

How Santa Spends The Day After

I'm not sure how the man in the red suit spends the day after his big flight covering all the good girls and boys in the world; however, I was almost certain that he was our truck driver delivering our stock this morning. At about 7AM, my mother calls up the stairs informing me that I was to go to work as soon as I was able. Moving ratherly slowly (I was up until 2 this morning), I made it by 7:30. And what to my wandering eyes should appear but a rather robust man with a long white beard and white hair. Instead of the red suit, the gentleman, Bob, had a flannel shirt and bibs and a light jacket. We decided to have a bit of fun and Bob was all too gracious. He even asked what I had had to drink this morning. I also recall a remark about a straitjacket. For moi?! Surely you can't be serious. It sure made the unloading of 200 odd cases seem to fly by. When we were finished, it was almost a shame to see him go.

Following the unloading, I asked our manager if she was surprised to see the man arrive 3 hours ahead of the usual time. She informed me that he scared the living daylights out of her. She saw the strange man who was not wearing the typical jacket with the name of the distribution company on it and almost thought he was going to rob the place. She had the traditional deer in the headlights (HAHA) expression before he announced "Nash Finch." Unfortunately, I do not feel the need to carry a camera with me to work or I would have snapped a quick picture. I am happy to say that the 3 hours I went in early allowed me to leave at 3 instead of 6. The walk to and from work was quite interesting with the freezing rain making the roads and sidewalks a natural ice rink (AND I DO NOT ICE SKATE) but I made it both ways on my feet.