



Bev's Yellow Star



It was cold, and the big day was close. Bev and Glen still had no pine to trim. "We will get one from the hill," said Bev.



Glen got the ax and the cart. The pals went far up the hill, past the farm and the last yard.



It was hard to pull the cart in the thick slush. At the top stood a small green pine. "This is the one!" said Glen, and he held up the ax.



"Stop!" said Bev. She was so tall that she could look down into the pine. There was a nest, and in it sat their pal Rob.



"This is my home," said Rob. "Please do not chop it." "We will not harm it," said Bev. Then she grinned. "I have a plan. We can trim the pine right here!"



So they ran home, filled the cart, and went back up the hill. Glen put bells on the pine. Then he wrapped red rope around it.



Bev set out a jar of nuts for Rob. Then came the best part. Bev had a large yellow star, and only she could set it on top.



When the sun set, the star glowed over the hill. Rob ate nuts. "It is like art!" said Glen. The little pine was still Rob's home, and now it was for all three pals.