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**A** Bob the Pleo  
**Christmas**

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Michael Weed

**T**was the day before Christmas and all through the town every creature was stirring, but . . . one wore a frown. Bob the Pleo wrapped a woolen scarf around his neck, picked up his skates, and headed out the front door of his castle. As he stepped outside, a gust of winter wind wrapped him in flurries of snowflakes. He pulled the scarf a bit tighter and plodded down the sidewalk. Somewhere in the background a piano and accompanying jazz band could be heard playing the classic holiday tune "Christmastime is Here" by the Vince Guaraldi Trio.

As Bob trudged along the snow covered street, Sally joined him and they both continued on towards the frozen pond outside of town to meet up with the rest of the gang.

"You know, Sally" Bob spoke up, "Christmas is coming, but I don't feel happy. I don't feel the way I'm supposed to feel." Bob and Sally stopped alongside a stone wall to talk.

"I just don't understand Christmas, I guess." Bob continued "I mean I like getting presents, sending Christmas cards, decorating trees and all that, but I'm still not happy. I always end up feeling depressed."

"Bob the Pleo . . ." Sally shook her head, "You're the only Pleo I know who can take a wonderful season like Christmas and turn it into a problem." Sally began to walk on. "Maybe Grumpy is right," she said, "of all the Bobs in the world, you're the Bobiest."





Every Pleo down in Weedovia, it seemed, liked Christmas a lot. But Dr. Mel, who lived just south of Weedovia, did not. Dr. Mel hated Christmas, the whole holiday season. Now don't bother asking why, no one seemed to care about the reason. It could be, perhaps, that his coat was too tight, or it could be that his outlook on life wasn't right. But I think the most likely reason of all may have been that his hair was two sizes too small.

So, whatever the reason, his coat or his hair, he stood there the day before Christmas . . . plotting with care.