

# The Abominable Snow Monster

**W**hen the Elves and reindeer refugees first arrived at the North Pole, they found a barren but workable landscape. The desolate peace of the cold North was a welcomed change from the bitter battles with the Munchkins back in Oz. Dressed up like Eskimos for their first several months, all elves from one to ninety-two worked without interruption building homes for themselves, stalls for the reindeer, toy production lines, and finally a splendid castle for Santa.



But then, it started. Some of their food stocks mysteriously disappeared. Initially, the Elves hypothesized that Munchkin Moles were pilfering their provisions, so they embarked on a detailed investigation. Sadly, the taskforce found very little evidence, except for **MASSIVE** footprints in the snow near the food storage bins.

And then, it got worse. Elves started disappearing. One at a time, over the space of a couple of weeks, a half dozen elves simply vanished, their last known location surrounded by more gigantic footprints.

**T**he taskforce bravely followed the footprints back to an enormous cave, where they found a gigantic furry beast with horrible fangs. The so-called "Abominable Snow Monster" had enslaved the kidnapped elves, forcing them to make gigantic snowballs he could throw as weapons. After mounting a daring rescue operation, the Elves vowed to steer clear of the entire region inhabited by the Abominable.



**I**n later years, through the tireless efforts of social worker and arctic prospector Yukon Cornelius, a miracle occurred! The Abominable actually became a jolly, happy soul, who could laugh and play. The Elves welcomed the newly friendly beast and started calling him "Bumble" as he earned a job putting Christmas tree toppers into place without a stepladder.



Very recently, though, the Bumble's behavior has become quite erratic. Several times every day, his eyes seem to go blank as he stares off into the distance. Rumor among the elves is that there must have been some magic in something the Bumble ate. As of this writing, the Bumble is under careful analysis by Yukon Cornelius and the North Pole's best veterinarians. A diagnosis remains elusive.

