

The Costume Show Scare

The barn was glowing with lantern light and shadows were flickering across the rafters.

Tonight was the Barnyard Costume Party, and everyone had worked hard on their costumes.



Fergus trotted proudly in, draped in a long purple robe and a crooked hat. “Behold, Fergus the Wizard!” he boomed, waving a broomstick like a wand. Unfortunately, the hat slipped over his eyes, and he nearly walked into a barrel.

Millie strutted in next, wearing a floppy straw hat, boots two sizes too big, and carrying a tiny rake. “I’m Farmer McTavish!” she clucked. “Now, everybody do your chores!”

The animals howled with laughter.

Penny waddled in as a scarecrow, straw sticking out in every direction. She tried to strike a spooky pose, but the straw made her itch so badly she rolled in the hay to scratch.

Molly pranced past wearing a shiny crown. “I’m Princess Purr-fection,” she announced. But the crown slipped over her eyes, and she stumbled right into Penny with a “meeoowww.”

Finally, Jasper marched in wearing a little police hat and a shiny badge. “Officer Jasper, reporting for duty!” he bleated nervously. He puffed his chest and blew a whistle so loudly he scared himself and dove head-first into Fergus’s wizard robe.

Everyone was still laughing when a sudden CRREEAAAK! echoed from the loft above. The lanterns flickered, and a long, groaning moooooooohhh drifted down into the barn.

All the animals froze.

Fergus gripped his broomstick wand.

Penny squealed.

Molly’s crown rattled on her head.

“Th—that wasn’t me,” Jasper stammered, backing into the others. “It must be... THE GHOST OF THE BARN!”

The rafters shook with another WOOOOHHHHH, and a shadow slid across the barn wall—tall, twisted, and swaying like some ghastly creature. Two glowing eyes appeared in the darkness.



“Don’t let it get me!” Jasper yelped, diving behind the snack table. Unfortunately, he landed in the popcorn bowl, sending kernels flying like fireworks.

Millie squinted up bravely, holding her rake. “Show yourself, barn ghost!” she clucked.

The shadow grew bigger... closer... until—THUNK!

Something fell from the loft. The animals screamed and scattered—except Jasper, who was too busy eating popcorn to notice.

A pair of glowing eyes blinked open. Then, out from the hay tumbled—McWhiskers. He sat calmly on top of a bucket, tail swishing.

“Really,” he purred, “you guys are easier to spook than a sack of mice. I was only coming to watch the show.”

Suddenly there was another wailing WOOOOHHHH, and Jasper leapt straight into the popcorn again.



The rest of the animals huddled together in fear.

Fergus lifted his head and let out a brave “MOOOOVE away, ghost!” He stepped in front of the rest of his friends to protect them.

Suddenly a large shadow started moving toward them from the dark corner of the barn. It was eerily quiet... except for Jasper munching on popcorn. Then once again... BAAHHROOOOOO.

And suddenly, “aaaahhhh.... aaaaahhhh.... aaaaaaaaaahhhCHOO!” Just then, Farmer McTavish stepped out of the shadows, holding Granny’s bagpipes.

“Excuse me,” he groaned. “I wanted to play for the party, but these things are covered in dust.”

Bailey fluffed her wool, “We thought you were a ghost!” Farmer laughed. “Well, Granny is better at playing these than I am. I probably sound like a sick ghost when I play.”

Fergus and his friends burst out laughing.

“Well, I checked everything out,” Jasper said as he puffed up his chest with his police badge. “Don’t worry... I’ll be on patrol the rest of the night.”

“Patroling for snacks,” Penny mumbled.

Everyone giggled.

Just then, Granny McTavish arrived with caramel apples.

“I don’t know about everyone else,” Fergus declared between bites, “but I vote the bagpipes go back in the closet.”

McWhiskers smirked, then pounced on the bagpipes, squeezing one last ghostly note.



Jasper dropped his caramel apple in fright, making everyone laugh all over again.