

Short Story: Christmas Carnage

Contributed by Jeff
Friday, 01 December 2006

Every year it's the same. All those other guys get the glory and no one even mentions my name. This year things will be different though. This year they will all talk about me. From this year on, Jack Frost will be the only one left to talk about at Christmas. I have made sure of that.

I decided to do it back in the summer. They were airing one of those Christmas in July movie marathons, and guess who didn't make a single appearance. That's right, it was nothing but Santa and Frosty and that fruity little dentist elf. That was the last straw. I've been in plenty of movies; they could have at least shown one of them. The only question after that was who would be the first to die.

I decided to start at the bottom with the bit players and work my way up to the Santa. I would have liked to have gotten him first, but security at the North Pole was too tight. I knew I wouldn't be able to get to him until he left on Christmas Eve to make his deliveries. Instead, I began with the Snow Miser: an asshole who tried to steal my shtick back in the 70s. I have to admit, it was personal with the Snow Miser.

Heh heh, I think you'll agree that I got off to a great start with Snow Miser. Imagine an ice shaver eight and a half feet tall. Now imagine feeding a huge man made of ice through it. Slowly. Man, those kids loved those snow cones.

Before Snow Miser was even finished being digested I moved on to his brother the Heat Miser. Unfortunately, I didn't have the sort of brilliant snow cone inspiration that I had with his brother, but I think I did just fine. First, I snuck into his volcano lair and sprayed him with a good old fashioned fire extinguisher. Not even remotely lethal, but funny as hell. After he was fully perturbed I stabbed him the face about a half a dozen times. Not very creative, I know, but my lack of originality doesn't make him any less dead.

Next on the hit list was the Grinch. Back in the day I would have let him live, but the idiot went and reformed: stopped trying to ruin Christmas for the Whos down in Whoville. Of course there is only one way I could even consider killing the Grinch: poison, with a three-decker sauerkraut and toadstool sandwich with arsenic sauce. The only hard part would be getting him to actually eat the sandwich, and even that wasn't all that hard. See, I used to be friends with the Grinch before his heart grew three sizes and he turned all goody-goody, so it was pretty easy to convince him to go to a poker game with me and my buddy Jimmy the spider. The idiot even brought a couple of Whos so that we'd have enough people to play. They're dead now too. Well, towards the end of the game, after I had completely humiliated the Grinch by beating him at nearly every hand, I went to get everyone some sandwiches. I had a turkey sandwich, Jimmy had a sandwich made from human entrails, and Grinchy had a PB&J. Or at least that's what we told him. It's a good thing he doesn't have a very good sense of taste.

As luck would have it, Jimmy absolutely loves to kill people, and when he heard about my plot to kill all of the Christmas icons, he begged me to let him kill the elf. He was all like, "Come on Jack, let me kill him. I'll do whatever you want. Come on."

So, after about an hour of whining I agreed to let Jimmy kill Hermey, and man am I glad that I'm not that little dentist. I don't know exactly what Jimmy did because I wasn't there, but here's what Jimmy told me: he somehow managed to completely skin Hermey without killing him, then made him watch while the sicko cut a bunch of those chains of snowflakes and out of his flesh. Then, as Hermey was lying there bleeding to death, Jimmy poured a bunch of disinfectant all over him, just to make it sting a little bit more.

After the Hermey thing I decided to go back to working alone. Jimmy's great at killing and all, and I like him a lot but he's also a sick bastard and to be honest he sort of scares me.

Back on my own, it was time to go after Frosty The God Damned Snowman. Now, I'm not made of snow and I didn't take a blast from the calcium chloride shotgun, so I don't know how painful it actually was, but judging by the way Frosty was screaming, it was pretty darn painful. Now, let me drop some science on you. Calcium chloride, if you don't know, is commonly used as a deicer. When it dissolves into water it produces heat. About 140 degrees worth of heat. That heat melts the surrounding ice, and the calcium chloride dissolves further into that newly formed water. This produces even more heat. How fucking cool is that? Frosty melted fast, and I am sure it hurt.

So, what's that? Five down and two to go. All that was left was Santa and his little fog-light friend Rudolph. Believe it or not, at first I didn't feel too good about taking out the reindeer. After all, I'm a card-carrying member of PETA. But then I watched his movie again, and that whiney little bitch really got on my nerves. "Boo Hoo, nobody likes me. They all make fun of my nose." Wha wha wha. Still, as annoying as he is was, I couldn't bring myself to kill him. Instead, I chopped up his very shiny nose and shoved it up his ass. This way his song still works just as well. See:

Rudolph the red nosed reindeer	Had a very shiny ass
And if you ever saw it	You would even say it… uhhh… glass

Ok, so there aren't any words that mean "glow" that also rhyme with "ass." Big deal. It wasn't even a very good song to begin with. And hey, now no one will ever make fun of his big red nose again.

With Rudolph looking a bit more like John Tuell in *The Leap Home*, it was time to go after the fat man himself. Like I said back on page 1, I couldn't get to him while he was at the North Pole so I had to wait until he made his first delivery on Christmas eve. As soon as he squeezed his fat ass down the chimney I climbed onto the roof and cut the brake line in his sleigh. He never even knew I was there. Five minutes later he crashed into passenger jet. It made a huge explosion and everything. Rudolph didn't make it after all. I blame Santa for that one. What kind of asshole makes a reindeer pull a sleigh two days after he is de-nosed? That's just mean.

So anyway, now I'm the king of Christmas. All those other attention-seeking glory-whores are dead and buried. Except for Hermey. I don't know what the fuck Jimmy did with his body. Speaking of which, do me a favor. Please don't tell Jimmy that I claimed that he begged. If he finds out he'll rip me eyeballs out through my ass.