



Shinny Saves the Day

A Procim Story



Chapter One

Disaster Strikes

“No, no, no please say it’s not true!”

“Santa, you’ve got to calm down. Christmas is going to be a mess if you don’t get it together,” Mrs Clause tried to soothe her hyperventilating husband.

“There isn’t going to be a Christmas, Carol!”

“Stop being silly, you get your knickers in a twist every single year. Everything will be fine. What is it this time anyway,” asked Mrs Clause. Santa passed his wife a letter with the official *United Kingdom Ministry of Christmas Affairs* stamp on the front.

“Oh wonderful, has Selen sent us a Christmas letter,” asked Mrs Clause naïve to the oncoming storm.

“Just open it,” Santa despaired with his head in his hands, on the verge of tears.

Dear Mr and Mrs Clause,

It is with great heartache that I must tell you that your funding for Christmas has been cut. This is due to several ongoing political factors of which I’m sure you’re aware that we, at the Ministry of Christmas Affairs, have no control over. I am deeply and sincerely sorry.

Your ever-loyal friend Selen



*Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for
Christmas Affairs*

“Oh no, I’m so sorry. Don’t let it dishearten you though, we’ll just have to skimp and trim a little,” retorted Mrs Clause, however, her eyes seemed a little duller than a moment ago. Santa didn’t respond. He passed his wife another letter with a morose look, this one had come from the *Department of Infrastructure and Logistics in the North Pole*.

Dear Santa,

We are very sorry to have to tell you that it won’t be possible for us to pay your yearly Christmas subsidy this time around. As I’m sure you’re aware, the

current political climate is fairly tenuous, so to our tremendous disappointment we were unable to allocate funds. We’re sorry Santa, we did our best.

Directorate-General for the North Pole

Mrs Clause didn’t respond. Her eyes started to well, Santa was right, there wasn’t going to be a Christmas this year. She thought of the little children who’d spent all year waiting for their presents, she thought of the reindeers who weren’t going to get to go on their favourite trip of the year, she thought of how disappointed and guilty her husband was going to feel. Then her heart really dropped, she thought of the elves. Christmas was what they lived for, Santa at least had her, the elves had nothing but Christmas. Everything



they had worked towards was about to be ruined. She gave herself a moment to feel the pain of all that had been lost. Then, she straightened her back, tightened her grip on the letter and gathered her courage. Her head raised up and she looked her husband steadily in the eyes.

“I’ll do it darling,” his gaze dropped and tears started to fall onto the sparkly red floor. He sank deep into his white bauble patterned armchair.

She kissed him on the forehead and then turned on her heel to walk out of the great big green doors leading into Santa’s workshop. Her hand wavered on the mahogany handles carved with tiny elves. She turned one last time towards her husband.

“You did everything you could,” she whispered. His shoulders heaved as he began to sob, unable to hold in his pain any longer.

She pushed herself into the workshop. The room filled with the smell of nutmeg and wood scrapings.

Three-foot-tall elves scurried and laughed everywhere, jumping from machines to machine. Their giggles were infectious and she allowed herself a tiny smile filled with sadness.

She walked over, as slowly as possible, to the workshop horn and began to blow to gather their attention. Elves jumped down from all corners, using tinsel to swing themselves onto the floor.

They were all gathered before her with gleeful excited looks, chattering amongst themselves. She blew



on the horn again and the elves silenced. She looked out at their expectant faces smiling up from under red and green pointy hats.

“My friends,” her voice stuttered and croaked. “Christmas is cancelled.”

A high-pitched roar jingled across the workshop. Tiny voices shouted out concern and disbelief. Some asked how, some asked why, some laughed at what must be a joke.

“We haven’t been given the funding we needed and, without it, we can’t afford Christmas.”

“We don’t need funding! We used to pay for Christmas all on our own,” plucked up one hopeful little elf.

“There were a lot less children in the world in those days, Wunorse Openslae, and we’ve had a lot of

requests for the iPhone X this year,” replied Mrs Clause with kindness.

One elf, who had been sitting silently so far, began to speak with a sharp, discerning tone above the rest, “do we have any other funding?”

“Yes, we have the support of the *Office of Yuletide Gift Dispatch*, but it’s not enough Shinny Upatree, we’ve lost 30% of our funding.”

“It seems to me, Mrs Clause, we need Procim.”

Murmurs of confusion filled the hall as everyone stared at Shinny.

“What’s Procim?” asked many in conjunction.



Chapter Two

Shinny's solution

Shinny was the oldest resident of the North Pole. It had been said that Shinny was older than Santa, he certainly looked it, so everyone paid great attention when he spoke.

