

REIN - DEAR

You know it must be coming to the yule time of year when a couple of things happen.

The first is the fact that you are receiving a lot more phone calls than usual from people trying to sell you everything from shower cleaning midgets to edible chess sets. (Yes, yes ... I know. Why would you want an edible chess set).

The second is the appearance of all things Santa Claus and co. You get Claus himself, the Elves, Mrs Claus, stockings, carols ... and reindeer.

I must say I laughed rather loud when I heard about the Reindeer that attacked a businesswoman last week (where else but America!) on a farm. Not sure if her name was Carol though... but that's what we'll call her.

This got me thinking ... and as we all know, that can be a dangerous thing.

I mean, has the 'sell' in this world gone to unprecedented heights of humans now actually trying to off load stuff to animals?

I worked for a sales manager once who told our entire sales team that monkeys could do a better job. Needless to say that a few of our 'monkey' sales staff quickly left. I hung around to see if he would replace the humans with monkeys... but he didn't. That was disappointing. I would love to have seen Cheetah trying to sell hosiery. 'Hoo, hoo, ha, haa... and then you simply place it over your head like this.'

Now were sales that bad that this business woman thought she needed to approach a reindeer? What was her pitch?

'Look Mr.Frosty (that was the reindeer's name), I see that you have no life insurance. Don't you think in your line of work - flying Santa through the sky and all, at night mind you - that maybe you should think about leaving your family something tangible if you were to trip on telegraph wire or heaven forbid be sucked into a Boeing 747 propeller.'

Does this woman not know that animals don't have money? (ok, ok ... except for Paris Hilton's purse pooch maybe). Did she think that Frosty was quietly going to sit on a stool, smoking a pipe as he pondered through his half rim glasses and tightened his smoking jacket, as to just how much he should invest for his progeny of little Frosty's should he meet an untimely end? (What would a progeny of little Frosty's be called? Hmm... Chill - dren perhaps?)

As it is - you have to give it to Carol for leaving no stone unturned in her quest to reach company KPI's. Attain acceptable profit levels and widen the core business demographic. I wonder how she went with Peter Rabbit, Fat Cat and Winnie the Pooh. Obviously she had to go through Frosty to

reach Rudolph.

Maybe that was in fact the reason why Frosty attacked the business woman - antlers and all. Because Frosty is actually Rudolph's PA and we all know that PA's can be bulldogs in the defence of their CEO or manager.

Perhaps it had nothing to do with Rudolph. Perhaps the business woman thought Frosty's antlers were fake - because they weren't red or green and made of foam!

Whatever it was, there's no point trying to ignore it. Christmas season is rein-deering down upon us. I just hope the hardest people trying to sell to you this year come with Indian accent over a telephone line offering a free midget with every year supply of shower cleaner. You can cut them off at least. That is of course unless you wish to take up the free trial month on the midget. (How would he get the mould off the showerhead though?)

Oh yeah ... better sit the pets down too and have a family meeting regarding 'Stranger Danger' when it comes to this new style of selling. Last thing you need is coming home to a house full of Christmas hams that Rex the Alsatian thought were a good opportunity. Especially if Rex has access to your banking pin numbers.