

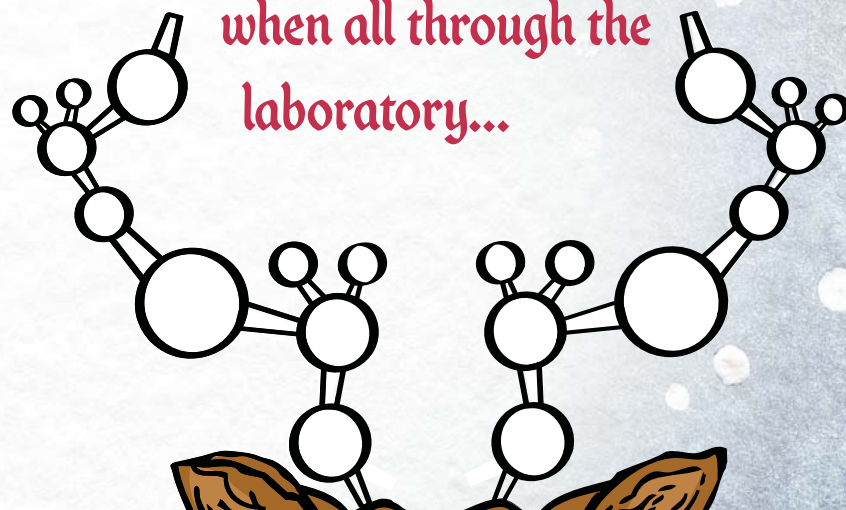
Happy Holidays!

Anna
Becky
Catherine
May
Adam
Kozak
Rachel
ZANAB
Jaimee
Prism
Antistom
Hyt
Jussas
John
Jill
Jill



Cambridge Polymer Group

‘T was the day before
the holidays,
when all through the
laboratory...



Not a creature was stirring, not even anything from the mouse category;*
The stockings were hung by the Chemist-Tree with care,
In hopes that Nicholas Flamel** soon would be there;
The Research Scientists were analyzing polymer chains,
While visions of client solutions danced in their brains.
When from the direction of the Main Lab, there arose such a clatter;
I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter.
Away to the fume hood, I flew like a flash,
Tore open the lock, and threw up the sash.

The experiments were unaffected and I realized with cheer,
The noise came from outside, I had nothing to fear.
When out the window, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew right away it was Alchemist Nick.
More rapid than photons, his coursers they came,
and he whistled and shouted and called them by name;
“Now, Dasher! Now Tropeoelastin! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Calcium Carbonate! On, Oxytocin! On, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the roof! To the top of the wall!
Now exponential curve! Exponential curve! Exponential curve all!”

As I turned my head and looked around unbelieving,
Down the freight elevator Nick bounded into Receiving!
He was dressed all in safety gear, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all covered in gold dust and soot;
A bundle of lab instruments, he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a salesperson just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! His mind like Aristotle!
His cheeks like roses, his nose like an oxygen model!
He had a wise face, and a belly round like a truffle,
That shook when he laughed, like a beaker full of hydrogel.

He was body positive, a right jolly old wizard,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of the blizzard.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the freight elevator he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, leaving one last spectrometer,
And away they all flew like free radicals off a polymer
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Holidays to all, and to all a good night!”

* CPG is pest-free; see our inspection records



Nicolas Flamel (c. 1330 -1418) was a French scribe and manuscript-seller. After his death, Flamel developed a reputation as an alchemist believed to have discovered the philosopher's stone and to have thereby achieved immortality.