

An Ho\$TILE TakeOver



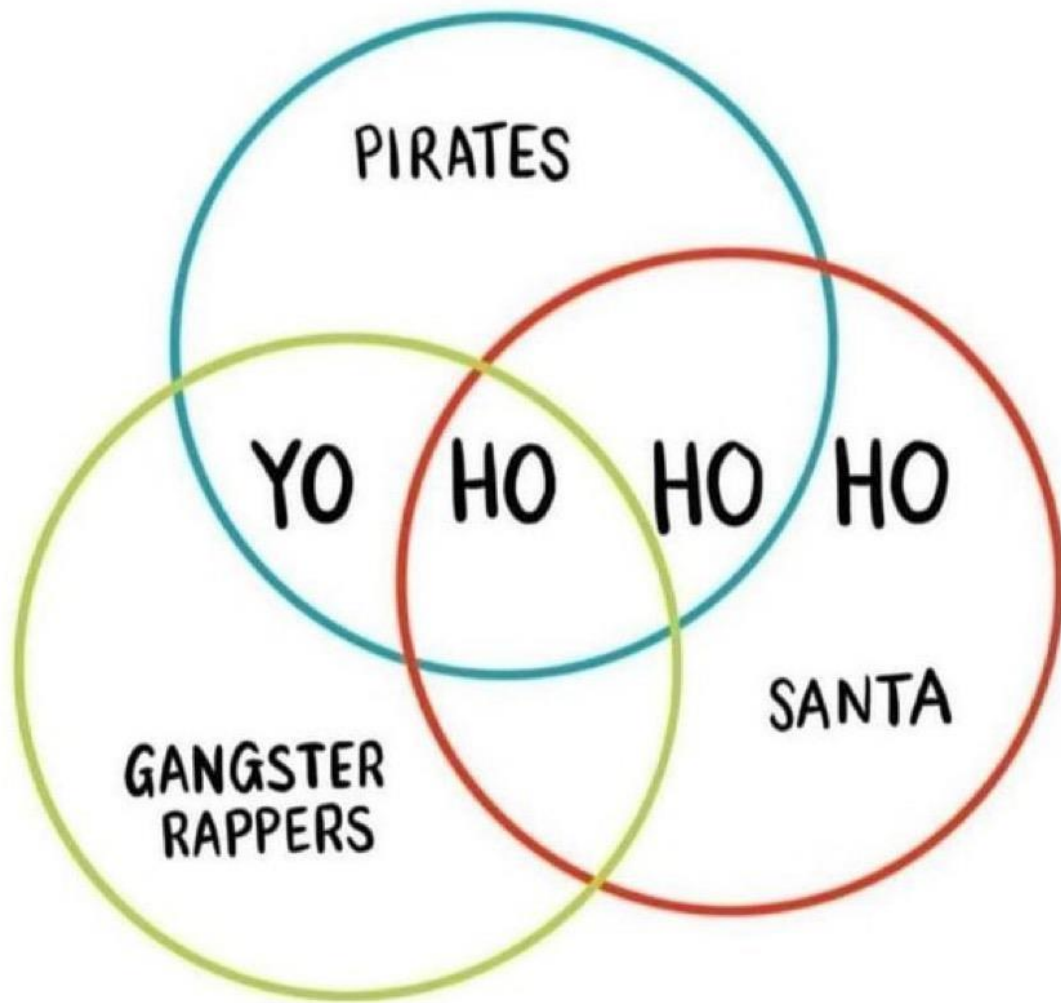
An Iggy, Yugo and Sam Adventure

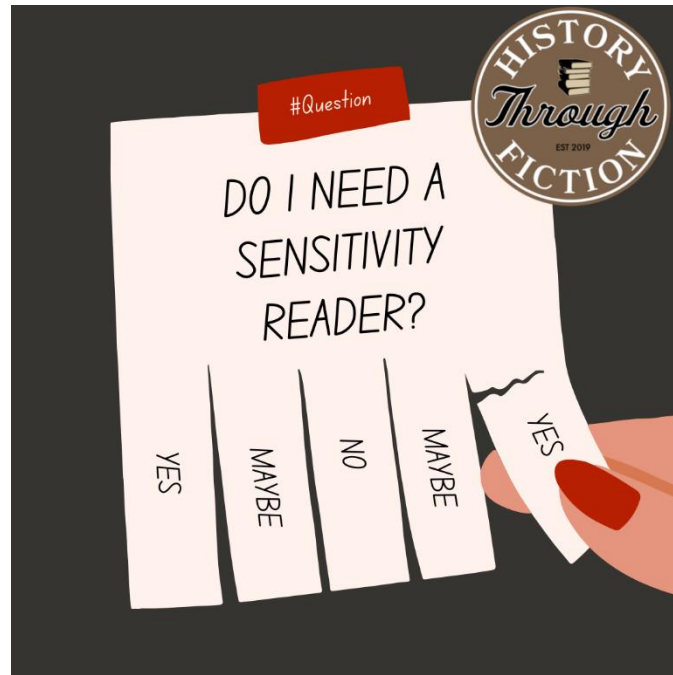


An Ho\$Tile
TakeOveR

IGGY, YUGO AND SAM ADVENTURES

<i>A Christmas Caroline</i>	<i>A Tale of Two Kidneys</i>
<i>A Christmas Time Tale</i>	<i>What Are You Waiting For ... Christmas?</i>
<i>Everyone Needs a Little Space at Christmas</i>	<i>Freaky Christmasday</i>
<i>A Christmas Mystery</i>	<i>ELFolution</i>
<i>Raiders of the Lost Christmas Cavern</i>	<i>South to Alaska</i>
<i>The Last of the Snow Wolves</i>	<i>Boys Will Be Boys</i>
<i>The Return of Leviticus Swyne</i>	<i>Murder at the North Pole</i>
<i>A Fairy Merry Christmas Tale</i>	<i>Christmas Night of the Evil Walking Living Dead</i>
<i>What's Past is Present</i>	<i>Iggy, Yugo and Sam in the War on Christmas</i>
<i>A Feast of Fools</i>	<i>Iggy, Yugo and Sam Explain Everything</i>
<i>Lucretia Alopeesha Takes a Vacation</i>	<i>Died Hard</i>
<i>Elves in Toyland</i>	<i>Sam Alone and Other Christmas Crackers</i>
<i>CD25: Christmas Day</i>	<i>Iggy, Yugo and Sam and the Gelatinous Mass from Outer Space</i>
<i>The Treasure of the Claus</i>	<i>Christmas: Boss Battle</i>
<i>The Man in Sandy Clothes</i>	<i>The Naughtiest List</i>
<i>Maggot, Lice and Worm</i>	<i>Stepping on Butterflies</i>
<i>A Winter of Discontent</i>	<i>Christmas Under the Dog Moon</i>
<i>Ghosts of Christmas Future</i>	<i>Stepping on Butterflies – Extended Edition</i>
<i>Nightmare on Elf Street</i>	<i>The Island of Dr. Rembrandt</i>
<i>The Fright Before Christmas</i>	<i>Peril of the Purloined Pie</i>
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<i>Here There Be Monsters</i>	





It is common for modern fiction to be reviewed by a “sensitivity reader”, whose job it is to identify troublesome or offensive content before publication. This story has not been reviewed by a sensitivity reader. If it had been, it would probably not include offensive and triggering content like:

- The use and misuse of dangerous toys, including slingshots and water pistols,
- Sequences of alarming violence, mostly directed at elves,
- The benefits of income inequality and fabulous wealth,
- The unhealthy consumption of non-nutritious meals and intoxicating spirits, and
- The strong implication that an elf has soiled himself and/or vomited.

