

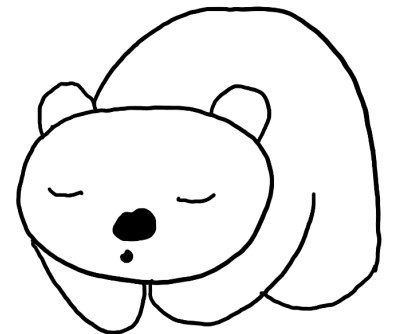
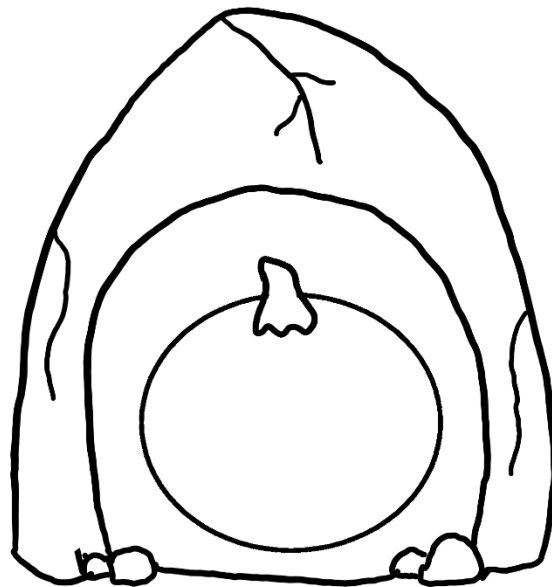
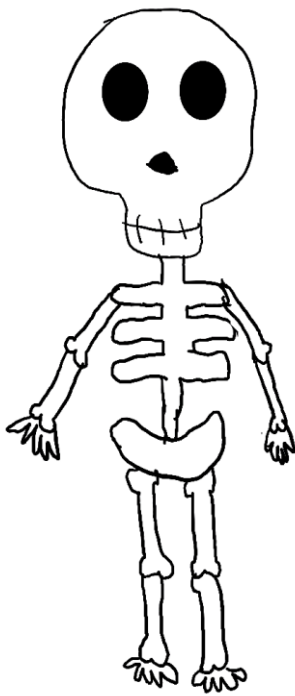
# A Pumpkin in a cave

