



Look here, I don't know who or what you people are but you need to release us. The aeroship Pelican is on corporate business, commanded by Capt Chesterson...

You know the captain?



Captain? Is that Capitan Charles Chesterson?

I do indeed. My old friend has done well for himself. Captain of an aeroship.



Then you know it's illegal to impede crew and our cargo of...



Bingo, don't say another word!

You tried to hijack his plane and he defended himself! You can't be Lazarus, he was a small elf but you people are...




Come now. We are all friends here. You're captain never regaled you with the story of how he and I met? How he marooned me on this barren, windswept rock some fifteen years ago?







Tobacco and coffee are used on elves to boost productivity but stunts our growth and development. When we put them aside, we return to what nature intended us.




I was isolated on this island without nicotine and caffeine. I sustained myself on what I could scavenge on this rock. I began my transformation, painful though it was.




Lies! All lies! Once, generations ago, elves spread across the world. But now, as you say of the north pole elves, we are just a pitiful reflection of our former glory.




Please, save your breath.




Now, to other matters. If you were not looking for me then why are you here?



That's crazy. Elves are little Polks that live at the north pole...



If you have a grievance, take it up with the police, Lazarus.



And all you other people, you have rights under...



Milli and Bingo remain silent.



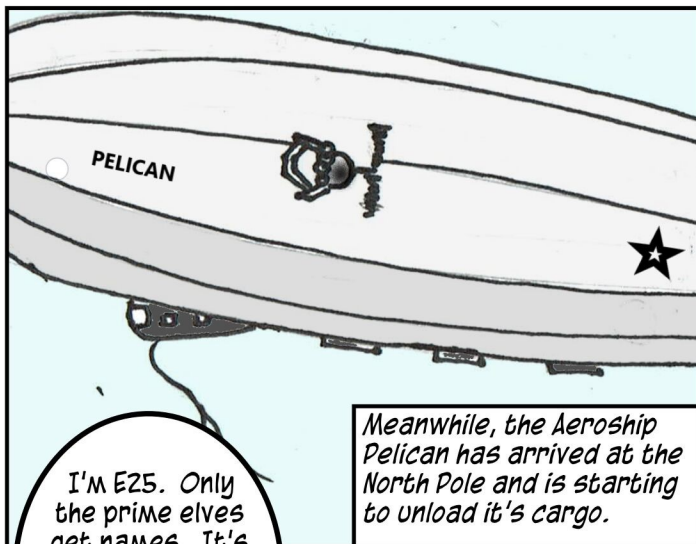
I was looking forward to a civilized conversation. How disappointing. Very well, let me introduce you to this island's only indigenous life, the amatyl bird. It only nests on this island.

In addition to a nasty demeanor, it's meat is toxic. However, it's eggs have some unique properties that if ingested renders one amenable to conversation let us say.



Take them away. And make preparations.

As you say, sir!



Meanwhile, the Aeroship Pelican has arrived at the North Pole and is starting to unload it's cargo.

I'm E25. Only the prime elves get names. It's busy since this is Christmas Eve. Do you mind if we walk and talk?



Hi de ho, young man...

Whoa, chill it with the north pole talk, this guy ain't a tourist.

I will take this guy to the main man.

Okay, E25

Two elves meet Chuck.



I need some more Joe. The big man wants to see you.

Where to?



I hear the reindeer ran off?

Thats one story.

Is there another?

Could be. IF the bribe is right.



For two cartons, I'll give you a sloppy kiss on the mouth.

My cargo is smokes for you elves. What can I get for two cartons of cigarettes?

I'll settle for information.

Your loss.



Look, the reindeer didn't run off. And they weren't nabbed like the old man is gonna tell you.

You're awfully eager to give me info.

Things are fallin' apart up here. Remember last Christmas?

Yeah. Record number of coal in stockings.



Only reason the old man picked us to meet you is he thinks we is too low on the totem pole to give a crap.

About my job and a little orphanage in Chicago.

What do you give a crap about?

