

The One Day of the Year

It's a girl thing, shopping.

Not *essential* shopping; the recreational kind - an experience we savour as the connoisseur his wine.

As the gatherers of the species, we females developed keen eyesight, quick minds and very pointy elbows; all essential tools for securing that which might otherwise slip through our fingers or – even worse – into the clutches of an adjacent gatherer.

Men, however – as the hunters of the species – have yet to adapt to shops. They'd much rather get in, get it and get out as quickly as possible, then indulge their desire for more gladiatorial pursuits.

And here, Fate has intervened.

It's no coincidence that The Holy Grail of shopping – the post-Christmas sales – occurs in tandem with The Holy Grail of Australian sport – The Boxing Day Test Match.

It's the one day of the year you can tell him exactly what you've spent – **and he won't care!**

Right, girls?