

# The Faces of Krampus



**Joe Moore**



# Also By Joe Moore

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# The Faces of Krampus

**By Joe Moore**

**and**

**Illustrated by Mary Moore**

**Published by The North Pole Press**

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## DEDICATION

This book would not have come together if a good friend of mine hadn't placed it squarely into my head. I find it amusing how a simple joke turned into something special for me. It was when Jordan Keene said to me joking around “I have the heart of Krampus”.

Now Jordan stands seven feet tall and would give a bear pause. But this man is as gentle as a kitten, and has a huge kind heart to match his enormous frame.

I answered his remark saying, “Then Krampus has a very gentle heart!” And that is how it began. So, this book, which had the working title of 'The Heart of Krampus', is dedicated to the giant with the gentle heart, my good friend, Jordan. Thanks, Bird.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is difficult to write in a vacuum. Obviously, the writer knows what is going on with the story and they can explain things if you ask. However, without the aid of the writer standing right next to the reader, things can get lost in the translation. In other words, the reader doesn't know what the heck is going on in the writer's mind.

Enter my editor, Gary Brown. Because of his efforts, it is almost a guarantee that you will not only be able to follow my thoughts, but you will enjoy this book infinitely more than its rough draft version. Gary made numerous suggestions (in addition to all my grammatical blunders) that helped this writer (me) explain the actions better to the reader (you). My sincerest thanks for a job well done, and I look forward to our next collaboration.

In addition to Gary, as always this book would not exist without my lovely and talented wife, Mary Moore. She not only did all the illustrations that you will see in this book, but she designed the cover, formatted the book, added all the paraphernalia, and made it quite enjoyable for me to write it. She is my muse and inspiration and is always encouraging me to write my heart and my stories. This will actually be my 11th book, and Mary is behind each and every one of them. Thank you, my dearest love.

My last thank you goes out to you, my readers. Over the years I have received countless wonderful comments and whether it's my children's series written by me and illustrated by Mary, my Santa Claus Trilogy, or even my reign of terror book Return of the Birds, the compliments and encouragements I get from you, my readers, help spur me to

continue writing and bringing you stories.

This is the fourth genre that I have ventured into. And while it is written as a Young Adult book, I hope that all ages will enjoy this. It loosely ties in with the Santa Claus Trilogy but is meant to explain a completely different part of the Christmas holiday season. The thoughts and history of Black Peter and Krampus are generally tied to traditions and events in Europe, but I have added my own twist and tied several characters together into one being. I hope you enjoy reading this book as much as I enjoyed writing it.





# INTRODUCTION BY SINTERKLASS

Krampus is a demonic monster. He has large sharp horns that curl like a goat's. He carries a horrible stench, has a long sharp tongue, cloven hooves for feet, a full coat of coarse black fur, evil red eyes, and nasty, razor sharp claws. This half-goat, half-demon arrives on December 5th, the eve of the Feast of St. Nicholas with ill intent. He carries a basket of switches – long willow branches he uses to beat children who have misbehaved.

But far worse, he takes children to his underworld, where he keeps them there. They become his slaves and are beaten and tortured constantly until they can be trusted to behave properly.

Krampus' name is derived from the German word *krampen*, meaning claw. He is said to be the son of Hel in Norse mythology. Hel, the daughter of Loki, is the goddess over the dominion known as Hell. Krampus, shares characteristics with other scary, demonic creatures in Greek mythology, including satyrs and fauns.

The legend is part of a centuries-old Christmas tradition in several countries even today, where Christmas celebrations begin in early December with the Feast of St. Nicholas on December 6. Krampus was created as a counterpart to the kindly St. Nicholas, who rewards children with sweets or treats in their shoes or boots that have been left outside for his visit. Krampus, in contrast, would swat "wicked" children and steal them away to his lair.

He has done this for centuries. And since this terrible demon arises only in December, the chance of seeing a child that was taken is nonexistent until the following December – if ever.

The legend of this half-demon, half-goat is only partly

true. Actually, the Krampus that this book is about refers to my father's friend and companion. Who was my father? He is known by many names: Viejo Pascuero, Julemanden, Joulupukki, Weihnachtsmann, Babbo Natalie, Pere Noel, Mikulas, and Sinterklaas to name a few. You most likely know him as Santa Claus. I am his son, and I took over my father's job in 1954, and I am the current Santa Claus.

