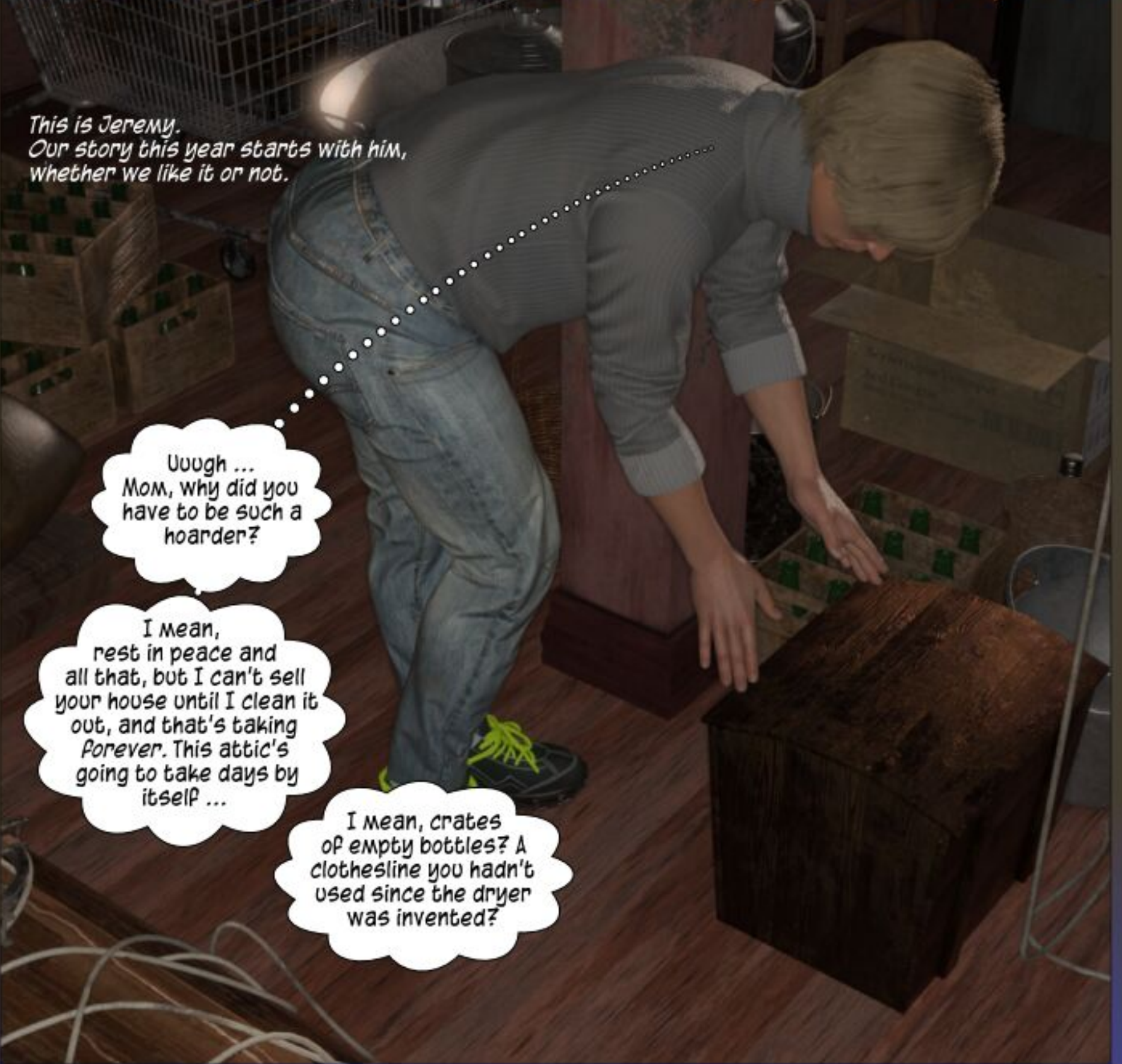


# Tinseltop's True Tales of Transformation



This is Jeremy. Our story this year starts with him, whether we like it or not.

Uuugh ... Mom, why did you have to be such a hoarder?

I mean, rest in peace and all that, but I can't sell your house until I clean it out, and that's taking Forever. This attic's going to take days by itself ...

I mean, crates of empty bottles? A clothesline you hadn't used since the dryer was invented?



Now what the hell's that?



Nothing on it ... can't tell if it was a gift she never gave, or if it was a gift for her she never opened ... weird either way ...

Guess I might as well have a look ...

Later, after it was all over and the boss and I were trying to work it backwards, we couldn't figure out how it got there, or how long it had been there. It had been lost for many, many years.  
We don't know why Jeremy's mother didn't open it, either. Maybe she had a better sense than Jeremy for when something was a bad idea. Which might not be saying a lot.



## SANTA'S WORKSHOP (EXECUTIVE RESIDENCE)



Mrs. C.?

You can come in, Tinseltop. Just keep your voice down.



It took me ages to finally get him to sleep. Stubborn man.

Is something wrong?

Probably.

There's an alarm going off in the watch room.



It's ... uh, it's the blue alarm.

Oh, of all the times ...!

I know, right? What do we do?

I hate to say it, but I think you're going to have to --



The blue alarm??

I have to get up -- have to go --

Kris! You do not. You're staying in that bed.



I can't. I have a responsibility ...

You are sick. You're so full of snot you can't see straight.

You also have a responsibility to the children. If you're not well enough to make the big ride, a whole lot of them will be very sad.

If I don't fix this, a whole lot of them might get something much worse.

I made this mess, Jessica. It's my job to clean it up. I don't think anyone else can.



-- sigh -- Tinseltop, please go with him.

Me?

uh ... OK, Mrs. C.

But this is way above my level.

# KRAMPLUS

STORY AND IMAGES BY TRILBY





Boss, are you sure you're OK for this?

Gesundheit.

Confound it, Tinseltop!

-- kchoo! --

I've got a head cold. I'm not on the brink of death.



Huh. Shouldn't there be more ... mayhem?

I'm having some difficulty tracking him. He went from that attic to here, but he's not here anymore.

Still, you're right.



Oh, dear.

Stopped toy. So?

Boss, kids leave their toys lying around all the time.

No children live here, Tinseltop.



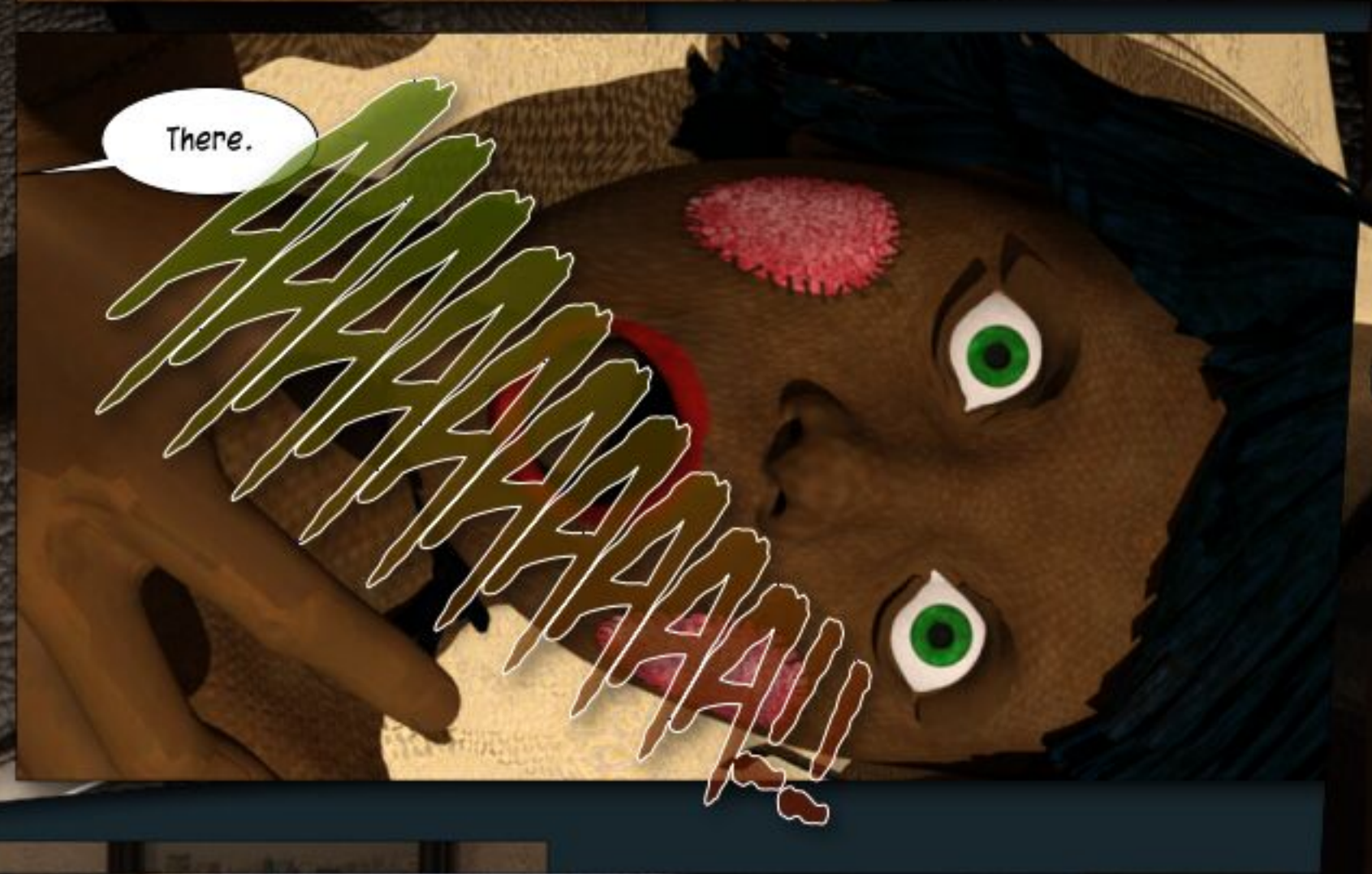
Ah. I think this one will be easiest.

OK, sure, that's not creepy at all ...



MMMh! hrMMM!

Hold on. I'm getting to it.



There.



... something about getting what we deserved?

And then Phil was ... was ...

He'll be Pine. I assure you.

Then I ... I don't remember. I couldn't move. Couldn't really think, I guess. Until you woke me up.

Hey, who are you, anyway? And don't tell me 'Santa Claus.'

All right, I won't tell you.



Wait! What about Phil and Dixie?

They'll recover. It may be a little while.

Take good care of them until then.



They won't recover and you know it.

They will as soon as we take care of him --

-- kchoo! --

Gesundheit.