All of this could have been avoided, but it was not. Proceed with caution.

In which Iggy answers the phone,
Yugo wings it, and
Sam never does get that puffin pie.

And in which Iggy, Yugo and Sam save Christmas.

“Money (that's what I want)
Lots of money (that's what I want)
Whole lot of money (that's what I want)
Uh-huh (that's what I want)
All I want (that's what I want)
Whoa, yeah (that's what I want)”

- Barrett Strong, Money (That's What I Want) *Flaming Pie*

“If I were a rich man
Ya ba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum
All day long, I'd biddy biddy bum”

- Tevye (Fiddler on the Roof), *If I Were a Rich Man*

“I've got the brains, you've got the looks
Let's make lots of money
You've got the brawn, I've got the brains
Let's make lots of money”

- The Pet Shop Boys, Opportunities

“Believe in the potato”

- Iggy

A Tale of 'Citement and Ventures

AN HO\$TILE TakeOVER

Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous



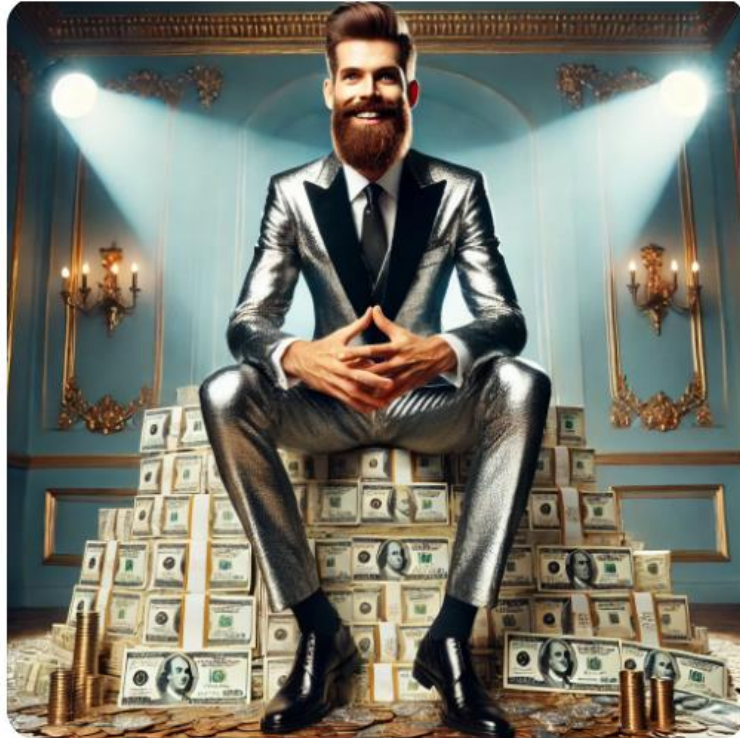
IT IS NOT EASY BEING THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD. Or so Rudolph K. Skruggs V likes to say. But, like most of the things Rudolph K. Skruggs V likes to say, it is a lie. In point of fact, it is extremely easy being the richest man in the world. The richest man in the world lives in unimaginable luxury. He sleeps on sheets woven from the silk of silkworms raised on a strict diet of eucalyptus leaves and almond milk. His pillows, stuffed with the down of baby bald eagles, are the fluffiest on record.

His home is staffed with an extensive coterie of servants, butlers, valets, chefs, sommeliers, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers and bootlicks of every kind that attend to his every whim, no matter how trivial or complex. Anything Rudolph K. Skruggs V wants or needs is his at the snap of his fingers.

Every morning, Rudolph K. Skruggs V receives a pedicure while eating a breakfast of scrambled platypus eggs, rare breed bacon and a large slice of Yubari king melon.¹

¹ At a price of \$40,000.00 a pair, the Yubari king melon is the most expensive fruit in the world. It is grown only in select greenhouses in Yubari, Japan. The sweetest melons are grown on vines that bear only one fruit and which are carefully cleaned each day of their hundred day growing cycle. Apparently, the Yubari king melon tastes like cantaloupe, only way, way better.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V built his fortune the old-fashioned way: he inherited it. His father, Rudolph K. Skruggs IV was formerly the richest man in the world, but the younger Rudolph claimed the title when Rudolph the elder suffered a fatal heart attack while in the company of six supermodels dressed only in the littlest of bikinis and the highest of stiletto heels.



Rudolph K. Skruggs IV also inherited his great fortune, but made it greater still by investing heavily in the weapons business. His business model was ridiculously simple: He sold missiles to one side and missile defence systems to the other. His product was always in demand since each side was always blowing it up.

Rudolph the IV received his enormous fortune on the death of his father, Rudolph K. Skruggs III. That Rudolph was famous for wallpapering his 70-room mansion (including all 17 bathrooms) entirely with thousand-dollar bills. That Rudolph was also found strangled in his enormous bed. The authorities were convinced that one of his ex-wives or mistresses was to blame, but since there were so many of each, the killer or killers (for there was likely more than one) were never identified.

Rudolph K. Skruggs III expanded the vast fortune he had inherited by selling liquor of various quality and toxicity during prohibition. He was able to avoid prosecution though a complicated arrangement of bribes and murder. He was untouchable, at least until the wives/mistresses caught up with him.

His father, Rudolph K. Skruggs Jr. invested the substantial fortune he inherited into the oil business. Initially, this involved hunting whales to near

extinction and then drilling for oil from his own vast land holdings and beneath the vast land holdings of his neighbours. He died of extreme old age when Rudolph the third became tired of waiting for his inheritance and finished off the old man by slipping cyanide pills into his evening bowl of vitamins and Viagra.™

The first Rudolph K. Skruggs established the family fortune by buying and selling people. That was allowed in those days and was even viewed as a respectable profession. It was certainly a profession that was tremendously profitable for Rudolph the first. His portrait is still displayed in one of the servants' closets at the Skruggs Estates. Rudolph K. Skruggs V makes a point of having it dusted at least twice monthly.

Rudolph the V did not have the business savvy of his predecessors. He lost a fortune gambling on basketball and another fortune investing in crypto currency, but by the time he came into his inheritance, the Skruggs' family fortunes were so vast, that the income generated by his daily interest chequing account was greater than the gross domestic product of over one hundred countries.

When you are as rich as Rudolph K. Skruggs V, the only thing you really want are the things you do not already have. There were very few things that Rudolph K. Skruggs V did not have. There were warehouses filled with the things he had, many of which he had never seen. He had rare paintings, carvings and comic books. He had golden figurines, golden statues and golden monuments. He had bearer bonds, savings bonds and a baseball player named Bonds under a personal services contract.

Rudolph wanted for nothing and so he wanted for something.

He found the something he wanted one early December evening while flipping through the thousands of channels available on his 170-inch-wide screen 11K ultra high-definition television. He paused for a moment on the animated image of small boy with a blanket explaining what Christmas is all about.