But, the story about the real Krampus started long before he came to be with us in the North Pole. It is about as far from his legend as anyone would believe.





## CHAPTER ONE

His true name is Petrus Schwarztale, which is German for Peter Black.

Peter's parents were not particularly attractive. In fact, the word ugly was used on more than one occasion when describing them. So when they had a child in 1752, that baby was exceptionally difficult to look at. As he grew, Peter's looks did not improve much. He had a pointed nose that curled down almost like a bird's beak. His chin came to a sharp point and this poor boy's ears not only came to a point but were so large they flopped over under their own weight.

His eyes were extremely dark, and it was difficult to distinguish any color in them beyond black. His large heavy brow always appeared to be scowling because his forehead couldn't prevent it. He had moles on his chin and forehead that would not be called beauty marks. Finally, he was much smaller than anyone else his age. His parents knew Peter would be lucky to reach five feet as an adult.

When he was able to attend the school he was continuously ridiculed and picked on. He wasn't even through his first full week when it happened.

"Hey ugly," a boy a few years older and quite a bit larger than Peter yelled to him.

Peter ignored the boy and kept walking.

"You, you hideous looking troll!" the boy continued, "Why don't you crawl back under the rock you came from?"

"Leave me alone. I am not doing anything to you," Peter said.

"Not true. Your ugliness is hurting my eyes!" At this, the other kids began to chortle. This seemed to spur the bully more and he walked up and shoved Peter to the ground.

Peter stood up and brushed himself off, saying nothing.

“Why bother cleaning yourself off? I think the dirt goes better with your ugly face,” the boy said and pushed him down again, this time into a mud puddle.

As his clothes were now soaked, Peter debated as to whether he should get up, or just stay on the wet ground to see if the boy would go away. As he was thinking this, the boy started moving toward Peter with fists clenched. Just as he started to pull his arm back, the schoolmaster began ringing the bell for class. The boy hesitated for a moment and then lowered his arm.

“You better not let me catch you after school. I will beat the ugliness right outta you!” the boy said loudly so everyone could hear. He then turned and moved toward the sound of the bell.

Peter pulled himself out of the puddle and tried his best to clean himself up. He moved to the door of the school and the headmaster pulled him aside and yelled at Peter, “What is the meaning of this? You look like a pig! How dare you come to my school looking like this. You are a disgrace.”

Peter tried to interject what had happened, but the schoolmaster wouldn't let him speak. The other children just giggled as Peter was admonished.

“You go home and don't show up here again until you are presentable. I do not allow pigs in my classroom.” He turned from Peter, herded the other children into the classroom quickly and closed the door.

Peter stood staring at the closed door for a moment and then returned home. When he told his mother what had taken place, she said she would have a word with the schoolmaster.

Peter looked horrified. “Please do not do that! I could tell in his eyes he did not want me there. He was not interested

what happened, he just wanted me gone.”

His mother said, “Oh, Peter, you do not know that! He was probably in a hurry to get his class started. You are too hard on yourself.”

But deep down she suspected Peter might be right. She thought she might wait and see if this happened again before going to the schoolhouse.

The very next day was a repeat of what happened, adding a bloody nose to the event, he was told by the headmaster to go home and not return.

He said to Peter, “You are too much of a distraction for the other children. How can I be expected to try and teach them if they are focusing their attention on you?”

The year was 1761. Education was not as advanced, although Peter now at age nine still desired to read, write and learn the basics of mathematics and science. He cried the rest of that day and well into the next. That was when Peter's father decided to teach him his profession.

“It's something you can do and have scarcely any exchange with other people,” said his father, Karl. Karl Schwarztale was a master chimney sweep and ever busy with many customers. Being a solitary man himself, he always enjoyed his profession and took tremendous pride in it. He thought this would be an ideal career for his misshapen son.

As softly as he could, he told Peter, “I will teach you what I know about reading and writing, though I am not very advanced with my own knowledge on these subjects. I, too, did not go to school and most of what I know I learned on my own.”

