

## James Bond and Santa Claus

'Bond, you've a mission', said M as he sat  
in his office, all panelled in wood;  
'A dastardly villain is buying up toys  
and it's clear that he's up to no good.  
You'll find him in Lapland. An army of elves  
is guarding his grotto up there.  
I suggest infiltrating his reindeer herd.  
Don't be fooled by the beard. Take care.'

So Bond went to Q, who knew what to do:  
he made him a reindeer disguise.  
'The antlers are really antennae', he said;  
'there's a tracker built into the eyes'.  
'Terrific', quipped Bond. 'Oh, just one more thing,'  
said Q. 'As everyone knows,  
very few reindeer in Lapland drive cars  
so your Aston has got a red nose.'

Thus Bond drove away and in less than a day  
he was nearing the empire of snow.  
A vastness of ice stretched away on all sides,  
protecting the lair of his foe.  
Battalions of elves were guarding the place.  
Thus, leaving the Aston, he donned  
his cunning disguise with the GPS eyes...  
The elves said, 'Oh, look, it's James Bond!'

They started to shoot at the reindeer suit.  
Our James had nowhere to hide.  
He wisely gave in. The elves wrestled him  
to the grotto and dragged him inside.  
They made him kneel down with his head to the ground,  
then opened some ominous doors:  
Santa sat there in a black swivel chair.  
'Mr Bond. I'm Ernst Stavro Claus.'

'Come, Mister Bond, come, sit on my knee.  
Yes, I've been expecting you.  
Tell me, exactly, what your heart desires  
and I will see what I can do.  
But first I will tell you the price of your life.  
If you're hoping you'll ever be free,  
You *must* take my Christmas wish-list to M.  
I demand the next Bond shall be me!'

‘I’m bored of flying around the world,  
distributing millions of presents:  
I want to fight evil, shoot villains, make love  
to beautiful women. In essence,  
I want to be you. And I hope that you too  
will find that it’s hard to be merry  
when a bloody great sack is breaking your back.  
Please, swap your martinis for sherry.’

‘Never’, said Bond. ‘I’m really not fond  
of such scheming.’ Claus gave a sign.  
‘This laser device will slice you in two.  
We have ways of changing your mind...’  
He added, ‘Such fun I’ll have, driving your car,’  
as the laser drew near to Bond’s thigh.  
Bond shouted, ‘do you expect me to walk?’  
‘No, Mr Bond, I expect you to fly.’

‘Okay, Claus,’ Bond yelled, as his tear ducts welled,  
‘I’ll do it. But just for one year.  
You’ll soon see it’s not all it’s cracked up to be –  
it’s not a plain-sailing career.  
It’s such a hard slog making love all the time.  
and SPECTRE are terribly trying.  
You really don’t want to be me...’ But Claus said,  
‘Mr Bond, I know that you’re lying.’

They say that the last shall come first and first last –  
and that’s how it turned out to be –  
Santa Claus spent Christmas Eve in black tie  
with a beautiful girl on each knee,  
while James Bond, dressed in a scarlet suit, flew  
in his reindeer-drawn sleigh, like a bird  
and cursed at every house he came to  
where his sherry was shaken, not stirred.

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*Merry Christmas 2021,  
May you have a Happy New Year  
and a healthy and prosperous 2022.*