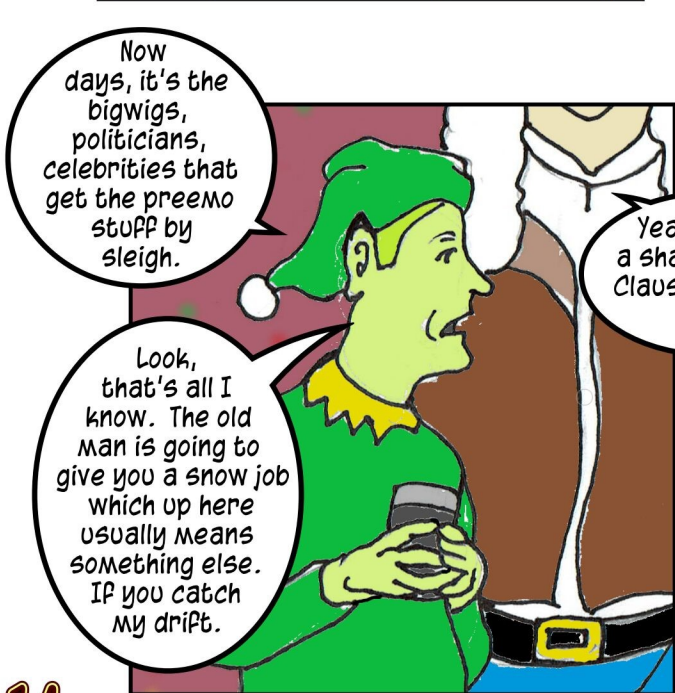


Let's keep walking we're almost there. Yeah, an orphanage. Every elf has a place and kids they do toys for.

The orphanage is where your toys are supposed to go?

Yep. I worked my green butt off last year. Good kids. Guess what they got?

Coal?



Now days, it's the bigwigs, politicians, celebrities that get the preemo stuff by sleigh.

Look, that's all I know. The old man is going to give you a snow job which up here usually means something else. If you catch my drift.

Yeah, that's a shame. What's Claus want with me?



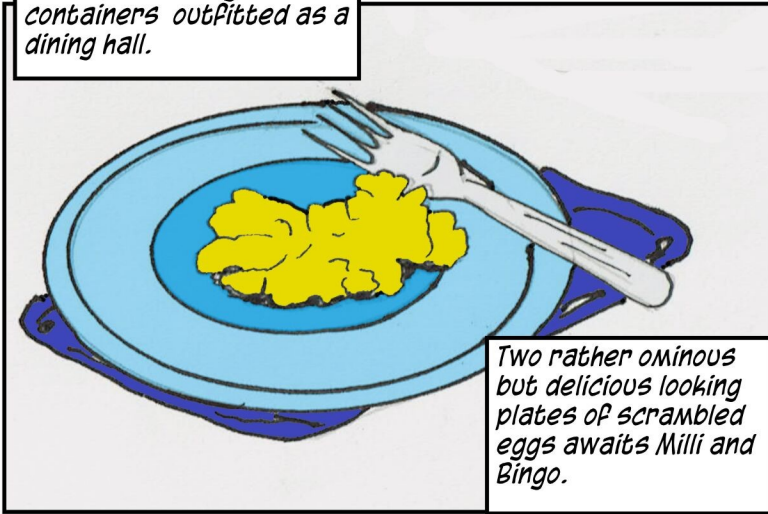
You seem like an okay gifttee, that's what we call you guys. No offense.

None taken, you should think of a name for yourself, maybe Aaron.

Just watch yourself. He got some mean elves. You stay here and I'll check if the old man is ready to see you. I need a cigarette.

Chuck checks in on his watch phone to see how the cargo is doing.

Back on the island, Milli and Bingo are taken to one of the storage containers outfitted as a dining hall.



Two rather ominous but delicious looking plates of scrambled eggs awaits Milli and Bingo.



Please, sit down and enjoy. These eggs are locally sourced.



We're not hungry.

