'Twas the CISO Before Christmas

With sincere apologies from Rob Rachwald at Imperva to a bloke called Shakespeare

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the NetEvery hacker was stirring, engaging in cyber threat.SQL statements were injected with care,In hopes that credit card numbers soon would appear.Security auditors were nestled all snug in their beds,While visions of audit logs danced in their heads.And the CISO in his kerchief, and I in my cap,Had just settled our brains for a cross site scripting attack.

When out from the cubicles there arose an Insider,I sprang from the computer to see what was the matter.Away to the database I flew like a flash,Tore open the log files worried about lost corporate cash.

The dim office lights shined on a new iPadGiving access to sensitive data, turning a good employee bad.Then, before my eyes, data began to disappear,Instantly killing holiday cheer.

With access to a file servera breach!I knew in a moment no trip to the beach.The Insider downloading files faster than a bunch of geeks,Wed be front page New York Times and featured on Wikileaks.

"Now Auditor! Now, CISO! Now, DBA and Network Security Team!Get on, fast! Its a Christmas Data theft. I wanted to scream!To the database! To the IT room at the end of the hall!Now audit away! Audit away! Audit away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.So up to the house-top the sensitive files flew,In an iPad full of files heading to Julian Assangewere so screwed.

And then I heard something, I thought it was a goofPrancing and pawing, perhaps it came from the roof?But no, as I drew in my head, and was turning around,Down the hall the CISO came with a bound.

Dressed for cyber defense, from head to foot,His clothes were all sweaty, but he stayed put.A bundle of security tricks he had flung on his back,He looked like a soldier, ready to counter attack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! His pocket protector, how merry!His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,His face showed he had that data security mojo.

A cell phone he held tight in his fist,Ready to call the CEO who was going to be pissed.He had chubby face and a little round belly,That shook at every cross site request forgery!

He was stout and plump, a right jolly old security pro,And I trembled when I saw him, feeling like Homer, Doh!A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,I realized I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,He pulled a plug and blocked access to the network.And laying his finger aside of his nose,Way way way up the corporate latter he rose!

He sprang to his office, to his team gave a whistle,And away he flew down the hall like amissile.But I heard him exclaim, before he turned out the light,"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a secure-night!"

For more immortal prose, check Imperva's blog: http://blog.imperva.com/

Contacts

David Frost
61 (0) 408 408 210
mailto: davidf@prdeadlines.com.au