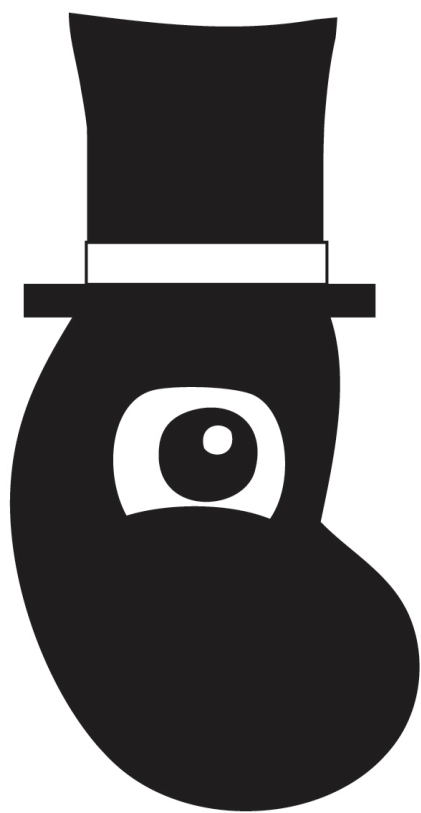




INSURRECTION
AKA. DONT FUCK WITH THE FAT MAN
SNOWY MOUNTAIN STYLE

ON BRAUN



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GNBraun was raised in Melbourne's gritty Western Suburbs and is a trained nurse currently studying to work in the social services. He writes fiction untied to any genre, and is the author of Boneyard Smack, Bubba wants YOU, Insurrection and Santa Akbar! (December 2010). Longer works are forthcoming, but he can only write so fast.

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“The elves are revolting!”
Mrs. Claus hurried inside, closing the door on the bitter Snowy Mountain wind. Sliding the deadbolt home, she turned to Santa.

“Did you hear me? I said, THE ELVES ARE REVOLTING!”

Santa lifted his head from the toy he was repairing, looking myopically at his wife of over three hundred years. Life was good now. Ever since he had cloned himself, Christmas was much easier.

“Stop shouting, dearest...I put the fuckers back in their cage last time, I’ll put ‘em back again. Besides, they can’t get out of the building since I had that electric fence installed.” Santa recapped the glue he kept hung around his neck – these days, the Japanese toys sometimes didn’t even make it through his workshop without falling apart – and put away the toy he was working on.

“No!” Mrs. Claus shook the snow from her overcoat, stamping her feet to get the slush off them as well. “They’re outside the fence and they’ve already got into the stables. I’m sure they’ve killed and eaten the reindeer, although Rudolph may have escaped. I think I saw his nose glowing over the tree line as I got to the top of the hill.”

“You mean those little pricks are having a mutiny?”

Mrs. Claus shook her head. “No dear, mutiny is only on a ship. I mean that they’re rising up against their oppressors...US!”

Santa cocked the pump-action shotgun he always had within his reach. “Time to go kick some elfin butt!”



With the shotgun hung over one shoulder and sniper rifle in hand, Santa crawled up the rise, shuffling forward on hands and knees so as not to present a silhouette to the enemy. Dressed in white camo gear, he didn’t look anything like his normal jolly self. Jaw chomping down on a fine Cuban cigar, he carefully stuck his head through the cover of branches and peeked slowly over the ridgeline. Below him, spread out around the work complex, the elves frolicked, scampered and ran around like headless chickens. He carefully noted the leaders (Butthead, with Flossjaw and Crackjabber helping slap the rest into line) and how many enemies he had to take out.

Levering his Barrett .50 semi-auto sniper rifle into position, Santa side mouthed the cigar and peered through the scope attached to the weapon. The elves far below seemed to leap to within 20 feet of where Santa was huddled down in the snow. The eerie green glow of night vision gave the whole scene a surrealistic feel. One of the elves moved into the crosshairs, but as he settled himself to take the shot, the shotgun on his back nudged a low-hanging branch, shaking snow all over him. Butthead, the leader of the elves, suddenly looked up at where Santa was poised to rain hot metal down on their party.

“FUCK! Run, boys, it’s the boss!”

