



# MOSTLY SECRET

ACTION THIS DAY

Telegraphic Address:  
SNUFFBOX.  
LONDON.

CC: FOREIGN OFFICE  
Ref. FF399876  
From: Employee B. Sunderland

18 Dec. 1941.

To whom it may concern in the higher-ups department,  
I propose a modest change for Christmas celebration at MI6 HQ. This year we should embrace the pagan holiday traditions of neutral Norway and our enemy Germany in order to better understand our Germanic foemen running amok in Europe and now Russia. Trust me, I know the damned gist.

1) A pagan Yule Log to celebrate the woodland spirits. We Shieldmaidens loved this at "SS School 9" in Austria.

2) 100-proof Norwegian aquavit instead of boring old whiskey. Mix it with elderberry extract. Quite the yummy whack, like a cricket bat to the gut and liver.

3) Father Christmas should be replaced with Odin. Don't be Scrooges, this is vastly more fun. How can we expect to defeat the ruddy Nazis and scurrilous SS if we don't fully understand their barmy-at-all-cost ethos?

4) Carved wood Reindeer heads in the style of my old Norwegian friend Pekke, a half-dwarf Tomte of the old school. A contest, perchance? Let's give it a go. The SOE commando personnel are quite handy with knives.

5) "Little Anton" toys for F.O. personnel's children. No bloody anti gravity nonsense needed. Vril Society approved.

6) Divine Feminine goddess worship: Frejya, Rindr, Frigg, and lastly Sif, whose intricate gold drinking horn is to die for. In fact, we should all have horns instead of glasses for this shifty ol' shindig. Standard issue.

7) Eve of Yule: Risengrynsgrøt; a hot rice pudding served with sugar, cinnamon, and literally tons of butter. An almond is hidden in the pudding, and if the almond turns up in your portion, you win a marzipan pig by damn! (Substitute .45 pistol cartridge instead of an almond?)



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Suffix B. Occult Division.

8) The most popular Christmas Eve dinner in Norway is the ribbe (pork ribs or pork belly, bone in), lutefisk (cod cured in lye), and pinnekjøtt (dry-cured ribs of lamb). Our part-time soddy Yank spy/sneakthief Bernard Rodgers is handy in the kitchen. Let poshy-boy do the dirty work for a change. Bloody ingrate. Where IS he, anyway? Still in Munich with his rent-boy Rudolph Hess enjoying the Sumerian Brotherhood of ill-minded occultists? Probably.

9) Krampus Nacht. Let's not forget this dandy one. Personnel dressed as horned demons in furry coats can serve the confiscated GERman U-Boat pilsner and sweet nuts I have stashed. Swastika armbands are a must-do.

10) Lastly, I stole Frau Porsche's recipe for Weihnachtsbaeckerei biscuits, Professor Porsche's favorite. Who the hell says I didn't do a decent job of work over there in swine-land, eh?

Warmest regards,  
Lady Beatrice Sunderland. (Aka: Jane Thruxton).

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Signatures of approval required:

OFFICIALLY DENIED

Stewart Menzies, Chief Officer, MI6:

*This is an outrage! Do you not see this is a violation of internal security protocols? No? I thoroughly disapprove of this action. Nonsense. Disciplinary action required forthwith. S.M.*

Colonel Webster McMaster, Occult Division:

*Report to my office immediately, young lady! Do the immortal words Top Secret mean anything to you? This is borderline insubordination. Bad show. W.C.M.*