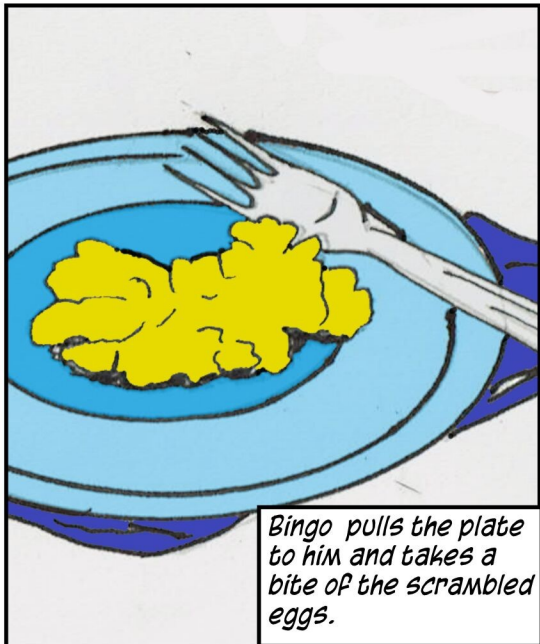
Bingo!

They do look good.

Do you have five in a row?



Not to sound like a cliché but neither of you is leaving the table until you clean your plate. You'll thank me afterwards.



Bingo pulls the plate to him and takes a bite of the scrambled eggs.



Crikey!! These eggs...!

Bingo chews tentatively then...



You monster! You poisoned him!

No, I'm alright. These are the best eggs I've ever had!



You elves are so green and menacing. You need to understand...

I don't need you to humansplain to me.

I know. As our guests, I wanted to share them to reassure you that I'm not a 'monster' you know.



You're right. Let's start over?

Fine. My name is Lazarus and I'm an attorney.



Wow! Bingo was right. These are delicious!

So why are you trying to stop Christmas?

Good heavens! Why would I do something like that?

You attacked Chuck years ago when he was delivering presents.

Back then, I was one of the elite elves that spoke up for self determination. One day I was loading presents then the next thing I know I was drugged and woke up on the plane. I was a little cranky because they took away my smokes. Then this young pilot gets frightened and dumps me.

Hey asshole! Where are we?

After a few months on this island, I was as able to signal a ship. Over the ensuing years I obtained my law degree and have been quietly working on elf rights. This is a way station for those that leave the workshop.

I don't think its so quiet anymore. You have gotten someones attention.

Nonsense. Ive been working with Globcorp and provided studies and statistics on productivity and elf system integration.

Somebody is ticked off. Cause you're being framed for stealing flying reindeer is my guess.

