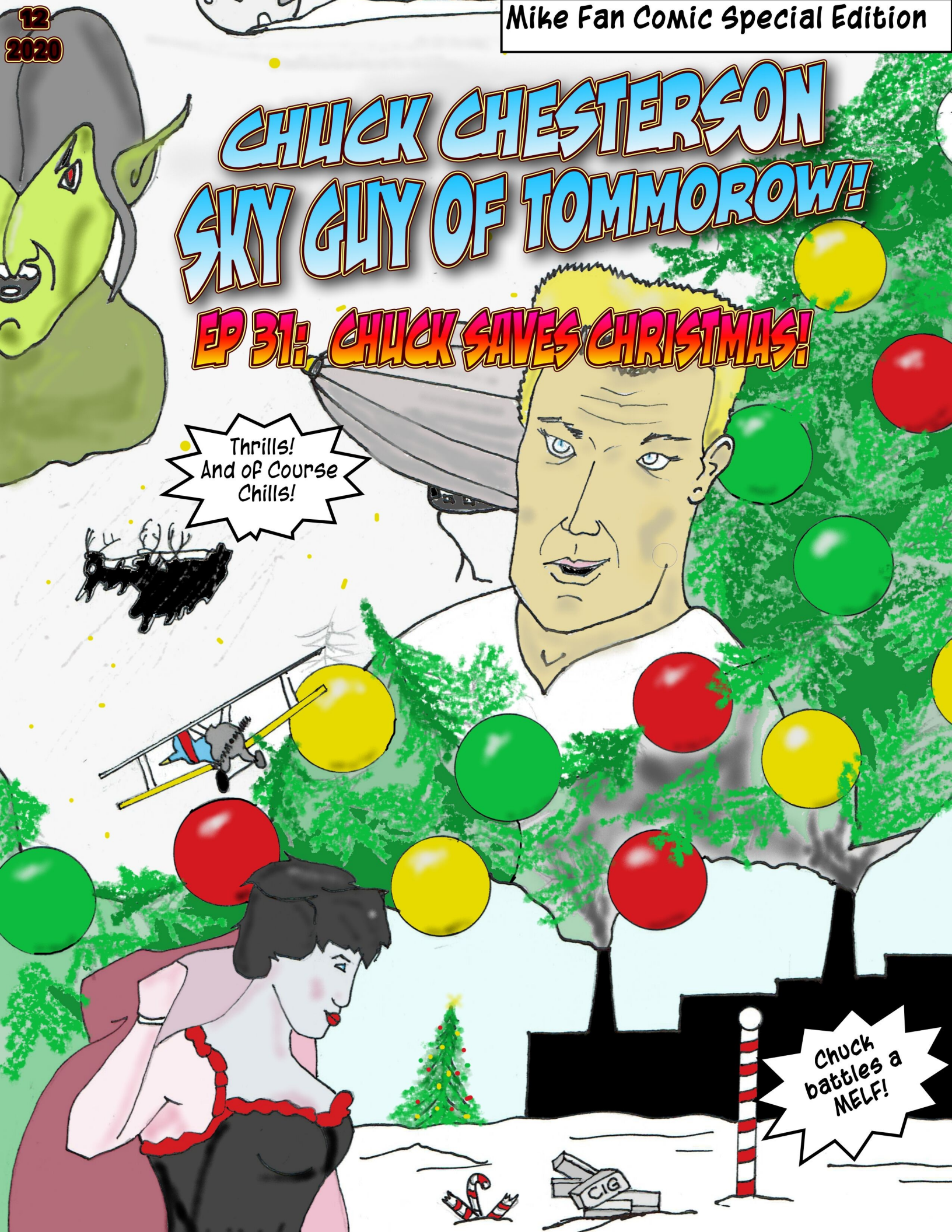


CHUCK CHESTERSON SKY GUY OF TOMMOROW!

EP 31: CHUCK SAVES CHRISTMAS!

Thrills!
And of Course
Chills!

Chuck
battles a
MELF!





A MIKE FAN COMIC

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**COMPUTER RENDERING -
THAT'S RIGHT, MIKE**

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I'M TIRED - MIKE

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Capt. Chuck Chesterson: Sky Guy of Tomorrow!



After massive volcanic eruptions destroyed countries and economies, the corporations built great aeroships to transport merch and people around the globe. This is a story about one of those aeroships.

The crew of the Aeroship Pelican.

Capt Chuck Chesterson - pilot and boggle enthusiast

Bingo Barnes - chief engineer, cargo boss and concert pianist

Milli Kwan - pilot, medical doctor, scientist and supermodel

It was the best time of the year and the worst time of the year. Best time because it is nearly Christmas and Chuck is shopping in down town Cheyenne. Worst time because he is working on Christmas Eve to deliver cargo. He receives a call on his wrist phone. And for a change, it's not an advertisement.





