

## "The Mischief at Harvest Barn"

It was a chilly Halloween night at Harvest Barn. The moon shone brightly, casting eerie shadows across the farmyard. Daisy the cow and Oink the pig were excited for the Halloween gathering where all the animals dressed up and shared stories. This year, however, something felt different.

"I heard there's a new creature on the farm," whispered Oink, his snout quivering with curiosity. "Some say it's a ghostly chicken that only comes out on Halloween!"

"Ghost chicken? That sounds silly, Oink," Daisy chuckled, her cowbell jingling softly. But deep down, she couldn't shake the feeling that something strange was afoot.

They decided to investigate. As they wandered through the hayfields, they ran into Clucky the hen, who was trembling behind a haystack.

"Did you see it too, Clucky?" asked Daisy.

"The ghost chicken! It's real! I saw it fluttering around the barn just now!" Clucky squawked, flapping her wings nervously.

"Let's not jump to conclusions," Daisy said calmly. "Let's check it out together."

They made their way to the barn, gathering more friends along the way—Benny the sheep, Rusty the rooster, and Patches the goat. With every step, the group grew larger and more anxious.

As they approached the barn, they heard a soft rustling noise. "Did you hear that?" whispered Benny, his wooly coat quivering.

"It's coming from behind the hay bales!" squealed Oink. The animals huddled close together, their eyes wide with fear.

"Show yourself, ghost chicken!" Rusty the rooster crowed bravely, flapping his wings.

A small, white feather floated out from behind the hay. Then, a pair of tiny, glowing eyes peered out, and a small, feathery figure emerged.

“It’s the ghost chicken!” shrieked Clucky, hiding behind Daisy.

But as the creature stepped into the moonlight, the animals gasped. It wasn’t a ghost chicken at all—it was just a baby owl with ruffled white feathers and curious, wide eyes.

“Who... who are you?” asked Daisy gently.

“I’m Ollie,” hooted the little owl timidly. “I got lost from my family and hid in the barn to stay safe.”

“Oh, Ollie, we thought you were a ghost!” laughed Patches. The animals relaxed, letting out relieved sighs.

Oink snorted happily. “So, you’re not here to haunt us?”

“Haunt you? No!” Ollie flapped his wings. “I was just lonely. I’m sorry I scared you.”

Realizing how frightened they had been over nothing, Daisy smiled. “It’s okay, Ollie. We should have been kinder and more welcoming instead of jumping to conclusions.”

The animals gathered around Ollie, offering him food and a warm place to rest. They spent the night sharing stories, laughter, and snacks, making Ollie feel at home.

By the end of the night, everyone learned a valuable lesson: things aren’t always what they seem, and being brave means facing your fears and being kind to those who might need help.

As the dawn broke over Harvest Barn, Ollie thanked them. “You all are the best friends I could have asked for. I’m glad I found you.”

And with that, the little owl flew off to find his family, leaving behind a barn full of animals who knew that sometimes the scariest things are just misunderstandings waiting to be unraveled with a little bit of courage and kindness.

**\*\*Lesson\*\***: Never judge others based on fear or appearance. Sometimes, what seems scary is just someone looking for a friend.