

A Mad Scientist Christmas

**Twass the night before Christmas and all thru my house,
Not a specimen was stirring, not even a louse.
The test tubes were capped and the rat cages closed,
The mold cultures fuzzy, the mice in repose.
The oven kept warm the ebola and pox,
I still need to locate my husband's clean socks...
But that has to wait till tomorrow, I know;
My buggies still need that much more time to grow.**

**When from the kitchen came a massive explosion,
I leapt from my bed in perpetual motion.
Grabbing my lab coat I pulled on my pants,
Struggling into them a sick sort of dance.
With fury and haste I put on a shirt,
Running out of the bedroom on feet black with dirt.
Buttoning my lab coat and donning a mask,
I ran into the kitchen holding an Erlenmeyer flask.**

**I nearly passed out when the man who I saw,
dressed in containment gear sealed without flaw,
Held high a huge sack with his arm stiff and straight,
I could tell he must have a hard time with his weight.**

**Through the mike from his suit he said without pause,
"Ho Ho Ho, Merry Christmas, I'm Hanta Claus!"
Over his shoulder he hefted the sack,
We walked into the living room, I offered a snack.
He took it and smiled, placed the sack by my bench,
Instantly I noticed the Clostridium stench.
Brimming with joy, I cried out with glee,
"Did you bring all of these germies for me?"
"Oh yes," said Hanta, "I must show propriety;**

**By bringing you microbes, I'm saving society.
"You are the only one who loves these diseases.
Therefore I'm glad to oblige who it pleases."**