He set down his tumbler filled with 70-year-old scotch and pointed at the screen. "That is what I want."

One of his butlers, a balding grey-haired gentleman with feet a few sizes too big for his body rushed over to replace Rudolph's tumbler with another tumbler filled with even older scotch. Rudolph drained it in a single gulp and waved for another.



“What do you think, Carson. Can I get it?”

Carson glanced up at the screen and said, “you want a blue blanket, sir? You have hundreds of blue blankets. I will fetch one immediately. Which shade would you prefer?”

“Not the blanket, you imbecile,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V. “Christmas. That’s what I want. I am going to buy Christmas.”

An Urgent Telephone Call

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT IN DECEMBER AT THE NORTH POLE. It could have been morning, for it is every bit as dark on Saturday morning at the North Pole in December as it is on Saturday night. But it was nighttime on this dark December day, and like most Saturday nights, Iggy, Yugo and were at the *Walrus and Ulu*, the most popular bar for Christmas elves in the entire North Pole.

Iggy, Yugo and Sam were, of course, Christmas elves. They spent their Saturdays at the workshop making toys for Christmas and their Saturday nights at the *Walrus and Ulu*. Iggy was the tallest of the three, though that was

not saying much. He is slim, with a long thin face atop his long thin body. He has a pointy nose and a pointed chin and often points with his long fingers when he is trying to make a point. Yugo is short and sturdy, like most elves. Unlike most elves he has a large black moustache and the cleverest brain in all the North Pole. Sam is the shortest of the three and also the stoutest, which is really just a polite way of saying that he is fat. His chubby thighs hang over his bar stool like a pair of salted hams. He has curly red hair and a round red face. He is usually scowling.

The elves were at their usual table near the end of the bar, not far from the men's restroom. They had their usual order in front of them, a fruit juice for Iggy, unsweetened water for Yugo and three pints of Elfläger with a heaping bowl of tater tots for Sam.



“Tots are a little dry tonight,” said Sam. Sam was the sort of elf who was always looking for something to complain about.

“It is not easy getting fresh potatoes at the North Pole,” said Iggy. “The growing season is so short.”

“You cannot grow potatoes at the North Pole,” said Yugo. “Potatoes are a root vegetable. They grow under the soil. And there is no soil at the North Pole. Just snow and ice.”

“I am sure that potatoes can grow just fine in snow and ice,” said Iggy.

“I am afraid you are mistaken,” said Yugo. “It is a simple matter of botany.” Yugo always let science and logic be his guide.

“Believe in the potato, Yugo.” Iggy always looked on the bright side of things and expected the best of everything. His optimism was not restrained by science or logic.

Sam had finished the last of his unsatisfactory tots and was about to order a fourth pint when Iggy got the call on his ElfPhone. He looked down at the screen and said, “I have to take this.”

“I thought we agreed no phones at the table,” said Yugo.

“I never agreed to that,” said Sam. He was, at that moment, finishing off a level of Clash of Penguins on his phone, which was balanced on his knees under the table.

“It is from Santa,” said Iggy.

“Well then you do have to take it,” said Yugo. “We can make an exception this one time.”

Sam nodded. He immediately took up the exception by starting a new level of his game on his own ElfPhone.

Iggy cleared his throat. “Iggy here.” Then he nodded and furrowed his brow.

“What is he saying?” asked Yugo.

“Put it on speaker,” said Sam.

Iggy pressed an icon on his screen and Santa Claus’ voice boomed out of the little speaker on his ElfPhone. He sounded jolly, but then he always did.

“I’m glad I caught you together,” said Santa Claus. “You must still be at the workshop getting in a little overtime.”

Iggy squirmed uncomfortably, but before he could say anything, Santa Claus continued. “I need you boys to drop your tools and get over to head office straight away.”

Sam gently set his half empty nonik² on the tabletop, so as not to make a sound.

² A “nonik” is a 20-ounce beer glass with a slight bulge near the top. The nonik was invented by Mr. Hugo Pick, who introduced the bulge to reduce breakage when stacking or when the glass was tipped over, thus preventing the rim from being chipped or nicked; hence no-nick.



“We have an important visitor arriving any minute and I need my best men with me. I need your boots and buckles shined, your best dress coat and your longest and widest ties. Santa out.” The line went silent.

“We had better get going,” said Iggy. He and Yugo dropped off their stools.

“I’ll be right behind you,” said Sam as his fourth Elfläger arrived.

“Come on Sam, you heard Santa Claus, we do not have time for this!” said Yugo.

“Won’t be a minute,” said Sam. He tipped back his round head and drained his pint in one great swallow.

“Let us go then,” said Iggy.

“But my puffin pie has not arrived yet!” said Sam.

“We do not have time for pie!” said Yugo.

“That is where you are wrong, my mustachioed friend. There is always time for pie.”

Iggy and Yugo each grabbed Sam by an arm and pulled him down from his chair. It was a matter of no small difficulty, for Sam was no small elf, but Iggy and Yugo had no small amount of determination and a few moments later they were on their way to Elves Barracks B, to shine their boots and find their longest and widest ties.

An Offer He Can Refuse

TEN MINUTES LATER, THE ELVES WERE LED INTO the main boardroom on the top floor of Santa Claus’ office tower at the North Pole. It was a large room that took up nearly half the floor. In the middle was maple boardroom table surrounded by over 50 plush red velvet chairs. The table was bigger than Iggy, Yugo and Sam’s apartment and was polished to such a shine that Yugo was able to adjust his moustache by looking at its surface.

Santa Claus rose from his great red faux leather chair at the end of the table to greet them. “I’m glad you made it. You all look great.” He bent down to adjust Sam’s tie to cover a blot of mustard on his shirt. “Ho ho ho. That’s better.”

Iggy saluted smartly. “Present and accounted for, sir.”

“What is this all about?” asked Yugo.

“We are about to have a visit from an exciting guest,” said Santa Claus. “A Mr. Rudolph K. Skruggs. They say he is the richest man in the world.”

“Rudy Skruggs?” snorted Sam. “Sure he has a lot of dough, but he’s a nutter, he is. He tried to buy Peru once because he liked the food. He’s a total whack job.”

“Now now, Sam. Please don’t speak of our guest that way. Someone as rich as Mr. Skruggs is not a whack job. He is eccentric. Big difference.”

“What does he want with us?” asked Iggy.

“He did not say,” said Santa Claus. “I imagine he wants to discuss making a donation to one of our charitable endeavours. The Orphans’ Fund can always use some help.”

“Yugo smiled. “Everyone loves orphans.”

“I know,” said Santa.

“Maybe he wants to donate to the Elves Benevolent Breakfast Board,” said Sam.

Santa Claus tilted his head. “I’m afraid I’m not familiar with that one.”

Sam coughed. “Well sir. It’s a new charity. Dedicated to ensuring all elves get a healthy breakfast with extra sausages and all the pancakes they can eat.”

Santa Claus nodded. “That does sound like a worthy endeavour. Still, I think we should go with the orphans.”

“Everyone loves orphans,” said Iggy.

The door at the far end of the room opened slowly. A short balding man with large black patent leather shoes stepped briskly into the room. The elves snapped to attention.

The little balding man bowed slightly. He cleared his throat and said, “Mr. Skruggs will see you now.”