So the following day Peter joined his father's side as an apprentice and began to learn the craft of chimney sweeping. While it was less common in Germany for sweeps to use



helpers in their craft, it had become customary in England and most of the work was done by “climbing boys” who could fit through the increasingly narrow chimneys. Around the time of Karl's apprenticeship to become a master sweep, it was learned that the more narrow a chimney, the better the draft.

Karl was a good size man just under six feet and about fourteen stones, so he had difficulty in the newer chimneys, which were only fourteen inches by nine inches. Many of the larger homes also had chimneys that were angled, or joined to other flues, making the task more difficult.

By comparison, Peter was small, shy of four feet. He was rather skinny, as well. The latter came partially from the fact that although Karl was always in demand, being a chimney sweep did not pay well. It was considered work that was demeaning to the vast majority. More often than not, he was able to bring just enough food home to keep his family fed.

He and his wife had always wanted another child, but it was beyond Karl's meager capabilities to support a larger family. While they would admit that Peter was no joy to gaze at, he was always a good, kindhearted boy, who did as he was told. So Karl dressed him in the traditional black garb of a chimney sweep and took Peter to his first client of the day.

As they walked to the house, Karl started teaching Peter about the various brushes and what each was good for. He explained how a chimney worked and how, depending on what was burned in the firebox, he would find different types of soot and ash in each. He warned his son of the dangers of rotting chimneys and to beware of loose bricks and stones that could come crashing down on him.

Karl knew the dangers of his occupation and was aware of the reckless abandon that master sweeps treated their apprentices in other countries. While not common in his

country, most of the sweeps in other parts of Europe used indentured young boys and girls as slaves. Mostly they provided them with a corner to sleep and just enough food and water to do their bidding. Many were badly burned, cut, and far too many died from uncaring masters unconcerned for their minimal welfare. Some might think Karl was throwing stones at a glass house, but he knew he would treat his son as best as he could given their circumstances.

The conditions of a chimney sweep were harsh and the work was hard. Children that were used as climbing boys were often scared to climb into the narrow passageways. He'd heard stories of masters lighting fires as they worked in the flue. This was to get them to climb higher or work faster. Thus coining the phrase "to light a fire under you".

But he also knew that with the help of his son, he could increase the number of clients he could take care of in a day. Karl was getting older and already had respiratory concerns that were inherent from the result of years of soot and carcinogens that belched forth from the black surfaces that he cleaned and scraped. He felt a twinge of guilt thinking how he was condemning his son to a similar fate. But he could not see a higher destiny for Peter. Besides, more patrons meant more coin and a better lifestyle for them all.

As they approached their first client, Karl said to Peter, "Pull your hat lower over your face. I do not wish to have the owner see how young you are." Actually, he did not want the owner to see how repulsive his son was either, but wouldn't hurt his feelings saying as much.

The owner paid no attention to the boy behind Karl and merely led him to the first of several chimneys needing to be cleaned. Karl laid out several sheets on the floor to keep the soot and ash from spreading elsewhere in the room. He was

grateful that the chimney had not been recently used so it was cool inside the flue. He knew that if it had been winter that probably wouldn't be the case.

He laid out several brushes and showed Peter which brushes to use, where, and how best to use them.

“Okay, son, now strip down to your underwear and get climbing.”

“What?” asked Peter. “Why do I need to get undressed?”

“It will be a great deal easier for going through angles and corners for you.” Karl said, “I am familiar with this house and the chimneys all have sharp corners that you will otherwise get caught on. Be careful not to cut yourself on them, either.”

Peter did what he was told and grabbed two of the brushes. He went into the firebox and up the flue. His father told him he would take care of the base of the chimney and the first eight or nine feet as Peter did the rest.

“What you need to do is push your back against the chimney and tuck your knees and elbows in front of you. This way you can climb up the flue and brush as you go.”

At first, Peter had trouble maneuvering through the chimney but he soon began to get the hang of it. As Peter moved into the darkness he realized he began to feel a calmness he had not felt in a very long time. Darkness enclosed him like a shroud. The cool surfaces felt good on his naked skin. As he scrubbed the ash and dirt away from the surface he gagged and choked on the abrasive material. He taught himself to take deep lungfuls of air and then brush the soot while holding his breath. Once the material abated, he released his breath blowing the dust away from him.