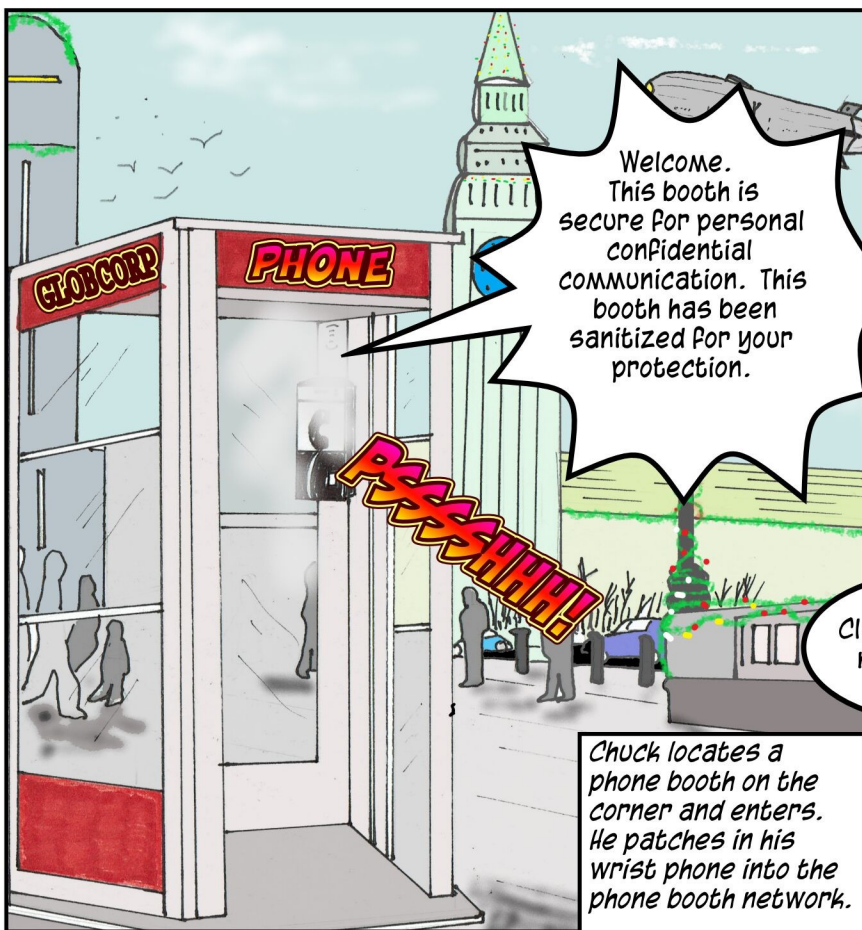
This is HQ.
What's up, Chuck?

Just this
morning's
breakfast of
kippers and
oysters...

Go to the
nearest phone
booth to receive
information.
Priority job for the
corporate suits.
Out.



I hate using
phone booths and
public bathrooms.
It's too damn easy
to get them
mixed up.



Welcome.
This booth is
secure for personal
confidential
communication. This
booth has been
sanitized for your
protection.

Chuck locates a
phone booth on the
corner and enters.
He patches in his
wrist phone into the
phone booth network.



Guten
Tag, Capt. It's
been some time
since that
unpleasantness
of a few years
ago.

Santa
Claus? Huh. It's
not been long
enough.



That clicking
you hear isn't the
phone hanging up;
it's me and my tap
shoes walking
away.

Use
your head
Chesterson.
Corporate
sanctioned the
Mission. You know
what that
means.

It's so
simple even
you can do it. I
need a special
shipment delivered
to my workshop at
the north pole and
then I need you to
retrieve
something for
me.