“How rude,” whispered Sam.

“Not rude, Sam. Eccentric,” Santa Claus whispered back.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V swept into the room and slammed the door behind him. He was tall with long legs and long arms and very pointed elbows. He had long hair from a recent transplant tied up in a ponytail. It was dyed a lustrous shade of brown. His tidy beard had a point so sharp you could cut wrapping

paper with it. It was also dyed a lustrous shade of brown. He wore a suit the colour of stainless steel that was a little too large and a tie that was a little too short. He slid into the chair at the end of the boardroom table and grinned. His teeth gleamed an unnatural shade of white.

Santa Claus chuckled. “Ho ho ho. Welcome to the North Pole.” He took a seat at the other end of the table. “I trust you had a pleasant trip up here.”

“Perfectly swell,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V. “But I didn’t come all this way for a chat. Let’s talk business.”



Santa Claus’ eyes shone merrily. “Very well. As you can imagine we can always do with a little extra help to keep the twinkling lights on. The workshop needs a new roof and we never have enough carrots for the reindeer. But we think you would be most interested in our Orphans Fund.”

“Everyone loves orphans,” said Iggy.

“Yes indeed, Iggy. Ho ho ho. Well said.”

“I don’t care about orphans,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V.

Yugo gasped.

“Don’t be so dramatic. Who really cares about orphans. Their parents don’t even care about them.”

“They do not have parents,” said Sam. “That’s what makes them orphans.”

Rudolph waved Sam’s observation away. “That’s not what I am here for.”

“What are you here for then?” asked Santa Claus.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V spread his arms wide. “This. All of this. “I want to buy it.”

“Whatever do you mean?” said Santa Claus.

“I want to buy your little Christmas village with its peppermint cobblestones and candy cane light posts. I want to buy your workshops and factories, even the one with the leaky roof. I want to buy your stables and your flying reindeer. Your inventory of toys, I want all of that: the pop guns, the bicycles, the roller skates, the drums. The checkerboards, tricycles, popcorn and plums. The tinsel. The trappings. All of it. And these delightful little slaves of yours. I want to buy them, too. I want to buy it all. I want to buy Christmas.”

“I am sorry that you came all this way,” said Santa Claus. “But I’m afraid that Christmas is not for sale.”

“We’ll see about that,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V. He pulled out his chequebook and wrote out a number with so many zeros, he had to finish on a second cheque. He slid them down the table towards Santa Claus. They stopped only a few feet from him and Carson had to gather them up and bring them the length of the table to pass them to Santa Claus.

Santa picked up the papers and gave them a quick look. His eyes bulged wide. Then he set his finger at the side of his nose and winked at Iggy, Yugo and Sam. He took the cheques in his two hands and tore them to pieces.

Sam gasped.

“I told you. Christmas is not for sale, Mr. Skruggs. Not at any price.”

Rudolph K. Skruggs V stood stood up and leaned forward on the polished maple boardroom table. “I don’t think you understand what you are giving up here.”

Santa Claus stood up at the far end of the table. His eyes no longer shone merrily. “I think our business is at an end.”

“Don’t be so sure, fat man,” said the richest man in the world. “I want Christmas and I will have it. This is no longer a negotiation. This is a takeover. If need be, it will be a hostile takeover. I’m biggest arms dealer in the world. I have warehouses filled with bombs and missiles, and barracks filled with soldiers for hire and mercenaries. I will have your Christmas one way or another.”

“Good day, Mr. Skruggs,” said Santa Claus.

“Good day to you, Mr. Claus. You’ll be hearing from me.” With that, Rudolph K. Skruggs V turned and left the room, leaving Carson to slam the door behind him.

A Declaration of War

RUDOLPH K. SKRUGGS V SETTLED INTO THE KANGAROO LEATHER EASY CHAIR at the back of his private jet. Rudolph flew in a modified Airbus 380-800, the largest passenger aircraft in the world. Although it can carry over 500 passengers on two levels, Rudolph had removed all the passenger seats save three and filled the rest of the enormous aircraft with pool tables, hot tubs and a bowling alley. Rudolph’s airplane burned enough carbon every flight to power a small town for a year.

Rudolph placed an empty crystal tumbler on the silver tray in Carson’s hand and waved for another. Carson nodded and returned a few moments later with a fresh crystal tumbler filled with 160-year-old whiskey and a single large ice cube cut from a glacier.

“We have had a call from Lester, sir. He sounded very upset.” J. Lester Marigold Jr. was Rudolph’s accountant. He was usually upset about something. Mostly he was upset about being an accountant, and who can blame him?

“What does that old coot want?” asked Rudolph lazily.

“He wants to discuss this Christmas acquisition with you, sir. He says there is no business case for such an extravagant purchase.”

“Lester doesn’t know what he is talking about.”

“I am afraid that the economics of Christmas do not make any sense to me, either, sir,” said Carson. “Santa Claus gives away all his toy inventory every year. For free. The operation must be in the red to the tune of billions every year. It is a wonder Santa Claus is not in bankruptcy, sir.”

“Obviously the toy business is a loser,” said Rudolph. “I’ll shut that down first thing and sell all the workshops and machinery for pennies on the dollar. Even those elves are worth a little something on the darker markets. Same thing with those novelty reindeer. But that’s not where the real action is. I’m after the big prize.”

Carson gasped. “What could be a bigger prize than Christmas?”

Rudolph grinned his white toothy grin. He pressed a button on his armrest. The lights in the passenger cabin dimmed as a screen slid down from the ceiling. He raised a remote control and a picture appeared of a cloudless blue sky with a blurry red streak in the middle. He pressed his remote control again and the slide was replaced with a second scene of a fuzzy red blob floating above a stand of fir trees. A third slide showed another red blob, this time in the middle of a winter scene.

“I must confess, sir, that I have no idea what I am looking at,” said Carson.

“The North Pole is more than toy shops and yoyos,” said Rudolph. What you are looking at, my dear Carson, are the only known photographs of the most remarkable machine in the world. It has only been rarely sighted, but our research department informs me that is a gleaming red custom-made snowmobile. It has rocket engines powered by a lithium fusion reactor. It can travel on snow at over a thousand miles an hour, but it is fully adaptable for travel through the air or under the sea. We think it might even be able to travel through time.”

Rudolph pressed his remote control again. “Here is an artist’s rendering of what this remarkable snowmobile might actually look like.” A picture of a muscular rocket powered red snowmobile appeared on the screen:



“This snowmobile is the most valuable IP on the planet. With this technology we could be the richest and most successful weapons company in the world!”

“But your companies are already the richest and most successful companies in the world, sir,” said Carson.

Rudolph turned off his projector and raised the screen. “Don’t you see, Carson, we could be even richer and more successful!”

“But Santa Claus won’t sell it to you, sir,” said Carson. “Not at any price.”

“Every man has a price,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V.

“That’s not what Santa said, sir. And Santa would never tell a fib,” said Carson.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V glared at him. If Santa Claus won’t sell us that snowmobile, we will go in there and take it. If we have to burn down the entire North Pole to get it, that is just what we will do.”

“But sir, what about Christmas?”

“What about Christmas? Christmas is just a humbug. We’ll burn down Christmas, too if that is what it takes.”

Carson gasped.

