

Sale or Return

Customer: Excuse me. I've come to exchange something.

Assistant: (Cagily) Ah, right. Have you a receipt?

Customer: (Rummages through bag/wallet) No luck, I'm afraid.

Assistant: And what would this something be exactly that you wish to exchange?

Customer: Well, the Christmas feeling, really.

Assistant: I see, the Christmas feeling. Did I sell it to you? When was it?

Customer: Just before Christmas- I got it only a few weeks before.

Assistant: Ah, it wasn't in the sale was it? only we have a policy that we won't exchange sale goods, I'm afraid.

Customer: Wait a minute. I've got rights, you know. Statutory rights. Anyway, it wasn't in any sale and you definitely were selling it. I remember big posters all over your store: "Get the Christmas feeling here". Don't you remember?

Assistant: Right. I see. Well, that's not exactly what we meant. It's just a turn of phrase really.

Customer: Well you ought to be more careful. There is such a thing as the trades description act, you know. Are you saying it wasn't true?

Assistant: Well it was...and it wasn't. Tell me, what did we actually sell you?

Customer: (Finally finding receipt) Right, here you are. Let me see...12 crackers...lights for the tree and a huge plastic glittering

star.

Assistant: Ah, as I thought. Seasonal goods. I'm afraid we can't exchange seasonal goods. Anyway we're on to selling Easter eggs now and so on. I can do you a nice trade in for chocolate bunnies. Various flavours.

Customer: What mixed?

Assistant: Absolutely.

Customer: So...mixomitosis?

Assistant: No. The point is we can't give you back the Christmas feeling or renew it in any way. Seasonal goods. You're stuck!

Customer: I've already taken the tree back to the forest and the pudding back to the pudding club but it's not so much the goods- it's the feeling I want exchanged. It's all worn off. (Downhearted)

Assistant: Well, with respect, what did you expect. There's very little that's permanent in this world. You could hardly expect it to last into a new millennium. But you've still got the presents.

Customer: The wheel fell off the indestructible Tonka truck, my mobile phone toasted my earlobe and the anti wrinkle cream I got because I'm worth it set like polyfilla.

Assistant: Surely something about the Christmas feeling lasts more than 4 weeks?

Customer: Well if there is, I'd like to know what it is.

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