

The Christmas Invasion

Narrator: Picture the scene. It's late in the afternoon one Friday at the Armoury in heaven. After a good lunch, a short nap and a half-hearted attempt at the crossword in the 'Jerusalem Gazette' the quartermaster, The Archangel Dennis, is looking forward to sloping off home early and leaving his assistant Lance-Seraph Bob to lock up.

Dennis: Bob! Oi! Bob! Did that order for two six-packs of flaming swords come in yet?

<pause>

It didn't? Are you sure? Did you check loading bay 7? I can't believe they're late again.

<pause>

Well what's the Cherubim guarding the entrance to the Garden of Eden supposed to scare any trespassers off with? His halitosis?

<pause>

Yes I know he shouldn't let the rain put them out – but you know how these Cherubim are.

'It's not my fault...It's these cheap flaming swords...they go out at the drop of a halo...It was only a light westerly breeze with intermittent showers and sunny intervals.'

<pause>

Bob, send him a text telling him to keep this last one out of the rain until after the weekend. They should be in by then. If you ask me they should just dismantle that garden and bring it back here... not that anyone ever asks for my opinion....

<PHONE RINGS INTERRUPTING>



Afternoon. Archangel Dennis speaking. Yes, this is the Armoury. How can I help you...

<STANDS TO ATTENTION>

...Archangel Gabriel, Sir!

<pause – listening to phone>

You want **how** many swords? A ***hundred-thousand!!!!*** Would that be flaming swords or the regulation kind?

<pause>

Regulation. That's all right we've plenty of those.

<SITS BACK DOWN AGAIN & pause – listening to phone >

You also need a *hundred-thousand* g-sharp harps. A *hundred-thousand* pairs of all-terrain sandals and a *hundred-thousand* armoured 'combat' ephods. Would you be so kind to just bear with me sir while I check to see if we have those in stock?

<pause – checks on computer>

Yes sir! All that's in stock. Once the required paperwork has been processed and signed by your line manager I can get it to you..... ohhhh say two weeks next Thursday? If you'd care to email me the requisition forms I'll...

<pause>

You need it in the next half-hour.

<pause>

Yes well I see. That's a bit tricky isn't it? As there's only me and my Lance-Seraph Bob in today. I'm not sure I can really help you.

<pause>

It's a Level-1 emergency? I see. Might I ask what's happening, sir? What's the rush? What's the emergency? It's been fairly quiet down there now for about 400 years. Ever since that fellow Malachi got promoted 'upstairs' as you might say.

<pause>

Invasion!!!!!!

What us or them?

<pause>

Ohhh *Us!* We're invading. So that's what the hundred-thousand fully tooled up angelic soldiers are for, eh? An invasion!

<pause>

They're just the support company? Well who, if you don't mind my asking, is providing the main invasion force?

<pause>

The boss is providing that himself? What is it to be this time? A flood? No he said he wouldn't do that again. A mighty-rushing wind? A volcano? The Babylonians? Oh no – they're a spent force now aren't they it's the Romans these days who're the 'big cheeses' politically and militarily.

<pause>

It's a baby. Just the one? A particularly scary baby is it sir? 200 foot high, breathes fire, poops acid, belches sulphurous gases? Toxic nappies like Chernobil?

<pause>

An ordinary yet extra-ordinary baby? Yes sir! I see now sir. That's cleared that *right* up.

<pause>

God's son! Has the boss lost his marbles? He's sending his only son there....**AS A BABY!**

<pause>

Yes well I can see now why you need the heavy-duty backup. She's a bit early is she? I hope the doctor's on the ball.

<pause>

No doctor? I see. In a stable? Oh course. Makes perfect sense.

<pause>

Fifty thousand of the troops are to protect the mother and baby from the demonic hoards? A particularly big stable is it?

<pause>

Oh they're staying in the spiritual realms for that one then? The other fifty-thousand are going to get some humans. Good plan, get some local nobility to come and take his highness in and make sure he's brought up royal – just like Moses, eh?

<pause>

Shepherds! Yes well shepherds would've been my next guess.

<pause>

I see he's going to live in obscurity in a small village and learn a trade just like everyone else.

<pause>

Only until he's ready to teach them about his Kingdom and then die for them. **WHAT!!! PARDON!!!** I did hear you right just then sir? Die?

<pause>

He's really going to die for them? Bob! Bob – are you listening to this?

<pause>

It's the only way is it? That's the only way to utterly defeat the enemy?

<pause>

Well in that case sir we shall hop to it and get your supplies out of stock. They'll be ready to pick up by 17:30 hours.

<pause>

No. Thank **you** sir!

<pause>

Bob! **BOB!!** Stop picking your nose and start picking that lot off the shelves. We've got a rush job on and if we play our cards right we might get to be part of the greatest event in the whole of history. No I'm not joking. In 33 years or so the war'll be over and we'll have won!