

How the Grinch Stole Christmas!

Every Bay Street trader
Down in Bays-ville
Liked Christmas rallies a lot...

But the Grinch,
Who lived just north of Bays-ville,
Did NOT!

The Grinch *hated* Christmas!
The whole idea of a Santa Claus rally!
Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows since he lost his
largest client Sally.

It *could* be his distrust of the Fed's printing press.
It *could* be, perhaps, that high-yield debt was distressed.
But I think that the most likely reason of all
May have been his view the market was about to fall.

But,
Whatever the reason,
His cynical view or monetary policy treason,
He stood there on Christmas Eve, hating the Bay Street traders,
Starting down from his mid-town tower with a sour, Grinchy frown
At the warm-lighted windows across the downtown.

For he knew every Bay Streeter down in Bays-ville beneath
Were busy now extending longs below a mistletoe wreath.

"And they're counting their profits!" he snarled with a sneer.
"Tomorrow they expect a Santa Claus rally! It's practically here!"
Then he growled, with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming,
"I MUST find some way to stop the rally from coming!"

For,
Tomorrow, he knew...

... All the Bay Streeter girls and boys
Would wake bright and early. They'd rush for their terminals!
And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the Noise! Noise! Noise!
That's one thing he hated! The NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Then the Bay Street traders, young and old, would sit at the
conference table.
And they'd talk about bidding up the next renewable,
And they'd bid, And they'd bid!
And they'd BID!

BID!

BID!

BID!

They would bid up renewables, and stocks in the Far East
Which was something the Grinch couldn't stand in the least!

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And THEN

They'd do something
He liked least of all!

Every trader down in Bays-ville, the tall and the small,
Would stand close together, with Bloomberg terminal bells ringing.
They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the traders would start singing!

They'd sing! And they'd sing!

AND they'd SING! SING! SING! SING!

And the more the Grinch thought of this Bay Street-singing
The more the Grinch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!
Why, for fifty-three years I've put up with it now!
I MUST stop this Christmas rally from coming!

... But HOW?"

Then he got an idea!

An awful idea!

THE GRINCH

GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!

"I know just what to do!" The Grinch laughed in his throat.

"I'll make a quick Canali suit and a car coat."

And he chuckled, and clucked, "What a great grinchy spell!

With this suit and coat, I'll look just like J Powell!"

"All I need is another Fed head..."

The Grinch looked around.

But since Federal Reserve presidents' were scarce, there was none
to be found.

Did that stop the old Grinch?

No! The Grinch simply said,
"If I can't find a Fed head, I'll make one instead!"

So he took his friend, Fox. Then he took some thread
And he made a chauffeur's hat on top of his head.

THEN

He loaded some briefcases

And an old bankers box

On a ramshackle Benz and he whistled for Fox.

Then the Grinch said, "Let's Go!"

And the Benz started down

Towards the towers where Bay St. avoided the last meltdown.

All their windows were dark. Quiet snow filled the air.

All the traders were dreaming of higher prices without care

When he came to the first little building of the square.

"This is stop number one," the old Grinchy Powell hissed,

And he climbed to the roof, empty briefcase in his fist.

Then he slid down the stairwell, a rather tight pinch.

But if Allison could do it, then so could the Grinch.

He got stuck only once, for a minute or two.

Then he stuck his head out of the exit door for a clue.

There were vintage stock certificates hung all in a row.

"These certs," he grinned, "are the first things to go!"



Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unstable,
Around the whole office and ripped out every computer cable!

Ethernet, audio, VGA, and power cords!
DVI, HDMI, USB, and display port-cords!

And he stuffed them in his briefcase and with the ring of a bell,
Stuffed them all, one by one, up the stairwell.

Then he slunk to the kitchen. He took the *traders'* feast!
He took the *traders'* protein shakes! He took their roast beast!

He cleaned out that kitchen as quick as a flash.
Why, that Grinch even took their last can of sour-mash!

Then he stuffed all the food up the stairwell with glee.
"And NOW," grinned the Grinch, "I will stuff up the tree!"

And the Grinch grabbed the tree, as he started to shove,
When he heard a small sound like the coo of a dove.
He turned around fast, and he saw the overseas *trader*!
Wang-Shu *Who*, who was reading Trump's latest tweeter.

The Grinch has been caught by this overseas *trader*
Who'd gotten up from the desk for a cold cup of water.
She stared at the Grinch and said, "Powell, why,
Why are you taking our Christmas tree? WHY?"

But, you know, that old Grinch was so smart and so slick,
He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick!

"Why, my sweet little trader," the fake Powell lied,
"There's a light on this tree that won't light on one side.
So I'm taking it home to my Washington, my dear.
I'll fix it up *there*. Then I'll bring it back *here*."

And his fib fooled the *trader*. Then he patted her head,
And he got her a drink and let her finish Trump's latest thread.
And when Wang-Shu *Who* went back with her cup,
HE crept to the stairwell and stuffed the tree up!

Then the last thing he took
Was the New Year's Eve gala flyer!
Then he went up the stairwell, himself, the old lair.
On their walls he left nothing but hooks and some wire.

And the one document left in that *Bay-street* house
Was a non-disclosure agreement for the partner's spouse.

Then
He did the *same* thing
To the other *Bay-street* houses
Leaving disclosure documents for the other partners' spouses!

It was quarter past dawn...
All the *traders*, still a-bed,
All the *traders* still a-snooze,
When he packed the Benz,
Packed it up with cables! Hard drivers! Their drinking cup bottles!
Their phones! And their pens and notepads! And some exotic
derivative models!



A hundred feet up, up the side of Union Station,
He rode with his load within no intentions of charitable donation!

"Pooh-pooh to the traders!" he was Grinch-ish-ly humming.
"They're finding out now that no Santa Claus rally is coming!
They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do!
Their mouths will hang open for a minute or two
Then the traders down in Bays-ville will all cry BOO-HOO!"

"That's a noise," grinned the Grinch,
"That I simply MUST hear!"
He paused. And the Grinch put a hand to his ear.
And he *did* hear a sound rising over the snow.
It started in low. Then it started to grow...

But this sound wasn't sad!
Why, this sound sounded merry!
It *couldn't* be so!
But it WAS very MERRY!

He stared down at Bays-ville!
The Grinch popped his eyes!
Then he shook!
What he saw was a shocking surprise!

Every trader down in Bays-ville, the tall and the small,
Was singing without any direct market access at all!

He HADN'T stopped the Santa Claus rally from coming!
IT CAME!
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Grinch, with his Grinch-feet ice-cold in the snow,
Stood puzzling and puzzling, "How could it be so?

It came without models! It came without extended flags!
It came without reversals, bottoms, or double zigzags!"

He puzzled three hours, till his puzzler was sore.
Then the Grinch thought of something he hadn't before!

"Maybe Christmas rallies," he thought, "doesn't come from an algo store... Maybe Christmas rallies... perhaps... means a little bit more!"

And what happened then...?
Well... in Bays-ville they say
That the Grinch's cynical outlook turned that day!
And the minute his outlook was a little more true,
He whizzed with his load through the bright morning hew

And he brought back the office equipment! And some food for a feast!
And he...
HE HIMSELF...
The Grinch carved the roast beast!

Wishing you all a safe and
happy holiday season!!

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