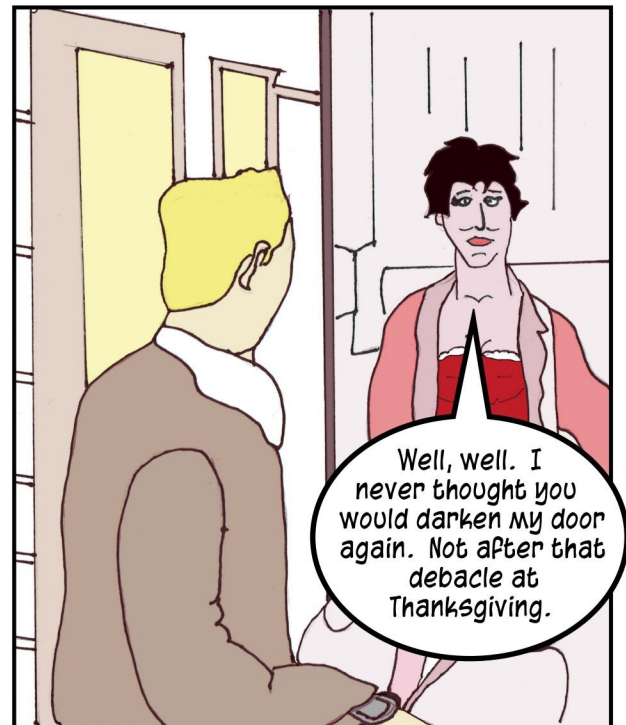
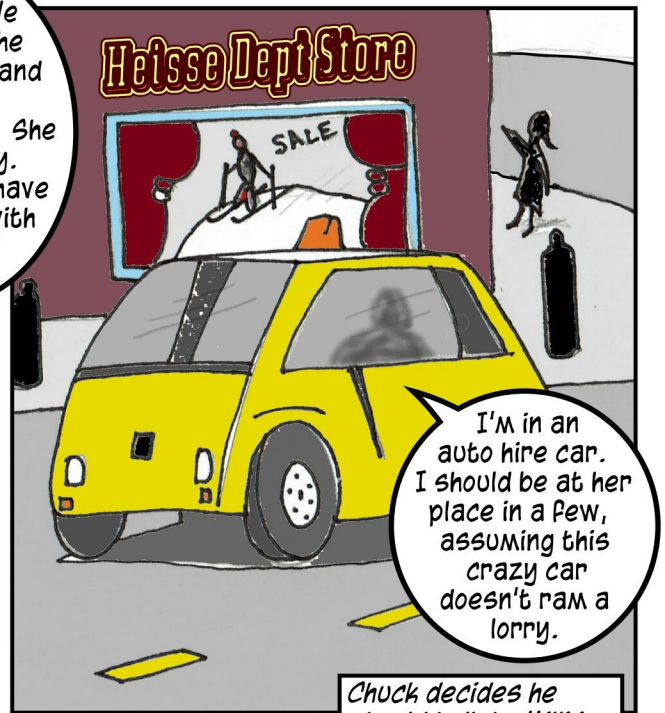
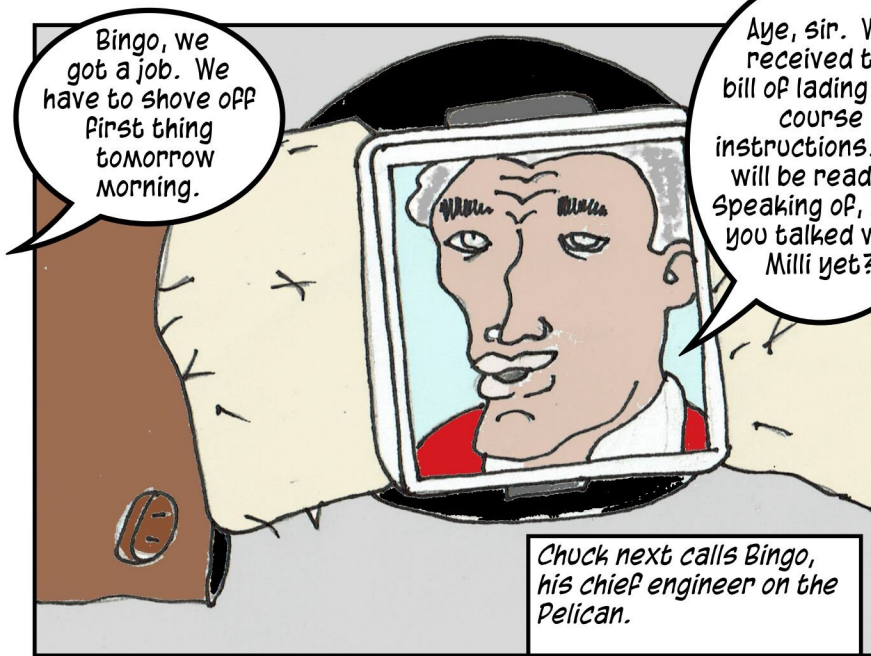
Charming as
always. I will
send the
instructions and bill
of lading to you over a
secure phone booth.
Don't Fail me. You
know what happens
to people on my
naughty list.

Alright Claus.
What's the gig?
The low down. The
skinny, no pun
intended.

Yeah, simple.
Why do I feel like
you got me bent
over a barrel?

List,
smist. I
already got
that choo choo I
wanted. I'll get my
crew together and
see you at the
north pole you big
tub of lard...he
hung up. How
rude.