Elves scattered like leaves in the wind. Santa took a quick shot at one of the small figures scrambling

through his scope, and was rewarded by a spray of blood and bits of skull splattering over the snow. Sighting through the scope again, Santa squeezed off another shot, this one missing its target and slamming into the snow drifts where the elves were a minute ago.

“Fast little fuckers, ain’t ya!”

The only sign that the elves had even been there seconds before was the rapidly cooling body of the one Santa had killed and the spray of blood and bone on the snowdrift behind the small corpse.

Letting the rifle hang over his shoulder, Santa grabbed the shotgun and levered a round into the chamber.

Carefully making his way down to the complex, Santa could now see clearly the piles of blood and offal that littered the stable floor.

“Kill my fucking reindeer...We’ll see who has the last laugh, you half baked hobbits!” Placing a pair of night-vision goggles over his face, Santa crept through the breach in the fence and up to the open doors of the workshop. Inside, the place was all fucked up. Broken toys scattered everywhere, revolutionary tags spray painted all over the walls...Santa was seriously pissed off!

“Time to die, little guys! And I’m the fucking reaper!”



Shotgun in hand, Santa crept over to the hatch that led down to the elfin quarters. The smell of roasted reindeer hung heavily in the air, mixed with the smoke of the cooking fires. Looking at the sacks of gruel cut open in the corner, Santa shook his head in disgust...*the little cunts had plenty of food, why kill the poor reindeer?*

Lowering his bulk through the hatchway, Santa climbed down the rungs of the well. He could see no

sign of ambush at the bottom, but those little fuckers were sneaky, especially since they took up that karate bullshit last autumn.

Reaching the bottom, Santa crept forward, NVG's searching for any trace of body heat in the tunnel. Up ahead, he could just make out what looked like a large body cooling in the middle of the floor. Stomping out his Cuban, Santa ripped a plug of Chattanooga Chew tobacco from one of the pouches on his belt, worked it quietly to get the juices flowing, then stuffed it in his cheek. Carefully, he crept closer to the mass in the tunnel ahead. Once he was within visual range, Santa could see that it was the carcass of one of his reindeer; gutted, skinned and dressed for cooking.

There was a large spit rammed up its ass and through the whole carcass, finally emerging from one of the poor beast's nostrils.

Santa chambered a round in the shotgun and then pulled his H&K 9mm pistol from its holster. He checked there was a round in the chamber before setting it back in its place on his hip, safety disengaged.

Ready to rumble, Santa growled as he paced further up the stark concrete tunnel towards the Elvarium where the ungrateful bastards lived and bred.

Suddenly, a faint glint of light caught his eye, reflected from something that crossed the passage ahead at about knee height.

Tripwire...fuck me, do they really think I'm that clumsy?

Chewing on the backy silently, he stepped carefully over the trap. That was a mistake.

Santa's ankle was caught up the second he touched his toes to the floor, leaving him hanging ass over tit in the air with his shotgun dropped to the floor beside him, courtesy of a cleverly hidden rope trap.

FUCK!

"TLL KILL ALL YOU LITTLE CUNTS!" Santa knew he shouldn't give himself away by screaming, but the elves most likely knew their trap had been sprung.

Probably racing here right now to slice and dice me, Santa thought.

Swinging his body from side to side to build up momentum, he managed to reach one of the empty torch brackets that lined the walls. He couldn't remember the last time he had actually replaced the torches within.

Maybe the little fucks had some valid reasons for this insurrection, but they shouldn't have killed my reindeer!

Catching a solid hold of the torch bracket, Santa managed to reach down to his waist and slip his belt knife free with the other hand. Careful to hang onto the bracket to stop hitting head first, he stretched up to sever the rope, thinking just how much this was going to hurt.

As the rope parted and he started to fall, several small, dark forms raced down the tunnel, skidding to a halt beneath him just in time to unintentionally act as a cushion for the big guy's landing. Bones snapped, and blood spurted out in several different directions as Santa settled to the ground with a faint squishing noise.

Damn, but those elves need to be worked harder, he thought, they're getting downright soft.

