

## LJonline

LAST MONTH

NEXT MONTH

VIEW LIBRARY

### Monthly Features

EDITOR'S LETTER

BITCHIN' POST

WHO KNEW

KISSING SISTERS

EMPRESS ON THE MOUNT

SEXY / NOT SEXY

TSTL

CONFESSIONAL

KANDIDLY KAY

JAID'S TIRADE

A PASSION FOR FOOD

SYNECA'S SEXTROLOGY

THE BAWDY BOOK REVIEW

DEVILISH DOT'S G-SPOT

A MODEL WORLD

MANWATCH

### Keep That Yule Log In Your Pants, Buster

# Keep That Yule Log in Your Pants, Buster

*The joys of the office Christmas party*  
By Kimberly Gadette

Like a stealth Santa stealing down my chimney, the invitation crept into my office inbox when I wasn't looking. Maybe it was delivered by Rudolph on tiny, snow-clad hooves. Or sent via sullen elf. All I know is that it arrived sometime between coffee and lunch, sending a chill up my spine and a rhyme through my head:

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a vile invitation with fake Christmas cheer.

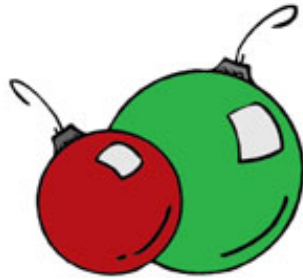
Reading the red script on the green paper, I shuddered. I felt my heart drop like a weighty fruitcake in my chest. "Oh noooo," I cried to the heavenly host above, "not another office Christmas party."



Like Scrooge, I was forced to look back at my own Christmas Past. Last year's office party had been held in a private room of an upscale restaurant, complete with a live band. It was during a particularly snappy rendition of "Here Comes Santa Claus" that the heavysset senior partner, a.k.a. The Old Fart, insisted on taking me for a whirl on the dance floor. (His nickname of The Old Fart doesn't just apply to his age. The office staff can always smell him before we see him, so if we're being naughty instead of nice, we always have ample warning.)

There we were at the party, cutting the rug (along with him cutting the cheese), when suddenly

the band segued into a maudlin version of “I’m Dreaming of a White Christmas.” As he pressed me against his rotund belly, I felt something move. It was fat and imposing, just like the rest of him. The Old Fart grinned down at me, twinkling, farting, his yule log pulsing like a faulty string of Christmas lights. Now throbbing. Oh God, growing. I kept shifting to avoid contact, but he was like Santa coming in for a rooftop landing, and there was no way to sidestep his airborne craft. As the song ended, I muttered something about having to dash to another party, and got the hell out of Dodge.



I had hoped that my Christmas bonus was going to be green and large. Although The Old Fart’s log probably answered to both those specifications, I doubt I could have walked it into a bank.

It wasn’t just the office party that was bothering me, though. By December 1 of any year, the season of loving one’s fellow man and femme is in full swing. And just to make sure the Christmas spirit is enforced, there’s mistletoe hanging over the doorways of homes, stores, restaurants and bars.

I hate that fucking mistletoe.

I especially recalled the bars, those loud, crowded hotbeds of Christmas spirits and forced mistletonian kisses with strange men who’d been throwing back rum-intensive eggnog, their breath smelling like milky, alcohol-tinged, baby barf.

I thought of last year and one particular old fart, his emaciated forefinger pointing upwards at a particularly puny plant, his body swaying off-balance as he brayed, “Hey, missy, you’re standing under the mistletoe. How about a little kiss?”

Staying out of direct light, I had pointed to my lip. “How about a little herpes?”

He was too drunk to see that there was nothing on my lips but one Tiny Tim of a grin.

I looked down again at the office party invitation. Yep. It was still there, still green and red. Short of death, attendance was compulsory. I had to come up with an excuse and fast.

And then it hit me. Like the first time a record company came up with the idea of forcing declining pop stars to record an album of Christmas songs, I had a plan.

A few days later, I sent my regrets, citing religious grounds. I explained that I had just had a visitation from the Lord on high, and for the remainder of December, I would be with the Jehovah’s Witnesses. On a cruise. To the Bahamas. Doing the Lord’s work, and shunning all the godless trappings of this holiday season.

And may I say: Hallelujah and Amen.

Now I have only one problem: What kind of half-baked, Christmas goose of an excuse will I be able to come up with next year?

[top of page](#)