

Deer with a beer: Day 9

Rudolph was still feeling completely invigorated. Full of life and raring to go (well you would if you didn't have children waking you up every hour, on the hour, every night wouldn't you?!) after deciding to bin the beer.

His nose had calmed down and wasn't glowing anymore. It was red from the capillary damage, but definitely not luminous. His fur was glossier, his antlers felt strong and his farts no longer smelt of stale ale. Always a bonus. Nothing worse than a fermented fart.

He tucked into a breakfast of carrot and water, he tucked into a lunch of carrot and water and he tucked into a dinner of...chicken. Just to change things up a bit. Rock and roll.

Finally, after being shut upstairs for almost 2 days, Big Brown Bear made an appearance.

"Alright Rudy!" Bear bellowed.

"I'm great thanks mate, how's your head?" asked Rudolph.

"Sore. Very sore. And I can't get the smell of bloody bananas out of my fur. It's making me feel sick" he replied.

"I'm heading to Lap Land if you fancy it? My lady friend, Monica Monkey works there behind the bar, she is well known for being able to make a cocktail whilst hanging upside down from a pole by her tail, classy eh?!" said Bear as he swigged a beer.

"She's certainly got a unique talent, Bear...sounds like a keeper!" Rudolph replied.

Lap Land is the only lap dance and pole club in Lapland. Santa is a life member (not that Mrs Santa knows that...she thinks he goes down to the workshop to check on the toy making) and it's a regular haunt of the town mayor, Frosty (yeah, he happens to be a snowman and he's renowned for his frosty demeanor).

"Nah, I think it'll leave it tonight thanks, Bear. I'm going to do my fitness DVD, go for a 5 mile jog and then hit the hay."

Rudolph said.

"Are you serious?! Have you sobered up?! Where's fun-time Rudy

gone?!”

Bear shouted.

“I’ve got a lot to fill you in on mate, but while you’ve been monkeying about, my life has taken a turn for the better and I think I can win my wife and kids back. Blitzen has stuffed up and this is my chance to get back my life! Bear...Bear!”

But Bear had already gone and Rudolph had basically been talking to himself (now he knows how us women feel...)

“Whatever horn head!” Bear shouted back from down the path,
“your loss!”

And with that, Bear went off to Lap Land and spent £500 on an evening of debauchery, ladies and dancing (and a number of monkey tail shaken cocktails). Rudolph, tucked into some more grilled chicken.

Good lad.



