



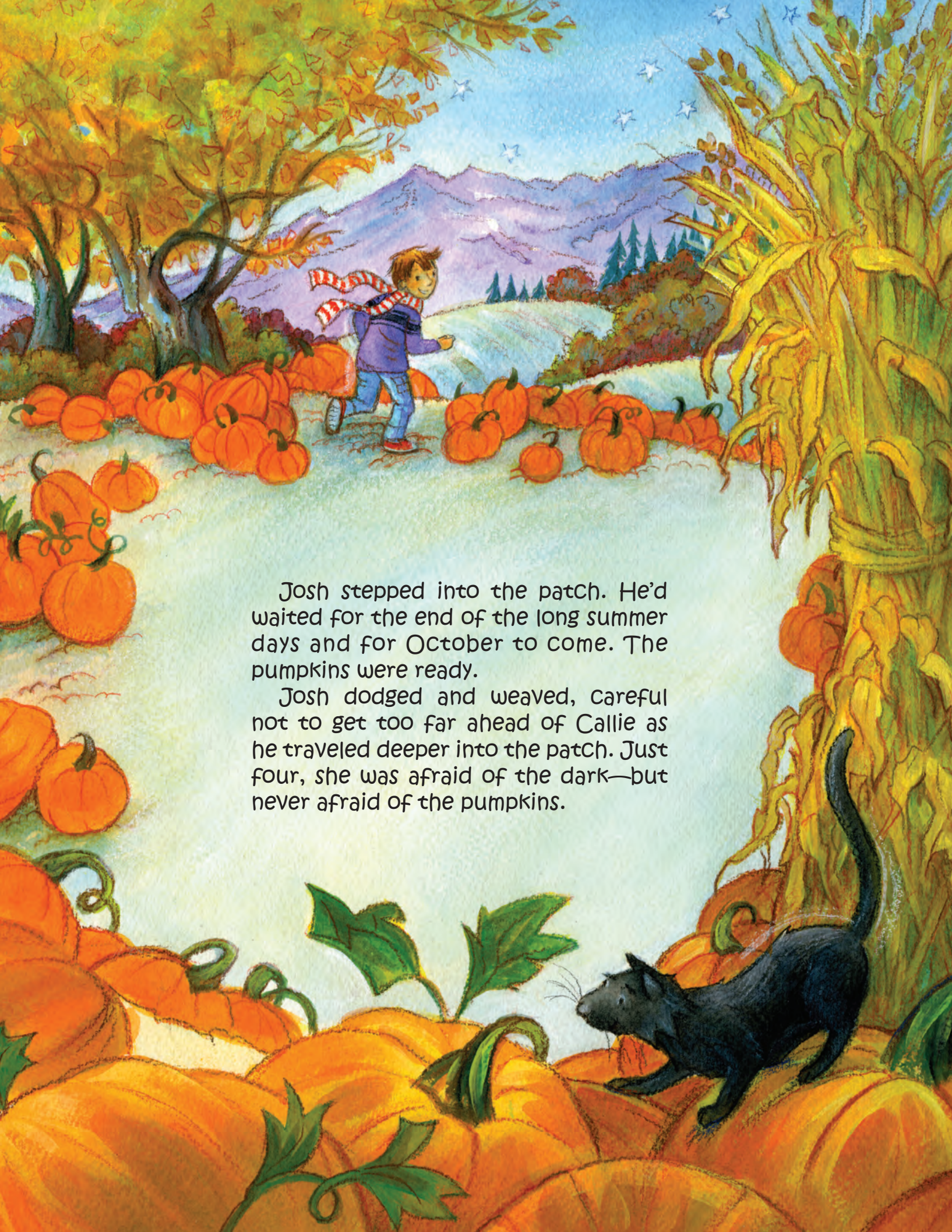
JOSH'S HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN

As far as Josh could see, Grandpa Frank's pumpkin patch stretched in front of him, waiting for a game of hide-and-seek. The orange globes glowed under the full moon.

“Close your eyes and count to ten,”
he told Callie.

