



# THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



# T was the night before Christmas,

... and in every box,  
Not an engine was purring, no tires in stock.

The cars in parc fermé, polished and set up with care,  
In hopes that a Grand Prix would soon be there.

The drivers, fresh from ice baths, snug cozy in beds,  
With visions of championship trophies dancing in their heads.

Their helmets on display, gloves and suits neatly stacked,  
Quieted their racing minds for a long winter's nap.

In the paddock nearby, the mechanics found rest,  
After tireless hours, they had given their best.

The engineers, too, took a moment to dream,  
Of aerodynamics, and reducing drag in the slipstream.

Team Principals with data in mind, had planned the best way,  
To tackle challenges and improve overtakes come race day.

With their tools now at rest, they could hardly stay awake,  
The FIA agreed it was time for the winter break.

When out on turn 1, there arose such a clatter,  
Everyone sprang from the paddock to see what's the matter.

Away to the garages they flew like a flash,  
What in heavens is happening, they yelled, was it a crash?

The moon in the sky, reflecting off the snow,  
Gave the luster of qualifying, to the track below.

When, what to their wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a bright red driver, so merry and quick,  
Behind the helmet was good old St. Nick!

More rapid than red bulls when closing a gap,  
Santa and reindeer finished their out lap.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to work,  
Rounding the corners without the slightest jerk.

In a red race suit, all covered with fur,  
Racing through chicanes, an astounding red blur.

With haste, the teams gathered at pit walls in delight,  
Eager to see timing screens, under the moonlight.

Purple sector 1, Purple sector 2 they were excited to see,  
But how would Santa handle the tricky sector three?

They all watched in silence, Santa's sleigh twinkling at night,  
He just set a record for fastest lap, then did donuts mid-flight!

Before disappearing, he lifted his visor with the wink of an eye,  
He sprinkled all the teams with upgrades waving from the sky.

Santa parked his reindeer and sleigh in victory lane,  
As he whistled and shouted, and called some by name.

Now, Max! now, Gasly! Car-lando and Lewis!  
On, Checo! on Este! Bottas, Alonso, let's do this!

Go Oscar, Go Charles, Yuki and Kevin!  
On Albon, On Danny, and drivers no spinin'!

From Alpine to Williams, he wished success for all teams,  
Whilst Everyone rubbed their eyes, it all felt like a dream.

They would all remember this night as the dawn came out,  
Thank you, Graize, Gracias, Bedankt, Merci they all did shout.

Now with added courage and skill, they'll race without fear,  
For the thrill of the motorsport, we all hold dear.

Then they heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight...

**Happy Christmas F1,**  
**and to all a good night!**