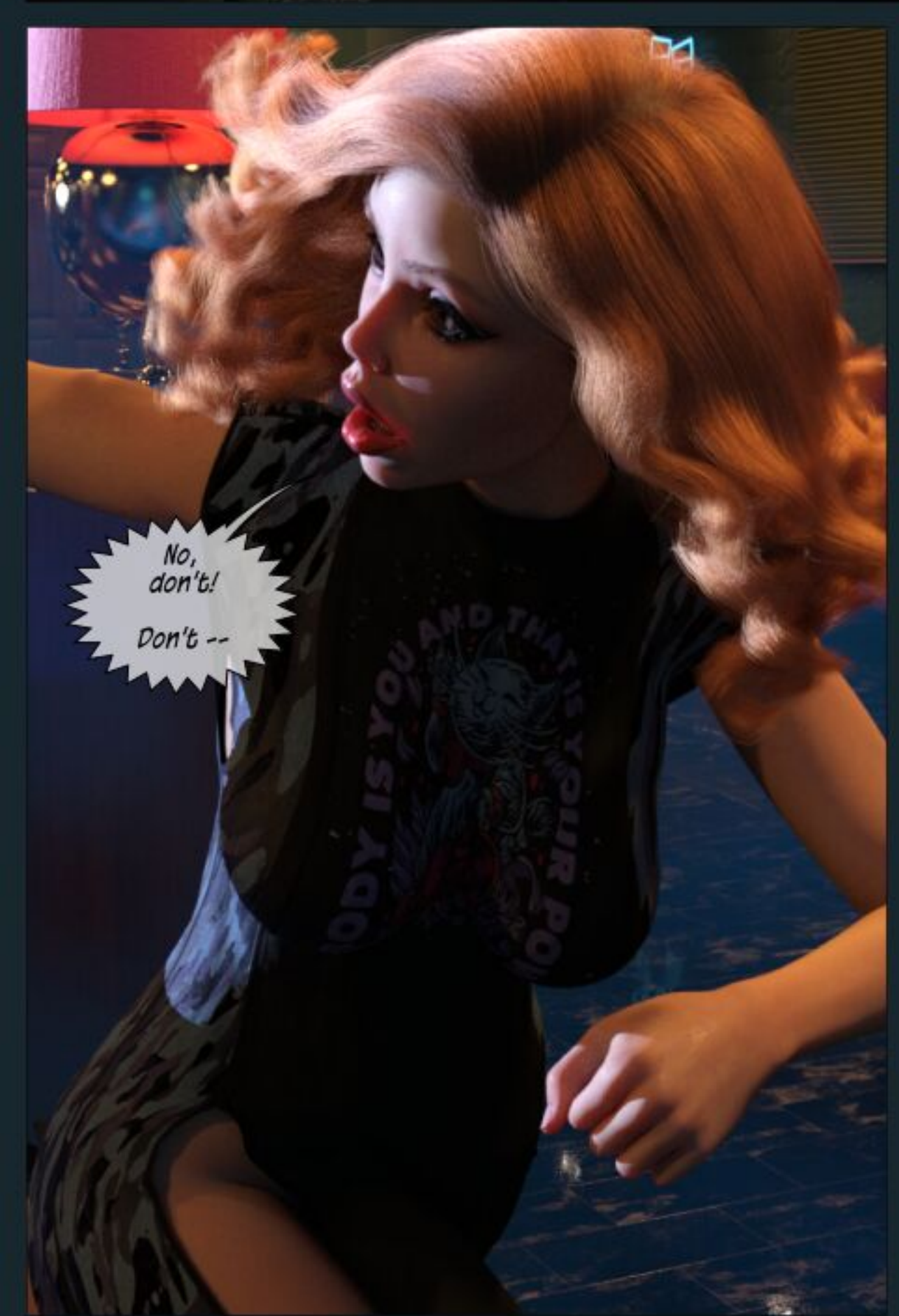
We can't take the time to restore them right now. It's more important to get him quickly.

I've got a lock on him again, up this street ... but I'm not sure which --

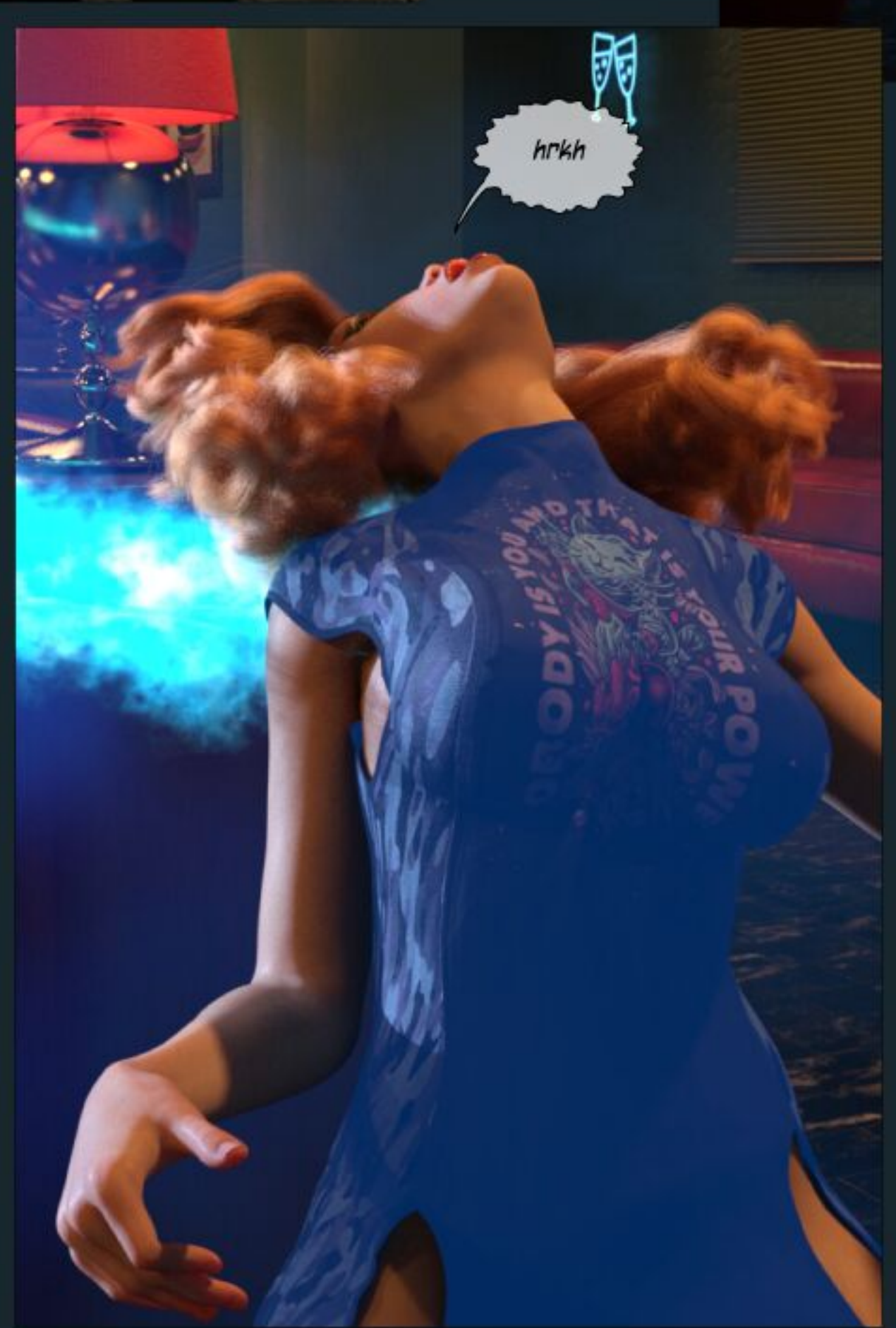


Yeow!

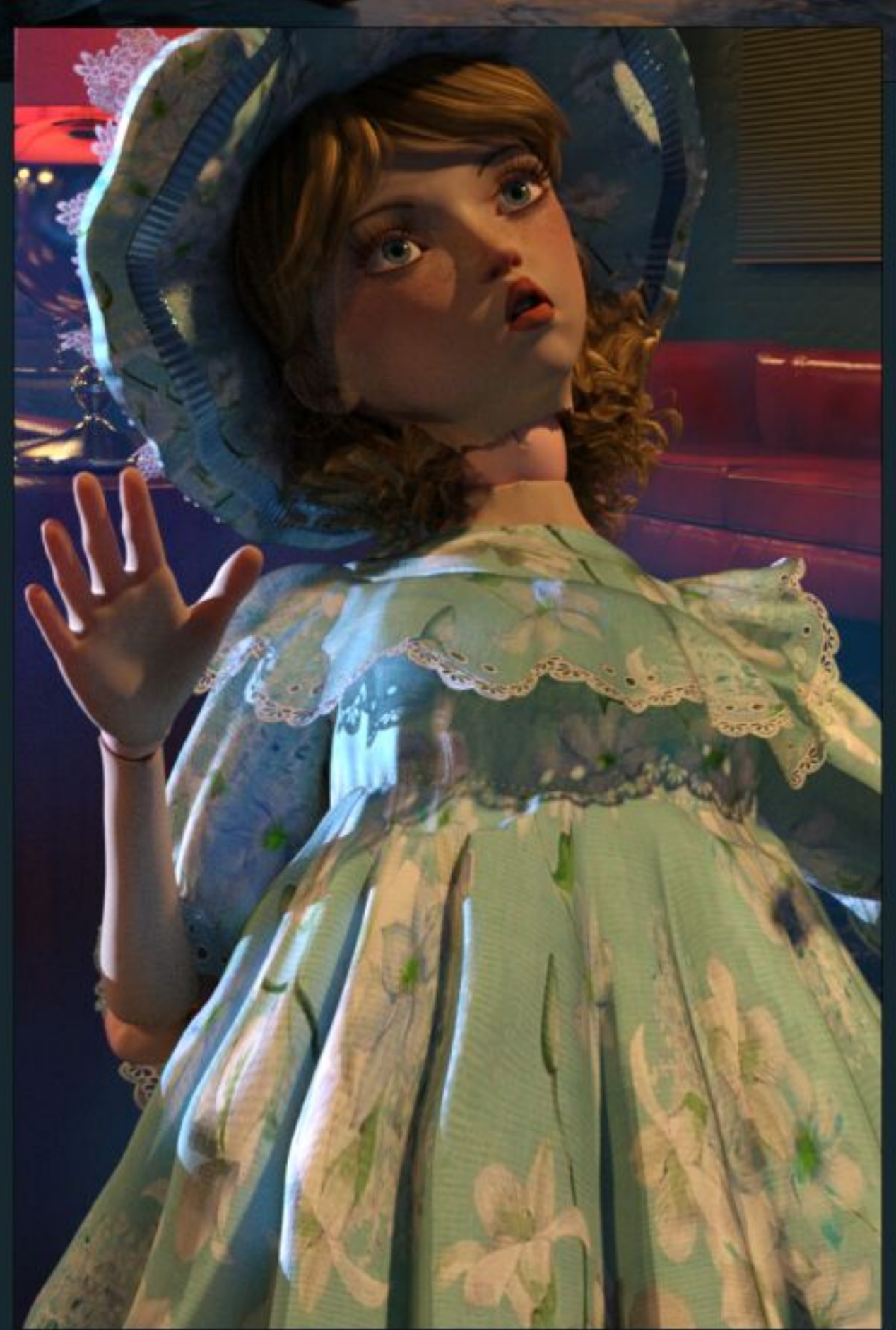
... I think this is the place, boss.



No, don't! Don't --



hrkh







Krampus!  
Stop this right now!

THE CLAUS!



YOU WON'T STOP ME THIS TIME, OLD MAN!

I'M NOT GOING BACK INTO THAT BOX!

I'm not giving you a choice, Krampus. You're going to give up or I'll have to --

-- kchoo! --

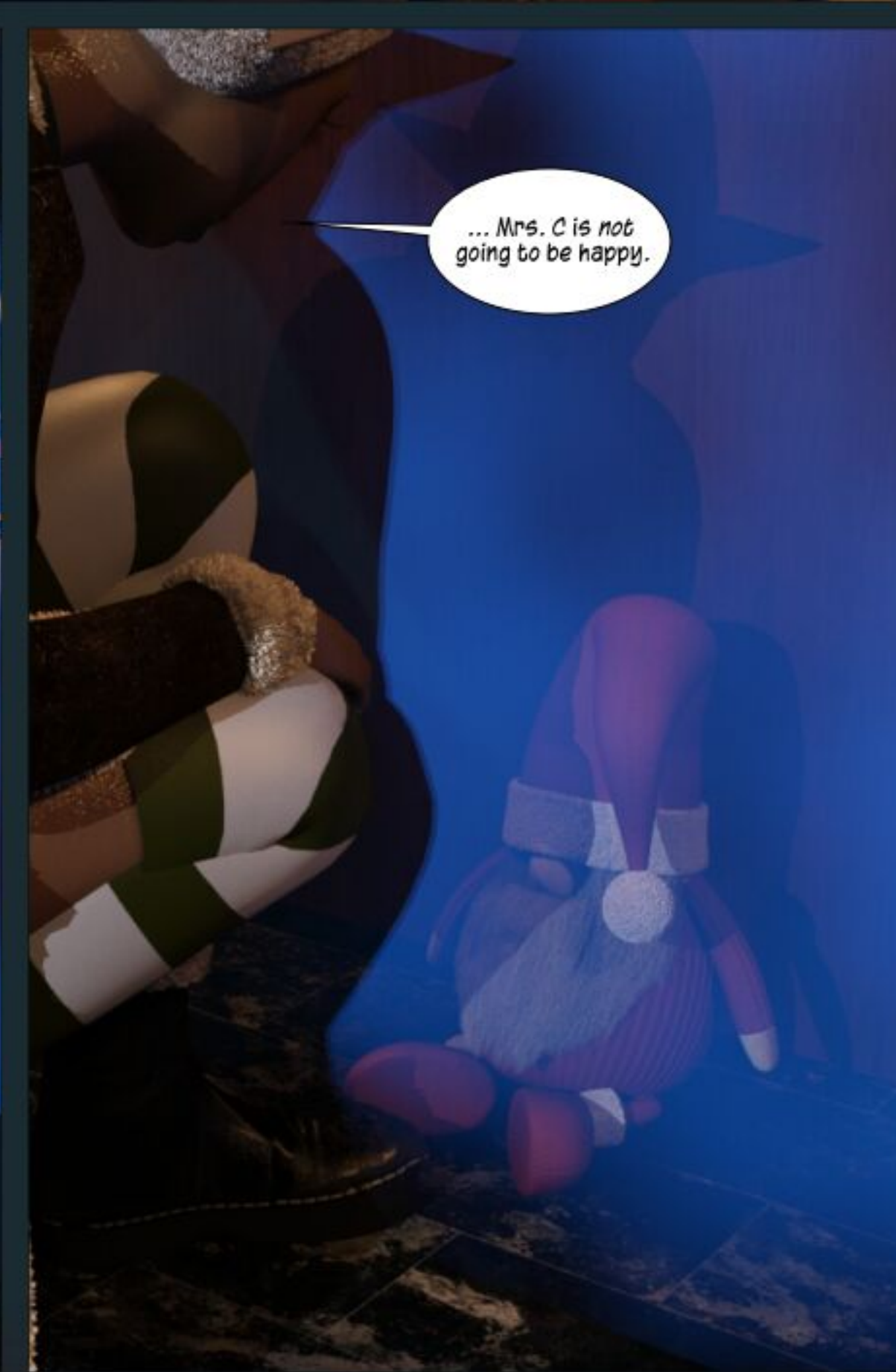


AAAAA!

