

# THE DEATH OF FATHER CHRISTMAS

*Bob Crew*

Father Christmas lies dead  
in a festive pool of blood,  
having been shot in the head  
by a policeman who understood  
that he was a dangerous terrorist,  
the reason being that he was carrying  
a rucksack! He will be sadly missed,  
will Santa, and the seasonal conveying  
of the Christian message this yuletide  
will, in view of his untimely death, be wide  
of the mark. It will sound distinctly hollow,  
as the bells ring out, not in joy, but in sorrow,  
not only for the terrible deed so tragically done,  
but for the rule of law by such an incompetent gun.  
So many things will never be the same again  
without Santa, as we hang our heads in shame,  
as should London's despicable terrorists also, not that they will,  
since they delight in murdering the innocent whenever they bomb to kill.

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