“Christmas is a project, it has an objective, a beginning, a middle and an end. We are currently in the middle of our Christmas project. Procim is project software. We will use it to build a budget for Christmas that adheres to our new funding amount and while we're running our project, we'll use it to our control

costs. Budgeting in Procim will prevent any mistakes, even if we let Buddy use it,” a ripple of endeared laughter ran through the hall. “Each head elf will create a budget that aligns with our new available funding for their department of inventors and engineers. Head elves will be able to assign other elves to projects, so everyone will know exactly what their job is for the day.”

“Wait,” Mrs Clause interjected, “won't this take a long time? We haven't got long till Christmas.”

“Quite the opposite, Mrs Clause, the Procim team will provide us with budget templates, including pre-set amounts for how much our supplies are going to cost. If an elf wanted to budget for two logs of wood, he or she would only have to put in the number of units, in this case two.”



“That’s all well and good Shinny, but we’re elves, not professional project managers, we may be organized but we love over spending at Christmas, what if someone gets carried away and spends too much, what if we all get carried away and spend too much!” It wasn’t a surprise that Alabaster Snowball was concerned about this, he oversaw the Naughty or Nice List and he had always leant towards kind-heartedness.

“Santa, Mrs Clause and Pepper Minstix will oversee approvals. Every time an elf tries to buy something that we’ve previously decided is too expensive, a request will go to the approvals team for them to decide if it’s a necessary cost. Furthermore, when a head elf completes their budget, that will go for

approval too. So, everything will be overseen with complete control and security.”

“After the budget has been built and everyone starts spending their allotted money, we’ll be able to see exactly how much has been spent at any moment. Not just overall, but each line item will have the actual cost against it. So, if Buddy buys three logs of wood rather than two, we’ll know straight away,” the laughter this time was a little more wearisome, it’s not kind to make two jokes about the same person in a row. Shinny felt his mistake and flushed a little with embarrassment and shame. A moment of awkward silence ensued as all the little elves pondered the importance of kindness.

Mrs Clause brought their attention back to the moment. “Shinny, that sounds great, but we’re a



creative team filled with joy and workmanship. I don't like the thought of isolated elves all sitting at a computer sad, alone and without the support of their teammates. Not to mention, we'd have to run all over the place anytime someone wanted feedback on their budget, it's not very convenient."

"Actually, Mrs Clause, Procim lives in the cloud," delighted and impressed murmurs could be heard all over the workshop. The elves were convinced, they wanted something that lived in the cloud. "No, sorry, not that cloud, this is the internet cloud," their disappointment was evident. "This cloud means that everyone can access the same information at the same time. So, if I want to see how much Sugarplum Mary has spent on sweets, or if the price of wood changes and you need to reflect that on the costs, rather than

sending each other memos and spreadsheets we can log in to the cloud and do it all together in one place. We can support and help each other without having to run around like headless chickens."

It was obvious that this wasn't as impressive as if it had lived in the real cloud, but it did mean that the elves would all stay connected during this busy period. A connected and happy workflow is of great importance to elves.

"If I'm getting this right," Mrs Clause started, "Procim will help us build an accurate budget that shows each department how much they have to spend. It will then help us organise the elf workforce to ensure everything's done on time by the 25th and no one's precious moments are wasted. Then we can approve and disapprove purchases and all the while we can



track current spend against each item so that if anyone's spending too much we can stop them?"

"Yes," replied Shinny.

"Well then what on earth are we all doing standing here! Santa's probably still crying his heart out!" Mrs Clause dashed out of the room past the great big green doors. They slammed shut behind her, leaving the expectant elves quiet and alone.

A few tense moments later, the heartiest "Ho, Ho, Ho" filled the great hall as Santa burst through the doors. He rushed Shinny off his feet pulling him into his great big red velvet lined arms, squeezing Shinny's tiny feeble wrinkly frame against his massive stomach. His joy overflowed into all the elves and they began to sing. It was the sweet jingle of Christmas songs you and I have never heard. They sang in perfect union,

different words but their combined spirit created a flawless melody of harmonious tones.

"Shinny, without you, we wouldn't be having a Christmas, I want you to come along with the reindeers and I to drop off the presents." Shinny's eyes welled up, he'd always wanted to drop down the chimneys and eat cookies. His dream of going along with Santa was finally coming true.

Santa looked down at all the elves and felt with deep contentment that this was going to be the best Christmas ever!

The End

**Book a demo to find out how
Shinny's solution can increase
your businesses profit margins**

Book a Demo