“Get my generals on the line. I want our entire military division ready to deploy to the North Pole tomorrow morning. If it is a war on Christmas they want, it is a war on Christmas they will get.

Basic Training

“THE LAST THING WE WANT IS A WAR ON CHRISTMAS,” said Santa Claus. “But I fear that war is coming.”

“We will be ready,” said Iggy. Iggy was the most optimistic of elves. Iggy never saw a glass that was only half full, just a glass that had not been filled up yet.

Santa Claus turned to Yugo. “What sort of defence do we have.”

Yugo stroked his moustache as he spoke. “We have nearly 100 million guns.”

“That sounds like plenty,” said Iggy.

“It is, but they only shoot foam rubber bullets,” said Yugo.

“What about water guns,” said Iggy. “We must have lots of those.”

“What good would water guns be?” asked Sam.

“Not just any water guns. Super soakers,” said Iggy. “The water freezes as soon as it leaves the barrel. The safety labels specifically warn not to use them at the North Pole.”

“That does sound unsafe,” said Yugo.

“Nobody reads those labels anyway,” said Sam.

“I really don’t think we can hold off a real army with water pistols,” said Santa Claus.

“Super soakers,” said Iggy.

“Right,” said Santa Claus. “Despite the warning labels, super soakers are no match for real guns with real bullets. Have we got anything else?”

“We have slingshots and dodgeballs and about a million fungoes,” said Yugo. “We might be able to bruise them up some, but we will not be able to hold off a real army for long.”

“And one Red Ryder Carbine-action 200-shot Range Model Air Rifle, with a compass in the stock and a thing that tells time,” said Sam.

“What kind of kid wants a rifle for Christmas?” asked Iggy.

“We get all kinds of letters. There are a lot of strange kids out there,” said Santa Claus. “Anything else?”

“There is the snowmobile,” said Yugo.

“That is right,” said Iggy with a snap of his pointed fingers. “I bet they will not have one of those.”

“I hate that thing,” said Sam. “It should come with a warning label. It has laser cannons and flamethrowers and who know what else.”

“A few other things, besides,” said Yugo. “I have recently made some modifications.” Yugo was always working on his snowmobile. Contrary to what Rudolph K. Skruggs V understood, the snowmobile did not belong to Santa Claus. Yugo had built it himself, every nut, bolt and mortar cannon lovingly installed by hand.

“They will not stand a chance,” said Iggy.

“We only have one snowmobile,” said Yugo. “It is no match for an entire army.”

“It will have to do,” said Santa Claus. “Go get your snowmobile, Yugo. Iggy and Sam, round up as many super soakers and elves as you can. We will make a stand right here at the North Pole. I am counting on you three. Go gather up the other elves and everything else you can find to save the North Pole.

“And Christmas,” said Iggy.

“That’s right Iggy,” said Santa Claus. “Now go!”.

The elves returned shortly in the snowmobile. It towed a large trailer filled with super soakers, slingshots and boomerangs. A column of elves marched behind, dressed in green khaki caps and tunics. Each one carried a brightly coloured toy plastic gun with large magazines filled with foam rubber bullets.

They spent the next hours conducting the most basic of basic training, climbing walls made of Lego bricks and crawling on their bellies beneath strands of silver garland. They took target practice, shooting teddy bears off of fence posts with rubber bullets and frozen spears of ice. There were a few bruises and scratches, and one elf, little Percy Pettyweather nearly put his eye out loading his super soaker. He just put on a red velvet eyepatch and hurried on to the next drill.

It was a small army, both in number and in stature, but it was the finest army that Iggy, Yugo and Sam could muster on short notice. It could not fairly be called a lean mean fighting machine; more of a clean and green unexciting team. But they had a lot of spirit and that is often important in stories like this one.

They gathered on an icy plain south of the North Pole³ at dawn.⁴ It was dark and still; in all respects a silent night.

³ In fact, every icy plain in the world is south of the North Pole. This one was just a little bit further south than some of the others.

⁴ ‘Dawn’ is complicated at the North Pole in December. It usually refers to the time around sunrise, but the sun does not rise at the North Pole in December. It can also mean the early morning, but because all time zones converge at the North Pole, nobody there ever really knows what time it is. Suffice it to say, the elves had not had much sleep when they gathered south of the North Pole that day.



The little elvish army stood nervously in a long row, with Iggy, Yugo and Sam out front in the snowmobile. The elves all chambered a foam rubber dart in their guns, raised them to the dark horizon and waited. Not a creature stirred, not even a mouse.⁵

The elves waited. Then, finally, they heard a sound in the distance. What started as a faint hum soon grew into the whump whump whump of the blades of a single helicopter.

“I do not like the sound of this,” said Sam.

The helicopter drew closer until it hovered above them. Rudolph K. Skruggs V waved from the passenger window. He opened the window and shouted over the thunder of the helicopter.

“Santa Claus! My army approaches. Ten thousand highly trained and highly paid mercenaries without mercy. My offer is still open. This is your last chance. Sell me the North Pole or I will take it by force!”

⁵ There were no mice stirring, in part, because there are no mice at the North Pole. Mice are found all over the world but are not found anywhere north of the Arctic Circle. None of the animals that do live that far north, like polar bears or arctic fox were stirring, either.

Santa Claus stepped out in front of the snowmobile. “Rudolph K. Skruggs V, you were always a very naughty boy. But you cannot have the North Pole and you cannot have Christmas. Now go home while you still can.”

Rudolph K. Skruggs V tossed his head back and laughed. “How are you going to stop me? You and what army?”

Santa Claus looked over at the ranks of elves behind him and then up at the helicopter, a twinkle in his eye. “Hear this, Rudolph K. Skruggs V. We shall fight you on the ice floes, we shall fight you on the snowbanks, we shall fight in the ice and in the slush, we shall fight in the drifts; we shall never surrender.”

The helicopter rose back up into black morning sky. But they heard him exclaim as he flew out of sight, “so be it, Santa Claus. Let it be war between us!”

War Between Us

THE ELVISH ARMY DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT. Scarcely three minutes later, the black dawn sky was lit by a rocket’s red flare and bombs bursting in air. The elves raised their toy guns and aimed them in the direction of Rudolph’s approaching army.

They came over the icy horizon. A row of tanks, followed by a row of soldiers marching on snowshoes with tight precision. They whooped and hollered and shot round after round into the air as they approached. A single wedge-shaped jet screamed overhead, scarcely a hundred feet above them.

“If I did not know better, I would be terrified right now,” said Iggy.

“It is quite frightening,” said Yugo.

“I’ll say,” said Sam. “Good thing I brought my extra pants.”

“Fire!” yelled Santa Claus. The line of elves emptied their magazines of rubber bullets and reloaded. For the most part they fell harmlessly in the snow about 30 yards ahead of them. The second volley fared no better, though a few bullets reached one of the tanks. They bounced off the hardened steel without leaving a mark.

The tank responded by launching a single shell that thundered into the ground in front of the elves. It exploded, scattering clumps of snow and clumps of elves in all directions.

The rest of the tanks followed with a barrage of shells that exploded all around them, burying much of the elvish line under piles of snow.

Now Rudolph's army stopped their advance and raised their black rifles, which were not loaded with foam rubber bullets, but were in fact loaded with .950J cartridges.⁶

As the invading army took aim, Santa Claus gave the command. "Run away!"