Boss!!



Hey! Stop!!



... Mrs. C is not going to be happy.



Well ... I've seen worse, believe it or not.

I'm really sorry, Mrs. C.

He didn't even give me a chance to stop him. He just kind of charged in.

Oh, I can imagine. Kris isn't good at acknowledging when he's not at his best.

Also, as I'm sure you've gathered, he takes Krampus personally.



The thing is, Kris will recover on his own -- Krampus can't affect him for long -- but we only have a few days before he must be himself again, and at full strength.

I have a few things I can do to try to coax him out of it ... but getting Krampus contained would take care of it much faster. Tinseltop, that means you, I'm afraid. I have to stay here and keep the place running.



OK, but how? I'm not the boss. I can't do most of the things he does ...

Go talk to Eyebrass. She and Kris had been working up something for this, years back.

Take anybody else you think you can use.



NOELLE AND REVI, TWO HUMANS WHO CAME TO SANTA'S WORKSHOP MORE OR LESS BY ACCIDENT, AND STAYED ON.

I just ... it still catches me by surprise, y'know?

I spent more than a decade trying to make myself into a chic, svelte urbanite. Two years here and now I'm a kewpie doll.

But you're an awfully cute kewpie doll.

And you're still taller than me. I don't see the problem.

That's because you were already pretty kewpie-doll to begin with, love.

-- phbbt --



Anyway, it's not a problem.

Just makes me realize I can't really go back. Not that I'd want to.

**KNOCK KNOCK**

Hey, are you two decent?

No, but come in anyway.



What's up, Tinseltop?

I could use your help. Kind of an emergency job.

How much of an emergency?

Well ... we need to go down for it.

Oh.

"ELF DEFENSE" WAS LAST YEAR'S STORY, BUT MOST OF IT TAKES PLACE A YEAR EARLIER, SO REVI HAS BEEN HERE TWO YEARS NOW.





How many ships do you have, Eyebrass?

This one's the only one that can haul big cargo.

The boss didn't like it. He said he'd stick with the sleigh and reindeer.



OK, let me fill you in.

Eyebrass already knows all this, but not too many others in the shop do, and we want to keep it that way.

He had a point. It's a real pain to fly, actually.

You've probably noticed by now that the boss has kind of a vengeful streak.

Everybody's heard him complain how people think Santa's all about rewards and handouts and they've forgotten the part where he punishes the bad children.

That's not a new thing, either. He's been saying that for a long, long time.



He didn't just want to do lumps of coal and so on. He felt ... Peeis ... that really bad behavior needs to be punished way beyond that.

But he was worried that this would, uh, hurt the brand. Y'know, Santa's supposed to be kindness and joy and all.

A long time back, he put together a costume and for a couple of years he'd go out just before Christmas and do the punishing part in disguise. That was the original Krampus.

But he didn't have the spare time to do it. Just before Christmas was the right time, the obvious time ... but he's always super-busy then, getting ready for the big ride.

So he created an actual Krampus. A monster or a demon or something. I'd never seen what he looked like before today.

OK, I'll bite. What went horribly wrong?



Yeah, no points for guessing that.

What happened is that Krampus liked punishing people too much. Way, way too much.

He'd come up with any excuse why someone was bad and deserved what they got. He wanted to punish everybody.



So the boss caught Krampus and put him in a box. Never to be let out again.

Uh ... why didn't he just ... destroy Krampus?

Because the word you really meant there is "kill," and killing things is definitely not Santa's brand. Even horrible things.

Besides, the box was good enough. He couldn't get out of it on his own.



Or it would have been good enough if we hadn't ... lost it.

We're not sure how and we're not sure where, and we're not sure why we couldn't find it.

But we would know if anyone opened it. That, we could detect. So we set up an alarm. It went off earlier today.

So why didn't the boss go down and deal with it?

Ah ... well, see ...

You'll have to tell them the rest later. We're about to land, and then I'm going to need everybody's help to get the sleigh out.

Short version: he did, and it didn't go well, and now we have to clean up the mess.

And you two understand the human world a lot better than we do, so we may need you.



Whee!!

-- urch --

Uh, Eyebrass ...

Revi's going to be sick, Eyebrass.

I'm not! Just ... you know, there might be other cars on the road, even at this hour ...



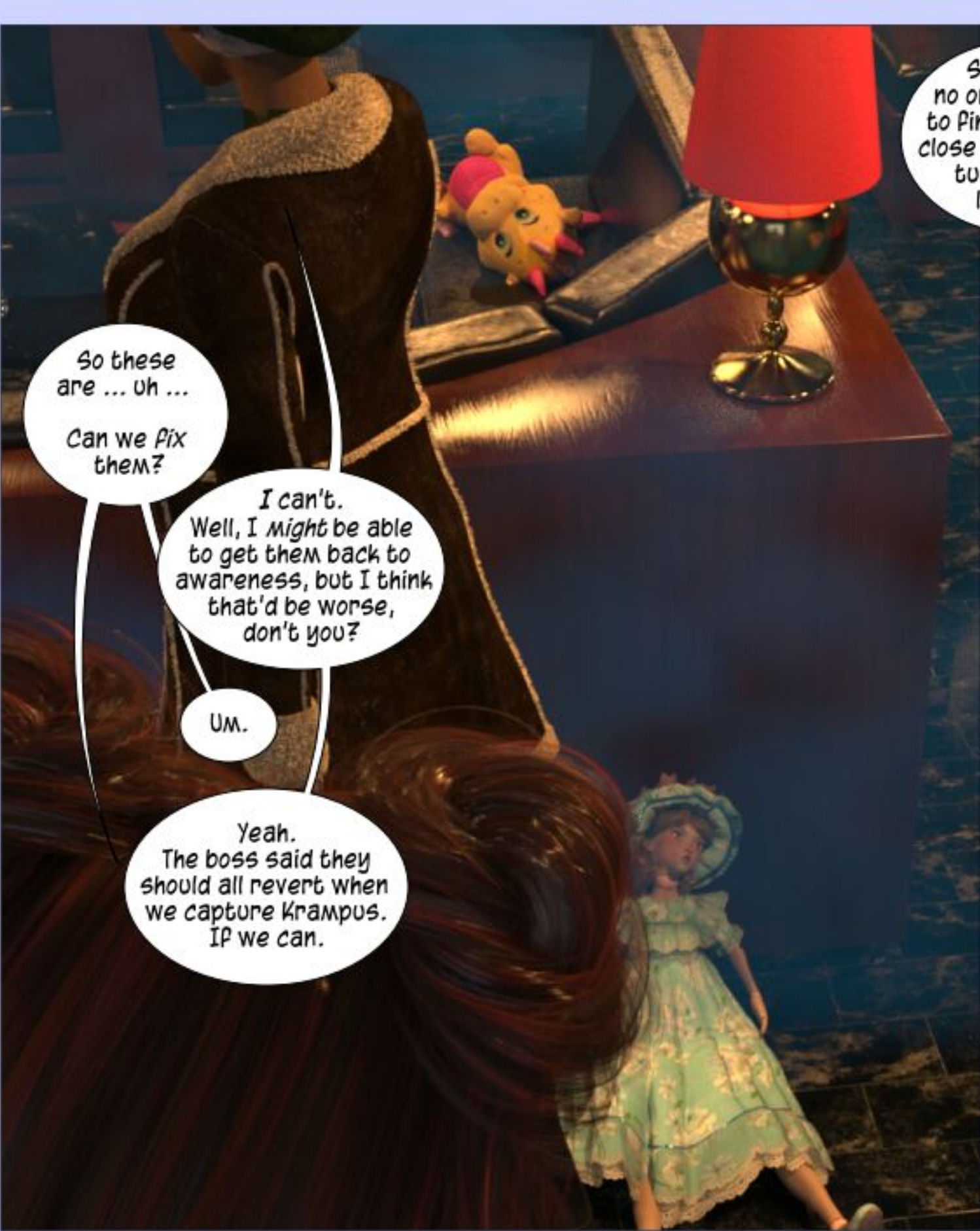
See? Made it in one piece.

You're just lucky no police were around, hotrod.

Oh, they wouldn't have seen us. It's like the airship. You have to be looking for it.

C'mon, Eyebrass. Let's hope your gadget can pick something up.





So these are ... uh ... Can we fix them?

I can't. Well, I might be able to get them back to awareness, but I think that'd be worse, don't you?

Um.

Yeah. The boss said they should all revert when we capture Krampus. If we can.

Surprised no one's come in to find them ... or close the doors, or turn out the lights ...



Person who'd do that is probably one of them. Go look for a toy behind the bar.

This is about where he was standing.

OK, let me see ...

Oh, yeah, got a clear reading. Not sure how far.

Well, at least we can move faster than he can on foot.

We probably should close this place up. Just so nobody carries any of them off ...



Oh, one of these. Don't understand 'em.

You don't understand convenience stores?

Full of junk nobody needs.

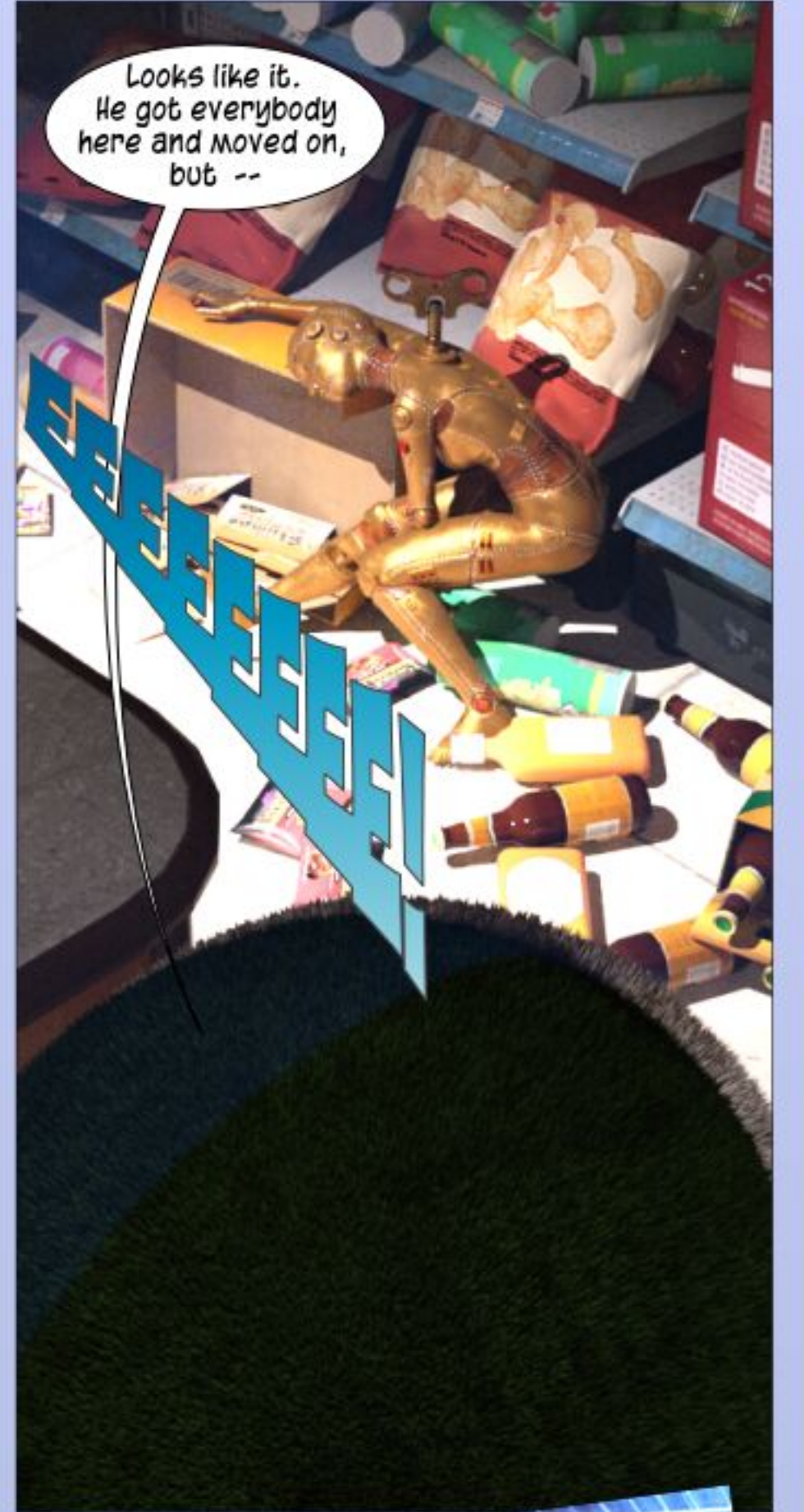
I saw you eat a whole loaf of chocolate blackcurrant marzipan at last year's post-ride party.