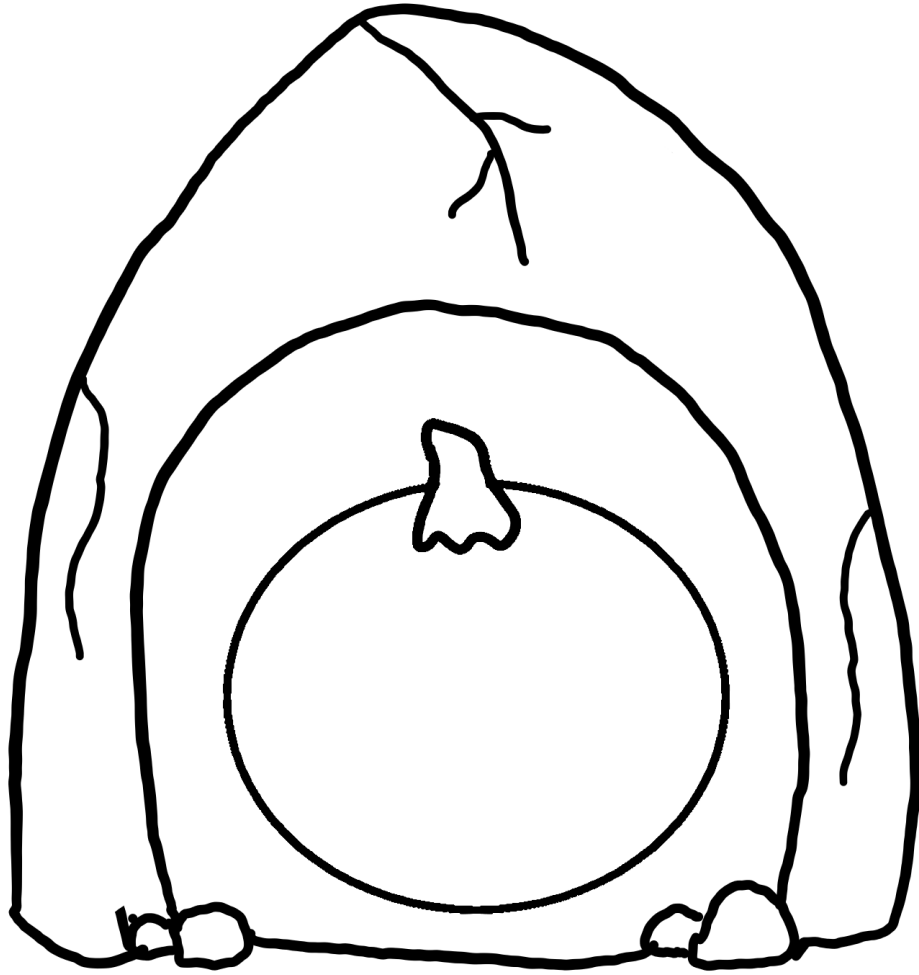
## Colored by

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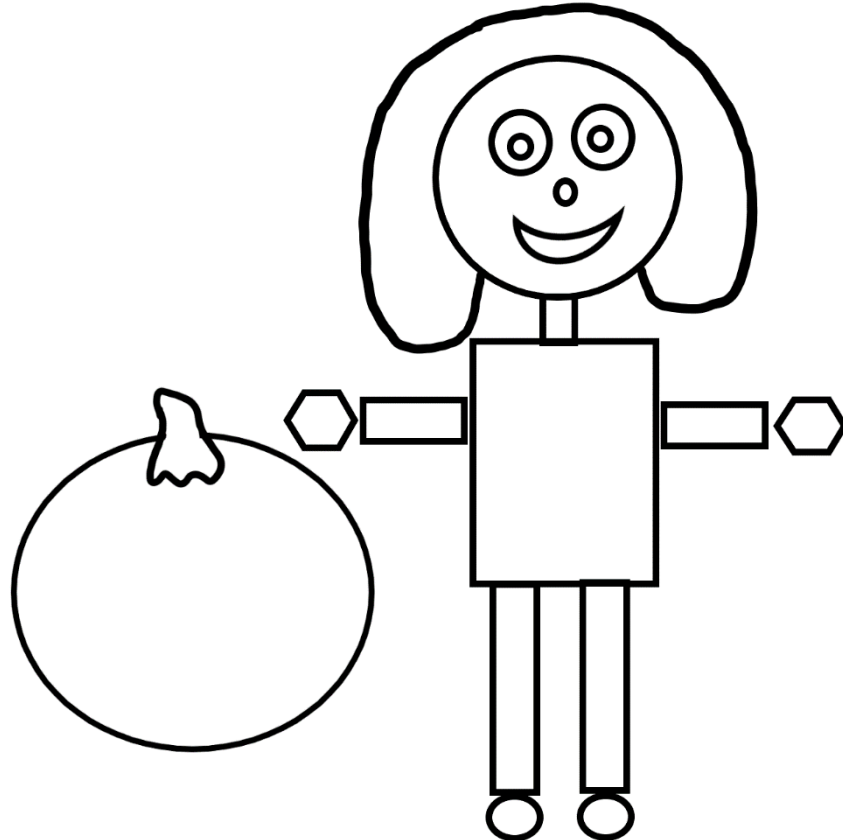


