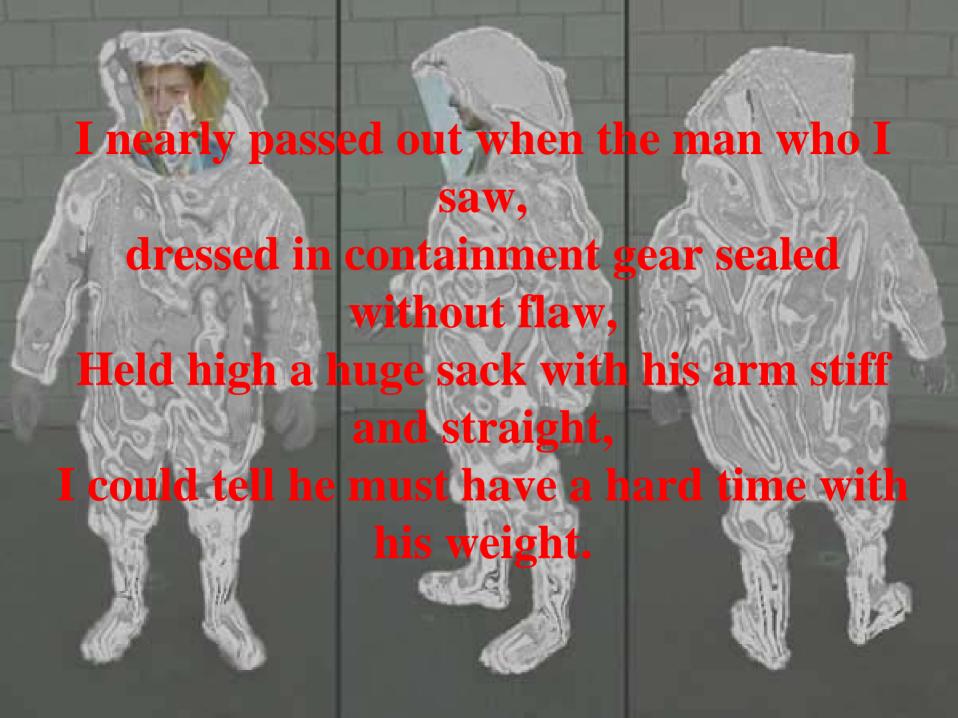
From: Dobbins, Dr. Joanne

A Mad Scientist Christmas

Twas 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.



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

- "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.

## Delirious with excitement I sat by his side

While he gave me a year's stock of microscope slides,

And Pasteur pipettes, drug resistant bacteria,

Such as staph, strep and cultures from the genus Neisseria.

The gleam in my eyes caused the house to be lit, The moment he gave me a Gramstaining kit, Clostridium tetani, perfringens and sporogenes, Salmonella typhi and Streptococcus pyogenes!

Plus viruses known to produce hepatitis, Herpes, and rabies, yellow fever and meningitis!

But that was not all, he had parasites too, Plasmodia, trypanosomes and schistosomes true!



At long last he said he must now go away,
His sled was experiencing radioactive
decay.

"Thanks for the presents," I said, shaking his hand,

"They'll keep me off the streets, you understand."

Hanta Claus smiled and bid me goodnight,
Shouting 'Merry Christmas to all, and to
all a good blight!''