



**October**

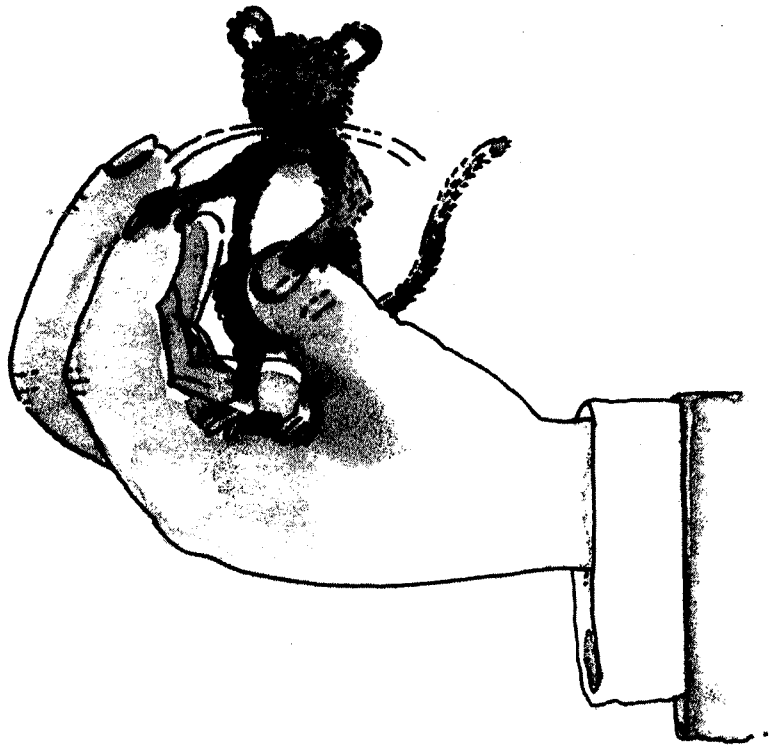




# On Christopher Columbus' Ship

If I had been a tiny mouse  
on Christopher Columbus' ship,  
I would have sailed across the sea  
on a very dangerous trip.  
I would have heard the thunder boom  
and seen the scary lightning flash.  
I would have felt each giant wave  
give tiny me a giant splash.  
If I had been his small, wet pet  
in Christopher Columbus' hand,  
I would have reached America,  
the beautiful and dry new land.

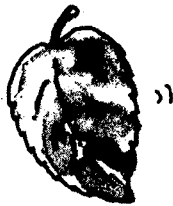
—Sandra Liatsos





# Autumn Leaves

Green leaves,  
Yellow leaves,  
Red leaves, and brown,  
Falling,  
Falling,  
Blanketing the town.  
Oak leaves,  
Maple leaves,  
Apple leaves, and pear,  
Falling,  
Whispering,  
"Autumn's in the air!"  
Big leaves,  
Little leaves,  
Pointed leaves, and round,  
Falling,  
Nestling,  
Carpeting the ground.



—Leland B. Jacobs



GUESS WHO

Who sits out in the garden patch  
All golden in the sun  
Just waiting to be chosen  
For your very special one?  
Who lets you make a face for him  
And then when you are done,  
Who smiles at you with all his teeth  
And helps you to have fun?

—Margaret Hillert

Draw a face on each pumpkin.  
Make one look happy, one sad, one angry, one surprised, and one sleepy.

# Jack-o'-Lantern, Jack

\_\_\_\_\_ Carol Quinn

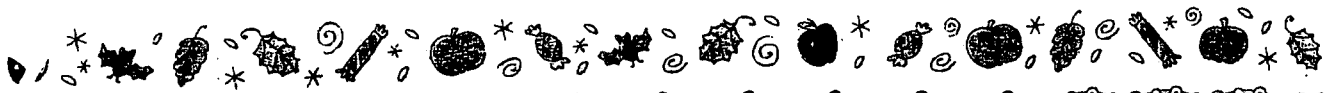
Jack-o'-Lantern, Jack,  
Don't pout. Don't pout.  
October's full moon  
Will soon be out.

Jack-o'-Lantern, Jack,  
Don't cry. Don't cry.  
October's bright stars  
Will fill the sky.

Jack-o'-Lantern, Jack,  
Don't frown. Don't frown.  
October's warm winds  
Will soon swoop down.