And you chased it with about a quart of Shoebright's mulled ale.

That's different, though!



I think we might have gotten here too late.



Looks like it. He got everybody here and moved on, but --



BBZZZ HELP BBZZZ HELP



Get away! Get away!

Shoot him, Eyebrass! Shoot him!



WUARCH!

YAAA!



Who's this guy? What happened to Krampus?

You're the one with the gadget, Eyebrass. Did you trap him?

Uh ... I'm not sure? I don't think so, though. It should show a charge if --

Hey!!



Come back here!

Noelle, be careful!

Too late now anyway.

I only got a glimpse, but ... did he look different to you? Like, after he got zapped?

Different how?

Well ... uh ... I'm pretty sure he didn't have hips before.

Ohhh!

I think I know what happened.

OK, we need to talk to this guy.









no ...

THERE! NOW YOU CAN RIDE HER ALL YOU LIKE.

THOUGH YOU'RE A BIT TOO BIG FOR HER NOW. BUT WE CAN FIX THAT!

NOOOOO!!

PERFECT.



YAAAAAH!

Give up, Krampus!

Damn it! She's Past.

TOOLS OF THE CLAUS! YOU DANCE TO HIS TUNE WITHOUT QUESTION!

I SHALL NEVER SURRENDER! NOT TO THE CLAUS AND CERTAINLY NOT TO YOU!



OUT OF MY WAY, PUPPET!

AAAGH!

Noelle!!



AAA!

HRRRRCH!!

Don't shoot me, Eyebrass!

GOTCHA!

Noelle ... Oh, no ...



Out cold.

Uh ... I don't see a charge on this. I think he must have jumped into somebody else, again.

-- sigh -- You know, that gadget doesn't really do what we need it to do.

It does! He's just too Past. We need to get him to hold still long enough for it to really lock onto him. Then it'll work.

Who could he have jumped into, though?

I don't know, Eyebrass. Somebody nearby. Maybe somebody outside. I don't know how far he can jump. I don't know anything.

But then ... I mean, he could have jumped into anybody. We might have to scan the whole city for him. It could take days.

You're not cheering me up, you know.



... Can you do anything?

Not a good question today.

But ... hmm. Yes, I think so. I can't change her back, but ...



Whoooo! This ... Peels really strange.

And you're all so big!

I can do something about that too. Close your eyes or it might make you dizzy.



Noelle!

Hey, easy!

Moving is a little tricky. I might fall over.





Can't do a thing with most of these ...

Hey, Tinseltop, here's one with a pull string.

Maybe he can tell us something useful.



I'm a cowboy!

Yahooo!



Or not.

They can't all be good ones.

Hey, she's waking up!



... What happened? Who are you?

You don't remember?

Remember what? I was out on a job and now I'm at my office ... I don't know how I got here ...



You don't remember turning him into this?

Oh my god, is that Mr. Bolt??

That's hi-- I mean, that's horrible! Who did this?

I'm a cowboy!



Fine.

Minerva. Take good care of the toys. If I find out you were mean to them, I'll turn you into something myself.

uh.

Noelle, come with me. Revi, you and Eyebrass start scanning the area. Be careful.

... sure?

Eyebrass, I'm going to need to use the sleigh.

Don't wreck it.



She was lying.

Didn't even need to be a Christmas elf for that, huh?

She knows exactly what happened. And that means the other one did too.

I think you're right about there being some pattern. But if we're going to figure it out, we're going to need to find the guy.



What are you? Oh, no! Did he make you a toy too?

And the elf ... where's Santa? Why are Phil and Dixie still toys?

We're working on it, I promise. We've had some setbacks.

Listen, we need to figure out why Krampus picked on you and the others here. He didn't just come here at random.



... I mean, no! I can't come up with anything. How would we even have pissed off something like that?

And he changed everybody here?

Hey, would you describe him as a friendly and outgoing kind of person?

Everybody here. Our fourth roommate, Jeremy ... his mother died recently and he's been cleaning out her house, so he's been sleeping there.

Do you want to talk to him too? I have the address somewhere ...

I ... think I may already have been there. Yesterday.

Jeremy? God, no. Barely speaks to us. I think he hates us all. Especially me.



So Jeremy's cleaning out the attic and he finds this old gift and he opens it. Then what? It seemed like you had an idea back there.

I do, but I'm not sure of it yet.

He's in there, I can see him. He's asleep on the sofa. Can we get in?

Oh, sure. I can open pretty much any door there is.

How do you want to play it?



ZZZZ

Shrink me.



AAAA! What --?

hmm?

I'm a person who got turned into a toy, Jeremy. Because you let Krampus out.

You know, Santa's not happy with you.





... so you decided to open the package.

Look, I didn't know! It was an old gift my mother never opened! You don't expect gifts to have things like that in them!

And then what happened, Jeremy? What did he tell you? Did you make a deal with him, by any chance?

I ... don't want to talk about it.

Jeremy, I'm not pooling around here!

Ow!! Hey!

You want a doll-sized dick? I can arrange that. I'll just stomp on it and it'll get smaller and smaller ...

OK, OK! Geez.

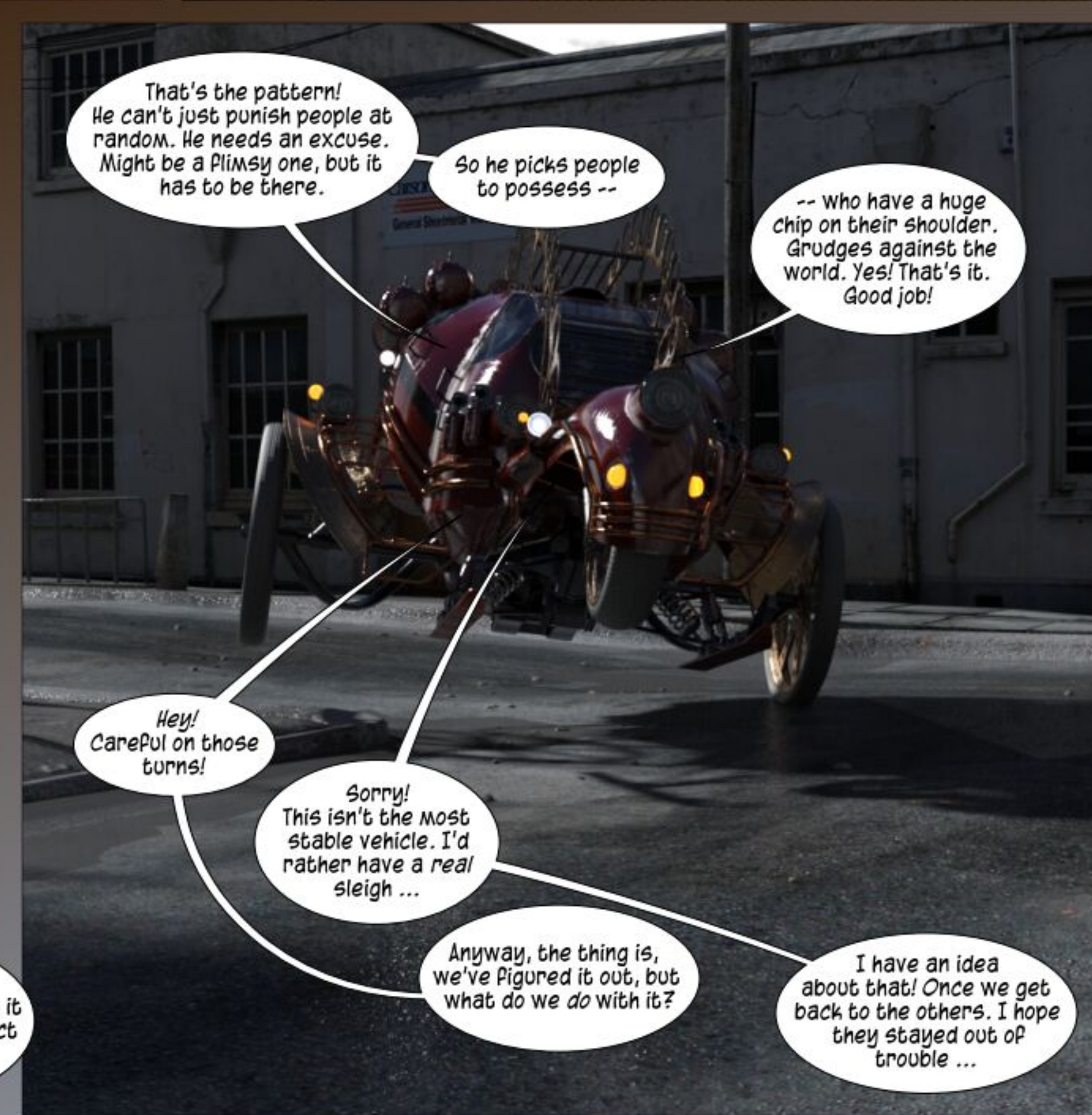
He asked me who I thought needed to be ... punished.

He said he had the power to punish everyone who deserved it. All I had to do was take him to them.

And that included everybody you know? Your roommates, the people in the bar you go to, the people at the store? Some of them weren't even your co-workers! They were just customers!

I didn't know he was going to be that ... uh ... thorough! I couldn't stop him!

Did you even try?



Look, I --

Nobody will have anything to do with me. The women in the bar won't ever speak to me. My roommates hate me. My co-workers ignore me. I'm just --

I'm tired of being everybody's big joke, OK? I know it was wrong. I know I shouldn't have. But I just ... I needed to let it all out, for once.

Well, the thing is, you got used. He was taking advantage of you. And he left a big mess.

If we need more help from you to clean it up, I'm going to expect you to provide it.

That's the pattern! He can't just punish people at random. He needs an excuse. Might be a Plimsy one, but it has to be there.

So he picks people to possess --

-- who have a huge chip on their shoulder. Grudges against the world. Yes! That's it. Good job!

Hey! CarePul on those turns!

Sorry! This isn't the most stable vehicle. I'd rather have a real sleigh ...

Anyway, the thing is, we've figured it out, but what do we do with it?

I have an idea about that! Once we get back to the others. I hope they stayed out of trouble ...



... so she told him she knew about him and Dahlia, and threw him out.

But Dahlia already broke up with him ...

That's the thing! Fleur and Dahlia both kicked him out ... and moved in together a week later.

Hey, I want a pretzel.

SIMPUL! MORALLY CORRUPT!!

Are you talking to us? It's kind of late for Halloween.

PRANCING AROUND EXPOSING YOURSELVES ... SHAMELESS ...

AND YOU! YOU SHOULD BE IN SCHOOL!



School?

I'm twenty-two, bitch!

I don't know what you think yoummph!

HUSH, INFANT.

KIM!

a ga grbi oo?

Hey! Monster bitch!

I don't know what you did to her, but --





DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING.

huh?



ooo!

RATTLE RATTLE



OK, that's enough!

Where do you get off, just Pucking with people for no reason?

