



# **WHITE ELEPHANT: A TALE OF HOLIDAY DISASTER**

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Luvs 2 Write

With classes starting to set in, I'm sure that, to most of you, the happy days of winter break already seem like a distant memory. For me, however, it is not so. These past four weeks are doomed to remain as a persistent ache in my mind (and, as we shall see later, on either side of my spine) for at least the next several months. If anything will make me feel better, it will be to complain incessantly about the experience, and that is exactly what I intend to do now.

It all began shortly before the break. On that fateful day, I was informed by my dear mother that, upon my return, I would be expected to participate in a family bonding activity, a form of amends to those who had suffered from my absence as I pursued a higher education. This activity, she explained, was to be a "White Elephant gift exchange." Naturally, of course, I was appalled at the sheer idiocy of the idea. Beyond the obvious safety hazard, it was bound to be monumentally expensive, and I, being a college student, had barely a penny to my name. To afford this, I'd have to sell a kidney. Perhaps even two. And yet, she remained steadfast, and I went into my days of rest with a great mammalian weight bearing down upon me.

On the day of the exchange, I arrived at my grandparents house and was surprised to be immediately invited inside. After all, I'd been told that there would be at least 6 guests in attendance. If all our contributions were to fit, the event would surely have to be outdoors. I was even more surprised to discover that none of the other guests seemed to have brought their gifts with them. They were all seated in a circle in the living room and, though there was a small pile of wrapped packages in the center of the room, none seemed large enough to hold what I knew their contents to be.

It was only when the game began, as family members began to unwrap the various little pieces of home decor, gasp enthusiastically about them, and immediately endeavor to swap for a more tasteful piece of junk that I realized, in a stab of horror, that I must have misunderstood the game. At nearly the same moment, a truck pulled up outside. Looking out the large front window, I could see its contents clearly. Just as I'd asked, the truck had arrived bearing an incredibly large gift wrapped box, which was by now looking a little worse for wear due to several prominent tusk holes that had been punched through the front. The albino creature inside was evidently none too pleased with its predicament, and, to my dismay, it decided to make that displeasure further known by emitting a loud trumpeting sound. This drew my companions' attention temporarily to the window and, as it did, I knew that I would have to take immediate action.

In their moment of distraction, I managed to text the truck driver to leave the premises as fast as he could. To my great relief, he did exactly that. In the commotion, I also managed to hastily wrap a nearby potted poinsettia, thereby avoiding the awkward moment when one guest would find their hands empty due to a shortage of gifts. While the irritated mumblings that arose when the vanished houseplant reemerged certainly soured the atmosphere, I managed to avoid most of the embarrassment that could have been. And yet, despite this fact, the memory continues to haunt me, even into the new year.

Thank you, kind Bullsheet reader, for listening to my story. Before I go, I have just one more parting request. If you happen to know someone who might be willing to donate a kidney, perhaps in exchange for several large, tender elephant steaks, please do not hesitate to give them my number.



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