The three elves he had landed on were crushed almost beyond recognition. Bones jutted out of the bleeding, weeping mess that was all that remained of them. Santa was grateful for his Kevlar underwear, but he would have some nasty bruises in the morning.

As Santa reached down to retrieve the shotgun, a small metal blade whizzed past where his face had been just a second before. Santa used his motion to lunge into a forward roll, drawing his pistol

as he went. Coming awkwardly to his knees, Santa lined the sights on the small shadows darting down the tunnel towards him. The weapon kicked in his hand as he carefully squeezed the trigger twice, the two small shapes dropping suddenly to the ground.

Rising without taking his eyes or pistol off the two elves lying motionless in front of him, Santa moved carefully towards them, casually capping each of them in the head as he drew close enough. The bullets entered the elf heads cleanly, but blew out a huge plug of blood, bone and brain matter upon exiting the thin-boned skulls. He then spat his chew at the bodies with contempt.

That's for Blitzen, you little fucks. I always loved Blitzen the best! She had real stamina!

Santa quickly changed magazines, sliding the half-empty one into his pocket, just in case he needed the rounds later. Then he ripped off another wad of Chattanooga, jamming it between his teeth as he worked out the numbers.

Let's see...started with twenty five of the fuckers...one outside, three under me, two more capped just now...nineteen left.



After another couple of hundred meters, Santa reached the first of the large hubs: a rounded room with multiple tunnels leading out of it.

Here's where I'd lay a trap, if I was them!

Santa crouched behind a large overturned sofa, laying the barrel of the Barrett carefully over the top and peering through the scope. Nothing stood out in any of the tunnels ahead of him, but just as Santa was about to turn around and check his six, something landed heavily on his back, driving him to the floor with a grunt. Immediately, there was the sound of

scampering footsteps, and with accompanying thuds, five or six more bodies added themselves to the pile. Santa tried to draw a breath, but the mass of bodies crushed him to the cold stone floor. The scope dug painfully against his cheek, and the shotgun stock was wedged into his ribs, adding to the challenge of getting air into his lungs. He managed to lever the barrel of the shotgun towards the mass of bodies on top of him.

“Get off me, you fucking subhuman pricks!”

As he pulled the trigger, the shotgun roared and the stack of elves disintegrated into a spray of blood and meat, clearing a space on top of Santa which he immediately crawled through. Raising his head in the centre of the grisly crater the shotgun had cleared in the pile of once-living flesh, he looked around to assess the situation. One of the elves on the side of the pile seemed to be in shock but otherwise unhurt, so Santa took his belt knife and sliced him a new grin, ear to ear. Blood sprayed and the elf died. Santa crawled out of the pile of bodies, his once white suit now streaked in gore.

My fucking kingdom for a bourbon right about now!

About fifteen feet away, one lone figure sat cross-legged on the tunnel floor, dressed in a strange yellow jumpsuit with a black stripe down each side. Even though the elf had his eyes closed, the moment that Santa moved toward him they sprang open and he leapt to his feet with fluid grace. Making noises like a cat in heat, the elf proceeded to put on the most agile display of kung fu Santa had seen in quite a while. Finishing up the quick ‘show off’ moment, the elf’s hands moved sinuously in circles as he assumed a fighting stance, finally taunting Santa with that old ‘come on’ hand gesture. Santa sighed, hitched up his pants and tightened his belt, suddenly drawing his pistol and firing in one fluid movement. The elf reeled

backwards, his head exploding and his body dropping to the floor.

'My kung fu is strong,' Santa laughed and considered hacking his latest chew at this pathetic excuse for life, but thought better of it. *Stuff's too damn expensive!*

Now to take care of any other midgets waiting for me.

Gently, Santa grabbed one of the cylinders lining his belt, an M15 White Phosphorous Grenade. *I've been looking for an excuse to try these babies out. Over 2700 degrees Celsius should do some serious damage!*

Santa pulled the ring from the cylindrical grenade, tossing it underhand into the tunnel hub while closing his eyes and turning away to prevent the explosion from overloading his NVG's.

With a burst of light and noise, the grenade exploded into burning, smoky chaos. Half a dozen elves ran screaming around the room in varying stages of immolation. There was no escape from the pain; the burning phosphorous burst over a large area, coating everything within range in white hot particles.

