



Polly Vernon

Don't get her started... on party etiquette

ATTENTION ANYONE WHO THINKS

Christmas parties are a chance to let your hair down, shut down ancient enmities, indulge in a gloriously hedonistic eruption of dancing, snogging and boozed-up delinquency... *Wrong!* Etiquettes apply, standards must be upheld, the ball must *not* be dropped. There are rules. For example...

Don't twerk. Because you can't. Even if you think you can. Even if you followed *Grazia's* step-by-step (or indeed, step-by-downward-winding-motion) How To Twerk guide of last week. (I raised serious objections about that, at the time. No one listened. They never do.)

Do express emphatically how compromised you feel by Robin Thicke's *Blurred Lines* while simultaneously dancing to it furiously because it is an intensely danceable pop song and *that* is the problem. If it weren't, no one would have noticed the rapey lyrical undertones.

Don't wear tights. Winter legs (and indeed winter toes) are quite The Look Of Christmas '13 (see Alexa at Poppy Delevingne's hen do, right). The subtext of the winter leg/toe is either: I'm rich! (because only those with a 24/7 on-call driver can bear to bare during the British winter) or: I'm hard-core fash, and so devoted to the pursuit of style, I'm oblivious to wind-chill. Winter legs are *the* defining status symbol. (Take that, clutch bags, shoes, eyebrows, nail varnish and, indeed, hair!)

Don't start an affair. Not because it's immoral. Because it's common. New stats suggest 72% of women currently engaged in infidelity kicked off their dabblings at a Christmas party. Be more imaginative.

Do give an amusing phone cover as your Secret Santa. Their capacity to delight is quite disproportionate to their (minimal) cost.

Don't selfie. A social media blackout will make your followers assume you're engaged in activities so debauched, they're NSFFBOTOI (Not Safe For FaceBook Or Twitter Or Instagram).



Alexa doesn't let a little thing like sub-zero temperatures stop her getting her legs out - and neither should you

Dominique Lucas at Boticca.com

Who's wondering what to get me for Christmas, eh?



Knuckleduster phone cases

Re: my earlier Secret Santa point.

The great fur debate

The temperature drops, the row reignites...



ACNE bag

Who's still wondering what to get me for Christmas, part three?

UPS AND DOWNS



The Kardashian Kristmas Kard

Unless it's actually fabulous/going up? Anyone?



Unwelcome glitter transfer

Aka tinsel trash. Aka Christmas lint.

José Mourinho without hair

Grow it back immediately, young man.