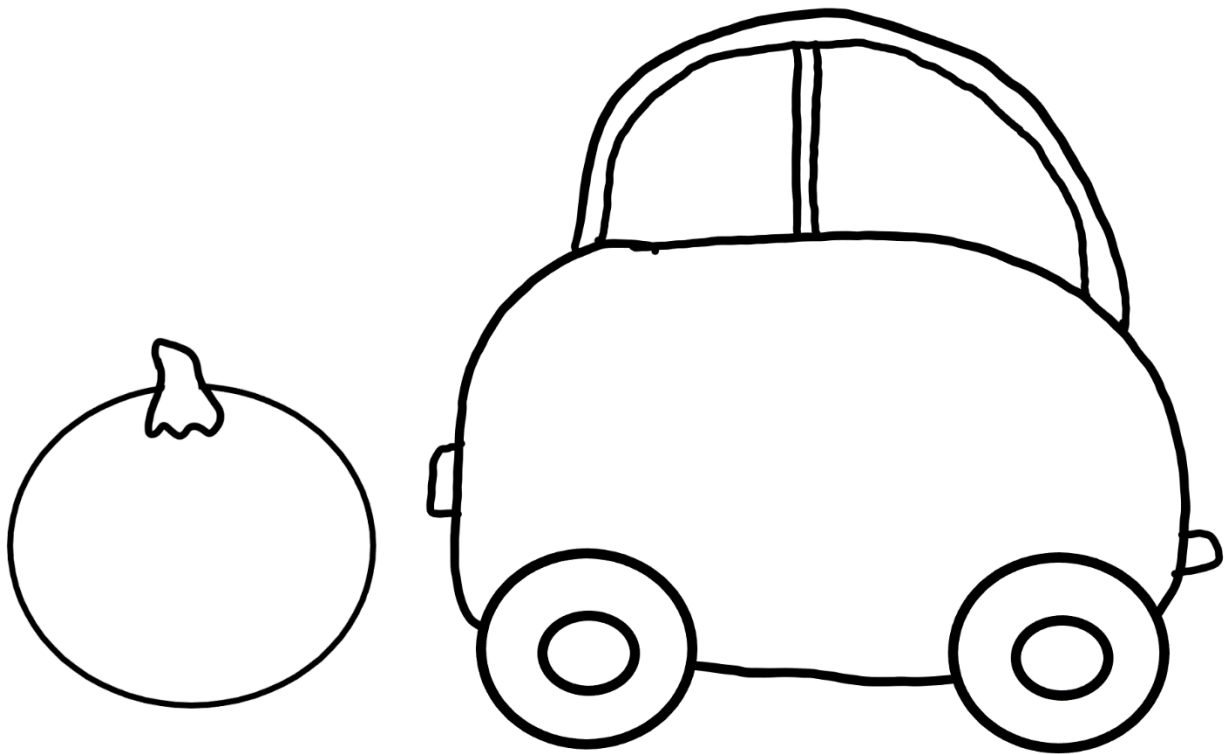
A little pumpkin lived in a cave,  
it wanted to be brave.  
Always awake in the night,  
it wanted to see the light,  
out in the day  
it wanted to play.

The candles in its eyes  
flickered out with the sunrise.

