

## Twas the night before Christmas, Shadowrun Style.

Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the streets,  
Not a creature was stirring but the ghoul looking for meat.  
The target was sitting in the safe house with care,  
In the hopes that the extraction team would soon be there.

The runners were crashing all across their beds,  
While visions of bullets flew past their heads.  
The Johnson in his suit met me, the face in my gear,  
Our payment was commin, with nothing to fear.

When out in the alley an explosion did ring,  
From the meeting I jumped, ready to spring.  
The windows blew in with the bright flash,  
This meeting was over, I might have to dash.

The shooting quickly stopped as it started to snow,  
The fires burning bright, so I kept low.  
When, what to my cyber eyes did appear,  
But a fragging sleigh, and eight fragging reindeer.

With a little old rigger, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment this must be a trick.  
More rapid than eagles his entourage they came,  
Then he whistled and shouted, and called them by name!

“Now Fastjack, now Dodger, now Slider, now Shade,  
On Comet! On Sprocket! On Harlequin! On Jade!  
Common slaves, don’t hit a wall!  
We have to flee with this wonderful haul!”

Bullets rang out from Knight Errant nearby,  
When suddenly that sleigh began to fly!  
So up on the rooftops this crew they flew,  
With a sleigh full of loot, and a cyber zombie too.

And then in a moment I heard overhead,  
A pounding and thumping that caused me to dread.  
As I ducked behind cover, not wanting to be found,  
Down the chimney this Trog came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his boot,  
And his cloths were all tarnished from gun smoke and soot.  
An empty sack he had hanging over his back,  
He looked like a beggar looking for a snack.

His face was alight, from his cyber eye glow,  
His thoughts were all evil and dark I know.  
His lips were curled up in a sneer like a bow,  
And his beard was as white as the new fallen snow.

The stump of a cigar was tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke circled his head like a fragging wreath.  
He had a broad face and a full armor suit,  
No comfort he gives, but he’ll give you the boot.

He was all fit, strong for an elf,  
I sneered when I targeted him, In spite of myself.  
A twinkle in his eye and a nod of his head,  
Made me know I had everything to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
He filled his sack with our bullets and loot.  
He turned suddenly with a move by wire jerk,  
And swiftly he flew up the chimney with a hoot.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team he gave a wiping,  
Away they all flew, his machinegun he's griping.  
Then I heard him explain as he flew out of site,  
"Time to die mother fragger, eat my bullets tonight!"