



Peace and good swill



EVERY Christmas party should have one of these.

In the United Kingdom, giant touch screens have been put in place to compare the amount of alcohol consumed by drinkers.

The interactive scheme reveals how much booze workmates have consumed in the previous 24 hours.

A charity launched the campaign to raise awareness about Britain's ugly binge-drinking culture.

During the festive season, British party-goers will drink more than 600 million bottles and glasses of alcohol.

I'd like to know what the Gold Coast figures are. In the past 10 days, I've been to five Christmas parties.

It feels like I've gone through about a million bottles myself.

I'm not trying to sound popular. Honestly, I'm over it.

The awkward small talk, the booze, the finger food and the bad music.

From cougar central, Main Beach, to trashy Surfers Paradise, the Christmas spirit is in full swing.

While most Christmas parties on the Gold Coast are stale affairs held inside dingy pubs and taverns, some bosses do think outside the box.

Local company LeisureCom booked out the Big Brother house at Dreamworld.

They hired red buses, complete with DJ systems cranking, and spared no expense for the big night.

The 'voyeuristic approach' seemed to work a treat.

Making your staffers feel like they are being watched is an ingenious method to stop the shenanigans that go on elsewhere.

With cameras all around and communal beds and showers open for all to see, it is not so easy for the office one-night standers to sneak away for a quick pash.

Speaking from experience, office Christmas parties are a great way to meet people you would never usually speak to.

A common scenario is when the girl who sits on the other side of the office walks up to you and tells you her life story and you can't even remember her name.

If that happens, just keep nodding and attempt to introduce her to a fellow workmate – one who also doesn't remember her name.

Alcohol is the great inhibitor, which transforms the shy, reserved types into dancing machines with a penchant for telling it like it is.

"I think you should be putting more of my stories on the front page," says the young cadet to the boss.

As the mercury continues to rise, the heat and booze produces a dangerous but entertaining concoction of messy

heads and famous hook-ups.

And in the age of Facebook and Myspace, good luck with getting away with the under-the-table footsies or romantic embraces.

This year, I'll be attending a wedding so I have passed on the Christmas party torch to the latest group of cadets.

The pressure is on for them to deliver the fireworks because everybody loves to hear the fall-out on Monday. Just like I was told coming through the ranks, 'eating is cheating' and 'what happens at the Christmas party stays at the Christmas party'.

It's a nice sentiment but it's complete rubbish.

Whether you're the boss or the most junior staffer, if you pull off the outrageous, you'll go down in office folklore.

The postscript to this column is that partygoers – especially those who don't have one of Premier Anna Bligh's alcohol interlock devices in their cars – should be warned that police will be out in force this weekend.

If you've got a party in Surfers Paradise, Broadbeach or Coolangatta, catch a cab.

Gold Coast coppers would love to nab you as you attempt to sneak an escape route home.

Drink and be merry, Gold Coasters.

That includes all of the politicians I've bashed in my column this year.



Everything was going swimmingly at the office Christmas party until the keg ran dry