Jack-o'-Lantern, Jack,  
Smile ear to ear.  
October's big night  
Is here, here, here.





## Little Jack Pumpkin Face

Little Jack Pumpkin Face  
Lived on a vine,  
Little Jack Pumpkin Face  
Thought it was fine.

First he was small and green,  
Then big and yellow,  
Little Jack Pumpkin Face  
Is a fine fellow.

*Country Song*



# Pumpkin Patch

— Carol Quinn

Walk through the pumpkin patch  
To see what you can find.  
Small, medium, or large,  
Pick up your favorite kind.

Carry your pumpkin home  
And carve it carefully  
Into a jack-o'-lantern  
For the neighborhood to see.

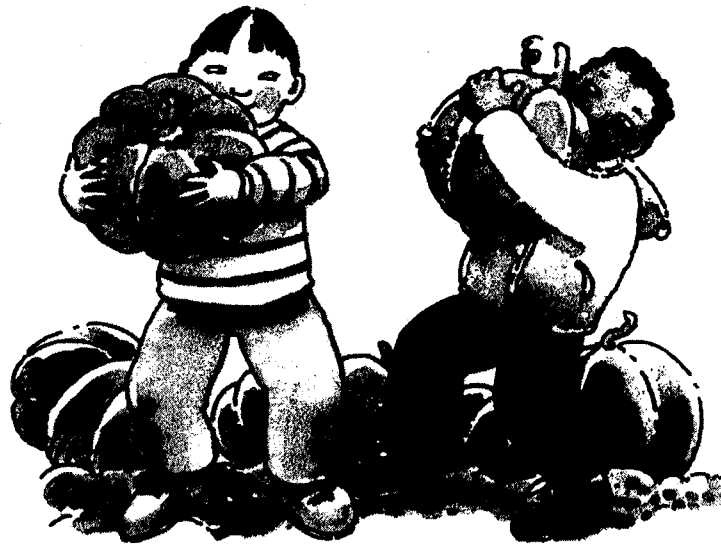




# Pumpkin Picking

Let's go picking in the pumpkin patch.  
Now we're jiggling the old gate latch.  
Gate swings wide and we step inside.  
Pumpkins spread like an ocean tide.  
You take the one like a fat balloon.  
I'll take the one like an orange moon.  
Hike to the house in fifty paces.  
Then we'll carve out the pumpkin faces.

—Sandra Liatsos





## A Halloween Pumpkin

They chose me from my brother: "That's the  
Nicest one," they said,  
And they carved me out a face and put a  
Candle in my head;

And they set me on the doorstep. Oh, the  
Night was dark and wild;  
But when they lit the candle, then I  
Smiled!

*Dorothy Aldis*



## Halloween Wind

The wind came trick-or-treating  
down our quiet street.

It rattled all the windows  
and then we heard it beat  
on every door at every house  
where shutters banged and  
clattered.

It howled for treats and howled  
for more  
while leaves and branches  
scattered.

It rolled a pumpkin down the  
street,

and made the cat's fur rise.

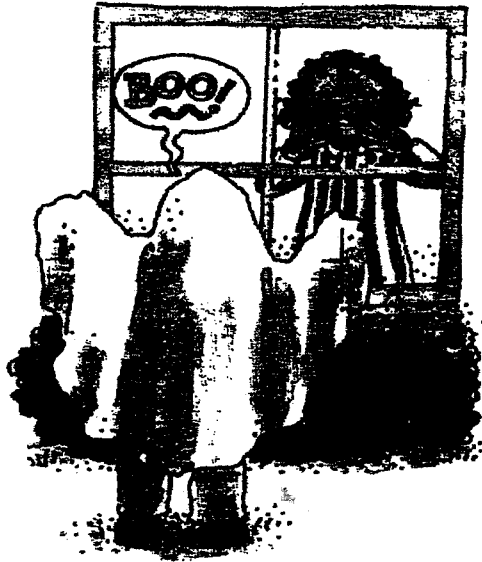
Then after all the tricks it played  
it flew up in the sky

with candy wrappers in its grasp,  
and empty bags and sticks—

It hadn't wanted treats at all,  
only lots of tricks!