After some practice, he was able to hold his breath for a goodly amount of time. He shimmied higher and came to the

first angle in the chimney. He easily navigated the change and worked on his back to clean the upper part of the flue.

Because there was no place for the residue to go but onto him, he had to hold his breath longer until he could maneuver back onto his stomach and shake the sediment off his body.

He could feel his head beginning to pound and his desire to take a large breath fighting his every movement. At last, he finished the section and as quickly as the cramped space would allow, he turned over and shook and brushed the grit off his small torso. He swept the debris into the lower chimney and watched it float down toward his father.

Luckily for Karl, he had finished most of the lower portion and was away from the base when all the dirt and ash fell into the firebox. Not having an apprentice before, Karl never thought about having to beware of falling refuse from above him. He made a mental note that he would have to be vigilant, lest he get pelted by his son's work.

“How's it going up there?” he called up to Peter.

“I am almost to the top,” answered the boy.

Karl was impressed with the speed of Peter's work, assuming he had done all that he should. But Karl wasn't concerned. He knew how meticulous Peter was about most things, and had little concern that the opening was now as clean as it would ever be swept.

When Peter reached the top of the chimney he yelled down a question. “Papa, should I just start at the top of the next one and work my way down?”

Karl barely caught the question through the muffled bricks. He thought for a moment and yelled back as best he could. “Yes, go ahead.” He then coughed out a load of black phlegm.

Peter moved to the next chimney on the roof and began

his descent. He found it much easier sweeping the ash ahead of him than coming up from underneath. Again, though he could barely see after several feet, he felt a relaxed calm working in the dark. He wondered to himself if his eyesight would improve with time in this shadowy new world he was exploring. He would ask his father if his did, later.

Karl followed the manor's proprietor to the next chimney. He could already see traces of his new apprentice's work coming through the opening. He hurriedly opened the sheets to catch any more of the debris before it got on anything in the room. He had no sooner gotten the first two sheets opened when a large plume of ash fell through the opening. He decided he would have to wait until his son was finished before he would stick his head in there.

Karl knew he would have to rethink his whole approach to his learned vocation now that Peter was on the scene.

At their next appointment, Peter hit his first challenge, as the chimney had fallen into disrepair and some of the bricks were beginning to rot and crumble. His father came in from the opposite side of his son and showed him how to reconstruct the damaged area. Peter watched as his father deftly reassembled the broken opening and sealed the damage.

"You will need to teach me how to do that," his son said with admiration.

"I will, gladly. Now let's get the rest of this chimney cleaned."

By the end of their ten-hour day, they had done eight different clients. This was the most Karl had ever accomplished in a single day. His pockets were practically bulging from the proceeds. He now understood why other countries used helpers so regularly. He also wasn't nearly as dog-tired as he normally would be after a long day like this.

Peter was exhausted, but he knew he had accomplished a great deal and felt good over the effort. He was pleased with his father's excitement over the day's proceeds. Only one customer had made a reference to Peter's looks.

He said, "Wow, this one looks like he has fallen a few times already." Once the man learned he was Karl's son, he made no further mention of the boy.

When they got home, Karl spoke with pride about how Peter was a natural at this work to his wife, Hilda. He also showed her the amount of money they were able to make and her already large eyes bulged more.

Over the next several years the father and son team worked well together. Karl was able to increase his number of clients and the family fared much better than when Karl had done this alone. But each year Peter noticed that his father coughed more frequently, and often more violently. Some of his coughing spells would last up to a full minute. Karl also had trouble breathing occasionally, and the two would have to stop on their way to the next client until Karl could catch his breath.

One day Peter was in a chimney almost to the opening when he heard the proprietor call up to him. "Hey you, you'd better come down here and quick! There is something wrong with Karl."

When Peter reached his father, he was crumpled on the floor near the firebox. "Papa!" Peter cried. Karl looked at him with watery eyes and was wheezing mightily. He couldn't respond to Peter and just looked solemnly at his son and then closed his eyes.

Peter told the owner he would return tomorrow to finish the job and clean up. The owner agreed and growled, "See that you do." In truth, he wanted the man gone before he died, and

he was left with his hideous son.