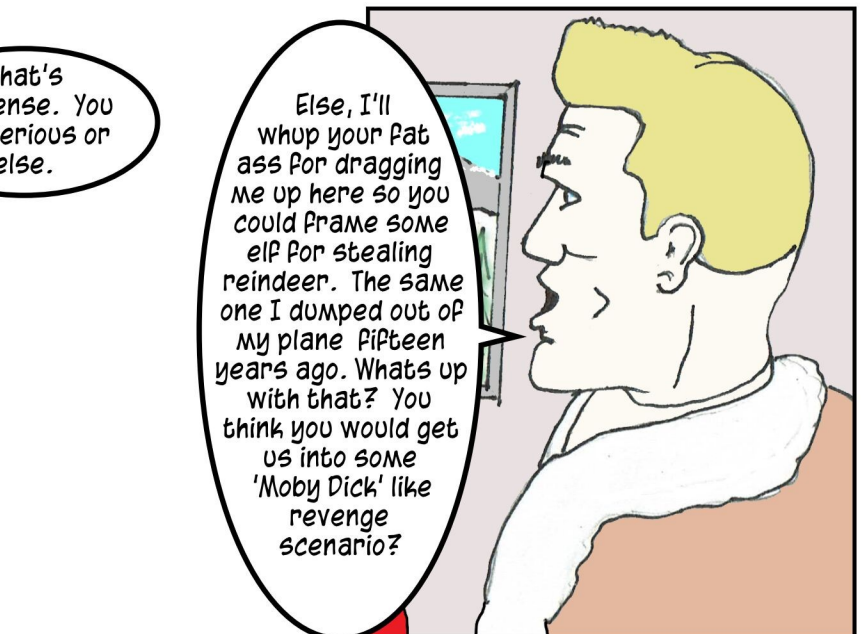
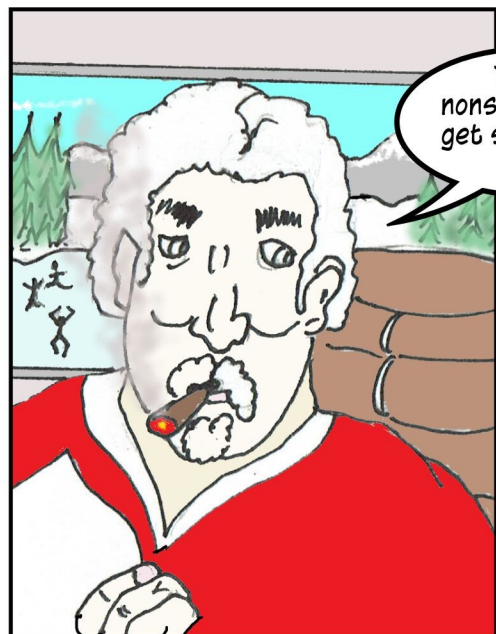
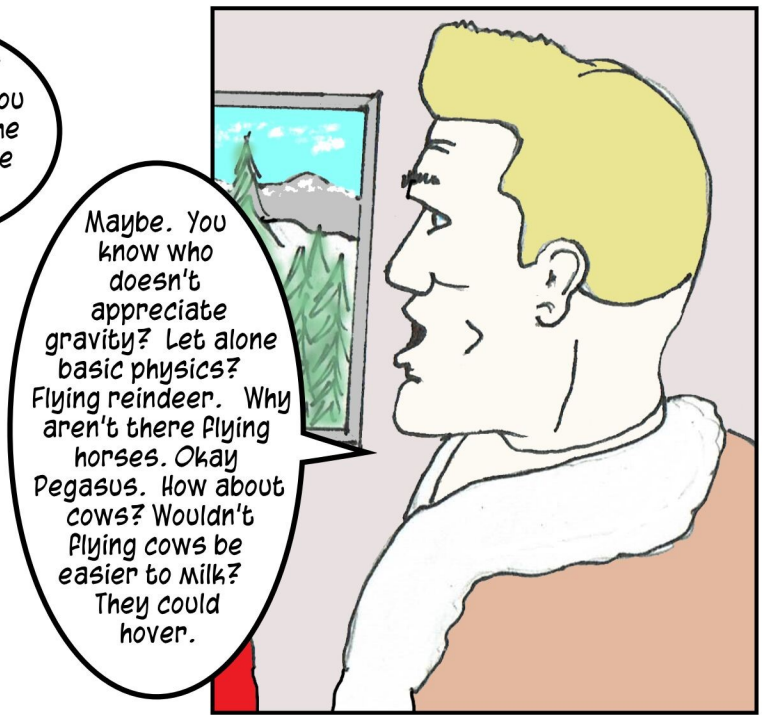
There are no reindeer on this island.

They're on the other side of the island. Someone put them there.

That can only be Santcorp or specifically the current Santa Claus. I never got on well with him.

Chuck is going to a meeting with Claus, anytime now, according to my watch.

Then we need to get to the pole immediately. You two take your plane. If the reindeer are here, we will follow on our own transportation.





In that scenario, you would be the 'Dick'.

I have no intention of stopping you. My elves will do that dummkopf.

Touche'. Milli is on the island, she texted me what you're up to. I'm out of here and you can't stop me.