The elves did not have to be told twice. Those that were still standing dropped their toy guns and ran. Those who were buried in snow just dug down a little deeper.

"Time to bring out the big guns," said Yugo. He pressed a red button on his dashboard and the lithium fusion engines roared to life. He pulled back on the steering rod and the snowmobile rocketed into the air.

"They will not stand a chance," said Iggy.

Yugo turned toward Rudolph's army and tapped on his dashboard keyboard. Laser cannons popped out of the front fenders.

Yugo was about to fire when Rudolph's fighter jet emerged from above and opened fire on them. Bullets bounced off the monolithic acrylic windshield. The glass was unmarked, save for a small chip on the passenger side. Sam covered his eyes while Yugo activated the windshield wipers to sweep away the spent shell casings.

Yugo turned a dark blue dial and silver wings extended out of each side of the snowmobile. He pulled back on his steering rod and the snowmobile rose to meet the fighter jet, which banked to the south. Yugo turned to follow and fired a burst from his laser cannons. Streaks of red and green light beams flashed on either side of the jet. It corkscrewed to avoid the lasers, but Yugo had it in his sights and fired again.

The jet banked sharply left and the lasers went wide. Yugo turned and drew in closer.

"Can you slow down a little?" asked Sam. "I think I'm going to be sick."

"There is a convenience bag in the in back of Iggy's seat," Yugo grunted. He banked hard right to follow the jet's manoeuvres. "This guy is a really good pilot," he said as close pursuit led him into a steep dive.

⁶ The .950J is the largest and most powerful rifle cartridge ever made. It is nearly 3 inches long and weigh almost half a pound. It delivers roughly 38,000 foot pounds of force, more than ten times that of a conventional hunting rifle. It is enough power to stop a double decker bus dead in its tracks.



Iggy turned around to look at how Sam was doing in the back seat. “We’re going to need another convenience bag.”

“Under the seat,” said Yugo as he yanked the snowmobile hard to the left.

Sam made a squeaking noise.

“Now I’ve got you this time,” said Yugo. He stabbed at a blue button and the laser cannons erupted again.

Yugo pumped his fist in the air. “I winged it!”

“Is that good?” asked Iggy.

Both wings fell off the jet, cut away by Yugo’s lasers. What was left of the jet dropped to the ground as a wingless jet will. Iggy and Yugo watched the pilot eject and parachute gently to the ground. Sam did not see it as he was busy looking for his third convenience bag.

Their dogfight had taken them some distance from the ground battle at the North Pole. Yugo made a hard turn and sped back to join the fight.

“Time to give the rest of them a taste of your lasers,” said Iggy.

Yugo smiled and bore down on the advancing line of tanks. “That is right Iggy. Time to light them up!”

Sam leaned his head against the window. He pointed weakly at the ground. "What's that thing?"

Yugo glanced at his dashboard monitors. "Oh that is just an anti-aircraft battery."

"Lucky for us they do not have an anti-snowmobile battery," Iggy said with a chuckle.

"Why is it flashing like that!" asked Sam. A moment later the snowmobile shuddered as it was hammered by anti-aircraft missiles. It made no difference to the missiles whether they smashed into an aircraft or a snowmobile; they exploded just the same.

"Initiate the missile defence systems!" shouted Iggy.

"About that," said Yugo.

"What about that?" asked Sam. A second volley of anti-aircraft missiles just launched.

"I have been making a few modifications to the missile defence systems."

"Great," said Iggy. "Show them what you have got."

"You see, the modified missile defence system is spread out on my work bench. I have not had time to put it back in yet," Yugo said as missiles exploded around them. The snowmobile jerked ahead and made a rasping noise.

"We will still be fine, right? The snowmobile is made of case-hardened titanium," said Iggy.

"Yes, we should be okay," said Yugo. "As long as they do not wing us."

A third barrage of anti-aircraft missiles smashed into them. Black smoke appeared out Sam's window. "I think they just winged us," he said.

Yugo pulled back hard on the steering rod. The snowmobile made a long looping spiral to the ground and landed not far behind Santa Claus' retreating troops.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Iggy.

"Until I can get it back to the shop, the snowmobile is just a snowmobile," said Yugo. "Time to pray for a miracle."

"Oh that never works," said Sam.

"Do not be so sure," said Iggy. "I know it seems like a long shot, but at Christmastime miracles happen more often than not."

And so, it was this Christmas, as Iggy and Yugo looked hopefully to the sky and Sam rolled his eyes, that a miracle happened. This particular miracle came in the form of the North Pole Squall.

The North Pole Squall is a rare winter storm that only happens at the North Pole and only around Christmas. It is a vicious storm that features strong winds, heavy snow and fog so thick it can only be pierced with a bright red light.

It swept down from the north without warning. It buried the advancing tanks in a thick covering of snow and sent Rudolph's troops running for cover, which was impossible to find once the fog rolled in.

"How about that," said Iggy. "A real Christmas miracle."

Yugo smiled and shifted the snowmobile into gear. "Let us get back to the hangar. This storm will not last long and we need to make repairs."

"And just how are we supposed to get there in this blizzard?" Sam gestured at his window, but there was nothing to be seen but darkness, fog and swirling snow.

"We may not be able to fly right now," said Yugo. "But remember, this is first and foremost a snowmobile. It was made for this sort of thing." Yugo turned on his red fog lights and guided the snowmobile out over the drifts and back to his hangar at the south side of the North Pole.⁷

Money Makes the World Go Around



IGGY, YUGO AND SAM WAITED OUT THE NORTH POLE SQUALL in Yugo's hangar. This was where he kept the snowmobile, under a silk tarpaulin, when it was not in use. It was also where he kept his vast collection of speciality tools and parts. The snowmobile was raised on a hydraulic lift several feet in the air. Yugo stood beneath it, tinkering with its workings from below. Iggy stood nearby, ready to help, while Sam sat in a soft padded chair in the corner drinking a milkshake.

"What are we going to do?" said Iggy. "The storm will pass in a few hours and then Rudolph's army will be back."

⁷ Because of its singular location at the northern most part of the world, every side of the North Pole is the south side. In this case the elves needed to make their way to the other south side.

“We will need more time. I do not think the snowmobile will be ready in a few hours. It took a lot of damage,” said Yugo.

“It better be ready, we are going to need more than popguns and slingshots to take on Rudolph’s army. Those guys were packing serious heat,” said Sam.

“The snowmobile will be ready,” said Iggy. “I am sure of it.”

Yugo grunted as he loosened a prodigiously tough nut. “I will do my best.”

“You’ll have to do better than that,” said Sam. “Christmas is tomorrow. If Rudolph takes over the North Pole, there won’t be any more Christmas”



“How can we help?” asked Iggy.

“You can pass me that framminstater,” said Yugo, waving in the direction of his tool bench. Iggy and Sam looked over. There were at least five hundred different tools stacked around his bench. Neither Iggy nor Sam had any idea what a framminstater was or what it looked like.

“This isn’t going to help,” said Sam. “What we really need is some cold hard cash. If we had as much money as Rudolph, we could hire our own army of mercenaries and cutthroats, and everything would be fine.”