*Sandra Liatsos*

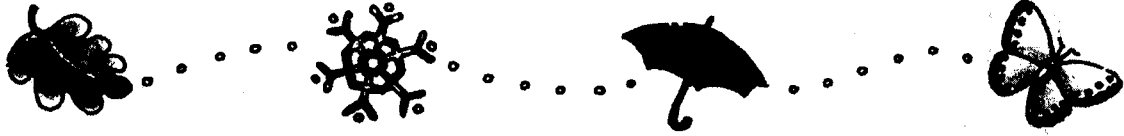




## Spooks

There's a goblin at my window,  
A monster by my door.  
The pumpkin at my table  
Keeps on smiling more and more.  
There's a ghost who haunts my  
bedroom,  
A witch whose face is green.  
They used to be my family,  
Till they dressed for Halloween.

*Sandra Liatsos*



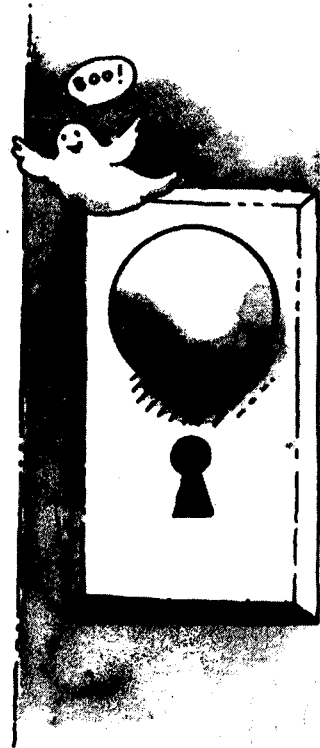
# Teeny Tiny Ghost

A teeny tiny ghost  
no bigger than a mouse,  
at most,  
lived in a great big house.

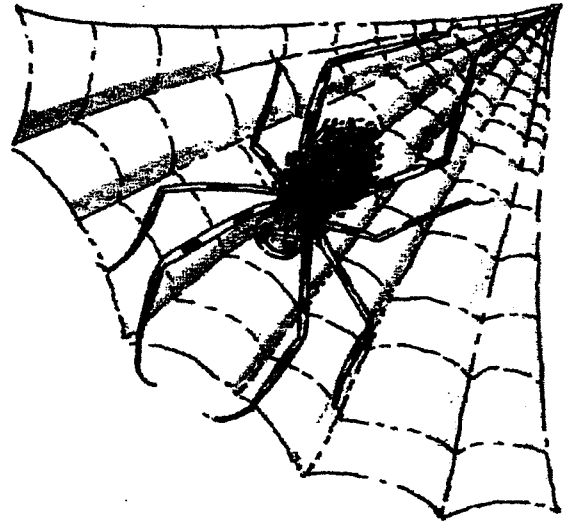
It's hard to haunt  
a great big house  
when you're a teeny tiny ghost  
no bigger than a mouse,  
at most.

He did what he could do.

So every dark and stormy night—  
the kind that shakes a house with fright—  
if you stood still and listened right,  
you'd hear a  
teeny  
tiny  
BOO!



—Lilian Moore



## Spider

Spider's  
spinning

Spider's  
beginning

another web.

(Spin  
low)

Thinning her long  
and silky  
thread

(Spin  
high)

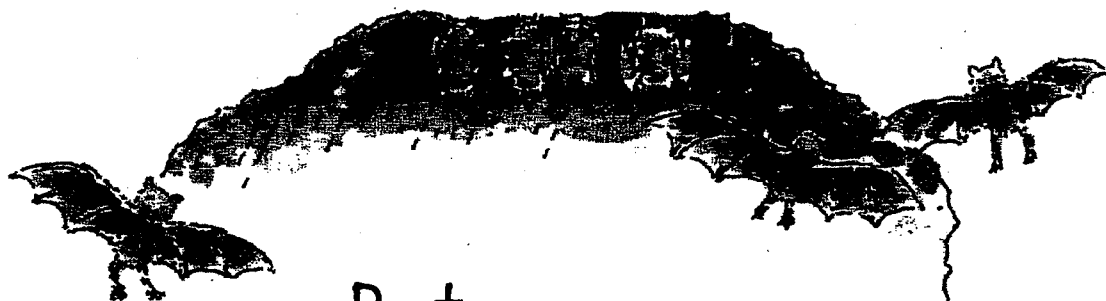
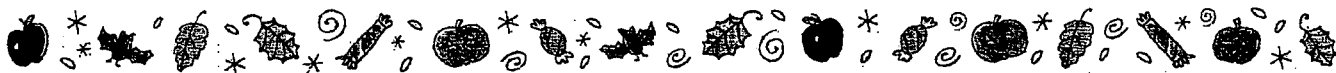
Spider's  
spinning  
her  
silver lace.