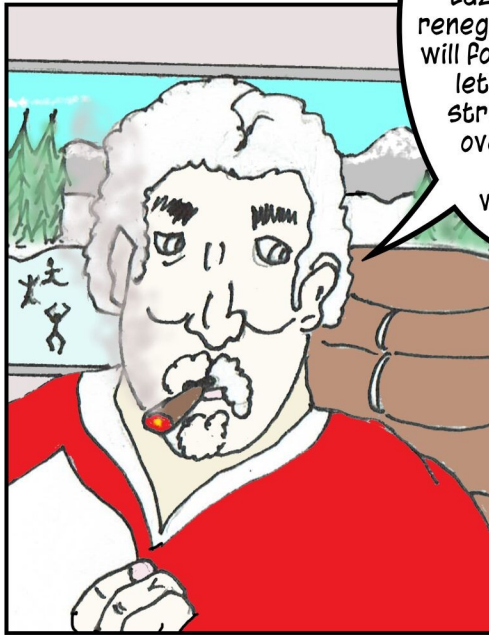
Yeah, right.



Elves with tasers.



Chuck gets lit up with a few thousand volts.



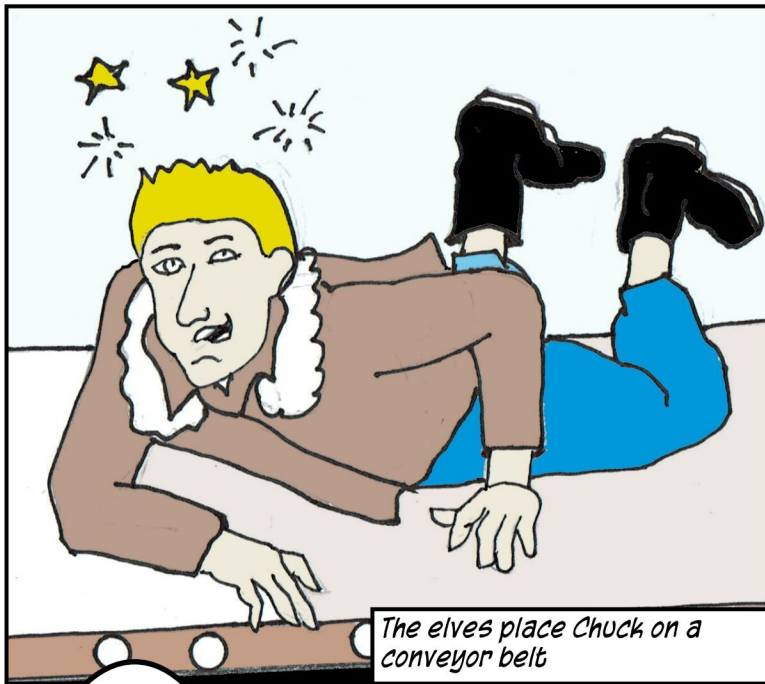
How unfortunate. Capt Chesterson and the Pelican were hijacked by Lazarus and his renegade elves. That will force Globcorp to let me institute stricter control over Santcorp and my workforce.



Heh! Heh!

kick kick

Claus has the bad elves carry out the unconscious Chuck. But E25 follows them.



The elves place Chuck on a conveyor belt

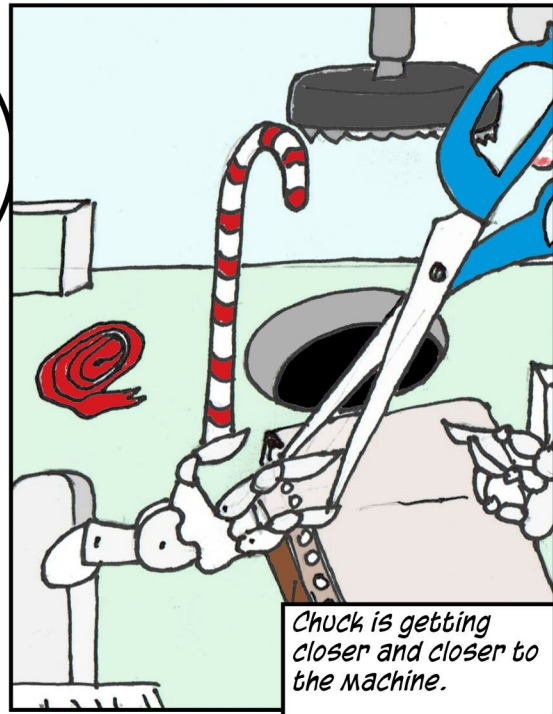


Chuck is regaining consciousness but is still incapacitated.