Today it would venture out  
and all the people would shout  
and cheer

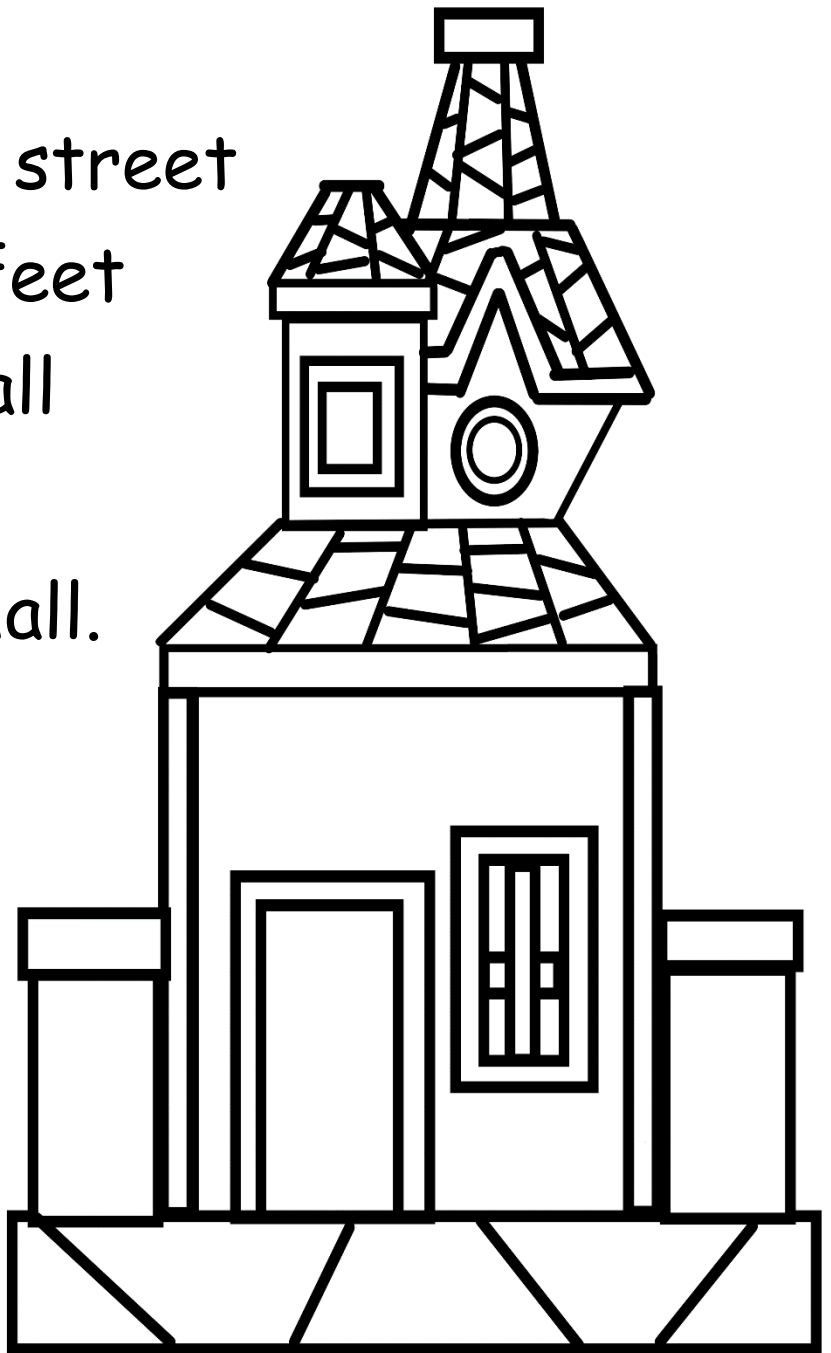
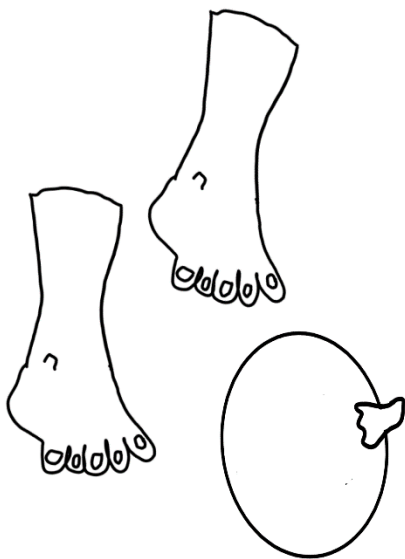
as the little pumpkin would let out a tear  
for it finally would see  
outside the cave it would be free.

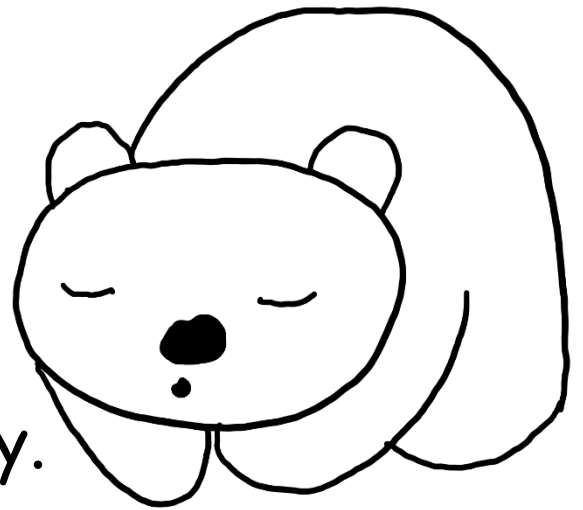
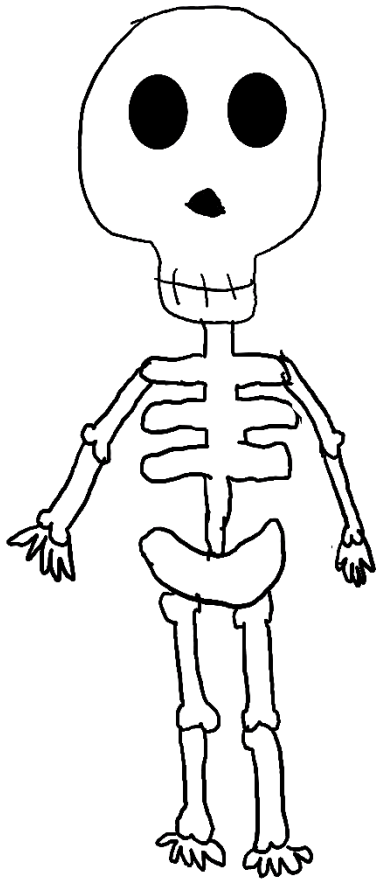




