

Deer with a beer: Day 4

After yesterday's close call with death, ok, maybe not quite death but he did scratch an antler, Rudolph decided that today, he would throw caution to the wind and do whatever the chuff he liked.

Yesterday put life into perspective for him. It was a wake up call. An omen, a message from the big man (sorry Santa, you're not big, you're...cuddly).

What if that had been his last day on earth? Would he have been content with what he had done with his last living day?

"What did I do yesterday, actually?" He thought to himself.

"Well, I slept, I drank some beer, I got beaten up by a hairy, purple prick covered prick and then drank some more beer in bed whilst watching re-runs of Top Gear from 1998 on Dave. Could've been worse I guess?!"

"Wait a minute."

"What am I thinking?"

"Hell no."

"I'm not spending potentially my last day on earth being made a fool of by an orange-eyed ball of fuzz and watching 3 un-wise men on Dave drive cars I've always wanted to drive, I'm going to live a little."

Rudolph decided to make a list of things he's always wanted to do but never had time to do because of his life commitments and work load. Now none of that was an issue, what did he have to lose?! Absolutely nothing.

He felt so alive, so full of enthusiasm (and beer, that probably explains why he felt the enthusiasm) and with that, he threw off the duvet, opened a beer and went for a shower.

After his shower, Rudolph dusted off his cashmere scarf, which had luckily survived the brawl, threw it around his neck and decided he was going to take the plunge and call one of his oldest friends who he hadn't seen for 6 months (due to hibernation).

His name was Big Brown Bear (imaginative eh?!) and he understood Rudolph's tale of woe like nobody else could for he too had been subjected to a pretty tough life.

When Big Brown Bear was brand new, made by the elves in Santa's workshop, he

was destined for a little girl in Alaska who loved bears. So much so she had asked for one on her Christmas list.

The elves dutifully made one for her and, on Christmas Eve, loaded him onto the sleigh ready for delivery.

Big Brown Bear was born.

That same night, the little girl and her daddy were out for a walk and, as chance would have it, a real Big, Brown Bear appeared from the woods and attacked the little girl's dad right before her eyes (what are the chances eh?! You couldn't make it up...unless you're me. Then in which case, I did).

Her dad managed to struggle free, reach for his shotgun and kill the beast before being eaten for dinner.

Shaken and in floods of tears, the little girl decided she no longer liked bears. They weren't cuddly, they weren't friendly, and they weren't all called Pooh. (Who the hell ever dreamt up teddy bears?! They're finely tuned killing machines. Not snuggle buddies who you take everywhere with you! Lunacy!)

As soon as the little girl got home, she wished as hard as she could upon the North Star that Santa would bring her a toy gun (nice eh?!) for Christmas to remind her of her brave Daddy slaying the demonic animal and asked that the bear she had requested for Christmas, be destroyed.

Sadly, the little girl had no idea that wishing on a star actually doesn't make contact with Santa. You'd need to phone him, or write, or email (or contact him via an app on mummy and daddy's phone).

But luckily for her, she did have an elf on the shelf who had been spying on her every move (because that's not creepy...) and he heard her words and got a message to Santa to abort mission 'Big Brown Bear delivery'.

The eviction elves were called and turned up with their black bomber jackets and armed with crowbars.

They went and found Big Brown Bear, informed him that he was unwanted and, without a second thought, removed him from the Sleigh. They threw him down a rubbish chute which ended up finishing on a bar stool in the Beer Lodge (how's that for bad luck?! Or not...) and that's where Big Brown Bear remained. He managed to get himself a job working on the bar, where he was paid in Beer and the owner took pity and allowed him to sleep in the wood store rent free.

Rudolph saw him regularly when he frequented the bar after work and they spent many a drunken evening together, playing beer pong and setting the world to rights. They became bestest friends.

After a couple of years at the lodge, Big Brown Bear found it hard holding down his job due to the fact he had to hibernate for half the year and eventually the Beer Lodge ran out of patience and had to let him go.

Big Brown Bear ended up sad and alone and the only friend he had left was Rudolph. He made sure Big Brown Bear had an old shed to call home and they've been best mates ever since.

Rudolph picked up the phone and called his mate. He knew he'd have woken from his hibernation last week so would be like a bear with a sore head, and probably in need of a drink. Or 5.

Big Brown Bear was over the moon to hear from Rudolph and they agreed to meet at the Beer Lodge for just one beer.

This one beer turned into 3, then 5, then 11 (doesn't that always happen?!) and then they started on the Gin...and then the Vodka...and then the Rum.

Shot after shot after shot.

After 6 hours of drinking, they were completely off their trollies.

The room was spinning, Big Brown Bear was trying to breakdance and Rudolph sang "I will survive" on the Karaoke machine so badly the lodge feigned a power cut to try to get him to stop.

The pretend power cut worked and the lads admitted defeat and made their way back to Rudolph's place, using his obscenely bright nose to guide the way and avoid any drunken tripping hazards (such as their own feet, and air).

Once home, Big Brown Bear collapsed on the sofa with Dave on and Rudolph...well, he was talking on the porcelain telephone for most of the night.

We've all been there.

Poor guy.