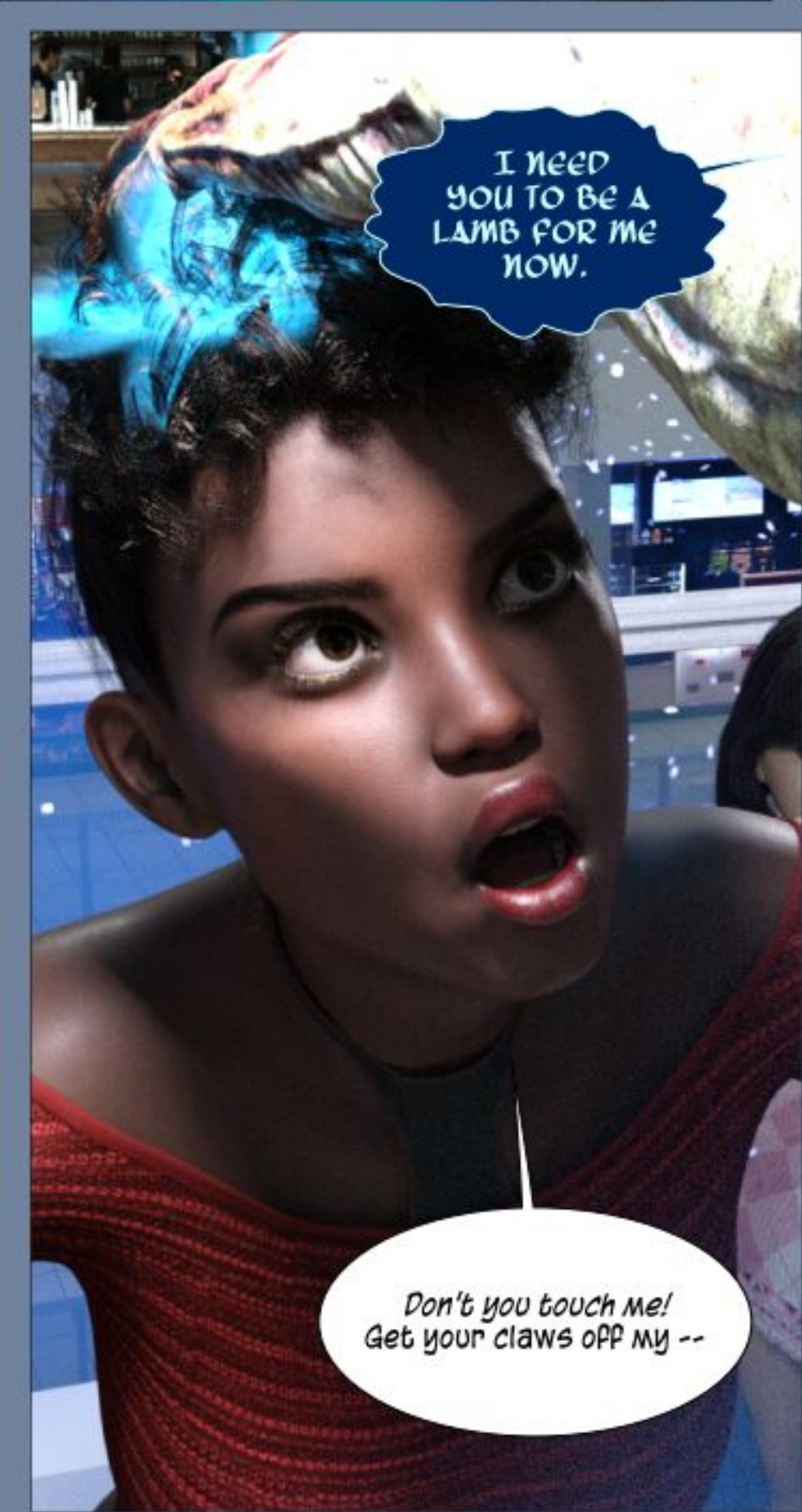
Fix them, or I'm going to kick your ass! I don't care what the Puck you are!

hee hee hee!

RATTLE RATTLE

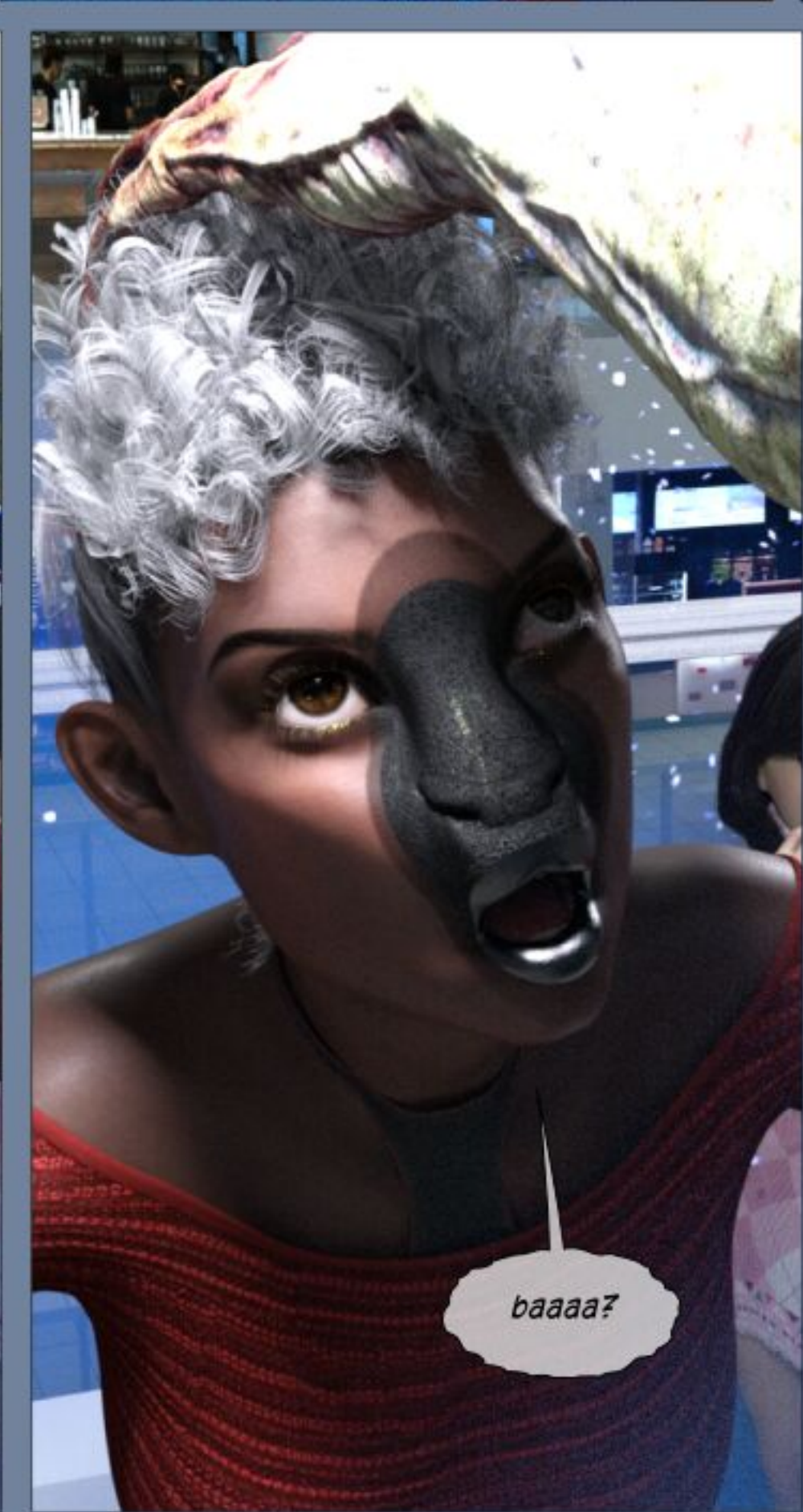
gip!

SO BELLICERENT. AND THE PROFANITY! SUCH A NASTY LITTLE CHILD.



I need you to be a lamb for me now.

Don't you touch me! Get your claws off my --



baaaa?



B-E-E-E-EH!

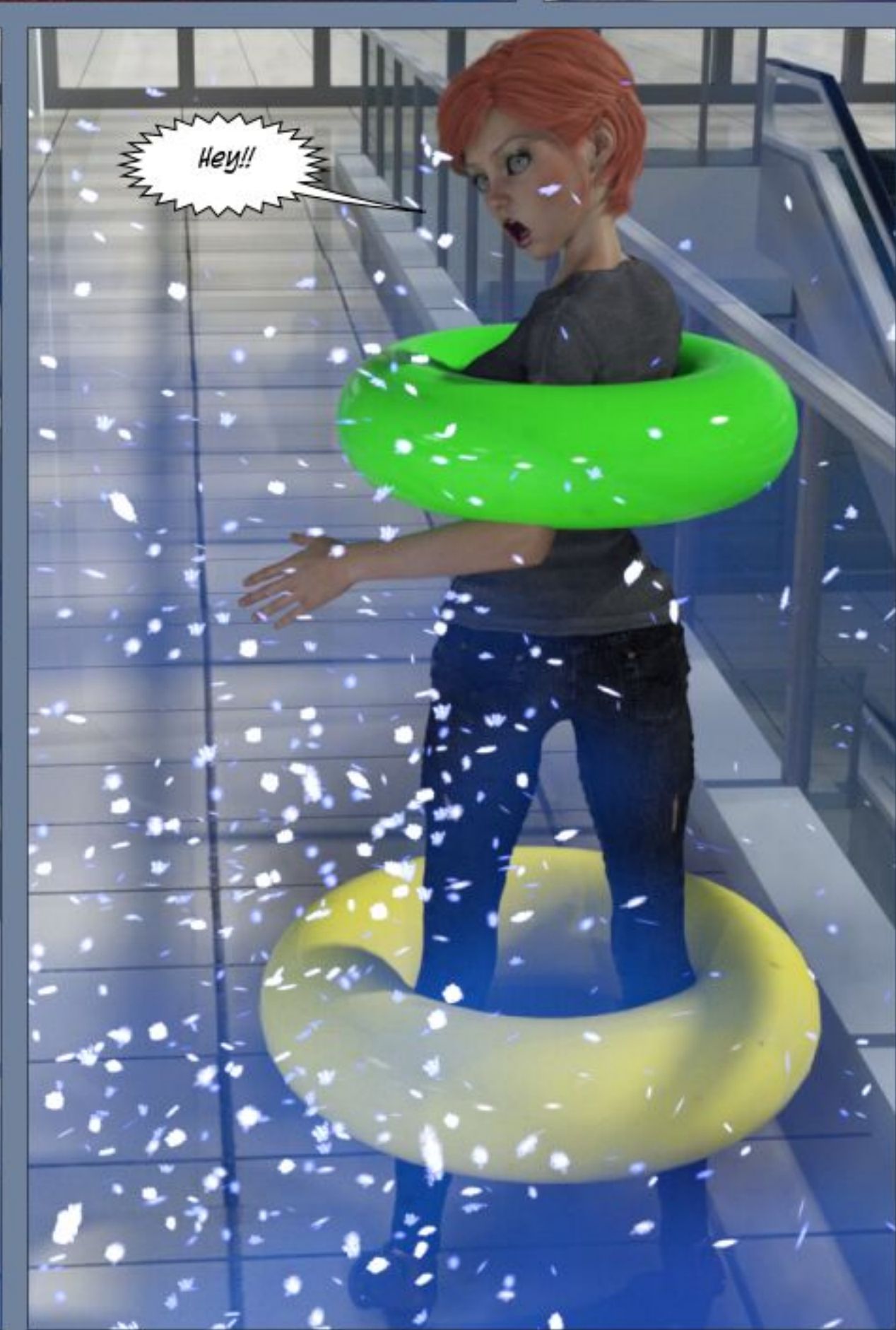
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MN-E-E-E-EH!

