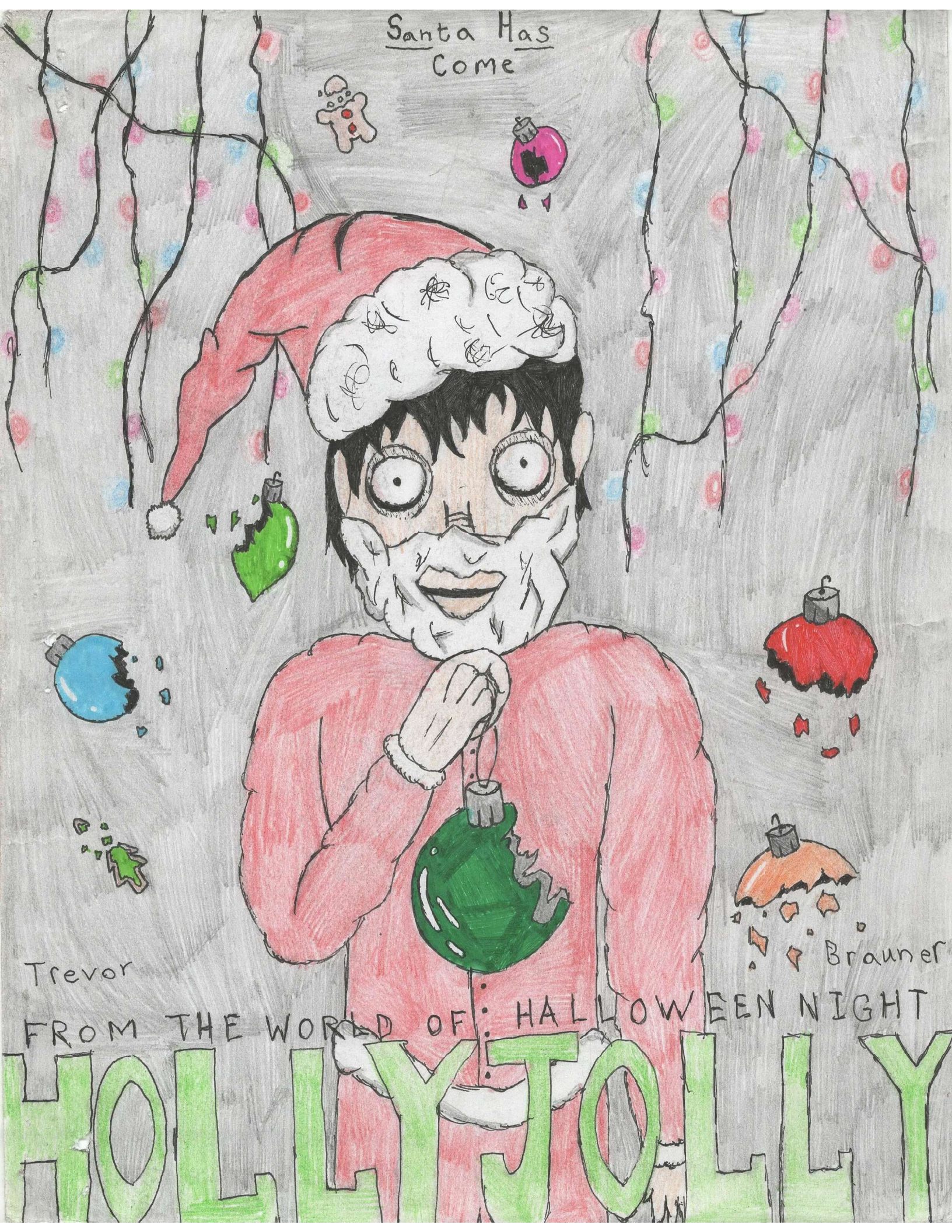


Santa Has
Come



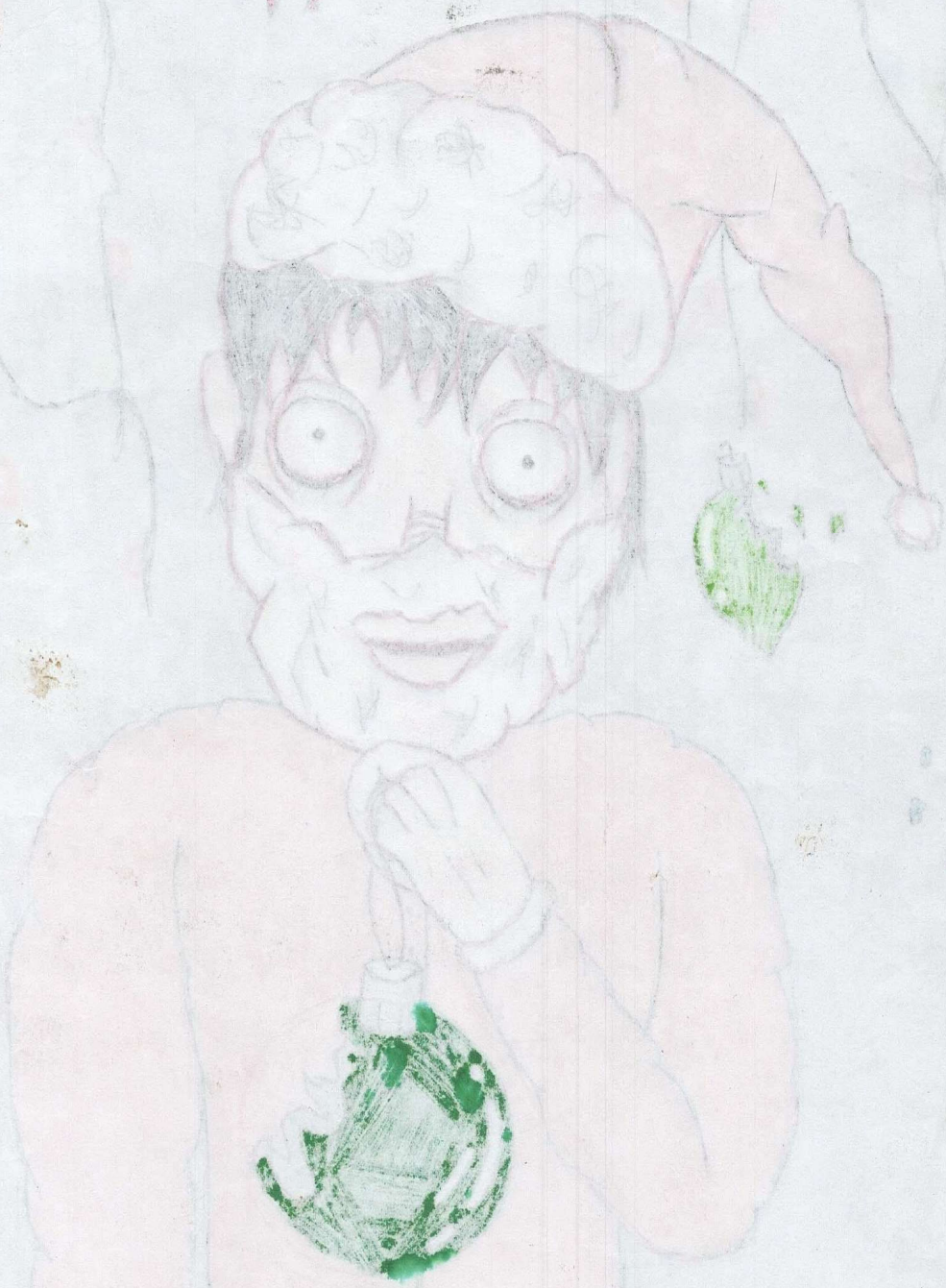
Trevor

Brauner

FROM THE WORLD OF: HALLOWEEN NIGHT

HOLLY JOLLY

Santa Has
Come



FROM THE WORLD OF: HALLOWEEN NIGHT

HOLLY

HOLLY JOLLY

Santa Has Come

Trevor Brauner

OAK NOX NEWS

December 25, 2004

Police Statement
Oak Nox P.D.



