

## Christmas Eve at the White House

*Recently de-classified papers of the CIA reveal a horrific terrorist attempt on the White House one Christmas Eve, during the presidency of Barack Obama. The Report retells in blood-curdling detail and in the present tense what happened and how the First Family was saved.*

The First Lady enters the room her eyebrows lifted in a question. “I have made camp beds in the Oval Office for the girls,” she says, “but I don’t understand why they can’t sleep in their own beds on Christmas Eve.”

The Director of the CIA, speaks quietly. “Madam, America faces the gravest threat to its way of life tonight, and the First Children could be in the direct line of fire!”

The First Lady sits down with a bump. “Thank you – thank you all, for saving my children from danger.”

The Deputy Director nods. “It is clear and present danger, Ma’am – worse than anything Harrison Ford has ever acted out!”

The CIA operatives look at each other. The Director nods. “The time has come to tell you everything. Tonight we will save America, with your help, and led by the President, of course!”

The President stands up. “My fellow Americans!” he says dynamically, moving his head from side to side to take in everyone clustered in the children’s nursery. “Tonight, we save America! Let me be clear! We have to act – decisively and with purpose – with weapons if necessary, though we are at peace with everyone. Tonight, America lets the world know what we stand for! Tonight, we are united! Tonight, we face an old and resolute foe. Tonight, we tell him that he will be defeated, and we will succeed!”

The First Lady gasps. “The Al-Qaeda are here – in the White House?” she quavers. “But I thought – or is it ISIS?”

The Deputy Director Ops of the CIA speaks calmly. “Them we could handle any day. No, this is a far worse foe, someone who has plotted against us for centuries, ever since the Declaration of Independence – and before! Year by year, quietly, while America sleeps, the enemy has worked against us. This has proved to be the deepest, most felonious conspiracy of all. We couldn’t have cracked it without the help of Mossad, and of course the Vatican. The Vatican’s secret files going back to the Middle Ages provided final proof!”

“A conspiracy going back to the Middle Ages?” asks the First Lady befuddled.

“Here are the X-MAS files, see them for yourself!” says the Director of the CIA, tossing a box of papers onto the table. “Just think, Madam, why is today significant?”

“Well... it is Christmas Eve, and...” she starts hesitantly.

“And, yes, what happens on Christmas Eve, in children’s rooms while they sleep?” nudges the CIA Chief.

“Why, we put presents in their stockings, and say it comes from Santa Claus, though that is just a fable...” she says hesitantly.

“That is where you are wrong!” says the CIA Deputy seriously. “Santa Claus is real, he exists!”

The First Lady claps her hands delightedly. “Oh, I am so glad! The children would love to hear you say that!”

The CIA operatives shake their heads mournfully. “No, no, no!” says the CIA Director. “Santa Claus is our Public Enemy Number One!”

The President stands up and moves his head dynamically from side to side to take in everyone. “Let me be clear! America is committed to peace, but we will go to war! Tonight, we save America! Let me be clear! We have to act – decisively and with purpose – with weapons if necessary, though we are at peace with everyone. Tonight, America lets the world know what we stand for!”

Everyone claps, except for the First Lady.

The CIA speak as one. “Santa Claus’s game plan is very simple, and a direct threat to the American way of life. He is directed by world communism to sneak in free toys, toys that haven’t been paid for, to brainwash American children that the market does not define life. And he is succeeding! Think of all the philanthropies and all the loose talk of helping the poor, though most of it, thank God, is only CSR! The subprime disaster would be nothing compared to the havoc Santa Claus could create if many Americans start to believe in genuinely helping others!”

The First Lady is dumbstruck. “Santa? But Santa?” she asks, bewildered.

“Before we started calling him Santa, he was known as St. Nicholas. Who else has a similar name – Old Nick, the Devil! The Vatican put us on his trail. Why do you think the Pope was forced to resign?” The CIA all nod solemnly.

