

Why Father Christmas Came Down the Chimney

The problem with Father Christmas was he is so gullible; the innocent might call him trusting. Everyone thinks of him as a rotund, hirsute elderly gentleman with a gentle nature. The truth is that he has been duped, tricked, hoodwinked, bamboozled, and deceived by every child who has ever had the nerve to send him a begging letter.

You may think me heartless and cruel, but I have been married to this old fool since he had black hair, no beard, wore drainpipe trousers, winkle-picker shoes and didn't wear a vest even in the harshest of winters.

The reason I am telling you this story is I am at the end of my tether, feeding those worn out old reindeer three hundred and sixty five days a year and they are only useful for one night. I'm not getting started on having to clean out of their stables.

Father took over from his Father when we were first married; Grandfather and Grandmother have been happily retired ever since. Oh, how I wish we could join them.

Son Christmas was supposed to take over the running of the business when he matured. Yes, he works in the office all right. I have never seen so many Databases on a computer. He has the names and address of every child in the world, every toy that every Elf has made; hyperlinked to the child it is intended for, complete with a photo of the child and the present. The cost of each toy and the Elf hours it took to make appears on a Spreadsheet. He has developed a website that allows parent to click on stars as to how good their offspring have been. He has now made himself solely responsible for Health and Safety, BSI Standards and Staff Development. The elves were very unimpressed when they had their first appraisal last week. They

were all found to be short on high level skills due to low elf esteem.

It was with his Health and Safety hat and his Staff Training hat on together that he talked Father into the current method of entering a chimney. It had been an extremely frosty night and Son had decided that today was the best day for Father to check out the new safety equipment. Having donned on hard hat, safety boots and high-vis jacket, Father climbed into the sleigh, pulled by the very reluctant reindeer. Outside the workshop on a cigarette break stood five grinning Elves. After Son had checked that Rudolf's nose was shining bright he checked that the reindeer at the rear had working break lights. Son piled packages into the sleigh ensuring that it was under the permissible maximum weight as under the Driver and Vehicle Standards Agency. Only after he checked Fathers Driving Licence was correct and he had a current 'Certificate for Working in Confined Spaces', did he allow Father to manoeuvre the sleigh.

All went well for as Father was pulled up into the air; the reindeer propelled the sleigh slowly and came to a stop over the top of our house. That's was when the problems started. The leather harness snapped, the sleigh broke away and as the packages were more heavily weighted on one side the sleigh rolled over. Father fell out first, swiftly followed by the packages. He landed head down into the chimney; his broad shoulders stuck a little but as every package landed on him a bit more of his body inched inside. Father came out of the front door with his face, beard and hair covered in soot.

Then to add insult to injury even the non-smokers came out of the workshop to enjoy the spectacle.