
How Squidward Stole Christmas

(Saturday, 17 December 2005) - Written by Spongey34 - Last Updated ()

Every sponge down in the ocean like Christmas a lot. But Squidward, who lived right next to a sponge, did not. Squidward hated Christmas. The entire Christmas season. Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason. It could be his tentacles weren't on right. Or perhaps his shirt was too tight. But I think that the most likely reason of all may have been that his nose wasn't small. Whatever the reason, his shirt or his nose, he stood there on Christmas Eve, thinking, "This blows." Staring down from his house with a stern, squid frown, at the warm lighted windows below in the polis. For he knew each sponge down beneath, was busy now, hanging a kelp wreath. "And they're hanging their stockings!" he snarled with a sneer, "Tomorrow is Christmas, it's virtually here!" Then he groaned, with his squid fingers nervously drumming, "I must find a way to stop Christmas from coming!" For tomorrow, he knew, all the sponge boys and girls, would wake dazzling and early. Then they'd rush to their toys! And then, oh, the noise! Oh, the noise! Noise! Noise! Noise! That's one thing he hated, the noise! Noise! Noise! Noise! Then the sponges, youth and elder, would sit down to a feast. And they'd feast! And they'd feast! And they'd feast! Feast! Feast! Feast! They would feast on sponge-pudding, and rare sponge-roast beast. Which was something Squidward couldn't stand in the least! And then they'd do something he liked least of all! Every sponge down in the ocean, the tall and the small, would stand close together, with Christmas bells ringing. They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the sponges would start singing! They'd sing! And they'd sing! And they'd sing! Sing! Sing! Sing! And the more Squidward thought of this sponge Christmassing, the more Squidward thought, "I must stop this whole thing! Why, for twenty-three years I've put up with it now! I must stop this Christmas from coming! But how?"

Then Squidward got an idea! A foul idea! He got a nasty, wonderful idea! "I know just what to do!" Squidward laughed in his throat. And he made a quick Santy Claus hat and a coat. And he chuckled, and clucked, "What a great Squiddy trick! With this coat and this hat, I look just like Saint Nick! All I need is a reindeer." Squidward glanced around. But, since reindeer are scant, there was none to be found. Did that stop the old squid? No! Squidward simply said, "If I can't find a reindeer, I'll make one instead!" So he called his snail, Snellie. Then he took some red thread, and he tied a big horn on the top of her head. Then he loaded some bags and some old empty sacks, on a ramshackle sleigh and he hitched up old Snellie. Then Squidward said, "Giddy up!" And the sleigh started down, toward the homes where the sponges lay snoozed in their town. All their windows were dark. Quiet snow filled the air. All the sponges were all dreaming sweet dreams without care. When he came to the first little house on the square. "This is stop number one," the old squid Claus hissed, and he ascended to the roof, empty bags in his fist.

Squidward slid down the chimney. A rather tough slid. But, if Santa could do it, then so could the squid. He got stuck only once, for a minute or two. Then he fastened his nose out of the fireplace duct, where the little sponge stockings all hung in a row. "These stockings," he grinned, "are the first things to go!" Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unpleasant, around the whole room, and he took every present! Conch shells! And shell phones! Krabby Patties! Drums! Eels and Escalators! Chocolate! And plums! And he stuffed them in bags. Then Squidward, very nimbly, stuffed all the bags, one by one, up the chimney! Then he slunk to the icebox. He took the sponge's feast! He took the sponge-pudding! He took the roast beast! He cleaned out that icebox as quick as a flash. Why, Squidward even took their last can of sponge-hash! Then he stuffed all the food up the chimney with glee. "And now!" grinned the Squidward, "I will stuff up the tree!" And Squidward grabbed the tree, and he started to shove, when he heard a small sound like the coo of a dove. He turned around fast, and he saw a small sponge! Little SpongeBob, who was not more than a bunge. Squidward had been caught by this tiny sponge wander, who'd got out of bed for some fresh water. He stared at Squidward and said, "Santy Claus, why? Why are you taking our Christmas tree? Why?" But, you know, that Squidward was so smart and so slick, he thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick! "Why, my sweet little boy," the fake Santy Claus lied, "There's a light on this tree that won't light on one side. So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my bosom. I'll fix it up there. Then I'll bring it back here." And his fib fooled the child. Then he patted his head, and he got him a drink and he sent him to bed. And when SpongeBob went to bed with his cup, he went to the chimney and stuffed the tree up! Then the last thing he took was the log for their fire! Then he went up the chimney, himself, the old liar. On their walls he left nothing but hooks and some wire. And the one speck of food that he left in the house was a crumb that was even too small for a snail.

Then Squidward did the same thing to the other sponge's pineapples, leaving crumbs much too small for the other sponge's snails! It was quarter past dawn. All the sponges, still a-bed, all the sponges, still dozed when he packed up his sled. Packed it up with their presents! The bows! The wrappings! The tags! And the glitter! The trimmings! The accessories! Thirty some feet up! Up the side of his house, he rode with his load to the tiptop to sprouse! "Bah to the sponges!" he was squidishly humming. "They're finding out now that no Christmas is coming! They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do! Their mouths will hang open a minute or two. Then the sponges down there will all cry where! That's a noise," grinned the Squidward, "That I simply must hear!" So he paused. And Squidward put his hand to his ear. And he did hear a sound rising over the snow. It started in low. Then it started to grow. But the sound wasn't sad! Why, this sound sounded merry! It couldn't be so! But it was merry! Very! He stared down below! Squidward popped his eyes! Then he shook! What he saw was a shocking wonder! Every sponge in the ocean, the tall and the small, were singing! Without any presents at all! He hadn't halted Christmas from arriving! It came! Somehow or other, it came just the same!

Squidward, with his tentacles cold in the snow, stood perplexed and puzzling. "How could it be so? It came with out ribbons! It came without tags! It came without packages, boxes or bags!" And he puzzled three hours, till his puzzler was

sore. Then Squidward pondered of something he hadn't before! "Maybe Christmas," he thought, "doesn't come from a store. Maybe Christmas, perhaps, means a little bit more!" And what happened then? Well, in the ocean they say, that Squidward's big nose shrunk three sizes that day! And the minute his nose didn't feel quite right, he whizzed with his load through the bright morning light, and he brought back the toys! And the food for the feast! And he, he himself! Squidward carved the roast beast!