

WRITTEN BY
GRANT MORRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY
DAN MORA

LETTERED BY
ED DUKESHIRE

COVER BY
DAN MORA

DESIGNER
SCOTT NEWMAN

EDITORS
**ERIC HARBURN
& MATT GAGNON**

Klaus[™]

CREATED BY
GRANT MORRISON




ONCE UPON
A TIME.



AND A
PLACE.




THERE WAS
A MAN.



THESE DAYS EVERYONE
KNOWS HIS NAME, BUT
FEW COULD TELL YOU
WHO HE REALLY IS--



OR HOW HE
GOT STARTED.



THIS IS THE
GREATEST
UNTOLD STORY
OF THEM ALL.



Klaus™

How Santa Claus Began









COAL'S NEEDED. TAKE IT UP WITH THE BARON IF YOU WANT.

MY ADVICE:

STOP ASKING QUESTIONS.

I'LL TRADE THIS CONEY FELT FOR A JAR OF YOUR BEST, THEN.

HOW'S THAT?



OUR BEST!

IT'S THE BEST WE'VE GOT.

HARDLY WORTH A RABBIT'S ASS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO OLD MAN GUNDERSON?

USED TO RUN THIS PLACE.



SAID THE WRONG THING ONE TOO MANY TIMES.

UNDERSTAND?

BEST SAY NOTHING, I SAY.



TOO BAD.

GUNDERSON NEVER WATERED DOWN HIS ALE.



FOOD IS SCARCE IN GRIMSVIG.

ALE IS WEAK.

AS FOR STRANGERS--



YOU'LL FIND THEY'RE NOT WELCOME HERE.



THEN I'M DONE.

I HAD GOOD FRIENDS HERE ONCE AND KNEW THIS AS A HAPPY TOWN.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE FALLEN ON BAD TIMES.

WE'VE ASSESSED YOUR WARES.

OUTSIDE.



HEY!

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

THOSE ARE MINE!

EVERYTHING WITHIN THE WALLS OF GRIMSVIG IS THE BARON'S PROPERTY.

YOU'RE NOT WELCOME HERE, WILD MAN.



WE'VE HEARD HOWLING-- HEARD WOLVES--



YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WOLVES, WOULD YOU?

OR MEN WHO TURN INTO WOLVES?



I ONLY KNOW SUCH THINGS DON'T EXIST.

LOOK, I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE--



--AND YOU!

NO PLAYING IN THE STREETS!

BY ORDER OF THE BARON!



WHAT'S IN YOUR HANDS?

IS THAT SOME KIND OF TOY?

WHAT?



LEAVE THE BOY ALONE.

IT'S ONLY A STONE.

A STONE'S NOT A TOY--

IN THE HANDS OF A CHILD, ANYTHING CAN BECOME A TOY!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, WOLF-MAN!



HAND IT OVER.

ALL TOYS ARE THE PROPERTY OF MASTER JONAS, FOR HIS SOLE FUN AND PLEASURE--

THAT'S ENOUGH, SOLDIER!

IF YOU WANT THOSE FURS, YOU CAN PAY ME FOR--



--WELL, THEN.

I'LL TROUBLE YOUR HOSPITALITY NO FURTHER.

ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS THIS--



WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE THAT TURNED AN HONEST TOWN INTO A HORNET'S NEST OF THIEVES AND LIARS?

THAT'S ENOUGH!

ON YOUR WAY IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE WITH YOUR TONGUE INTACT.

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO WISH



SIR, ARE YOU A WIZARD?

PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO HELP US!

BOY?

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

WHERE'S YOUR PAPA?

I SAID--

ON YOUR WAY, BRAT!

OW!



ENOUGH!

YOU'D STRIKE A CHILD, YOU COWARD?