

Oil Market Report: December 2017

Dear Father Christmas,

My name is Portland. I am 8½ years old and I live in York, England, Britain, Europe, Northern Hemisphere, The World.

For most of this year, I have been very good. Certainly not bad, although when those marketing guys came to talk to us about mood and colour, we were quite bad to them.

This year, I would like the following;

1. A new or second-hand diesel car (NOT Volkswagen. Unless it is a Golf GTI - that would be OK). I understand that diesel cars are really cheap nowadays, so hopefully you don't think I am asking for too much. I was going to ask for the fuel too, but the bloke in the pub has told me that all diesels run on chip fat and Doner kebabs. And we have loads of stuff like that in the wheelie bins round the back of our offices. Plus I have a friend at the same pub who told me that some diesel cars can run on a special liquid, which smells like normal diesel but looks like Ribena and is exactly 46.81 pence per litre cheaper. But then another man in the pub on the next table, said he worked for something called Customs & Exercise and my friend had to run out the side-door, without even finishing his pint or telling me where I could get this Ribena stuff. Which was strange, because Baz has never left a pint in his life. Not to my knowledge anyway.
2. A fracking well; in our office and with all the planning permissions sorted. I appreciate that "Assorted Protestors" will come included in the "Fracking Present Pack", but it would be good if they could arrive after Christmas maybe? Or perhaps you could change some of the letters on the parcel and then we can pretend it's something from Ann Summers.
3. 5 Gold Rings. Every year those energetic (but slightly odd) people with tinsel in their hair come and sing about giving away loads of presents. Most of the things on offer are really weird - like leaping Lords and birds you've never heard of - but we'll take the gold, no bother.
4. A whole heap of concrete dropped down the chimneys of those marketing guys. Let's see how useful mood and colour are when it comes to getting presents down a blocked-up chimney.
5. Finally, loads of new power stations to meet the requirements of the national grid when all cars will be electric. Apparently this will happen in February. I'd definitely prefer the Golf GTI by the way Santa, but the cross man from Yorkshire in the office said I should ask for this one, because "Santa funky Claus would have a better chance of building power stations than this funky Government". I think he said funky, but it doesn't really make sense, because I know you are cool Santa, but the people from the Government don't look very funky to me. Anyway, at the moment apparently, our Government is trying to build just one power station at a place called Stinky Point. It is only made out of paper at the moment, but has already cost more than a bazillion squillion pounds to pay the Chinese Government and French Contractors who have done the pictures. Maybe you could get involved on this one with your magic? I don't know exactly how many power stations we need for all these electric cars, but the same man from Yorkshire who was talking about the funky Government said "about 75...and I'm not funkying joking" (I think it must be his favourite word).

Anyhow, that's all from me. Good luck on Christmas Eve. Our Governmental A-team is still looking at Brexit and how it impacts on the free movement of reindeer, so you shouldn't have any problems with border controls this year. Oh and BTW, thank you very much for last year's main present, which was a new office. Although this did not arrive on Christmas Day, you did send 4 portaloos, 12 swears builders and 2 expensive architects in the new year, to help build our new grown-up premises (which are a bit big BTW - but Mum says we will grow into them).

Happy Christmas from everyone at Portland!