

52. He's Always Watching

Hello, Welcome. I'm Renée Valentina and this is Musing Interruptus. Musing Interruptus is a podcast for sharing thoughts and stories and enjoying idiomatic phrases. You can read along; the transcription is in the description of this episode; click on *continue reading* to open a Google Doc with the complete transcription. The idiomatic expressions are in italics. Try to get the meaning from the context and then look them up to see if you were right. If you like it, follow and share it, but more importantly, continue the conversation. Drop a comment with your answers to today's questions! I love hearing from you! The background music is called [Child's Play by Blue Dot](#).

It's coming down to the line. I'm sorry, but our ideas haven't given us the desired results. One person suggested we *parent-trap* Santa and Mrs. Claus. You know, Lindsey Lohan style. Let me tell you, they both *saw straight through it*. They were *having none of it*. Someone else suggested we *dose* them. But we would just lose time waiting for the effect of the drugs to *wear off*, and honestly, that is not ethical. We can't do anything illegal. A singer *floats* we organize a live aid for Christmas Spirit. But we all know what kind of reputation those events get, and it becomes all about the divas. Raúl thought we should just go to the North Pole and *take over*, but I reminded him that we don't have the magic Santa has. He knows if you have been naughty or nice. He sees us when we are sleeping and knows when we are awake and who we are thinking of in the shower. He knows who ate those marshmallows in the cupboard and how many you can stick in your mouth at once. And why your mother's favorite vase actually *went missing*. Did you scratch someone's car and not leave a note? Santa saw that, too. Did you needlessly *break someone's heart*?

You're getting coal in your stocking for that one! How about taking Saturn's name in vain? Tks... Were you speeding on a deserted highway? Did you break out of Hotel California? How about throwing a brick through a window? *Ghost your friends*? Sadistically mistreat your underlings at work? At least three of you know what I mean. He saw that, too. He also saw when you helped a complete stranger and supported your friends and family with no expectations. He saw when you took care of yourself when you needed it most. All of that. So, no, Raúl, we can't just take his place. I don't know...

Wait a minute. This in, we just got news from Santa. He wrote a, a what? He wants us to read a statement. Of course will. Ladies and gentlemen, my dear listeners in the Musingverse, this is certainly unprecedented. It is my personal pleasure to transmit Santa's message. It reads:

Ho, ho, ho! Dear boys and girls,

I have recently learned, through Musing Interruptus, that you have been *sticking your nose* in my personal affairs. That is naughty. You should know better by now, since you are all adults. Gossiping about people's personal business is not only unkind; it is inelegant. I need to set the record straight here and now. The relationship I have with Ms. Mariah Carrey is and always will be of respect, as she is key to the miracle of Christmas cheer and Merriment. You should be ashamed of yourselves. As for Mrs. Claus' visit to Acapulco. If you must know, we have an arrangement, and I think no one has the right to speculate or *pass judgment* on her or anyone.

Please, do *mind your own business*. I know of the mess in your lives. Remember? I see it all. I am willing to *overlook* the *spreading of these rumors* because I think all boys and girls deserve a chance to do the right thing. Also, even If I were making Christmas cookies with someone else, I'm not saying I was. I am Santa and my magic spans over the whole world, 24/7. Fear not, I will visit you and put sugar plumbs in your head. You *know the drill*, just leave some milk and cookies out.

Remember to be kind, emotionally responsible, and enjoy your lives. It's later than you think.

Ho ho ho, forever yours,
Kris Cringle a.k.a. Santa

Oh my, I guess we never really had anything to worry about. It's a Christmas miracle. I for one have learned my lesson, and this will go down in history as just another episode in which I *stuck my foot in my mouth*. I would be an olympian for sure if it were a sport. We at Musing Interruptus would like to apologize to Santa and all our listeners publicly and humbly. We have learned a very important lesson, and wouldn't you know it. Just in time.

Happy holidays to everyone.

Thank you for listening.

How have you stuck your foot in your mouth? Have you been naughty or nice this year? What kind of cookies do you leave out for Santa? Have you mailed your letter to Santa yet?

I'm listening

The truth about Santa and his sexy cookie-making has come out. He might need a spin doctor. Listen. Read along. Share your thoughts [with me].

Spotify: <https://tinyurl.com/mvy5t5nj>

Website: <https://tinyurl.com/37hfpj8k>

Apple: <https://tinyurl.com/3bb59zhz>

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