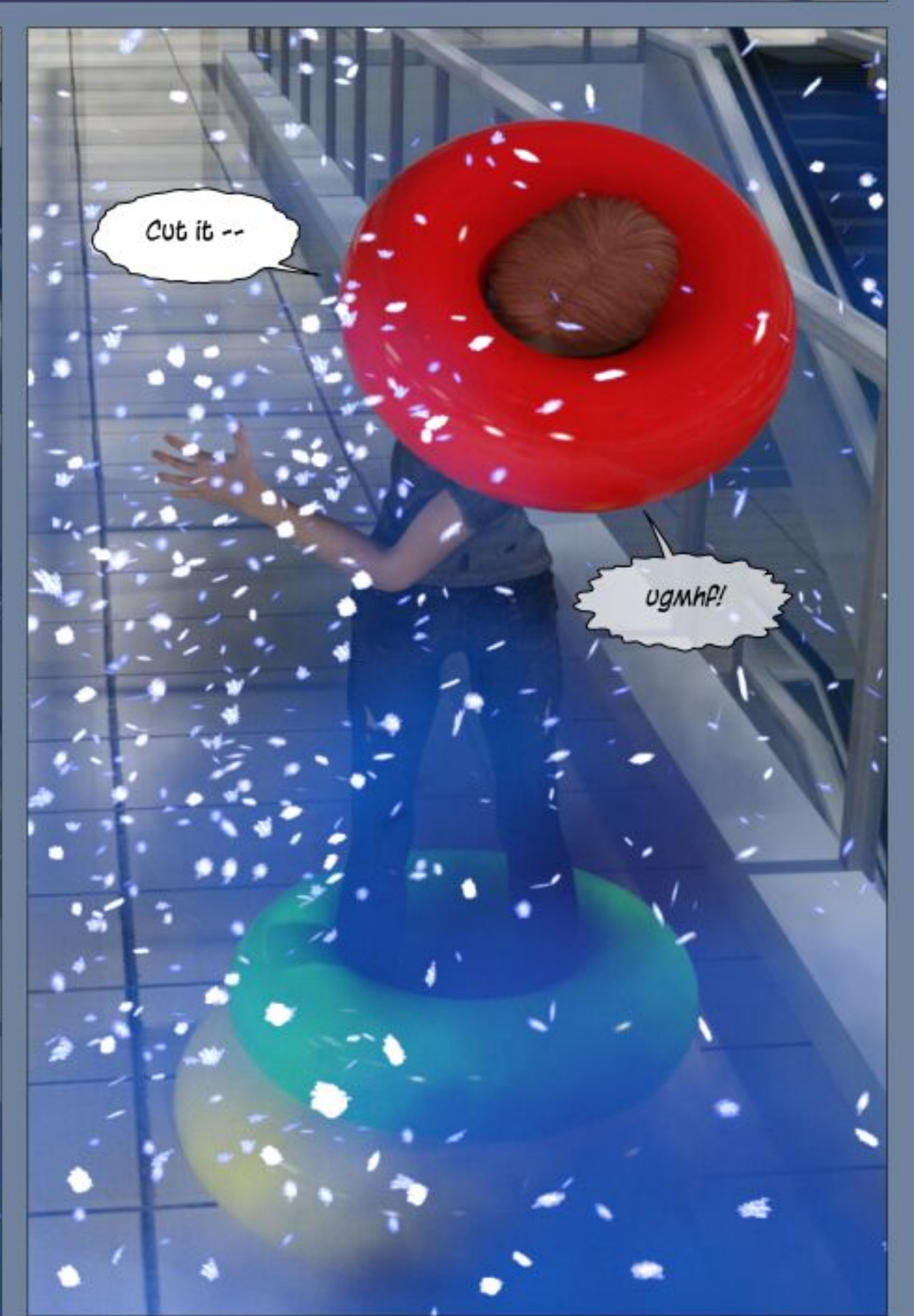
BAAAAAAAAAAAA!



-- WHUP --



Hey!!



Cut it --

ugmhp!



No, wait! Stop!!



hmrg!



got go 'way bad lady thing!

go fast! can't -- got go --





YOU'RE MUCH TOO LITTLE TO BE WANDERING AROUND.

LET'S GIVE YOU TWO A NICE SAFE SPACE.

NOW YOU CAN PLAY WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

noooo!!

eee!



This is a really big mall.

Can your tracker narrow it down?

Over that way somewhere.

Follow the screaming.

... Follow the screaming.

That doesn't help much.

I know. It does Plat directions all right, but it doesn't do up and down.



YOU ALL HAVE TO BEGIN AGAIN! EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY!



... so this one's a Mommy Krampus?

Not a very nice one. I don't think I'd want her as a mother.

I don't know much about human parenting, but me neither.

She cares enough about them to be distracted, though. I have a clean shot at her --

Eyebrass, wait!



She'll just jump again and we'll have to start over.

We have an idea how to make it stick, but first we need to get her somewhere where there's no one nearby for her to jump to.

Pretty much there now. Anybody she hasn't changed yet has run out of the mall, or is hiding in the backs of their stores.

I don't think she'd jump into someone she'd already changed ...

We can't bet on that, though. We need to get her to a corner of the mall where it's just the four of us close by.

OK, but how?



Oh, wait! I know what'll work.

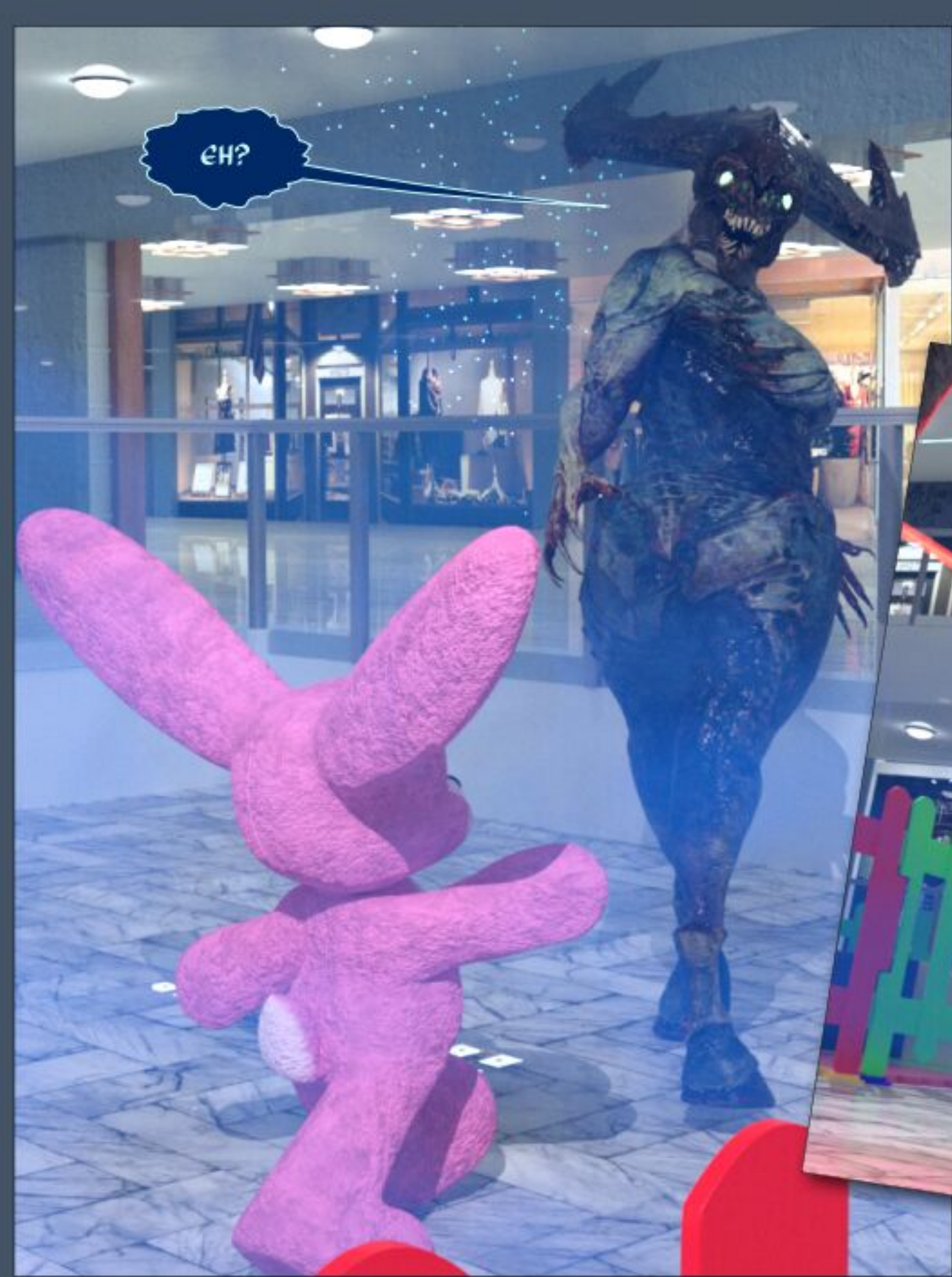
Just need a minute to summon them. Let's go find a good spot.





OH, QUIT YOUR SQUALLING.

YOU'LL BE PERFECTLY FINE ONCE YOU STOP THINKING ABOUT IT.



EH?



AAUUUGH!



HORRID CREATURE! DID THE CLAUS SEND YOU?

IT WILL TAKE MUCH MORE THAN A TOY TO STOP ME! I'LL TEAR YOUR STUFFING OUT!



I HAVE YOU NOW, YOU --



---

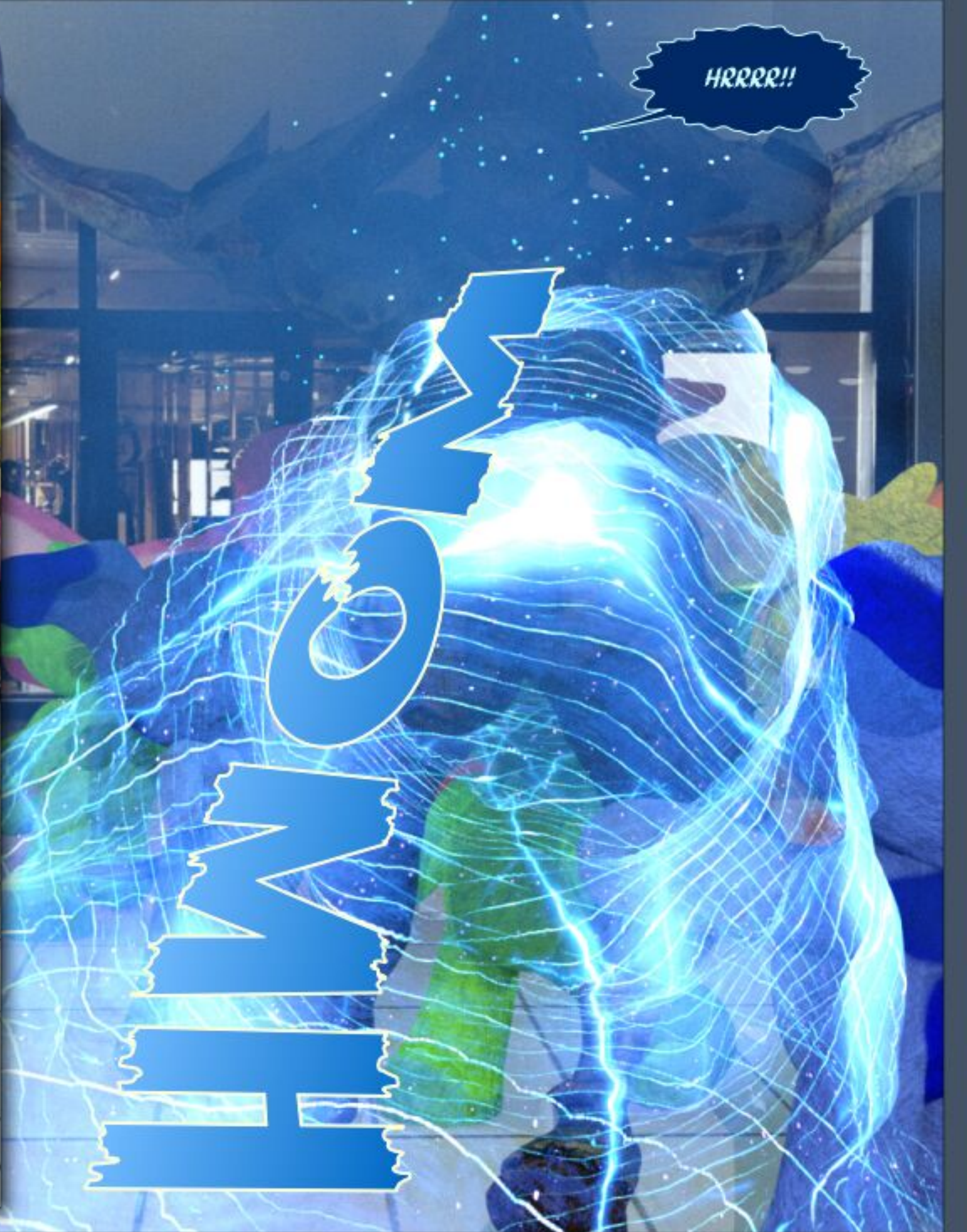


AAAAAAGGH!



FILTHY THINGS!