The pumpkin rolled away  
from its cave  
to be brave  
it rolled far  
in front of a car.

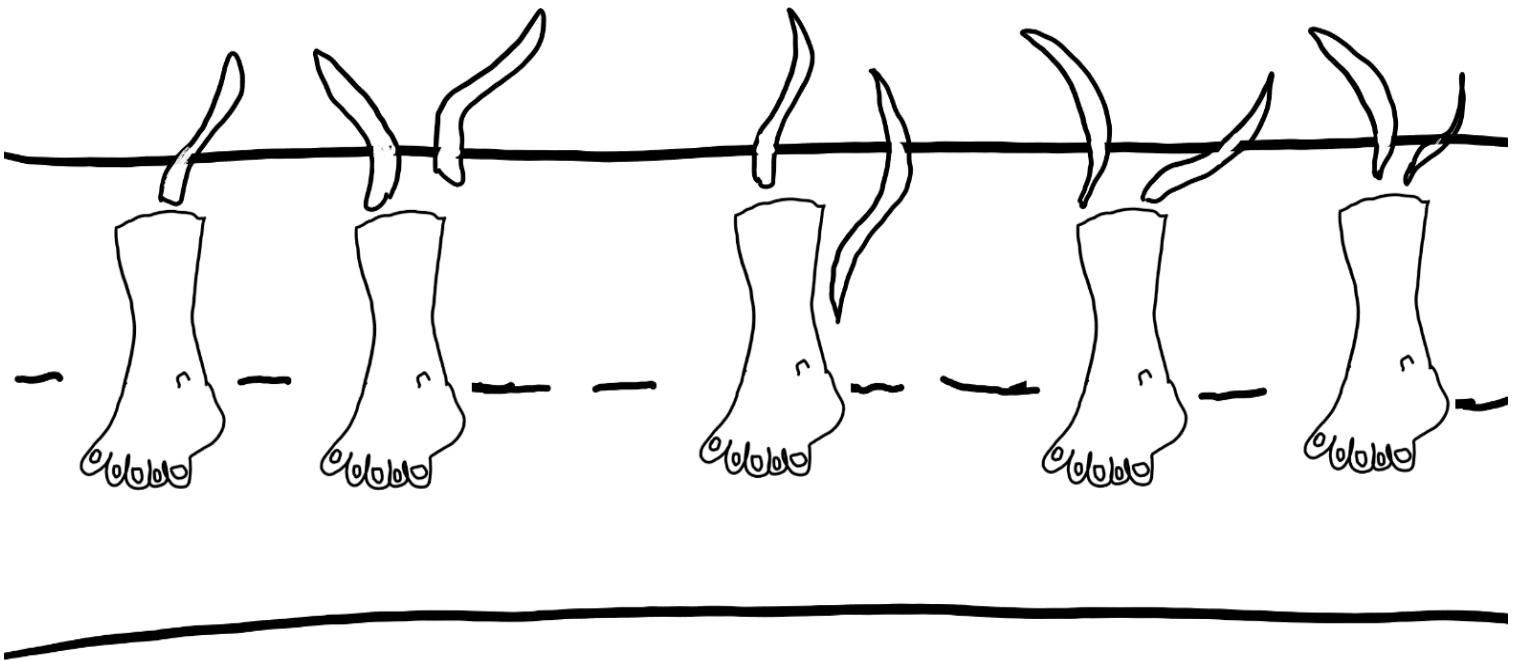
It crossed the street  
smacking into feet  
kicked like a ball  
into the door  
and down the hall.

