

MY GRANDMOTHER
USED TO TELL
ME STORIES
ABOUT THE SNOW.

"BEFORE HE CAME
DOWN HERE, IT
NEVER SNOWED. AND
AFTERWARDS, IT DID."

MOM SAID
SHE BELIEVED
IN A FAIRYTALE.

A MAN IN A
CASTLE. A
MONSTER.

A KILLER.

NOBODY
TALKS
ABOUT THAT
CHRISTMAS
ANYMORE.
RUMOR BECAME
MYTH, NEW
STORIES
AND SMALL-
TOWN GOSSIP
WALLPAPERED
OVER THAT
WHOLE
WINTER.

GRANDMA
PASSED AWAY
WHEN I WAS
TWELVE.

IT HASN'T
SNOWED
SINCE.