Now.



HRRRR!!



AAAA!

TELL ME NOW, WHO DO YOU WANT TO PUNISH?

I don't want to punish anybody!

OF COURSE YOU DO, ALL YOU HUMANS DO. YOU ALWAYS HAVE SOMEONE, SOMETHING -- SOME GRIEVANCE -- SOMETHING BURIED IN YOUR HEART.

SO I ASK AGAIN: WHO DO YOU WANT TO PUNISH? WHO DESERVES YOUR RETRIBUTION?



OK, you know who I want to punish?

You!!



WHOOO  
MOOOOOOOOOO





We got her! Yay Revi!

Huh? How do you -- Oh!

AAAAAAH!! What am I wearing?

Plus, I've got a definite charge showing here.

And others have returned to normal.

More or less.



Do you think we should ask them what the hell just happened?

I'm a little scared to.

Good work, Puzzies! Stay Prosty!



What have you done???

We had redemption for everyone in our hands! You could all have been saved! Reborn!!



Now god has forsaken us!

You don't want that god.

And neither you nor he has the right to go around turning random people into toys and babies!

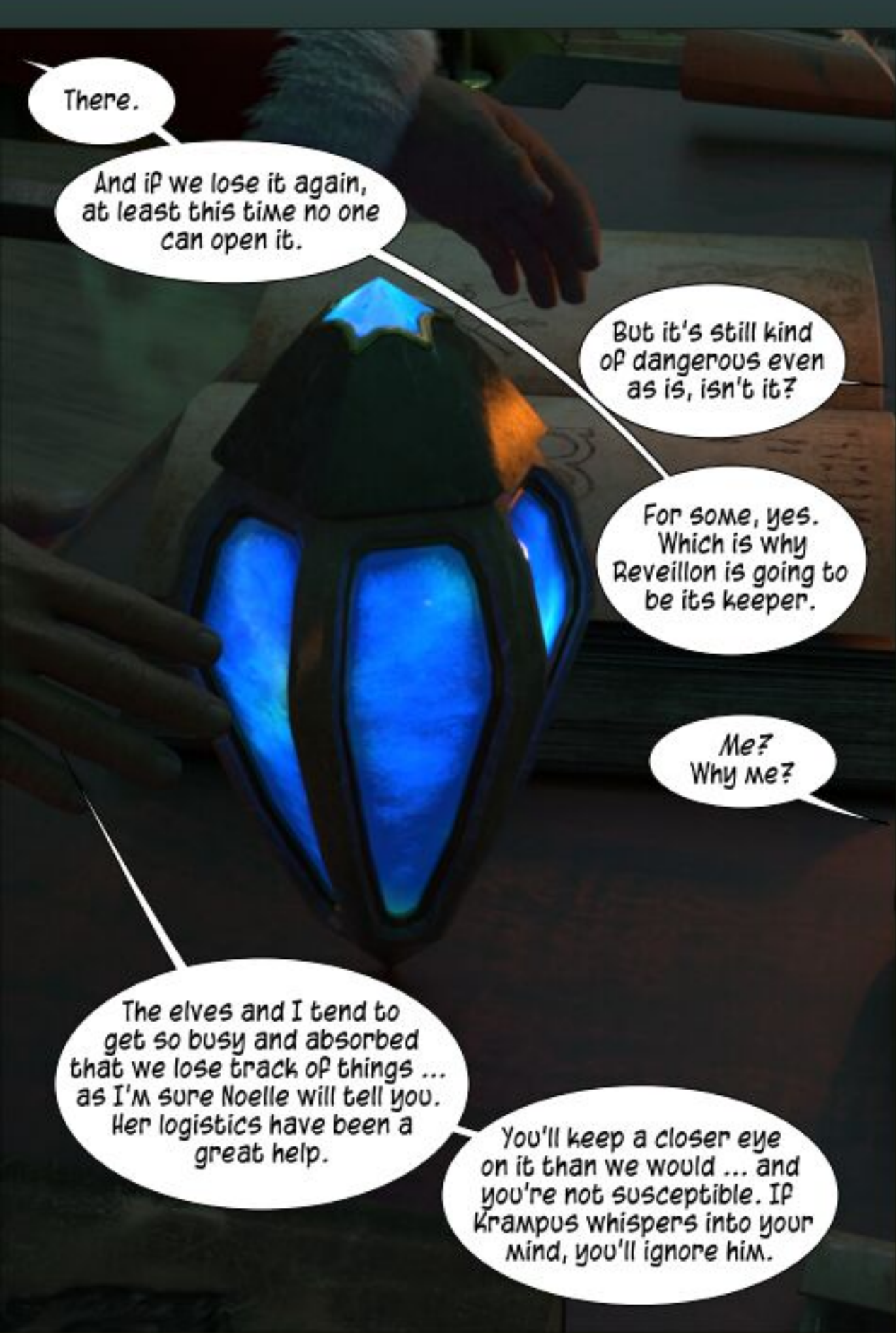
Yeah! You've got a hell of a nerve.

I was crawling around on the floor!



You don't understand! None of you understand!

This was the only chance! My only chance ...



There.

And if we lose it again, at least this time no one can open it.

But it's still kind of dangerous even as is, isn't it?

For some, yes. Which is why Reveillon is going to be its keeper.

Me? Why me?

The elves and I tend to get so busy and absorbed that we lose track of things ... as I'm sure Noelle will tell you. Her logistics have been a great help.

You'll keep a closer eye on it than we would ... and you're not susceptible. If Krampus whispers into your mind, you'll ignore him.



But --

It's true, Revi. That was the plan. He couldn't jump into Eyebrass or me, we're immune, and Noelle was a toy just then. He had to jump into you, and we knew you'd hold him off long enough for us to get him. Because you don't want what he was offering.

We didn't want to tell you in advance. Just in case.

Though there's also no reason you shouldn't be able to use Krampus' power to good purpose.

Which brings me to a favor I need to ask.



The rule is we clean up our own messes, and Krampus is definitely my mess.

But I can't. I can't go down right now. I've lost too much time already, and the ride is only a few days away.

I'd like you to handle the loose ends for me. Tinseltop knows what I mean, and she has the information. She'll guide you.



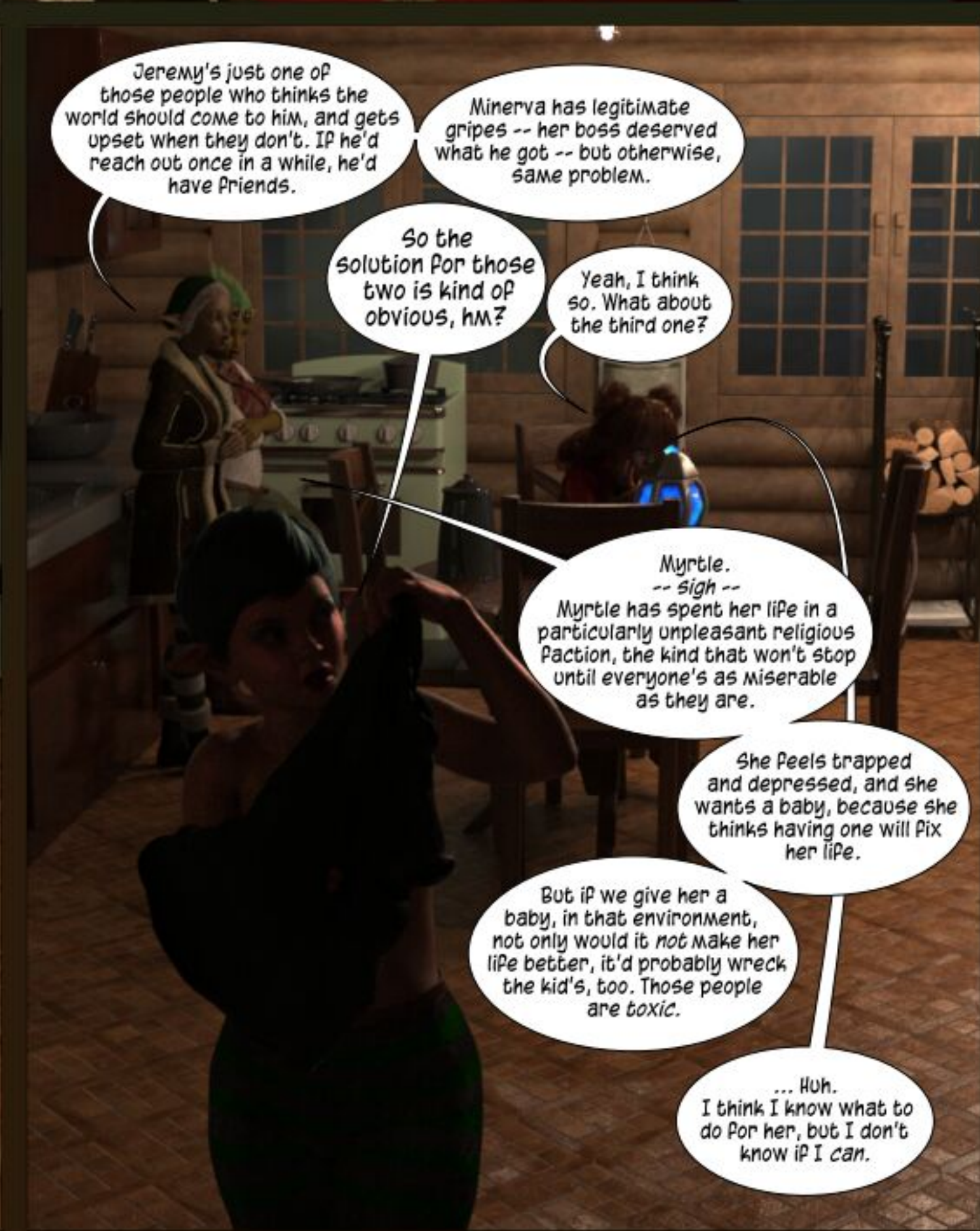
But I don't want to punish anybody.

I wouldn't stare at that for too long.

Well, I think that was part of the point.

Don't think of it as punishment. Think of it as justice.

Oh, I guess. ... OK. Hit me.



Jeremy's just one of those people who thinks the world should come to him, and gets upset when they don't. If he'd reach out once in a while, he'd have friends.

Minerva has legitimate gripes -- her boss deserved what he got -- but otherwise, same problem.

So the solution for those two is kind of obvious, hm?

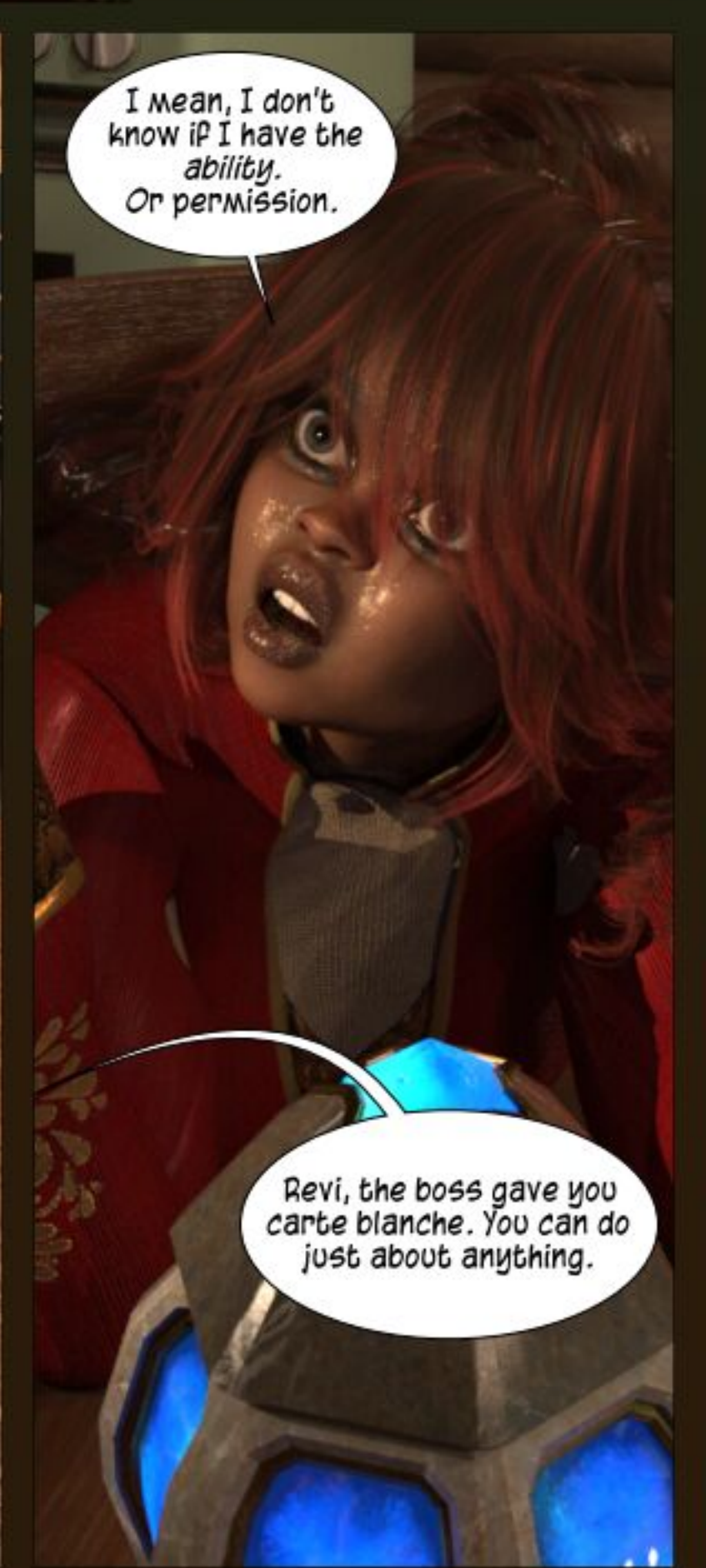
Yeah, I think so. What about the third one?

