

Dear Saint Google,

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through house,  
Not a hard drive was spinning, not even from a mouse.

The ads were hung by the SERP with care,  
In hopes that conversions soon would be there.

The keywords were nestled all snug in their groups,  
While quality scores rose because of Word War Troops.

The Google Experts removed traffic from each Mobile APP,  
As they settled their brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the 'net there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my Surface to see what was the matter.

With coffee in my hand and the keyboard at the ready,  
I gazed afar and held myself steady.

What to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But Saint Google and eight Google Ad Engineers.

The Engineers sprang to their terminals and opened the code,  
Exposing the luster of embedded objects below.

The code flew with such fury that smoke arose from the network,  
As new features flowed from alpha to beta like artwork.

We watched in wonder as new features appeared,  
Improving performance, in my head, I cheered.

Saint Google sprang to the sleigh and to his team gave a whistle,  
They darted towards the sleigh like a heat-seeking missile.  
Taking their seats with excitement anew  
They flashed big smiles as they flew back to Mountain View,

I heard them exclaim, ere they drove out of sight—  
"Merry Googling to all, and to all we bid a Google night."