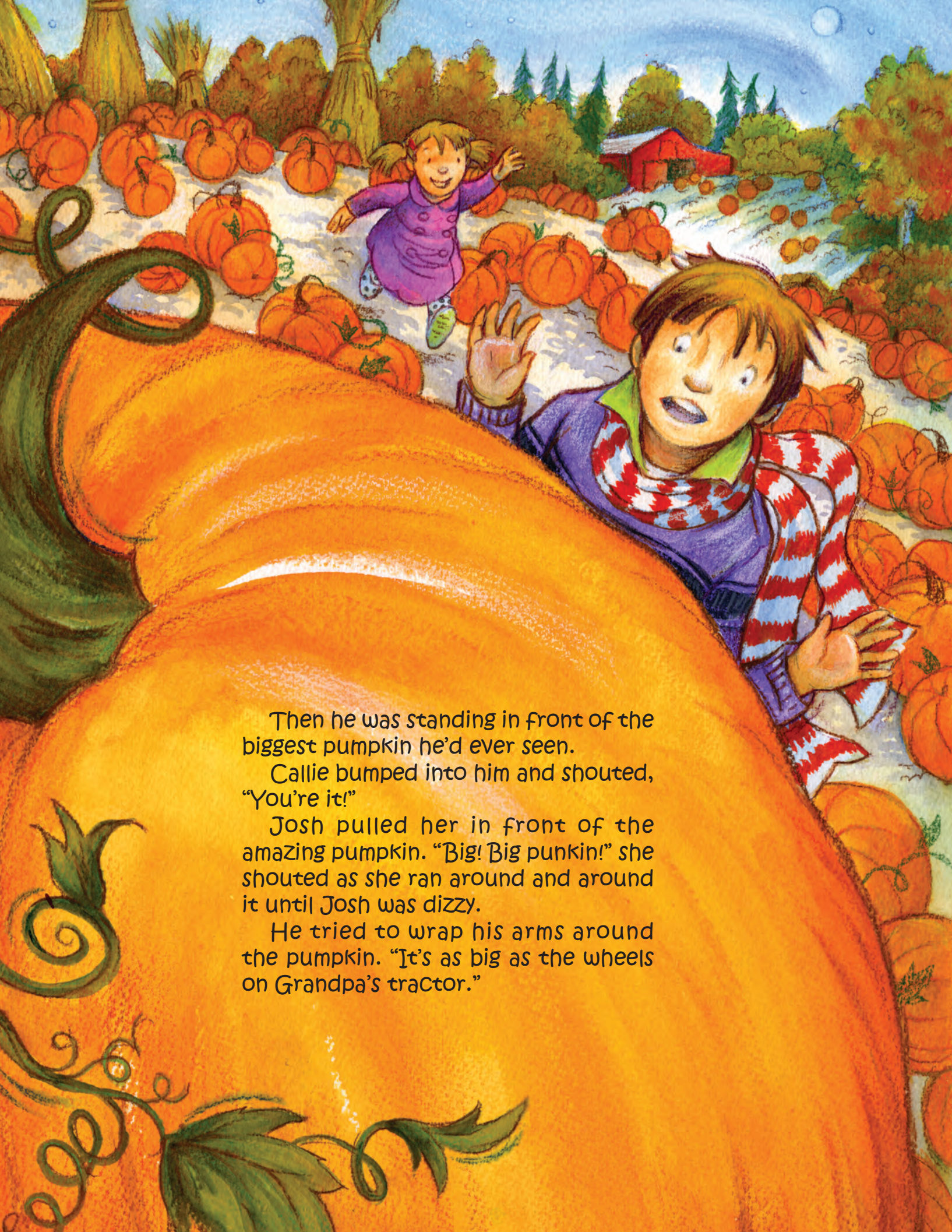
His little sister giggled. “One, two,
six, eight . . .”





Josh stepped into the patch. He'd waited for the end of the long summer days and for October to come. The pumpkins were ready.

Josh dodged and weaved, careful not to get too far ahead of Callie as he traveled deeper into the patch. Just four, she was afraid of the dark—but never afraid of the pumpkins.



Then he was standing in front of the biggest pumpkin he'd ever seen.

Callie bumped into him and shouted, "You're it!"

Josh pulled her in front of the amazing pumpkin. "Big! Big punkin!" she shouted as she ran around and around it until Josh was dizzy.

He tried to wrap his arms around the pumpkin. "It's as big as the wheels on Grandpa's tractor."