Isn't her web  
a lovely  
place?

Ask fly.

*Lilian Moore*





## Bats

When the sun goes down,  
Bats wake from their sleep.  
They begin to stir  
And squeak and peep.

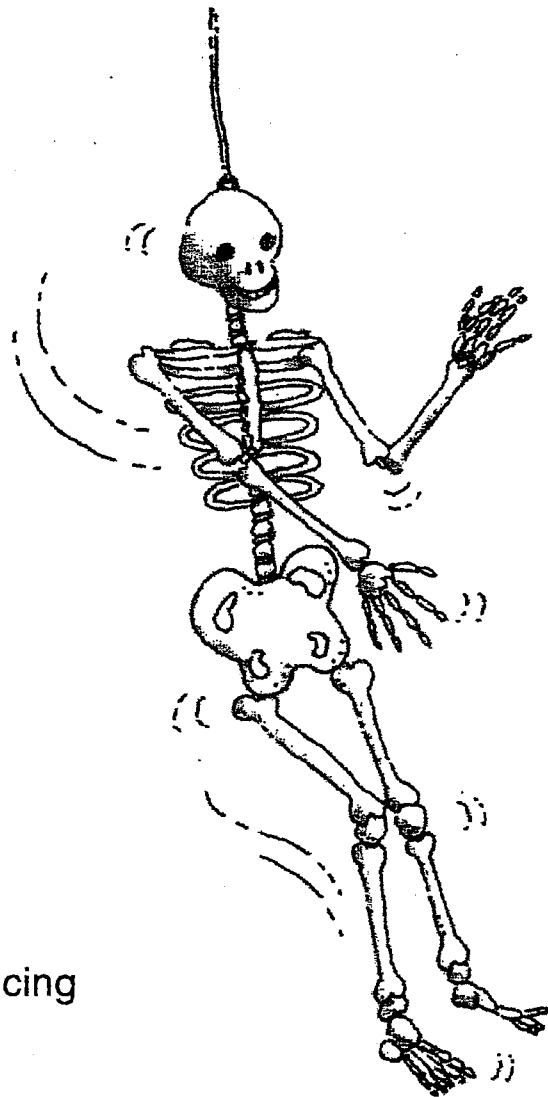
Then they dart about  
Their cavernous room,  
Anxious for  
The deepening gloom.

They pour from their cave  
Out into the night,  
Huge black clouds  
In hungry flight.

Gobbling beetles  
And moths as they fly,  
They darken the already  
Darkened sky . . .

Only returning  
When night grows gray  
To hang from their ceilings  
And sleep all day.

*Dee Lilligard*



## Skeleton

Tink, plonk, konkle;  
Midnight  
Wind-chime;  
Clinking, clanking, dancing  
To the  
Tonkle, plink, konk  
Of its  
Own  
Hollow,  
Dangling  
Bones.

*Lee Bartlett*



# Pumpkin Pals

Two pumpkins in a pumpkin patch  
Argued and debated  
Which one of them deserved to be  
Carved and decorated.

The first pumpkin to speak his mind  
Was tall and rather thin.  
He said, "I'd look so handsome  
With a splendid, toothy grin."

The second pumpkin who spoke up  
Was round and large in size.  
He said, "I'd be quite fearsome  
With a scary pair of eyes."

Then someone came and bought them both.  
And much to their surprise—  
Instead of carving two faces,  
She baked two pumpkin pies!

by Geoff Mihalenko



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## Pumpkin Surprise

I was choosing a pumpkin,  
A fat orange pumpkin,  
When I spotted a hole  
In its side—  
A hole like a door,  
A little round door,  
A door that led straight  
To a house—  
In the space of a minute  
I saw what was in it,  
—*It wasn't a thing you'd forget!*  
Curled in that pumpkin,  
That fat orange pumpkin,  
Was a fat little, gray little MOUSE.  
A mouse in a house in a pumpkin!  
On a floor that was covered with seeds,  
Curled up and cozy,  
Snoozy and dozy,  
Asleep on a soft bed of weeds!

*Patricia Hubbell*

