MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Pumpkin Who Missed Halloween



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A Very Late Good Morning

Pipkin pushed the enormous leaf off his head. “Happy Halloween!” he called. Nessa stopped folding the bunting. “Oh, Pipkin. That was yesterday.” One paper bat swung from the empty string. Pipkin blinked. He had slept through the whole thing.





The Empty Cushion

Nessa showed him her drawing: a mouse in a moon hat, a rabbit with butterfly wings. Pipkin sat on the spare cushion. “I wanted to sit with everybody,” he said. Nessa sat beside him. For a little while, neither of them folded anything.

A Different Sort of Party

Aunt Bramble came in carrying a picture book. “I was going to read by the window,” she said. Pipkin looked at the book. He looked at the spare cushions. “Could a party have a story?” Aunt Bramble pulled out a chair. “This one could.”





Three Places

Nessa drew a little book on three scraps of paper. Aunt Bramble helped her put the pictures in the neighbors’ indoor cubbies. Pipkin made three soft places around the table. He tried his own place first. Wiggle, wiggle. Just right.

The Day-After Gathering

When the friends settled down, Aunt Bramble opened the book. Nessa leaned close. Pipkin leaned closer. The old bunting slept in a basket. Outside, a leaf came tumbling past the window. This time, Pipkin was awake for every lovely bit.



THE END

Put your child in this story

Free to try. Scan the code or visit

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