

Meet the
BOBS
AND **Tweets**



by PEPPER SPRINGFIELD
illustrated by KRISTY CALDWELL

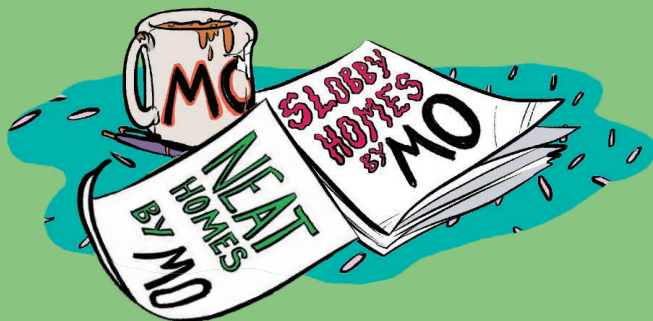
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Dedicated to Raisa and Mort with love

–PS

For Pepper. You are 50 percent Bob,
50 percent Tweet, and 100 percent fabulous

–KC



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CHAPTER 1

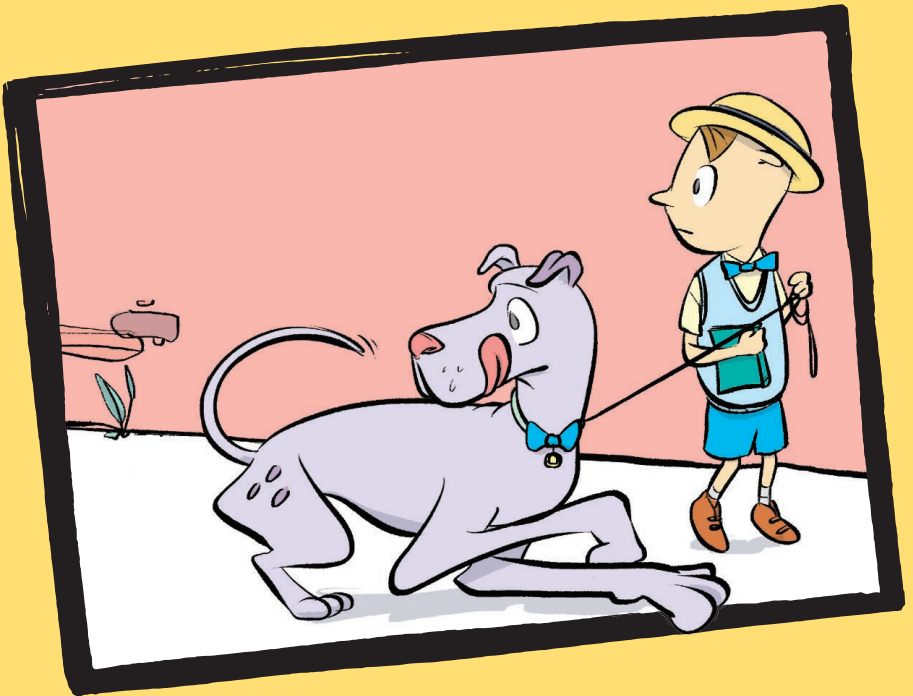
A MOB OF BOBS

A mob of Bobs lives like slobs.

A mob!

Of Bobs!

Oh, such slobs.



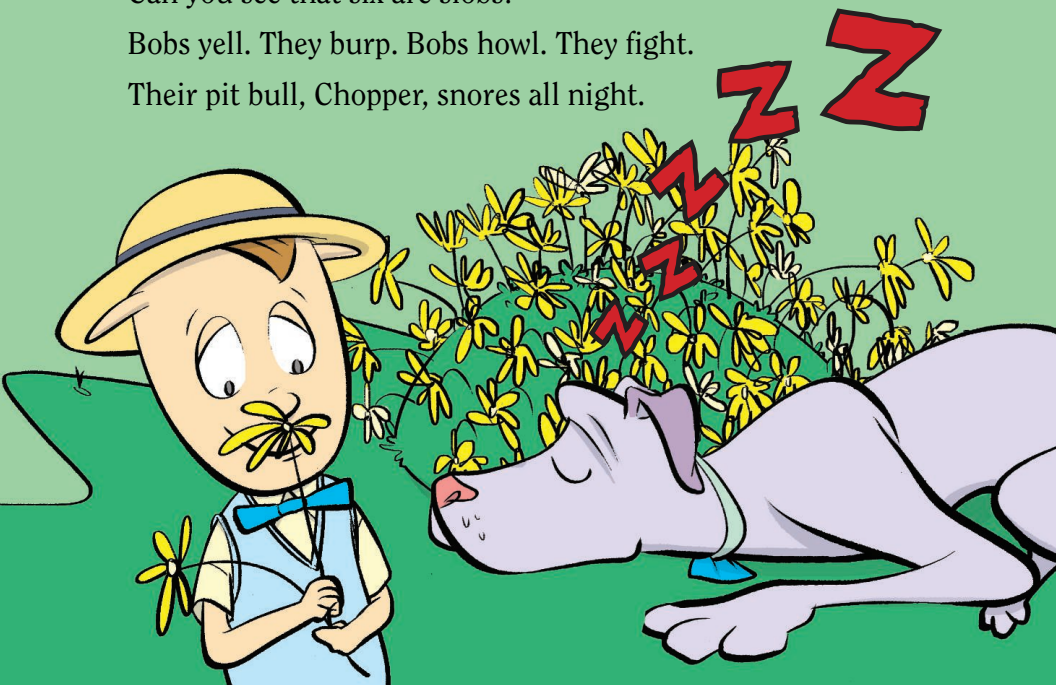


Seven Bobs are in the mob.