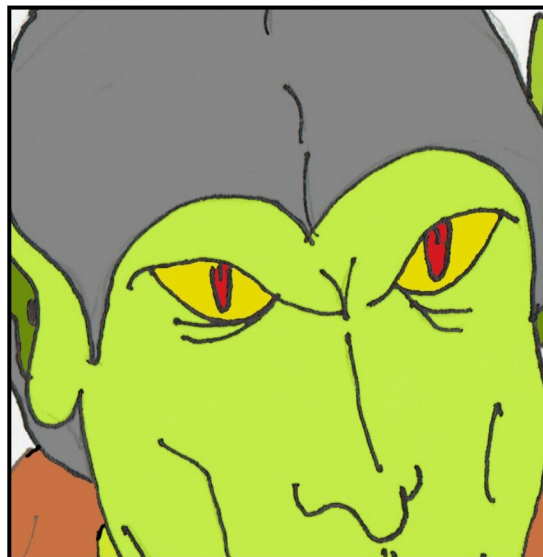


I thought you might enjoy a little vacation. I call this my Claus machine. It packs, wraps, stamps and ships. Honestly, I have no idea where you're going. Usually, there is nothing in the boxes, I do it to keep up my shipping numbers up with the parent corporation, Globcorp.

Of course, this year some lucky Joe six packs are going to have pieces of something in the box.



Chuck is getting closer and closer to the machine.



Suddenly, a face appears over Chuck, a face with glowing red eyes. Chuck's life flashes before his eyes. But only the sexy parts so they can't be shown in this publication. Ed.



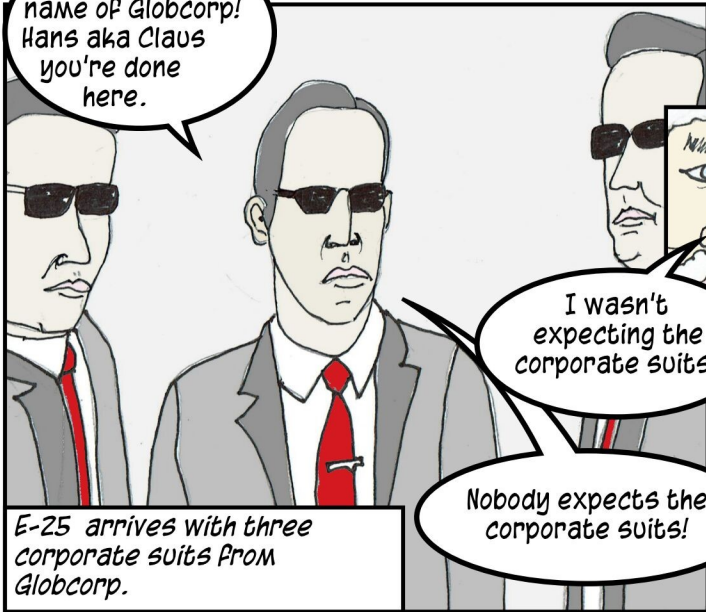
Lazarus lifts Chuck from the conveyor.



You elves get them!

Claus orders them to attack. They look more like British soccer hooligans than elves.

Stop in the name of Globcorp! Hans aka Claus you're done here.



E-25 arrives with three corporate suits from Globcorp.

I wasn't expecting the corporate suits!

Nobody expects the corporate suits!

We arrived today because we decided to use the studies and elf systems integration ideas from Mr. Lazarus.

The smoking cessation program alone could save millions of elf hours.

All your shenanigans today would have shot insurance premiums through the roof.



You're being kicked upstairs Hans.

You have a damp, windowless office where you can review report after report. Maintenance will be there any day to replace the blinking florescent light.

Did they call him Hans?

No, not upstairs. That's too cruel.

Noooo!



You there. E25 is it? You're in charge this Christmas eve. Until we can get Santa replaced.

Try not to cock it up.

The three suits leave with Claus.



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!