

*'Twas the night before  
an Amazon Christmas...*

*a Horror Story*



We're always listening...

*How  
amazon  
tried to  
Steal  
Christmas*

FedEx



*'Twas the night before Christmas and all through our centers  
No vacancies remained, we were chock full of renters.  
Our pylon signs glistened by the light of the moon,  
Attracting holiday shoppers to give tenants a boon.*

*Leasing, Marketing, Accounting, Development, and Tech,  
NewMark handled them all, keeping problems in check.  
With properties in Colorado, Chi-town and Cali,  
We kept all the plates spinning from our office in the Valley.*

*Staying late at their desks were NewMark's loyal staff,  
Managing 80 shopping centers with nary a gaffe.  
As the clock struck seven, I grabbed some more leases  
And settled in to calculate tenants' rent increases.*

*When out in the lobby, there arose such a clatter.  
I buzzed the front desk to ask what was the matter?  
Reception responded there's a lost driver in need  
Asking frantically for directions, his job all about speed.*

*Overloaded with boxes, his face full of worry,  
It was an Amazon driver, the ones always in a hurry.  
Underpaid and overworked, delivering the corporate giant's haul,  
While poor Santa Claus and his elves sit alone at the mall.*

*I inquired about his care and retail expertise,  
And his expression looked like I had just cut the cheese.  
"On your front porch, lawn or lawn of your neighbor  
I simply toss packages, I'm only manual labor."*

*"I don't offer know-how, personalization or customer service.  
People order stuff blindly on-line, but no reason to be nervous.  
Sometimes it fits, and sometimes it doesn't.  
Hey, sometimes it was meant to be and sometimes it wasn't."*

*"A red dress is orange, blue shoes are green.  
Things look much different on your home computer screen.  
But that's what people want these days, all alone in their houses.  
Emotion-less gift buying, with just a click of their mouses."*

*I asked, "No people, no music, no holiday cheer?  
No Joy to the World, no eight tiny reindeer?  
Is Christmas spirit out of style, like decking the hall?  
Replaced by total isolation, no speaking at all?"*

*He said, "Shopping centers are doomed, like hair bands, dude.  
People want ease and convenience, to order stuff in the nude.  
The future is me and Alexa, just read any Tweet.  
WeWorks will soon own you, just ask good ol' Wall Street."*

*Well, we laughed and we laughed and we showed him the door.  
"Shopping centers are here to stay," I said. "In fact, we're building three more."  
He shrugged his shoulders and turned back to say,  
"Appreciate the directions and for pointing the way."*

*"Only fifty more stops before I am done.  
Your company is great, you all seem to have fun.  
I hope your Christmas Eve's busy and your Christmas Day's calm."  
Then he whispered, "Which way to the mall? I have to shop for my mom."*







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