The President stands up and starts to move his head dynamically from side to side, but the CIA Director waves him down. A scraping sound is heard, and a leg appears at the bottom of the chimney. The CIA pull out their guns. Next moment, Santa Claus is standing in the room. He drops his bag, and holds up his arms.

The CIA Director aims his pistol carefully with a two-fisted grip. “I don’t think we are going to take this operative into custody. We are going to treat him with extreme prejudice!”

“Stop!” yells the First Lady. “This is the children’s room.”

“That’s OK, we will send in the cleaner before they come in,” says the CIA Deputy.

“But – but – but he is not a US national,” says the First Lady desperately.

The CIA Director laughs grimly. “He’s done himself some extreme rendition, lady!”

Santa Claus coolly sits down on a bed. “Guys, you got it all wrong – and it won’t be the first time. I work for MI 5!”

There is an incredulous gasp. “You! You, a commie, work for MI 5?” asks the Deputy Ops.

“I’m no commie,” says Santa, cool as a cucumber.

“Then why do you wear red, eh? Answer me that?” says the CIA Chief.

“Deception. Put a call through to Baroness ‘Eliza’ Manningham-Buller, the former head of MI 5. She will wise you up,” says Santa tiredly.

At a nod from their chief, the CIA patch a line through to England, and a moment later the former head of MI 5 comes live on a screen. “I am afraid,” she squeaks, “Santa Claus has been on our payroll since the winter of 1940. There is someone far worse than him, or even Stalin. We wanted to get to the head of it all. He will tell you.”

Santa Claus carefully draws out a dull red book from a red pocket and tosses it at the CIA. “It’s not a booby trap, I got it from my hotel room. Read it. It is all in there, as plain to read as the Communist Manifesto.”

The CIA Director picks it up gingerly. “What is this?” he asks bewildered. “There are hundreds of close written pages. It will take us weeks to decipher the codes!”

“No code,” says Santa in a tired voice. “Plain text. Read where the book-mark is. All that stuff about ‘blessed are the poor, and the meek, and the merciful, and the peacemakers,’ He is planning a revolution that will make the Bolshevik Revolution look like a children’s party!”

“Anyone read this?” asks the CIA Director turning round. All shake their heads. “My God!” he says.

“Exactly!” says Santa Claus. “And you can’t get rid of Him. The Romans tried, but He was up and about within three days.”

“Hey, Boss” interjects the Deputy Ops helpfully, “maybe an H-Bomb from an ICBM could blow this guy’s Heaven to pieces... well, worth a try, right?”

Santa Claus takes charge. “No, none of that will work. I know, believe you me. You’ve got to dry up the water so the fish can’t exist anymore.”

Everyone looks blankly at one another.

Santa Claus spells it out slowly. “Get rid of the Churches, don’t you guys get it?”

The President is doubtful. “The Southern Baptists won’t like that one bit.”

The CIA Director looks at him coolly. “They didn’t vote for you, anyway.”

The President springs to his feet, and moves his head dynamically from side to side. “That’s right. Let me be clear! We have to act – decisively and with purpose – with weapons if necessary, though we are at peace with everyone. Tonight, America lets the world know what we stand for! Tonight, we are united! Tonight, we face an old and resolute foe. Tonight, we tell him that he will be defeated, and we will succeed!”

Hilary Clinton comes in now. “Mr. President, even Osama might have hesitated to act against people of the book – who knows? The only political group that will act decisively against the churches are the BJP of India, and they have started already. Why don’t we all go Hindoo and join hands with them?”

“Right! We have action at long last!” says the CIA Director. “Let’s all go Hindoo!”

The all knell and start to chant ‘OM!’

“What the f\*\*\* do you say after OM?” asks the Deputy Ops peeved.

The President kneeling moves his head dynamically from side to side. “Let me be clear! Hilary, patch me through to the BJP!”

**Not the end of the Christmas Story**