

Santa's Little Indiscretion

'That's *IT!* roared Santa, in a rage, flinging down his hood.

Nobody on Earth today is doing any good.

Israel has gone to war and Palestine's in flames;

Politicians on both sides deny that they're to blame.

Look at what is happening in Russia and Ukraine –

Bombs and rockets falling like incendiary rain.

And all across the world, the temperatures are rising,

Due to global industry, selfishness and flying.

What are people thinking? Where *will* my reindeer go –

If global warming ends up leaving Lapland without snow?

Worst of all, there's roadworks on the B3212,

What on earth are Moretonhampstead folk supposed to do?

There's only one thing for it. Mankind needs a lesson:

This year, twenty-twenty-three, *no one* gets a present.'

And so it came to pass that in twenty-twenty-three

Santa spent December with a laptop on his knee...

Suddenly an email from a lady caught his eye.

Attached there was a picture. 'Santa', she said, 'Hi,

My name is Lucy Lovedrops. I think that you look cute.

But I'd rather picture you without your bright red suit.

Let me see you in the nude – show me if your muscles

Are beautifully developed from carrying those parcels."

Santa was enchanted. Her picture left him speechless.

The necklace she was wearing couldn't cover all her features.

Thus he took his phone out and he started taking snaps

Of himself, without his boots, without his belt and hat,

And yes, without his suit on – and though it sounds quite weird

He even took a selfie of himself without his beard.

A minute passed before a second message came along.

The moment that he saw it, he knew that he'd done wrong.

'My name's not Lucy Lovedrops, It's Vladimir Putin.

I know you will not like this but I don't do highfalutin.

I want fifty billion pounds – for balancing the books –

Otherwise I'll show the world how Santa *really* looks

And what he is inclined to do when asked by pretty girls

Wearing nothing but a smile and just one string of pearls.

You're nothing but an old judgemental pervert, Santa Claus,

You think that I am nasty, with no character but flaws

And so I am. But let me teach you this abiding lesson –

Consider it a personal Merry Christmas present –

If you don't pay within the hour, here's a little plus:

I'm going to tell the world that you stripped naked for Liz Truss.

Santa looked down at his feet. He felt such burning shame.

He knew that everywhere he went, *he'd* be held to blame.

But then another email made him see how deep his plight –

His images had been uploaded to a dozen sites.

He had to get them taken down! He couldn't risk delay –

And so he grabbed his coat and hood, and started up his sleigh,

Shouting 'Come on, Rudolph! (and forgive me for this rhyme)

Take me down to Devon, to the Re-venge Porn Helpline!

Only Sophie Mortimer can save me from this terror,

She and all her brilliant team won't judge me for my error;

They can take down images that shouldn't be uploaded
And save my reputation 'fore it's finally exploded.
Take me Rudolph, quickly now, fly with all your speed –
Take me to my only hope in this, my hour of need.

'Right you are, boss', Rudolph said, as he began to climb.
'I think I know the postcode for the Revenge Porn Helpline.
It's just off the M5, where the rugby team play fixtures.
I often have to ask them to remove my own nude pictures.'
So Rudolph flew with all his speed until he settled down
Where Sophie and her well-trained team were always to be found,
When they heard of Santa's plight, they gave him good advice
And took down all his pictures from each website in a trice.
Then Santa felt his tears well up. 'I am so *very* grateful.
I had begun to think the whole wide world was turning hateful.
But now I see that kindness has not vanished from the Earth.
Thank you for restoring my belief in joy and mirth.
Thank you too for stopping all that Putin planned to say –
I really do not like Liz Truss; I prefer Theresa May.'

*

There *will* be presents this year. It isn't all just doom.
As many as are fighting wars are fighting against gloom.
And if there is a moment when the news gives you the blues
Remember that the kindest people never make the news.

Merry Christmas 2023
& a Happy New Year