

A Job Advertisement

We're short of a Santa this Christmas,
He's stuck home in bed with the 'flu;
so the powers that operate Whitehall
have asked me if I can ask you.

It's only a very short contract,
in fact it's only one night,
which is good, 'cos you won't get a tea break
or a loo break (unless in mid flight).

But there is a company reindeer
and a wonderful aerial sleigh
and a very big sack, full of goodies,
though you yourself won't get to play.

The job is really quite simple:
just visit each home on this list,
give every small child the right present,
down mince pies and gin and get pissed.

You'll notice there's, er, half a billion:
two million that is every hour
or thirty-three thousand a minute.
(It's the sack if you go any slower.)

Have I mentioned the matter of chimneys?
If not I must stress all the more:
just in case it sounds like a doddle,
you're note going in by the door.

A good sense of humour's essential.
You'll maintain a very broad grin
and go "Ho Ho Ho" throughout the night.
(It's natural. Just drink enough gin.)

So prepare to descend your first chimney
at the end of this present December
and please everyone every way everywhere –
You'll be in uniform, remember.

Happy Christmas 2000
From Ian