Santa moved carefully into the hub, avoiding the smoldering piles of elf-flesh that used to work for him.

No pension plan for you little turds.

Selecting the tunnel he knew led deeper into the warrens, Santa crept silently forward, NVG's making it easier for him to navigate the dark tunnels.

After a hundred meters, Santa came to one of the elf living areas, now strewn with refuse and stinking, rotten food. Posters of Oompa Loompa sex goddess Mitzi Meliflorious lined the walls, all torn and hanging untidily. On some, crude breasts had been drawn, along with other more intimate (although anatomically impossible) body parts. There were more

tags spray painted on the walls, carelessly covering smooth stone and posters alike.

Hanging on the southern wall, crucified and naked, Flossjaw looked dead. Blood oozed down the walls where the railway spikes had penetrated his wrists and ankles, shattering bone on their passage through the living flesh. Cracks radiated outward where the spikes had been driven deep into the stone walls.

What the fuck did THIS?

Carefully, Santa crept closer to the crucified elf. Nothing else seemed to be in the room, so he shifted his attention to the small figure impaled on the wall. The slight rise and fall of his chest convinced Santa that the elf was still alive, if only barely.

“Wake up, you little fucker.” Santa grabbed Flossjaw by the shoulder, shaking the elf till he stirred, groaning and opening his eyes slightly to stare into the darkness.

“Wha...who’s there...?”

Santa had forgotten about the lack of light, but knew that Flossjaw could see him fine – the fucking elves had night vision ‘built in’ thanks to their inhuman heritage.

“Shut the fuck up and answer my questions, you little cunt.” Santa reached down Flossjaw’s arm and jammed his fingers into the wound. Flossjaw let out an agonized scream before Santa locked his other hand onto the elf’s skinny throat to prevent another such outburst.

Santa leaned in close to Flossjaw. “Now tell me what the fuck is going on with you lot. Why do all this? Why kill the reindeer?”

Flossjaw struggled to breathe, so Santa let go of his throat enough to let him take a deep gasp of air into his lungs.

“It’s Crackjabber. Last night he snuck into Butt-head’s bed, and I heard nasty, nasty noises coming

out of there for a good hour!" Flossjaw groaned and sagged a little, obviously in great pain. "Since then, Butthead and Crackjabber have been acting strangely...and the smell...oh my God!"

Flossjaw seemed to lose consciousness at that, drool oozing out of his half open mouth.

Santa pulled the pistol from his hip and shot Flossjaw through the eye. Black, jelly-like blood oozed out of the shattered organ.

"Ah, he was in pain anyway. I did the fucker a favour." Santa grumbled.



Further on, inside the deepest bowels of the elfin complex, he waited.

Hunger, need, desire, want, must have, WILL have...



Santa had only five or so of the elves left to take care of.

That should be easy enough.

Reloading both weapons, Santa replaced the 9mm at his hip and leveled the shotgun forward as he moved out of the living area. He carefully made his way down the corridor that led to a nest of bedrooms, each filthier than the last.

As Santa turned another corner, an unexpected wall of stone loomed in front of him. Green and black slime dripped and oozed down its face, eventually reaching the ground where it puddled slowly, but seemed determined to drip down into a hole in the floor, a hole that led down into darkness.

This damn thing wasn't here last time I was down, he thought. *Either those elves have been busy*

for the first time in their lives, or there's something else going on here!



There were steel rungs set into the rock wall, and they looked to be solid enough to support him. Santa gathered himself and made his way down, taking care not to slip.

I'll never get this suit clean again!

With this thought, he carefully stepped off the last rung and onto soft, mossy ground. It certainly didn't look like elf workmanship. A strange mould clung to the walls, throwing off a faint luminescent glow. Santa removed his NVG's to find that the oddly purple light thrown out by the growth was more than enough to see by. Further ahead down the tunnel, the glow increased and shuffling noises could be heard. Santa wiped the faint traces of sweat from his brow and moved forward.

Ahead, the corridor widened out into a large room; larger than any Santa had ever seen in the Elvarium before.

