



# Yule Tragedy: SANTA DEAD!



For the previous 2 issues this paper has followed the troubles emanating from the North Pole & Greenland threatening the dearly beloved Santa Claus & the continuence of Christmas. We had been very hopeful that, despite the bleakness present in the Greenland situation, Santa, Mrs. Claus, & the elf-helpers would somehow come thru & save Christmas for this year and all others (Re-read RIR # 116-117). This is not the type of issue we like to print, but, alas, let's just do our job.

A comatose Dixon reawoke & finished it's story of true HORROR (and HORROR is part of our show, after all). Santa went to the injured Dancer with a medical kit & pulled out a knife, gutting the screaming deer to death! The other deers looked on in amazement & horror. Santa exclaimed "I've- WE'VE got to EAT!" Santa then took more toys out of his bag & began a fire. He speared Dancer's corpse and roasted it. The other deers were growing weak after 2 days - too weak to fly away. The cooked Dancer began to rot, & Santa's renewed hunger rose again. He eyed Prixon, who also had been injured, but not as badly. "Let me help you, Prixon." Prixon tried to get away, but was too weak & injured. Santa battered him down with a baseball bat, from his bag, and killed him with a knife too. Then he cooked him. "EAT this food," Santa commanded, "to get strength back to fly me-US back." All the deers stayed at a safe distance. "Rudolf, I have a deal for you. Come here, fly me back alone, & I won't kill you." Rudolf stayed back. Santa reached into his bag, pulled out a gun, & shot Prancer dead! "You'll ALL DIE if Rudolf doesn't come forward. You're weak & I'll track you down." Rudolf came forward and ate at gunpoint. Santa pulled out boxes of ammunition and with gun pointed at head ordered Rudolf home. Dixon, in despartion, ate the corpse of the cooked Prixon. He took off 2 hours after Santa, but flew quicker due to less wieght. Santa spotted him from afar, but his shots were off. Dixon thus arrived at the North Pole first (see RIR # 117).

Santa arrived in a state of rage. The wolf that attacked Dancer was rapid-diseased, and Santa had eaten Dancer. Everyone cheered wildly as Santa set down, Christmas was saved & they flooded toward him in glee. "WHY didn't you come after ME!?" Santa shouted. All the elf-helpers looked stunned. Santa then pulled out his machine gun and opened fire mercilessly into the elf crowd surrounding him! 69 elves were killed! 123 were injured! "RAAAAAARRRGH!!!" exclaimed a foaming Santa. Then a shot went off & Santa stopped. Santa turned, dropped to his knees, & saw his killer come up to him & put the gun to his head before the the trigger was pulled, blowing his head & beard all over Santa Village. His last sight was of ... MRS. Claus!

Mrs. Claus has decreed that there will be no Christmas, this year or evermore. "Enough has happened. Let's just forget it. It's hopeless."

LAST WEEK at MBC:

ATTENDANCE DOOR PRIZE  
FRI 13 No Drawing  
SAT 30 Leo Sager



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Turn this over to enjoy a special Christmas  
WHAT IF, if you still have any spirit left.