Have You
Seen Me?

Late last night on Christmas Eve, the parents of Andy Doxon came home to see their home fully trashed with broken windows, a torn down christmas tree, and their son gone. Locals around their house at the time said they saw a man in a Santa costume walk around to the back of the house, but the people who were questioned just thought it was random family member trying to surprise them. Now a search party is issued to search for Andy and his kidnapper.

Friday, July

20th Nov 1904

Tram. 10.15

OAK NOX

1904

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December 24th, 2004
10:37 P.M.

Snow fell softly from the sky onto the front yard of Andy Daxon on the night of Christmas Eve. The home was lit up with many colorful and bright lights and decorations. A fire was barely lit in the fireplace as it was still smoldering after it was extinguished. The tree shined brightly with the lights and ornaments, illuminating the entire living room.

Andy was 9 years old, sleeping in his room. His parents weren't at the house at the time. Andy was alone, but he didn't think anything of it. He was home alone at night before. Nothing bad would happen. But some feeling woke him. He listened for anything that didn't sound normal. Andy heard footsteps, but just assumed that his parents were home. But that all changed when he heard crashing and breaking of glass.

He jumped up from his bed and ran to his window to see his parents car not there in the driveway. "Someone broke in." He whispered to himself. "I have to get out of here."

Andy was on the second story, but the back door was right next to the staircase. Andy was about to execute that plan before he heard a window smash, then silence. Did they leave, Andy thought. He forgot about his first plan entirely in that thought and decided to go and check the damage. Andy slowly tip toed down the stairs to see the entire house trashed and more windows broken.

Everything was knocked over, except for one thing.

The Christmas tree was still standing, untouched and still glowing. Andy didn't understand, why would anyone break into a house, destroy everything but steal nothing of importance it seems. He walked closer to the tree to investigate it. However he jumped back when the tree shook on its own. The tree paused, then shook again. Andy kept walking backwards about to make a run for it. Then in a split second, the tree was forced down onto Andy. He was crushed under a pile of branches, glass ornaments and lights.

An arm grabbed Andy's leg and dragged him out from under the tree. After his eyes adjusted to the lights, he could see who grabbed him.

It was a man Andy has never seen before. The man had black hair and big, sunken eyes. He was also wearing a Santa costume. "Who are you?" Andy yelled, struggling to leave the man's grasp. The man picked up the boy and brought him to a massive empty sack. "Don't you recognize me, I'm Santa Claus!" The man replied in a creepy, higher pitched voice. He put Andy into the sack, who was screaming help. But no one heard him. The man closed the sack tight and threw it over his shoulder and walked out the back door. "That window trick works every time," The man said to himself, loading the sack with Andy in the trunk of his car.

He got in the drivers seat, turned on the car and started to drive away into the dark. with Andy's muffled screams in the trunk.

END

It was a man Andy had never seen before. The man had black hair and big, sunken eyes. He was also wearing a dark costume "who are you?" Andy yelled, attempting to leave the man alone. The man picked up the boy and brought him to a vacant empty street. "Don't you recognize me? I'm Santa Claus," the man replied in a creepy, higher pitched voice. He put Andy into the sack, who was screaming help. But no one heard him. The man closed the sack tight and threw it out his window and walked out the back door. "That window broke years ago," the man said to himself, looking at the sack with Andy in the trunk of his car. He got in the driver's seat, turned on the car and started to drive away into the dark with Andy's muffled screams in the trunk.

END

RECEIVED ON

Friday, Dec. 8

2023

WINTER

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ARKEL

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