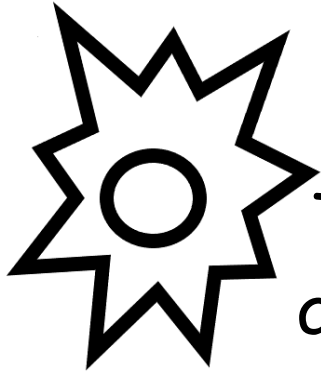




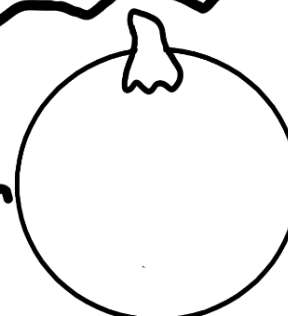
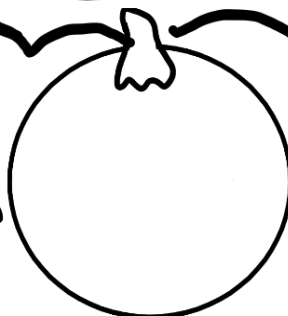
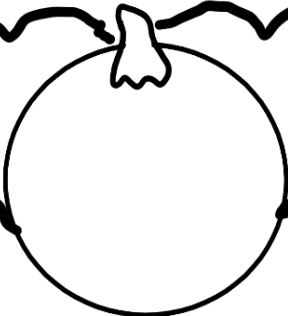
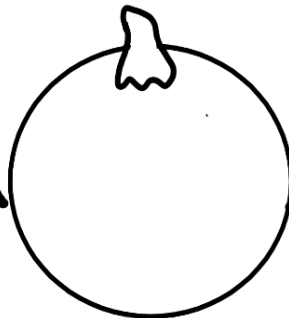
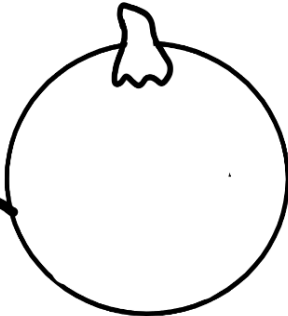
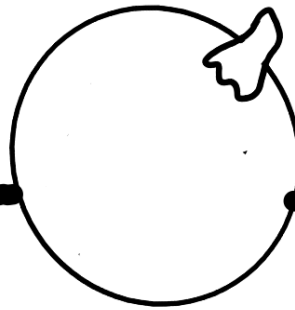
People were scary  
stomping by big and hairy.  
It missed the bats flying by  
the skeletons that shouted hi  
and the bears snoring  
even though a sleeping bear is boring.

The little pumpkin was sad  
for outside the cave was bad  
because of all the big hairy feet  
were stinky on the street.