Crowded around a dais on the far side, a horde of small forms - many more than Santa had expected to see - milled about aimlessly.

Those fuckers have been breeding!

Santa pulled out two more WP grenades, carefully pulling the pins but still holding down the trigger levers. He daren't get too close - in this purple glow, the white parts of his camo suit lit up like a white T-shirt at a rave.

Once he got within range, Santa drew back his right arm to throw the first of the grenades at the massed elves. Any closer and he'd be spotted for sure, and any further away the grenades might not make the distance. As the first left his hand, he was already preparing to throw the second. He counted down as the second grenade was lobbed on its way.

Eight...nine...TEN!

Squeezing his eyes shut, Santa opened his mouth and breathed out as the first grenade detonated amongst the elves, throwing burning bodies everywhere. The second one lobbed down just a meter from the largest figure in the room, Santa included.

The figure was momentarily hidden behind the blast of concussive smoke that accompanied the explosion, obscuring everything from Santa's view.

As the vapour cleared, Santa saw that the figure was still standing where he had seen it last. He finally recognised who it was standing before him.

Impossible! Santa thought as the figure seemed to grow before his eyes. "Crackjabber...what the fuck have you been up to?"

Crackjabber turned to face Santa, eyes deader than usual. Sometimes, whenever that stupid elf managed to score some heroin, his eyes looked like this...soulless. He seemed to be chewing on a bone torn from the carcass of Butthead, which lay askew on the floor next to him.

"Ah, Mr. Claus, I see you have finally arrived!" Crackjabber's voice seemed deeper, more eerie than Santa had ever heard before. Usually the little fucks sounded like those lame Chipmunk albums from the seventies. But then Crackjabber wasn't so little any more, was he? At the moment, he towered at least a foot over Santa, and he was getting bigger by the minute. The WP grenade had nearly destroyed his clothing, but that was going to happen anyway once he began to grow. The skin revealed underneath the rapidly disintegrating apparel looked more like teak than flesh. Hard and dark, it had an almost varnished shine to it, as though it was covered in some clear finish.

Crackjabber straightened out to his full height - now at least ten feet tall - and grinned at Santa, revealing teeth that were more shark than elf.

“Your time has come, Kringle...and my time is here!”

Santa finally recognised the voice and the new face forming over the top of Crackjabber’s features.

“Peter! You asshole! I told you I didn’t want you around this property anymore! Fuck, do I need to get an intervention order?”

Peter chuckled in amusement. He used to be Santa’s chief helper, before the elves had come along and put in a cheaper tender. Peter had left in a temper, swearing revenge on both Santa and on the elfin union that outbid him for the job he had expected to retire from.

“You’re as stale as Rolf Harris, Kringle. I’m the new face of Christmas! And, like Rolf, it’s well past time to retire you!” At this utterance, Peter leaned forward, talons growing from the tips of his outsized, black fingers.

Santa grabbed at his belt, fingers closing around the last WP grenade hanging there. Desperation gave him enough strength and agility to dodge the deadly grasp of his opponent. Santa lunged forward to jam his steel-capped left boot into Peter’s massive gut, doubling him over as the wind left his gigantic lungs in a gust. Santa forced the grenade into Peter’s gaping mouth, smashing teeth in the process. Grabbing the tube of superglue from around his neck, Santa smeared gobs of the smelly liquid on Peter’s lips, forcing them closed around the end of the grenade.

Five...four...three...

Santa counted down the seconds as he threw himself away from the frantically struggling Peter. Muffled screams arose from the giant’s throat as he tried in vain to force his mouth open to remove the deadly canister entombed therein.

..two...one...ZERO!

Santa finished the countdown, and, for a split second, Peter seemed to turn blue before his head vaporised in a cloud of smoke filled with hissing,

burning phosphorous. No blood splattered anywhere, just pieces of bone not instantly destroyed by the explosion.

The massive, headless body seemed to stagger on its own for a second before toppling over with a huge crash to land prone on the ground.

Santa stood over the huge mass stretched out in front of him, unsure of what to do with the body, so he unzipped and proceeded to piss all over it...if you gotta go, you gotta go. Grumbling to himself, Santa began to gather the other corpses in a pile, ready to burn.