

GORGON CHRISTMAS

tags: 1964, mars2, santa_claus, tab2, trolls

24 December. Late.

"Yes, a lack of working capital *is* holding me back."

"No, I'm *not* clicking on that."

"Thanks."

"Bye."

Last Christmas, TAB2 had clicked. It had been a bit of a disaster, ultimately leading to his manager putting him on steps, and he'd never even claimed the working capital. This year, and every year forthcoming if he had anything to say about it, he wasn't getting red teamed by H.R. Ever again. All of his contraband was safely squirreled away in the wall behind his manager's desk, not even making animal noises or trying to chew through the drywall. He had gotten it done. No more tears.

The trolls lived under the hills which they cranked up in order to peer at the outside world.* Dotting the Christmas desert were circular, sprinkled perforations marring the otherwise unblemished complexion of the winter frost, like Oreoes pitched into a glass of milk, or the hindquarters of the original prototype model of the Millennium Falcon. It looked good enough to eat (or play with), if the trolls had been into that sort of thing. As it was they all hated Disney for assuredly legitimate reasons, and so they bided their time, staying hungry, which according to contemporary wisdom must have been a good thing, but mostly they just complained amongst themselves about the products they intended to buy anyway.

Across the surface of Mars hilltop lids clicked back into place as Santa's sleigh swept the horizon. Chatter online indicated his craft had been spotted gleaming the frozen, shimmering atmosphere twenty minutes prior. All around the world children scrolled feverishly, scouring their Gorgon feeds for wars, or rumors of war.

I mean, why else would he possibly be here?

* JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #99.