Can you see that six are slob?

Bobs yell. They burp. Bobs howl. They fight.

Their pit bull, Chopper, snores all night.





These seven Bobs, they have to move.
Their neighbors *do not like* their groove.
So what will be the best address
For a mob of Bobs who makes a mess?

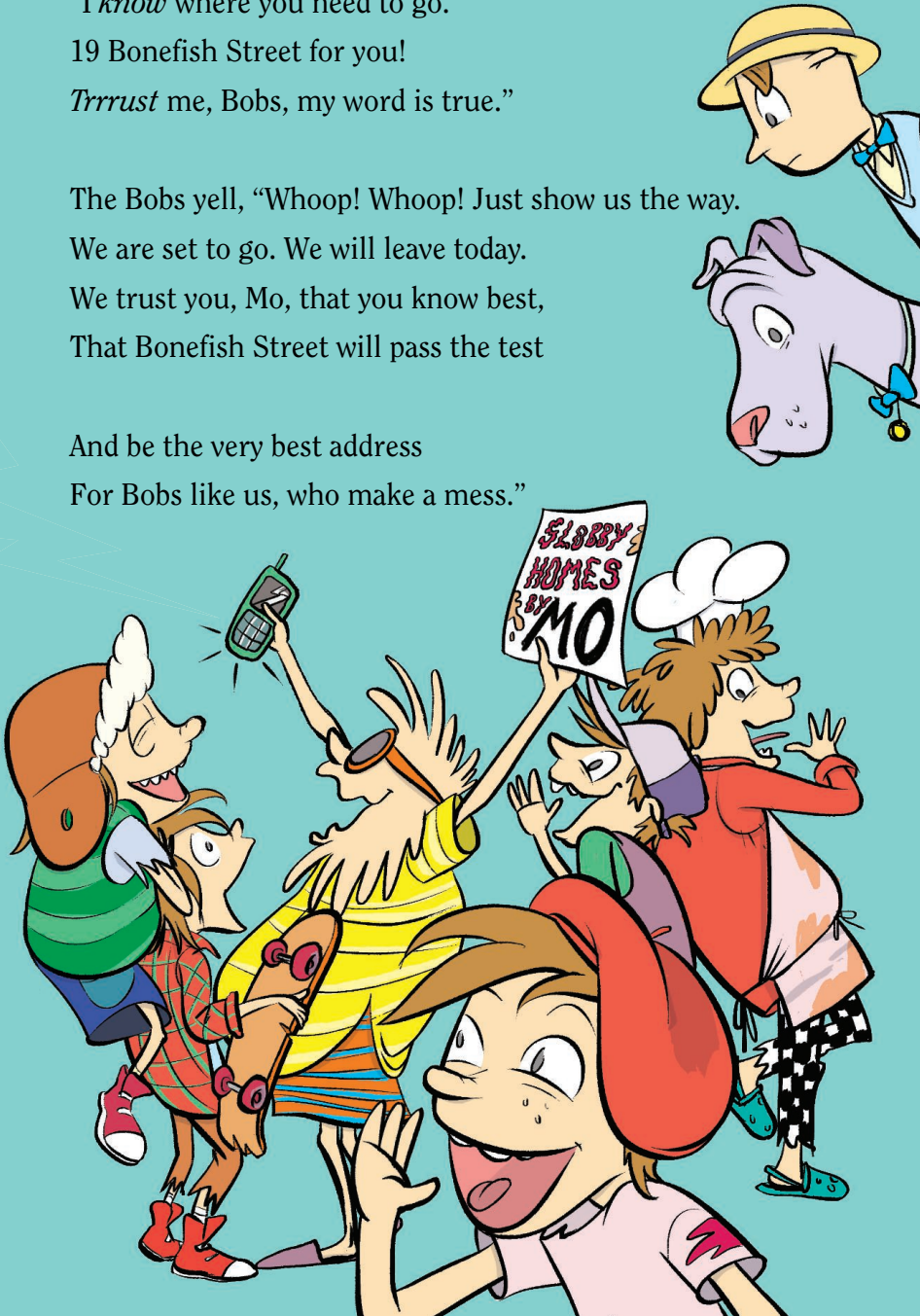
This mob of Bobs, they call up Mo.
“Hey, Mo! We hear that you will know
Where we, who are a mob of Bobs,
Can find a house near other slobs.”



“Bobs, pack up your van,” says Mo.
“I *know* where you need to go.
19 Bonefish Street for you!
Trrrust me, Bobs, my word is true.”

The Bobs yell, “Whoop! Whoop! Just show us the way.
We are set to go. We will leave today.
We trust you, Mo, that you know best,
That Bonefish Street will pass the test

And be the very best address
For Bobs like us, who make a mess.”





“Whoop! Whoop!” cheer the Bobs as they pull into their lot.
“We are here: Number 19, the Bobs’ new hot spot.
Our house is perfect—outrageously good.
Bobs love Mo for finding this new neighborhood.”

They unpack the Bob van. They hang out their sneakers.
They unload their guitars, their drums, and their speakers.
“Let’s play some music! Let’s have a food fight!
On Bonefish Street, Bobs can party all night.”

But Little Bob Seven is looking around.
He does not hear anyone making a sound.
I am worried, he thinks, about all my Bobs.
Is Bonefish Street really the place for such slobs?

