

Santa's goes shopping (A Christmas Gift Guide Tale)

T'was the night before Christmas eve and all through the place, was swearing and cursing and an angry red face.

That angry red face belonged to poor old Santa. It was Christmas Eve, he had loads to do and he couldn't find his chuffing hat anywhere.

"Mrs Claus! Where is my hat?! Have you tidied it away again?!" he bellowed.

"No darling, it's where you left it last night after you had a few too many Sherry's! Try looking on Vixen's antler!" she replied, curtly.

Sure enough, when Santa went to check, there it was. He forgot that he had been playing a drinking game of 'toss the hat onto the antler' with his elves at the Pre-Christmas party last night (if you get the hat on the antler, everyone else has to drink. Things got quite messy and at least 45 of the elves were on the Alka Seltzers that morning).

"Sorry about last night's shenanigans Vixen," said Santa.

"Here, you were a very good sport. Have 15 extra Carrots".

Vixen gobbled them up and Santa put his hat back on his head.

Tomorrow was Christmas Eve. The busiest night of the year for him. The day before Christmas Eve is spent checking the gifts onto the sleigh and ensuring everyone has what they asked for.

It's a long, laborious task, but someone has to do it. And that someone, is Santa.

Don't feel too sorry for him though folks, out of a whole 365 days in a year, he only has to work for 2 of them so it's not all bad.

The elves, despite their hangovers, soldiered on, loading the gifts onto the sleigh as Santa called out names and addresses of people and what it was they had asked for. All was going well, for about 5 hours, and then...disaster struck. Some people had been missed off the list!

“How on earth has this happened?!” yelled Santa in complete bemusement.

“Erm, I think we forgot to print one of the pages off Santa. I’m so sorry...” said his Chief Elf, Shiny Upatree.

“Oh bloody orange!” exclaimed Santa. “What are we going to do?!”

“I’m afraid there is only one thing for it Santa,” said Shiny. “You’ll have to go Christmas Shopping. It’s the only way. Christmas workshop production has shut down now. Getting the gifts by any other means will be impossible! You must go to the shops”.

Santa felt his heart drop. He HATED shopping at any time of year, let alone at Christmas when every man and his wife was there.

“If this is the only way to avoid a Christmas disaster then so be it. I’ll take my hat off and go put my civvies on” he replied solemnly.

[via GIPHY](#)

Santa pulled on his original Levi 501’s, a checked shirt and a flat cap (he’s bang on trend without even knowing it) and set off for the shopping centre in his red Range Rover Sport. See, I told you he got paid alright for only 2 days work.

Once there, he had to queue for 45 minutes for a space. “I knew I should have risked flying here in the sleigh,” he muttered. His blood began to boil, but he thought of the poor

people who had been missed off his list and calmed himself down.

After battling for a space, and using a bit of choice sign language at someone able bodied who insisted on waiting for a space near the door which caused a HUGE queue, he grabbed his bags for life out of the boot ([lovely eco-friendly ones by dotcom giftshop](#)) and set off for the hell hole that is the shopping centre.





First on the list was Annette Curton. She had asked for a nice thermal blanket and some slipper socks for her children because they were in the middle of building work and their home was freezing cold. Isn't everyone building these days?! They wanted a new kitchen diner big enough for an island...the middle class dream. Santa knew he had to head to the department store and find the items. Luckily he didn't have to search too far. He saw a lovely, soft, thermal blanket by Heat Holders and some thermal slipper socks for each of her children, scooped them up and headed for the checkout.

The first checkout had nobody on it. Typical.

The second checkout had someone returning some unwanted items who was taking *ages*. Brilliant.

The third checkout had a bit of a queue but he decided to just wait it out because he couldn't be bothered to move again. Thankfully, after a short 20 minute wait time in 45 degree heat, it was his turn and he paid and was on his way.

Annette Curton, tick!







The next item on his list was for Seymour Legg. He had asked for a bottle of [British Cassis](#) and a monthly [Craft Beer subscription](#) for a year. Nice choices, eh?!

Santa used his iDeer phone to sort the beer subscription using a company called [Beer52](#) and set a reminder to email the gift to Mr Legg on Christmas morning. He loved the look of the beers himself and might have (100% did).





Santa then popped into a little independent drink store to get the [British Cassis](#). It's not easy to come by in the shops, and if he had time he would have ordered it online, but it's worth the hunt! Santa always indulged in a bit of it on Christmas morning in his champagne. Again, I told you he was living the life of Riley...





The next person to sort out was a chap called Jo King.

He needed to source some flowers for his Mother who lived miles away and so Santa hit his iDeer up again and ordered a lovely orchid from Blossoming Gifts for her. The colour of it was stunning and she would be dumbfounded at the thoughtfulness of it. Brownie points for her son, even though he knows nothing about it.





Theresa Green asked for some bits for her home that her husband would never buy her because he views them as 'not important'.

Santa went back to [dotcom gift shop](#) and bought her a hanging vase to use in the kitchen, a placemat in the shape of a vinyl record to put her hot pots on, a thermos flask for when she is watching her son on a cold sideline at football training and a lovely rustic water decanter.

He knew she would absolutely love them all.





Finally, there was little Ina Baker. She was only 4 and had wished for a biscuit baking kit thanks to a great British Bake Off obsession. So, Santa found a [Graffiti one by BKD](#) for her. It was super cool with everything she would need to make her scrummy treats. He knew she would have a smile on her face Christmas morning opening this.





After hours of shopping, Santa sat down at a table in a coffee shop and had a well earned drink and wedge of cake.

He watched the world pass him by and looked on in bemusement at the angst riddled shoppers, sweating profusely, struggling with enormous bags full of stuff and thanked his lucky stars that he didn't have to suffer this fate every year. He was going to ensure such a cock-up would never happen again and would hold a meeting with his top elves as soon as Christmas was over.

After fighting his way out of the car park for 50 minutes, and a bit of swearing, Santa was on his way home and was ready to prepare for Christmas Eve.

He had successfully sourced all the missing gifts and everyone was now set to have a wonderful Christmas.

**Here's wishing you all a very
merry, happy and healthy
Christmas and new year!**

**Disclosure: I was sent the items in this review for the
purpose of this gift guide. All words, thoughts and opinions
are my own.**