Chuck hangs up and
leaves the phone
booth. He didn't see
what was so bloody
sensitive about that
call.





I didn't know you invited other people. You're the one that said to dress for a traditional Thanksgiving celebration.

Let's just agree we both made some mistakes.

You showed up in nothing but a Pilgrim hat and a loin cloth. My parents are now in therapy.



What do you want?

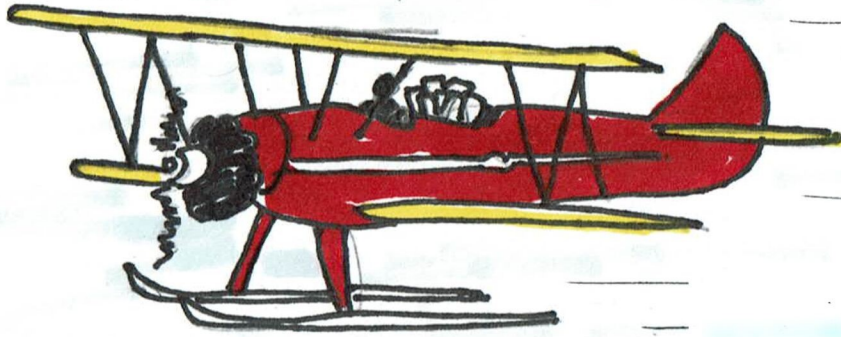
We have a job to deliver cargo and pick up reindeer. The flying kind. You're an expert on them, I...

Seriously? I wrote one of my thesis on them. So, must be Santcorp then.



You said you would never work for Santcorp but you never told me why.

I worked for them years ago... when I got my commission as a lieutenant.

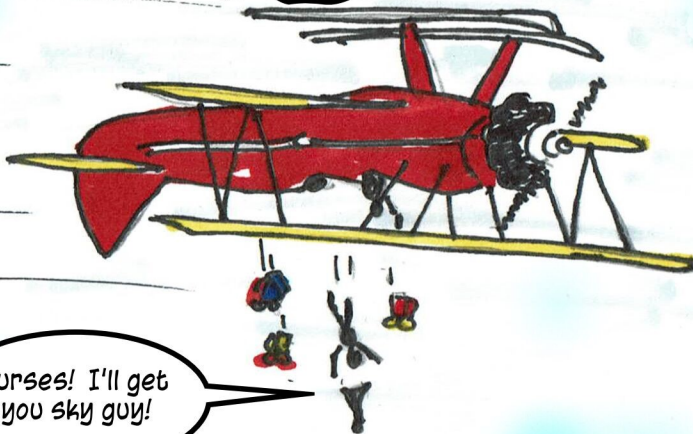


I was green and didn't know the score. I got a job to deliver some overflow packages for Santcorp. I should have been wise to some monkey business. Having a wet behind the ears pilot like me delivering presents.

They told me I was delivering presents to Hollywood A-listers. I had to be careful since there was an elf, who called himself Lazarus sabotaging deliveries. What they didn't tell me was this elf got on my plane. I found out later that this elf was off the smokes and you know how they get without their smokes. So I guess he was a little off his nut.



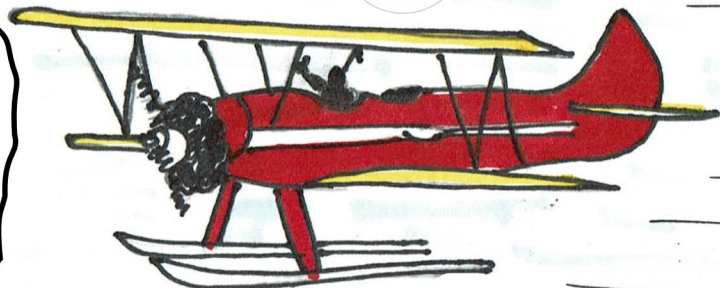
I'll take over the plane and stop Christmas!



Curses! I'll get you sky guy!

Lazarus emerged not long into the flight. He had glowing red eyes that gave me the heebie jeebies. I grabbed the stick between my legs and yanked it hard a few times. Then I inverted my bird. I nearly broke my arm patting myself on the back for my cleverness.

It was all a set up. Santcorp wanted this elf off the pole and away from the others. They figured to find him hiding in the cargo when I arrived at my destination then make him disappear. What they hadn't figured on was I had saved them the trouble. When they didn't find him, they worked me over good until they either got tired or believed me. And it turns out the packages I delivered were lumps of coal.





They told me that elf was a bad one but turns out he was in nicotine withdrawal. I've never flown for Santcorp since then.

Won't our cargo company fire you if you don't go? Especially since it's a corporate job?

They threaten to fire me all the time. Besides I didn't say I wasn't going to do this gig.

