

The Tale of Bessie the Brave and Percy the Pig

It was a chilly Halloween night on Oakwood Farm, where the animals were all excited for the yearly Halloween feast. Among them were Bessie, the brave cow, and Percy, the curious pig. They were best friends and loved going on little adventures together.

The barn was decorated with carved pumpkins, colorful haystacks, and spooky spider webs. Everyone was enjoying the treats, but Bessie and Percy had their minds on something else. Earlier that day, they overheard Farmer Joe talking about a mysterious *Pumpkin of Plenty*, hidden deep in the Whispering Cornfield. This pumpkin, they heard, was said to have magical powers, granting a year's worth of food to whoever found it.

"It sounds exciting!" Percy squealed, his curly tail wiggling in excitement. "We should find it and share it with everyone!"

Bessie nodded, her big brown eyes determined. "Absolutely. It's Halloween, after all. Let's have our own adventure!"

The two friends trotted out of the barn, leaving behind the warm lights and cheerful chatter of their fellow animals. As they reached the edge of the Whispering Cornfield, they hesitated. The tall corn stalks rustled in the wind, whispering secrets of the night.

"We can do this," Bessie said firmly, stepping forward.

With a gulp, Percy followed. They wandered through the twisting paths, the corn rustling louder and louder around them. Suddenly, a shadowy figure loomed ahead, blocking their way.

"Who dares enter my domain?" a deep voice boomed.

Bessie and Percy froze. It was Sam the Owl, the self-proclaimed guardian of the cornfield. His yellow eyes glowed in the darkness as he perched on a thick corn stalk.

"It's just us, Sam!" Percy said timidly. "We're looking for the Pumpkin of Plenty."

Sam narrowed his eyes. "Many have tried, but none have succeeded. Turn back now, or face the *Tricks of the Field*!"

"We're not afraid," Bessie replied boldly. "If there's a chance we can help the farm, we'll take it!"

With a flap of his wings, Sam cackled. "Very well, then. Pass the *Maze of Misunderstanding* first, and I'll consider letting you through."

Bessie and Percy exchanged a glance and stepped into the maze. The corn shifted and twisted, creating dead ends and confusing turns. As they wandered, strange whispers echoed around them.

"Percy, did you hear that?" Bessie asked, her voice wary.

"Yes," Percy whispered. "The corn is talking!"

"Are you sure you can trust your friend?" one stalk murmured.

"Maybe he'll take the pumpkin all for himself," another hissed.

Bessie felt a surge of doubt. What if Percy did want to keep the pumpkin for himself? She shook her head, clearing her thoughts. "I trust Percy," she said firmly, walking on.

Percy looked up at her, his eyes wide. "And I trust you, Bessie."

The moment they spoke, the maze seemed to shimmer and dissolve, revealing a clear path. They had passed the test.

"Well done," Sam the Owl hooted from above. "Now, for your next challenge—the *Riddling River*."

They continued until they reached a small, bubbling brook. A sly fox, named Felix, stood on the other side, his tail flicking mischievously.

“To cross, you must answer my riddle,” he said, grinning. “Answer wrong, and you’ll be stuck on this side forever.”

“What’s the riddle?” Bessie asked, her brow furrowing.

Felix cleared his throat and spoke:

“I have keys but no locks,

I have space but no room,

You can enter but not go outside.

What am I?”

Percy scratched his head, snorting softly in confusion. But Bessie’s eyes lit up. “A keyboard!” she exclaimed.

Felix’s grin widened. “Correct!” he yipped, and the river shrank into a small puddle, allowing them to cross.

With a skip in their step, Bessie and Percy finally reached the heart of the cornfield. There, glowing softly in the moonlight, was the Pumpkin of Plenty.

“It’s beautiful,” Percy whispered in awe.

“Let’s take it back!” Bessie said happily. But just as they moved to lift it, the ground rumbled, and a massive, ghostly scarecrow rose from the earth.

“Who dares disturb my slumber?” it roared, towering over them.

Bessie and Percy shrank back, trembling. But then Bessie stepped forward. “We do!” she shouted. “We want to take this pumpkin back to help our farm. We faced all the challenges, and we won’t back down now!”

The scarecrow paused, its eyes flickering. “Courage and kindness,” it murmured. Then, slowly, it knelt and bowed. “The Pumpkin of Plenty is yours. Use its magic well.”

With that, the scarecrow faded into the wind, leaving the glowing pumpkin behind.

Bessie and Percy returned to the farm as heroes, carrying the Pumpkin of Plenty. All the animals gathered around, cheering and celebrating. The pumpkin’s magic filled their barn with food that would last through the winter and beyond.

As they feasted together, Bessie and Percy shared their story, and Bessie concluded with a lesson: “The greatest rewards come not from the prize itself, but from the courage to trust, the patience to listen, and the strength to persevere.”

And with that, Oakwood Farm had the happiest Halloween it had ever known.