

Santa Claws

a merry old soul for Little Fears

**He's making a list, he's checking it twice...
Pray you're not on it.**

The Truth (Story #1)

He knows when you are sleeping; he knows when you're awake. He knows if you've been bad or good, and he can get into your house without arousing suspicion. Do you really believe he's just a jolly old elf who wants to spread holiday cheer?

I don't think so.

Santa Claws uses his global chimney route to kidnap children to work in his toy shop. Oh yes, he really is the one who gives toys to all the girls and boys but smart kids know better than to trust him farther than they can throw him. Santa can get into any house that has a chimney—and can *temporarily install* chimneys in homes that don't. Thankfully, he can only do this at one time of the year: exactly one minute after midnight on December 25th.

The portion of children that Santa Claws can get is narrow because Santa can only grab those who believe in him. Parents unwittingly perpetuate the elf's agenda by instilling belief of the fat man into every generation. However, other kids can still see the old elf—but they cannot be kidnapped.

The longer the children stay there, the longer their ears get and the slighter their eyes get. After a few years, they're indistinguishable from the native elves Santa has in his "employ." Each year, Santa nabs about twenty brand new kids—enough to keep production going, but not enough to create a big stir around the rest of world.

The Truth (Story #2)

You see, the *real* Saint Nick has been stuffed away at the back of his toy factory and his whole production has been taken over by an evil doppelganger masquerading as Santa Claus. No one knows how long this



has been going on (it's up the GM to determine if this is a one-time deal a la *The Nightmare Before Christmas* or whether Claws has been perverting the holiday for years). But the North Pole has become a sad, dark place since Santa Claws took over. There's no whistling and no singing, just the constant droning hum of the Cookie Machine.

What the kids will need to do is get to the North Pole (through Santa Claws' bag), find the real Santa, and free him. Once there, they'll see that all the happy elves who used to spend their time making toys are working the Great Cookie Machine. Of course, the wicked Santa is bound to find out that some children are meddling with his plan to keep his cookie craving fed, and he's not about to take it lying down.

Once free, Santa will turn Claws into a harmless puppy and give it to one of the children as a Christmas gift. Then, after a quick ride in his sleigh, Santa will return the children home and right all the wrongs that Claws has left in his wake.

Being Santa Claws

You're happy, you're jolly, and you have a great big belly that shakes like a bowlful of jelly. You have a beguiling twinkle in your eye and your cheerful "Ho-ho-ho's" can make anyone your friend, but you need kids to keep the Great Cookie Machine going and your sugar-craving satisfied.

Santa Claws looks like a mix between a werewolf and Kris Kringle. He wears a tattered Santa suit and has long hairy forearms that end in glistening talons. He has the eye of a falcon, and a low rumbling voice that sounds like a cat screeching at a train wreck.

Santa Claws cannot resist milk and cookies. In fact, he goes absolutely berserk around them; stuffing the cookies into his maw—crumbs be damned!—and glugging down whole glasses full of milk in a single swallow.

Santa always has his bag strapped to his back. While at first look, it will appear to be a simple red sack chock full of brightly wrapped packages, it holds a more devious secret. If a child can manage to get into Santa's bag they'll realize it leads directly into his workshop.

Santa Claws can pretend to look just like the real Saint Nick for a short period of time. Under this guise, all kids attempting to hurt him are at -1 die. Thankfully, this doesn't last long.

USing Santa Claws

Santa Claws is best suited for the Dark Faery Tale vein of storytelling. No one wants Santa running a global sex shop—so keep it Rated PG, folks. No, instead he swaps toys for children then sweeps back to his ice-brick castle atop the North Pole. Once there, he puts his captives to work at the Great Cookie Machine. Every hour of every day, the Great Cookie Machine keeps pumping out a wide variety of cookies: chocolate chip, gingerbread, frosted sugar. Without children to work this machine, Santa Claws' wicked craving for cookies won't be satiated.

**Written by Jason L Blair for use with the Key 20 Publishing release of *Little Fears*.
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