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Making Jack-o'-lanterns

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Once upon a time, on a chilly Halloween eve, three schoolboys named Jack, Bill, and Harold sat in a cozy corner, engrossed in carving large pumpkins into jolly Jack-o'-lanterns.

"How are you coming, Bill?" asked Jack, smearing pumpkin pulp off his hands onto his face, much to Harold's amusement. Bill, however, was struggling. "Some people can make their Jack-o'-lanterns look like actual people. But mine? Mine always look vacant," he sighed. The boys laughed, their eyes twinkling with mischief and the glow of the Jack-o'-lanterns.

Bill finally held up his pumpkin, which bore a face that could only be described as sorrowful. The boys roared with laughter. "Your Jack-o'-lantern looks like the new minister," Jack joked. They chattered away, sharing quips about the minister's long face and longer sermons, but swiftly changed the subject, acknowledging it was in poor taste to jest about such a fine man.

Soon after, Harold suggested they use their Jack-o'-lanterns to scare the Widow Mitchell, a trick they had enjoyed the previous year. But Bill proposed they do something different, something kinder, that would bring joy instead of fear.

Jack's eyes lit up with an idea. "You know those three little boys that live in the shack by the tracks? The ones who've never seen a Jack-o'-lantern?" He suggested they gift their creations to the newcomers.



Bill nodded eagerly. "Those children haven't been in this country long, and they seemed so sad that they couldn't bring a Jack-o'-lantern to the school's Halloween party tomorrow."

Harold, initially reluctant to part with his intricately carved pumpkin, agreed when Jack promised they could carve more if they wished. They all saw the value in the plan - to spread the Halloween spirit to the ones who needed it most.

Having finished their masterpieces, they eagerly decided to deliver the glowing

Jack-o'-lanterns before supper, where each of their homes was serving the same festive treat - pumpkin pie.

"Hurrah for Halloween!" they all cheered together, "Hurrah for pumpkin pie! Through the autumn days, we will sing its praises high."

And off they went, clutching their luminous creations, ready to share the Halloween joy with the new boys in town. As they disappeared into the twilight, the boys left behind a glow of kindness that was more heartwarming than any pumpkin's grin. And so, the magic of Halloween stretched beyond the bounds of mere tricks and treats, touching hearts and creating memories that would last a lifetime.

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