

18th December 2009

SECRET SANTA

DEAR DIARY, at work, we decided to do a Secret Santa. I don't know where this idea came from originally, but a lot of offices do it these days. You pick a name out of a hat and anonymously buy the person whose name appears on the strip of paper a gift with a budget of approximately £5-10.



I picked a name out of the hat and was lucky enough to get the name of someone that I actually like so buying her a gift was easy. She's an iPod fan so I decided to buy her an accessory from the Apple Store.

The week running up to exchanging gifts, I tried my best to bribe and sneak around to find out who got my name but everyone was very tight lipped. I was then accused of trying to ruin the surprise so I crawled back into my little cave and attempted to stop getting on everyone's nerves by asking nosey questions. All I wanted to do was give the person who had my name some idea of what I wanted. Last year, the person who bought me a present bought me a torch! It was a novelty torch because when the torch is switched off, there's a picture of a handsome man looking all sexy in a pair of shorts and when you switch the torch on, the man on the torch is naked. Not yuck naked, but quite appealing!

Anyway, the day of the gift giving arrived and I was excited; I love presents but I noticed that most people were opening gimmicky gifts like a Santa Stetson and Rudolph & Sleigh earrings. When I opened my gift I was quite taken aback. Whoever my Secret Santa was had bought me a bottle of perfume, glittery lip gloss, bronze body butter and a pair of knickers which said kiss me on the front and was covered in fake mistletoe on the back! Proceedings stopped there and then. I looked around and everyone started



cheering. I suddenly became hot and embarrassed and immediately started to search people's faces to see if I could lock eyes with the guilty party but nothing! I don't know if it was a man or woman. A friend or foe. Well it could hardly be a foe but who on earth would do such a thing? I was very confused! The perfume alone cost about £40 and our budget was between £5 and £10. I can't deny that I wasn't overwhelmed with the generosity. I was really chuffed, but kiss-me mistletoe knickers!

So I said to the crowd standing by my desk "thank you very much to the person who was so generous with their gifts this year; and I promise I'll do an hours' worth of your work every

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day for a month if you reveal your identity"! Everyone gave a little clap and cheer which wasn't the effect I was after.

I didn't want a little clap. I didn't need to hear a little cheer. I wanted the person to step forward because I was confused. Maybe I was taking it all too seriously. I ought to lighten up and look on the bright side, after all, the whole package was wonderfully generous and despite my confusion, I was incredibly grateful.

One day next week, I should wear the knickers to work, Superman style, over my tights. That'll give them something to clap and cheer about.



August Mayfield