "Help"? *A damson in distress.*

How do you make an apple puff? *Chase it round the garden a few times.*

Where do frogs leave their coats? *In the croakroom.*

What's a frog's favourite drink? *Croak-a-cola.*

How do hens dance? *Chick to chick*

What has a bottom at the top? *A Leg!*

What is out of tune, rotten and goes to sea? *Sing bad the sailor.*

Patient: Doctor, doctor, I feel like a pack of cards. *Doctor: I'll deal with you later.*



Second Coming Hash Runs

209 - 26th Dec - The Keepers Arms, Quenington - Margaret & Dave

210 - 8th Jan - The Westbrook Inn, Westbrook (Bromham) - Laura

211 - 22nd Jan - The Buggers Arms - Brian

212 - 5th Feb - The Buggers Arms - GOM

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website kvhash.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk