

WRITETRACK

By Mack McConnell



Female Santa haunts my dreams

I was sitting at the counter trying to get myself around a gut bomb burger when I overheard a conversation between four women at the table behind me. They were having a lively conversation about that group of ignorant low-life creatures whose only apparent justification for existence is they are necessary for procreation. They were, of course, talking about men.

If man bashing were an Olympic sport, these ladies would be gold medal winners. Having worked around women most of my life, I have become used to man bashing. My co-worker, Sherri Carl, forwards me all of the man bashing e-mails her liberated friends send to her. Of course it works both ways. She has to put up with statements like, "Did you hear about the two women who froze to death in the drive-in theatre? They thought they were going to see the movie 'Closed for the Winter.'"

It's all in fun until somebody crosses the line and says something really out of line. It was just such a statement by one of the women sitting at the table that startled me so bad I almost choked on my French fries.

"There is nothing a man does that a woman couldn't do better," one woman said emphatically. "There should be a woman president, there should be a woman Pope, even Santa Claus should be a woman."

A woman Santa?! The idea shocked me so bad my whole body jerked convulsively. My right hand squished the hamburger into an oozing mess. My left hand, the one holding my

soda jerked upward, sending the straw up my left nostril. I should have removed the straw before I turned to look at the blasphemer but my head spun around like Linda Blair in, "The Exorcist."

"A woman Santa?" I sputtered. "Are you crazy?"

The sight of a straw-nosed burger-squishing maniac brought a surprised look to the faces of the women. That look was followed by a "See what I told you, they're idiots."

I regained my composure, removed the straw from my nose, placed the mashed burger on the plate, and left. I had lost my appetite.

The frightening prospect of a female Santa haunted me during the day and that night, I had a nightmare about her. In the dream, I was sitting on the couch staring at the Christmas tree. SHE came through the front door.

"I'm not coming down any chimneys," she said. "They're so dirty."

"That's okay Santa, Santette, or whoever you are, I don't have a chimney anyway.

"Just call me Santy."

There, before me, stood the female Santa looking down her nose through blue-colored contact lenses between fake eyelashes long enough to hang Christmas stockings on. Her bouffant hairdo was filled with sparkling Christmas tree lights. She wore a chartreuse ski suit with a small emerald-studded corsage. Her black patent heels shown through clear plastic boots.

"Do you like my outfit?" she asked. "I don't like red, it makes me look fat. Have you been good or bad?"

Don't bother to answer, I know, you're a man, of course you have been bad. You are bad, you chauvinist pig."

"But I'm not a chauv—"

"Of course you are, all men are, and that's one reason I'm going to change a few things about Christmas."

"Change? Change Christmas?"

"Yes, change. For one thing, from now on, Christmas will be during the summer. What idiot made it come in the winter? It must have been a man. I have way too many nice clothes to cover them up with this tacky outfit."

"But..."

"And presents, no male past puberty will get presents. They will get what's coming to them, absolutely nothing!"

"But... would you like some milk and cookies?"

"Milk and cookies? How do you think I keep this figure? It certainly isn't by drinking milk and eating cookies. Look what it did to the old duffer that had this job before I did. He was a real porker. And don't give me that 'fat people are jolly garbage.' Do you have any Perrier?"

"Perry who?"

"Never mind cretin, here's a present for your wife, the poor dear, and for you, of course, nothing. Ha ha ha."

"Isn't that supposed to be ho ho ho?" I asked as she glided out the door and down the sidewalk to her pink Mercedes on skis to which were harnessed eight little men.

"And where are the reindeer?"

"Oh, I put them out to pasture. These elves will have to do the job."

As the poor little guys pulled the car away, Santy rolled down her window, cracked a long black whip and shouted, "On Stupid, on Lazy, on Shiftless and Chauvinist, on Brain dead, on Lowlife on Ignoramous and Idiot. To the end lawn and over the wall, as fast as you can to the sale at the mall!"

Mack McConnell's hilarious book "Never Grab a Cockatiel" is available by sending \$6 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling to Rural Montana Books, Box 3469, Great Falls, MT 59403.