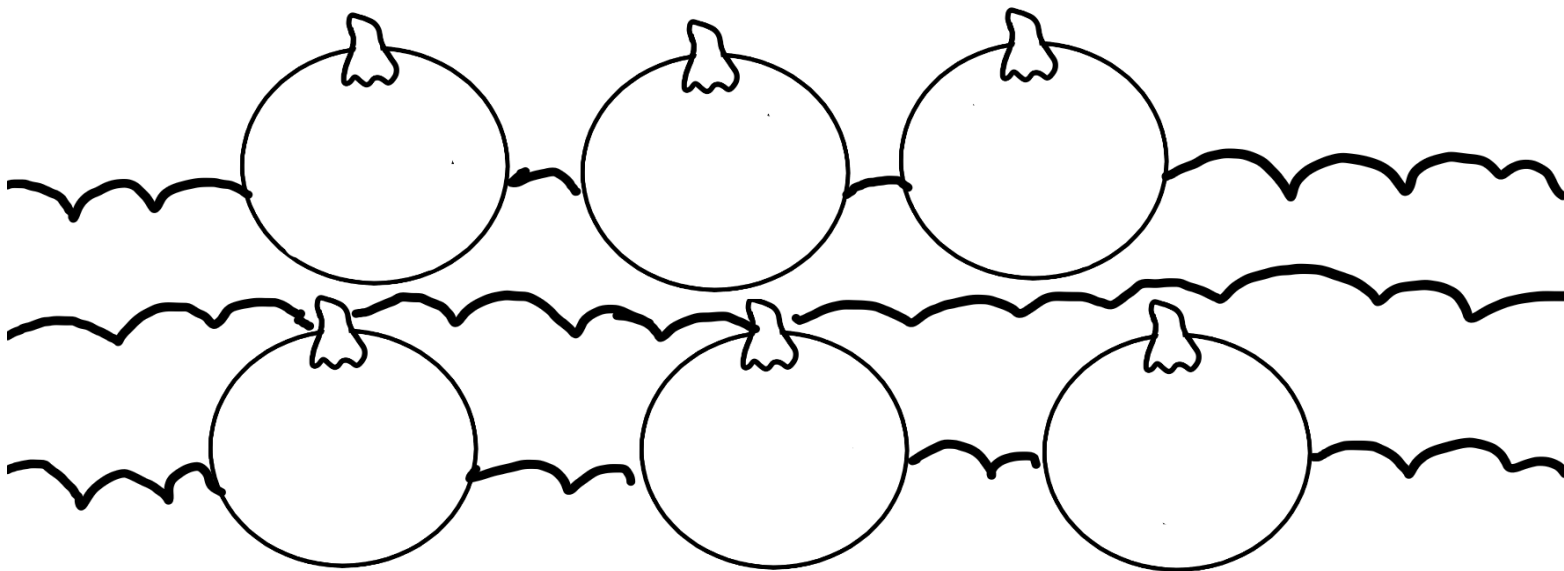
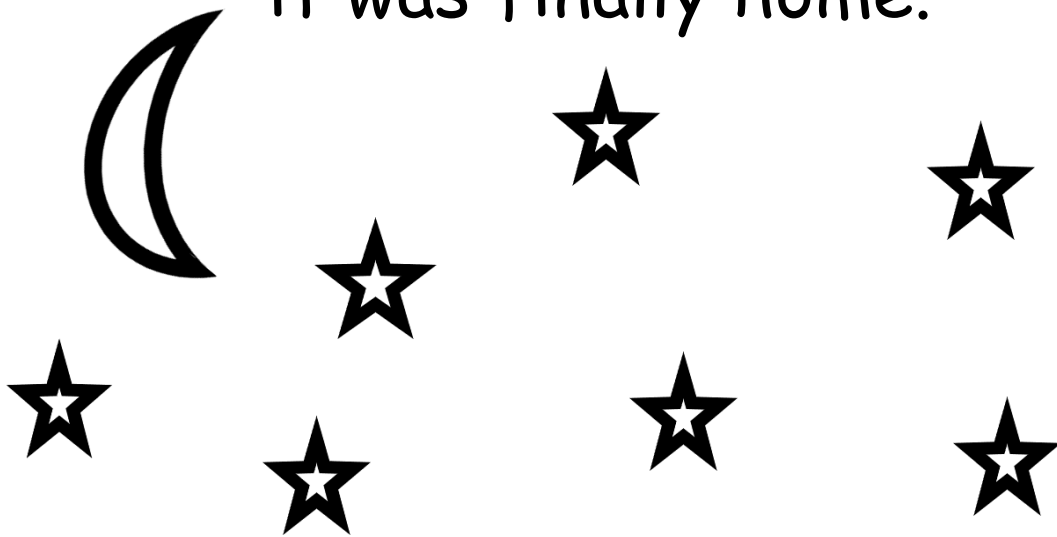
It saw a light  
it was bright  
the pumpkin found its way  
a great big place to stay  
a patch of dirt  
a place that did not hurt.





A great big home  
with other pumpkins never again  
alone

it was finally home.



Happy  
Halloween!  
The End