“Money will not solve our problems,” said Iggy. “Money is not even real.”

Sam snorted his milkshake out of his nose. "What are you talking about, you little numbskull? Money is as real as you and me. Money is the realest thing in the whole world.

"I beg to differ," said Iggy. "If you think about it, money is imaginary."

"Did you hit your head in all of the shooting?" asked Sam. "You are just babbling nonsense now."

"It is true," said Iggy. "What is money anyway? It is just bits of paper and metal. The most valuable bits of paper are the same as the other paper, it just has different colours and bigger numbers on it. But it is still just paper. And no matter how big they are, coins are still just pieces of tin and copper.

"You cannot do anything with money, because it is just paper. You cannot eat money or heat your house with it or build anything with it. Money cannot take you anywhere or bring you home. Money cannot make you well if you are sick or happy if you are sad. The only thing valuable about money is that everyone believes it is valuable. Money is only real because everyone believes it is real."

Yugo looked out from under the snowmobile. "Kind of like Santa Claus. He is real because everyone believes he is real."

"That is right," said Iggy. "If everyone stopped believing in Santa Claus, he would not be real anymore. He would be as imaginary as money."

Sam could only shake his head because the conversation had gone right over it. Santa Claus imaginary? That was even more ridiculous than money being made up.

Iggy continued, "today, money is even more imaginary than ever. It is not even bits of paper and metal anymore. People pay with things by waving plastic cards like magic wands. Plastic cards are no more valuable than a deck of playing cards, and maybe less useful than that. They just make imaginary money move around from one person to another. These days, most of the money in the world is just numbers on a computer screen."

Yugo dropped a hammer. It bounced off his curly green velvet steel-toed boot. "What did you say?"

"Which part?" asked Iggy. "Plastic cards are like magic wands?"

"Not that one."

"A stack of plastic cards is no more valuable than a stack of playing cards?"

"Keep going."

"All of the money in the world is just numbers in a computer?"

“Yes, that one.”

“I thought the magic wands line was better than that one,” said Iggy.

“Me too,” said Sam.

“Yes, that was a good line,” said Yugo. “But the other one was better. Iggy, you are a genius. You just might have saved Christmas.”

The Final War on Christmas

THE STORM HAD PASSED BY MORNING. It was cold and crisp and dark that Christmas Eve morning. Rudolph’s troops had spent the night digging out from the North Pole Squall and once more marched on the North Pole.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V and Carson were in the turret of the biggest tank at the vanguard⁸ of his army.

“I have received another call from Lester, sir,” said Carson. “Do you know how much this campaign is costing you? The men expect to be paid every day. And it is Christmas Eve, sir. The men will expect double time for the holiday.”

“It does not matter, Carson. Don’t you know money is imaginary?”

“I do not expect that the men see it that way, sir.”

“Tell finance that everything is under control. We’ll finish up here soon, and then everyone can go home. And tell the men that if they get this business finished quickly, there will be a little something extra in their pay packet.”

“The men will expect nothing less, sir,” said Carson.

“This is going to be fun,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V. He peered into his viewfinder to watch the impending carnage.

The elvish army had returned to their lines, some with crutches and others bearing eye patches from stray icicle shots. They hobbled into position and faced down the advancing tanks.

⁸ The vanguard is the part of the army that is at the front of the attack. The vanguard is the least desirable part of an army as most members of the vanguard are later thanked for their service when their flag draped coffins return home.

The snowmobile was not among their ranks. It was still on the hoist in Yugo's hangar. Yugo had been inside it all night, tapping madly on the keyboard of his onboard computer. Finally, he leaned back and stretched his back, which responded with a rattling series of cracks.

Iggy sat up in the back seat and rubbed his eyes. "What is happening?"

"We have done it, Iggy," said Yugo. "It took a little longer than I had expected, but we have done it."

"Done what?" said Sam, who also sat up in the back seat where he had been sleeping. His curly brown hair pointed in all directions. Iggy's pointy black hair was twisted in curls.

"Time to see if it worked." Yugo lowered the snowmobile to the ground and drove it out into the morning snow. "This is going to be fun." He gunned the engines, and the snowmobile bounded forward through the deep, new fallen snow.

They headed south, because that was the only way they could head, and within minutes they skidded to a stop in the snowy field between the two armies. The soldiers on each side had raised their guns and taken aim. They just waited on the command to fire.

All was still, calm and bright. Then a faint buzz was heard along the invading line. It started in low, then it started to grow. One by one, each of Rudolph's soldiers reached into their pockets and pulled out their phones. They stared at their screens and then one by one, laid down their arms, turned and walked away.

"Fire!" shouted Rudolph K. Skruggs. "Fire at will!"

But no shots were fired. The elves let off a volley of foam rubber bullets at the retreating soldiers, but most of them were swept wide by the remnants of the North Pole Squall.

As the soldiers walked south, they were passed by a small fleet of toe trucks driving north. They pulled up alongside the row of tanks. A man in a neon orange safety vest with a clipboard in his hand stepped out of the first truck and knocked on the side of Rudolph's tank.

"Repo man.⁹ Please step out of the tank and hand over your keys."

Rudolph K. Skruggs V popped his head out of the top of the tank. "What is the meaning of this?"

⁹ Repo man is short for repossession man. The repo man is the person who comes to collect a car (or a tank) when the owner fails to keep up with his or her loan payments.

“Are you the owner of this motor vehicle?” asked the repo man.

“Don’t you know who I am?”

The repo man looked down at his clipboard. “Is your name Rudolph K. Skruggs V?”

Rudolph K. Skruggs V looked down into the tank and said to Carson, “Now we’re getting somewhere. Yes, I am Rudolph K. Skruggs V. Now please get out of the way.”

“No can do, Mr. Skruggs. I have my orders right here,” he tapped his clipboard. “This motor vehicle is under seizure. Please step out of the tank and pass me the keys.”



“I will do no such thing. I will have your job is what I will do. I’ll have all of your jobs. And your wife’s job and your mother’s job and I’ll have your kids’ jobs once they are old enough to have them. I’ll have your uncle’s job and your cousins’ jobs and their cousins’ jobs cousins jobs and their cousins’ jobs and their neighbours’ jobs and their paperboy’s job. I’ll have his job, too.”

The repo man sighed, pulled out a taser and shot Rudolph K. Skruggs V in the face. “I hate this job,” he said.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V shuddered, tumbled out of the tank and fell face first into the snow. Carson scrambled out of the tank and rushed to his side.

Before he could get there, the repo man The repo man stuck out his clipboard. "Sign here please."

Carson scribbled his name on the top page and then bent down to Rudolph K. Skruggs V.

"I've called the lawyers, sir."

"Good job Carson," said Rudolph K. Skruggs V through chattering teeth. "I have the most expensive lawyers. They'll get this sorted out."

"I am not so sure, sir. They all hung up on me when I mentioned your name, sir."

"Then get Lester on the line, said Rudolph K. Skruggs V. "He will get to the bottom of this."

"I am afraid that Mr. Marigold's calls go directly to his voice mail, sir," said Carson.

"Well leave a message, you cretin!"

"I do not expect that Mr. Marigold will return my call, sir. His out of office message simply said, 'I quit!'"

The repo man whistled to the other tow truck drivers, and before long all of the tanks had been raised on hooks and were headed south.