Myrtle. -- sigh -- Myrtle has spent her life in a particularly unpleasant religious faction, the kind that won't stop until everyone's as miserable as they are.

She feels trapped and depressed, and she wants a baby, because she thinks having one will fix her life.

But if we give her a baby, in that environment, not only would it not make her life better, it'd probably wreck the kid's, too. Those people are toxic.

... Huh. I think I know what to do for her, but I don't know if I can.



I mean, I don't know if I have the ability. Or permission.

Revi, the boss gave you carte blanche. You can do just about anything.





hmr?



Myrtle ...

You don't know my name! Don't speak my name! Get thee behind me!!

Look, I just ...

Get out! You have nothing I want. Nothing!

That's true. I can't give you what you want.



I'm here to give you what you need.

I'm sorry.



... just like that?

Preetta, I can't do this anymore. It's ... I've got to go find a job with a future. Something I can be satisfied with.

I, uh ... sorry. Thing is, you have a future here. You like what you do. Blunt's gonna sell you this place when he retires and you know it.

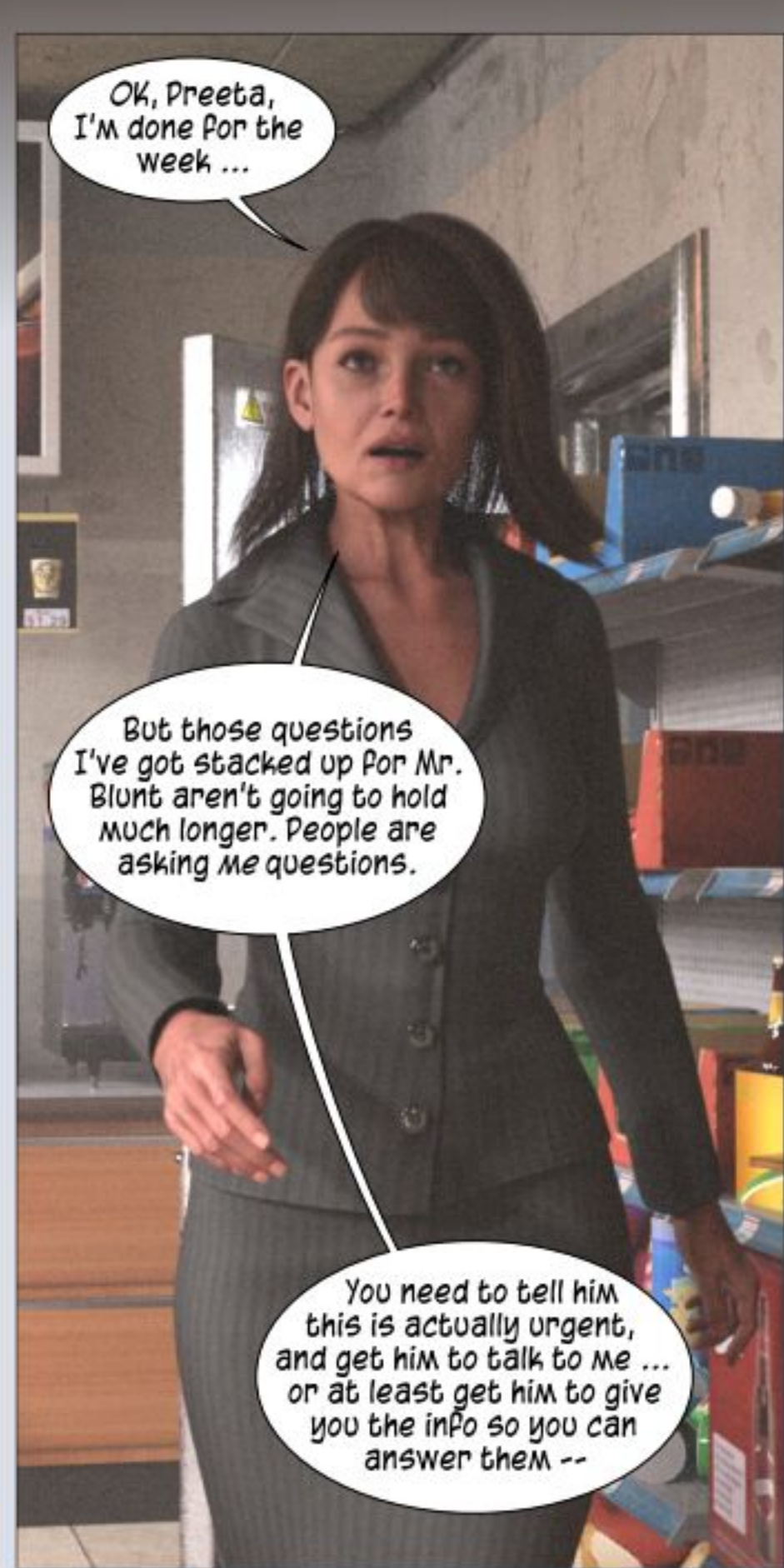
Wasn't trying to tear you down.

Since when do you apologize for anything?

OK. Do what you have to do. But you should tell Blunt, not me.

I could go months before I got a chance to. You know that. When was the last time you saw him?

Don't remind me. It's been weeks.



OK, Preetta, I'm done for the week ...

But those questions I've got stacked up for Mr. Blunt aren't going to hold much longer. People are asking me questions.

You need to tell him this is actually urgent, and get him to talk to me ... or at least get him to give you the info so you can answer them --



-- hey, you're Jeremy, right? Work night shifts here?

Well, I did until two minutes ago.

And you're Minerva.



A friend told me I should say hello to you.



Oh, no, I agree. Yes, it's worth a lot, but the problem is, these days, it's probably even more valuable to you as a home. There simply isn't much on the market.

Well, that was my thinking, once I got over the idea of living in my mother's house.

Of course, a lot depends on what I can find for a job ... they're not thick on the ground right now ...

I don't think it's as grim as some of the news says. It really depends on your skills. What can you do?



-- umph --

You OK?

I'm fine. She's just very energetic today. Brat.



Hey, what do you think about "Myrtle"? Too Pasty?

Myrtle, huh? Where'd that come from?

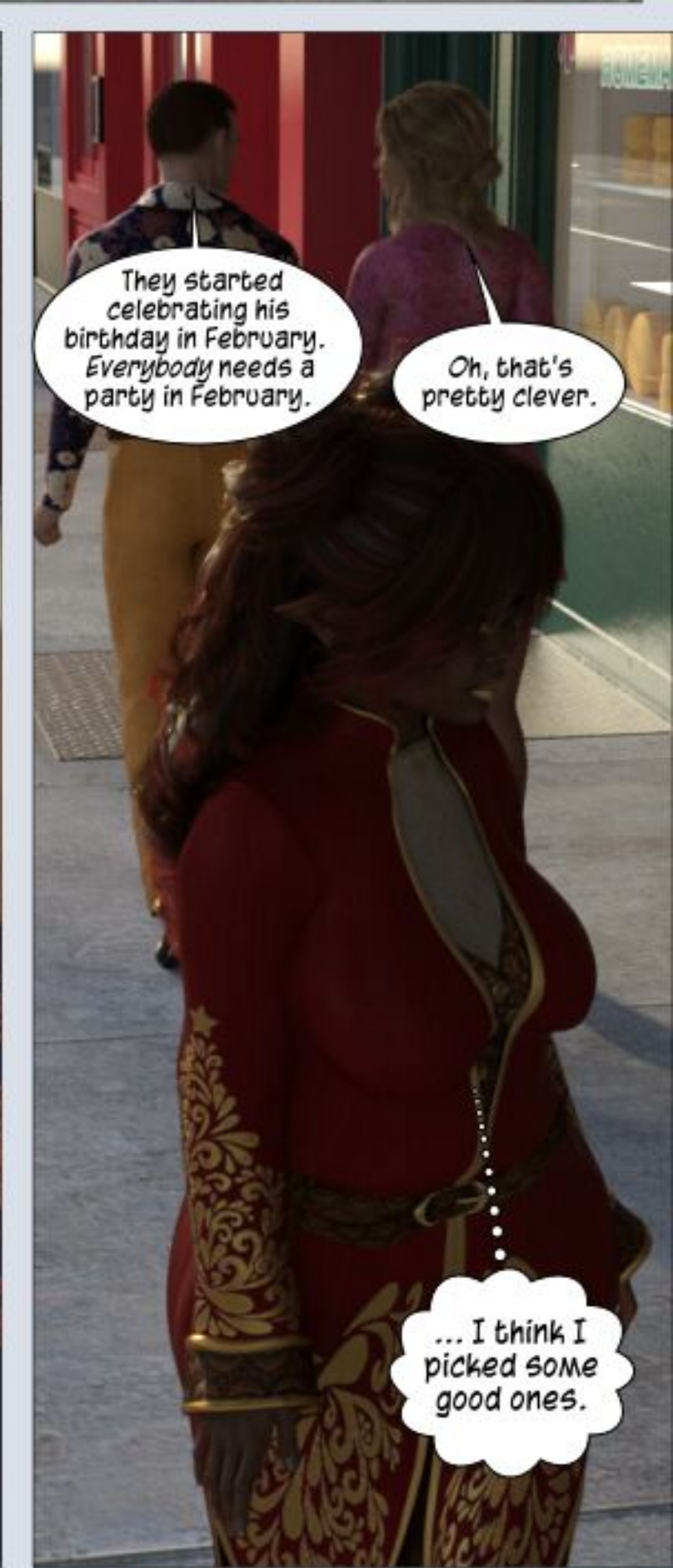
No idea. Just random.

You know we could end up having a Christmas baby? Wouldn't that be great?

Oh, I don't know. A friend of mine was a Christmas baby, and it always was a problem when he was little because everybody else got birthday parties. Didn't have a day of his own.

His folks solved it, though.

What'd they do?



They started celebrating his birthday in February. Everybody needs a party in February.

Oh, that's pretty clever.

... I think I picked some good ones.





So how did it Peel, being a doll?

Weird. Hard to move. Like my body wasn't doing what it was supposed to.

And I couldn't Peel anything. Like, if I touched something, I could tell I was touching it, but no more than that.

So no doll sex then.

I mean, we could try it, if you wanted to be the doll ...

How did it Peel playing Krampus today?



Oh, don't even go there. I'm worried Santa is going to try to give me the job for real.

He probably is.

Oh, thanks! Noelle, I don't like punishing people!

I know ... but like Tinseltop said, I think that's the point.

You don't like punishing people, and that means you're not likely to be vindictive about it, or have your own axe to grind. See?

It means you probably can be trusted to do the Pair thing. To do justice.



OK, maybe ... but that still doesn't mean I want the job.

Well, I don't think he'll force you to do it. That's not how he works.

But I think you should consider it. I know you get bored a lot with what you're doing now.

Krampus work certainly won't ever be boring.

Besides, I've never slept with a part-time demon before.



Not Punny!

Are you kidding? It's hilarious.



And that's the story of how your Christmas wasn't completely ruined by Krampus this year.

You're welcome.

As for whether Revi really is going to take over Krampus duties ... I don't know yet! This is all news to us too!

Maybe you'll find out next year! Watch this space! In the meantime, though ...

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night"!