Peter covered his father up in one of the unused sheets and put him in the cart that they always used to move around the items needed for their jobs. As Peter strained to push the cart, which was near twice his size with his father in it, he watched his father strain to breathe as he came in and out of consciousness.

When he got home he helped his mother get Karl into bed. Once settled, he ran off to get a doctor. The doctor almost did not come at first, and Peter had to give him money up front in order to do so.

The prognosis was not good. Too many years of ash and soot had taken its toll. Karl couldn't breathe well enough to keep his organs functioning with oxygenated blood. By the time Peter had returned the next day from cleaning the rest of the previous owner's chimneys, his father had died.

Hilda and Peter buried Karl two days later. There were only a few other people in attendance. Karl was liked, but not well known, and only one client showed to say goodbye and give Peter and his mother his condolences.

Peter told his mother he would keep the family business going and that although they would miss his father dearly, she had no cause to be worried. That was a grossly optimistic of the events that were about to take place.







# About The Author

Joe Moore has written millions of words over his lifetime. A graduate from California State University, Northridge, Joe is a former publisher, editor, advertising, marketing and sales executive. He worked on hundreds of campaigns and articles with thousands of proposals and stories for everything from fishing equipment to business magazines. This may help explain why he is able to write in so many genres.

Moore was a former feature writer for several Southern California periodicals. He has three books published in his Santa Claus Trilogy – *Believe Again*, *The North Pole Chronicles* and *Faith, Hope & Reindeer* and *Glaciers Melt & Mountains Smoke*. He is very excited to have several children's books also published. *Santa's World Introducing Santa's Elf Series*, *Jamie Hardrock*, *Chief Mining Elf*, *Shelley Wrapitup*, *Master Design Elf*, *Keeney Eagleye*, *Naughty/Nice List Manager*, *Sarah Buttons*, *Master Doll Maker* and *Ford MacHarley*, *Master Wheelsmith* all for Santa's Elf Series©. These books are produced for early readers, written in rhyme, and illustrated by Moore's wife, Mary. Moore has written over a dozen children's stories for the Santa's Elf Series that will be published at the rate of two per year.

Moore has been seen and interviewed on nearly every news program, such as Good Morning America, Fox News, ABC/NBC/CBS News and in numerous radio programs and newspapers. He also appeared on Disney Surfers, Nickelodeon, in numerous parades, on billboards and he and his wife were featured guests on Wealth TV with the late Charlie Jones (NFL Media Hall of Fame announcer). As a professional Santa Claus, he currently is the premiere Santa Claus for Hello Santa digital Santa visits and works with daycare centers, visited dozens of homes and corporations, and spread his goodwill and

joy with Mrs. Claus everywhere they travel.

Joe and Mary Moore, (as Santa and Mrs. Claus) also give of themselves, having contributed countless hours (and toys) to worthy charities including, the American Cancer Society, Children's Hospitals, Military families, Domestic abuse shelters, Community projects for schools, "Angel" programs, Hospice centers and more. Both Joe & Mary feel truly blessed by God to be able to bring such joy and happiness to others.

Moore has now written another novel in a third and completely separate genre from his earlier works. He has entered the world of Suspense/Horror with the publishing of *Return of the Birds*. This book picks up 50 years after the birds attacked Bodega Bay in California. Moore's book will have readers on the edge of their seat and searching the skies.

Moore's other passion is cooking! He enjoys creating spectacular meals for Mary and his friends. He also enjoys fishing, even though he admits his wife can always out fish him!

The Moores reside in the beautiful Smoky Mountains of East Tennessee.

# The Faces of Krampus

Is he a monster? Is he an ogre? Or is he just a simple enforcer for St. Nicholas?

The answer is yes. Well sort of...he is a chimney sweep. Beaten and scourged himself, he was trying to squeeze out a living for him and his mother. That was when he ran into Santa Claus, and Santa had a problem of his own.

He was looking for someone like Peter, who had the ability and talent to immediately know who was good, and who was not. And he needed Peter to leave a message to all those naughty kids, and to punish the really bad ones in a more severe manner.

How the many faces of Krampus, Black Peter, Pelznickel and the like came to be is the result of Peter accepting this new role as Santa's enforcer, and the travels he has with the most famous gift-giver in the world.

And they had it all working. That is, until the devil, himself, got involved!



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