There was a knock on the window of the snowmobile. Yugo pressed a yellow button and the window slid down silently. Santa Claus leaned his round bearded head in and said, "I expect the three of you had something to do with this. Do any of you care to tell me what just happened?"

"Iggy was right," said Yugo. "Money is imaginary."

"Ho ho ho," laughed Santa Claus. "I am not so sure about that. Money is just as real as I am."

"No sir, it really is not," said Yugo. "None of Rudolph's money was real. Everyone believed he was rich because of a bunch of numbers on spreadsheets and computer screens. That was all his money really was."

"Was?" said Santa Claus.

Yugo turned a little red. "Last night I hacked into all of Rudolph's bank accounts and changed the amounts to a small round number."

"And what number was that?" asked Santa Claus, with a twinkle in his eye.

“Zero. It is a small number, and it is round,” said Yugo. “It took most of the night because Rudolph had a lot of bank accounts. But I got them all, in the end. Most of them had a lot of zeroes anyway, so I did not really have to do that much.”

“I see,” said Santa Claus. “As soon as Rudolph’s soldiers got word they would not get paid, they gave up the fight.”

“Right,” said Yugo. “And when he could not make the payments on his tanks, his bankers sent the repo men to seize them and take them away.”

“Wow,” said Iggy. “When everyone stopped believing Rudolph was rich, they stopped believing in him entirely.”

“What do you know, Rudy was just as fake as his money,” said Sam.

Santa Claus snorted. “I can’t believe that you took all of Rudolph’s money.”

“Goodness no,” said Yugo. “That would be stealing.”

“So where did it go?” asked Santa Claus.


“I donated it all to the Orphan’s Fund,” said Yugo. “There are a lot of orphans in the world, but on Christmas morning, every one of them is going to wake up a millionaire.”

Iggy gasped.

“You couldn’t have donated even a little bit to the Elf’s Benevolent Breakfast Foundation?” asked Sam. “There are a lot of hungry elves in the world, you know.”

“I expect there will be a puffin pie leg waiting for you at the *Walrus and Ulu*,” said Santa Claus. “But not until after Christmas. Now that you have saved Christmas again, there is a lot of work to do.”

I Walked 500 Miles, Then I Walked 500 More

 IT IS A LONG WALK FROM THE NORTH POLE to the mansion that Rudolph K. Skruggs V once called home. Rudolph K. Skruggs V sat in the corner of one of his dining rooms. Carson dusted the windowsill while a crew of repo man carried furniture and paintings out the front door.

“I feel like KI should have learned a lesson from all of this, Carson. I just have no idea what it might be.”

“I cannot say, sir. Perhaps the lesson is that Christmas is bigger and more important than money.”

“No that can’t be it,” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V. “Nothing is more important than money.”

“If you say so, sir.”

“Why are you still here, anyway, Carson. I can’t pay you anymore.”

“Sir, you have not paid me for years.” said Carson.

Rudolph K. Skruggs V sat up a little straighter. “Really? Then why do you stay with me?”

“Well sir, I suppose that is because I am your friend.”

Rudolph blinked and said, “a friend? I don’t think I’ve ever had a friend before.”

“It is one of those things money cannot buy, sir.”

“Like Christmas?” said Rudolph K. Skruggs V.

“Yes, a lot like that, sir.”

Rudolph was quiet for several minutes. Then he said, “What do you think we should do next, Carson.”

“Nothing to do with Christmas and armies I hope, sir.”

Rudolph K. Skruggs V stood up and shook his head. “I’m all done with that. I never knew elves could be so much trouble.”

“You never can tell with elves, sir.”

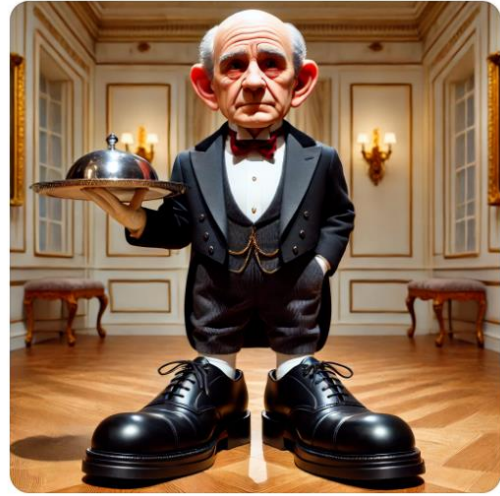
“Well, I have to do something. Something big. Maybe I should run for president.”

ADDENDUM

No elves were seriously wounded or killed in the telling of this story.

Percy Pettyweather has fully recovered from the icicle induced injury to his eye.

The images in this story were generated by ChatGPT. ChatGPT is a fun and useful resource, but it does not always do what it is told.



Iggy, Yugo and Sam Will Return In:

Iggy, Yugo and Sam: First Steps

or

The Repo Man is Coming to Town

or

The Stinky Gingerbread Man

or

Grandma Got Run Over by a Snowmobile

or

Way Down in Santa's Town

or

Something Else Entirely

YUGO OPENED UP THE CONVERTIBLE ROOF of the snowmobile and put on his sunglasses. He turned left onto Sunset Boulevard and sped past the big Hollywood sign on the hill to his right.

“It was silly of me to forget my sunglasses,” said Iggy.

“You are just not used to seeing the sun in December,” said Yugo.

“I could get used to this,” said Sam. “Sunshine, beaches and pretty girls everywhere. The North Pole has nothing on this place.”

“I cannot believe somebody wants to make a movie about us,” said Iggy.

“A movie with us,” said Yugo. “*The Elves Who Saved Christmas.*”

“I don’t see what’s so surprising,” said Sam. “I have a face that was made for the big screen.”

“The bigger the better,” said Iggy.

“We are even getting paid for this job,” said Yugo. “A cool million.”

“One million candy canes,” said Sam. “I can’t wait to get my hands on them.

Yugo passed a sign that said *Titanic Studios* and then turned into a gated lot. He stopped at a guard shack inside the gate.

A man in a peaked cap leaned out the window. “Welcome to Titanic Studios. What’s your business here today?”

“We are Iggy, Yugo and Sa,” said Iggy.

“We are here to see Mr. Bartholemew,” said Yugo.

“We’re going to be in the movies,” said Sam.

The security guard nodded and ran his finger down the list on his desk. “Ah yes. The elves. Come on in. Mr. Bartholemew is expecting you.” He raised the security bar in front of the snowmobile and Yugo headed inside the lot.

“This is going to be great,” said Iggy.

“I cannot wait to get started,” said Yugo.

“I know,” said Sam. “It feels too good to be true.”



www.iggyyugoandsam.ca

Money talks, money makes the world go around,
and now the richest man in the world has
brought all of his money to the North Pole.

Can Iggy, Yugo and Sam are going to have to
avoid tanks and anti-aircraft fire if they are going
to prevent **An Ho\$TILE TakeOveR**

Advance praise for

An Ho\$TILE TakeOveR

Whoever wrote this story does not have the first
clue about international monetary policy, or basic
financial security. The only redeeming part of this
wretched story are those charming elves.

- Warren Buffet

This story id pretty dumb. Except for the
anti-aircraft guns. Those were wicked cool.

- Dr. James Redcliffe, age 28

