

* The Night Before
Christmas

- A Geek's Christmas
Tale *

by Sharron-Idol. Written on Monday, 12
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A Merry Christmas to you all!

(I identified as an eclectic Pagan at the time of writing.)

'Twas the night before Christmas.
- The server was quiet,
Though the ISP an-ti-ci-pated a riot.
Most nerds were all merry on fine wine and beer;
Having primed all their blogs for the start of the
year.

There was one geek who hadn't gone quite so berserk: –
Shazza sat at her keyboard and started to work.
She designed and she coded until it was right,
All alone in her front room she worked 'til midnight.

A commotion behind her then caused her to pause,
When she turned on her chair she observed Santa Claus!
He'd come down the chimney and was rather surprised
At the sight of a working geek meeting his eyes.

Old Santa's mind switched into hyper-geek-mode: –
He sat down beside her and examined her code.
She gave him some brandy and a nice fresh mince pie;
And he said that he'd help her, or at least he would try.

Santa's hands seemed to sparkle as he started to type: –
In seconds he'd written a page prototype.
Then his fingers typed faster and they became a blur;
As the clicking of pressed keys turned into a whirr.

Santa reached to the floor and he lifted his foot,
'Pulled a USB-drive from the sole of his boot.
He loaded a program onto the machine,
And some magical coding appeared on the screen.

Santa rose from the chair and he laughed: "Ho-ho-ho!":
Then he rose up the chimney as it started to snow.
Sharron looked as a message appeared on her screen
In a rather strange font; in gold, red, black, and green: –

It read thus:

“Hi. – This is Santa; as I think you may know.
Run this magical code and you’ll get it to snow. –
– But this program has one single bug. – It’s a bummer: –
The snowflakes will melt into rain in the summer.”

“I’ve left you some code and I think it’s all right.
Load it up to your server with a page on your site.
If this world ever runs out of good Christmas cheer;
They can just read this page on the Yuletide each year.”

– So Shazzalive, mystified, loaded the code.
‘FTP’d to the server; – It took ages to load!
But once it was loaded she browsed to the page –
With the Santa-Claus_Template: The download engaged.

The page looked like nothing before that she'd seen;
But a very clear message appeared on her screen: –

*“The Yule has come and the cycle's begun:
Start preparing to welcome the return of the Sun.”*

*“The Sun will bring light and will heat up the Earth.
Its' warmth is preparing fertility's rebirth.
Watch as He rises; the All-Shining One.
'See the goddess reborn in the rays of the Sun”*

*“See now; the Holly King battles no more;
As the Oak King defeats him and brings plenty for sure.
Observe dancers dance round the Maypole in May;
It's the time of fertility in the Sun's rays.”*

*“I am Coronus and the Horned One called Pan
I dance in the woodland; I am the Green Man.
I warm in the sunshine that brings out the leaves.
I'm the fragrance of springtime, the flowers, the trees.”*

*“I’m the plentiful time when the Summer’s at end.
I live in the ripened corn. I’m nature’s friend.
When the season is killed with a harvesting sound;
I grow strong from its’ blood that is spilled on the ground.”*

*“As the Holly King’s power extends to its’ peak;
And the goddess in crone-phase grows aged and weak,
I grow fat on the land’s fare as leaves bite the dust.
– Before all is frozen by cold icy crust.”*

*At the time of the year when there’s darkness outside,
All of nature is resting: The goddess has died.
I bring to you free gifts on Christmas Day morn,
As we herald the time of the goddess reborn.”*

*“I am Jesus, I’m Herne, and I’m Santa-Claus too
I am Buddha, a prophet; I’m all things to you.
I am born of the gods, but a product of man
I’m a labour of love laid in Lucifer’s hands.”*

*“So feast and be merry – as in Yuletides before,
As the cycle begins and the wheel turns once more.
Be joyful; the Shining One riseth again,
To bring on the plentiful times of the grain.”*

Shazza then yawned as she locked up her place,
And prepared for her bed with a smile on her face.
She switched on her oven to slow-cook Christmas’ meal.
– **Now she knew that the legend of Santa was real!**

