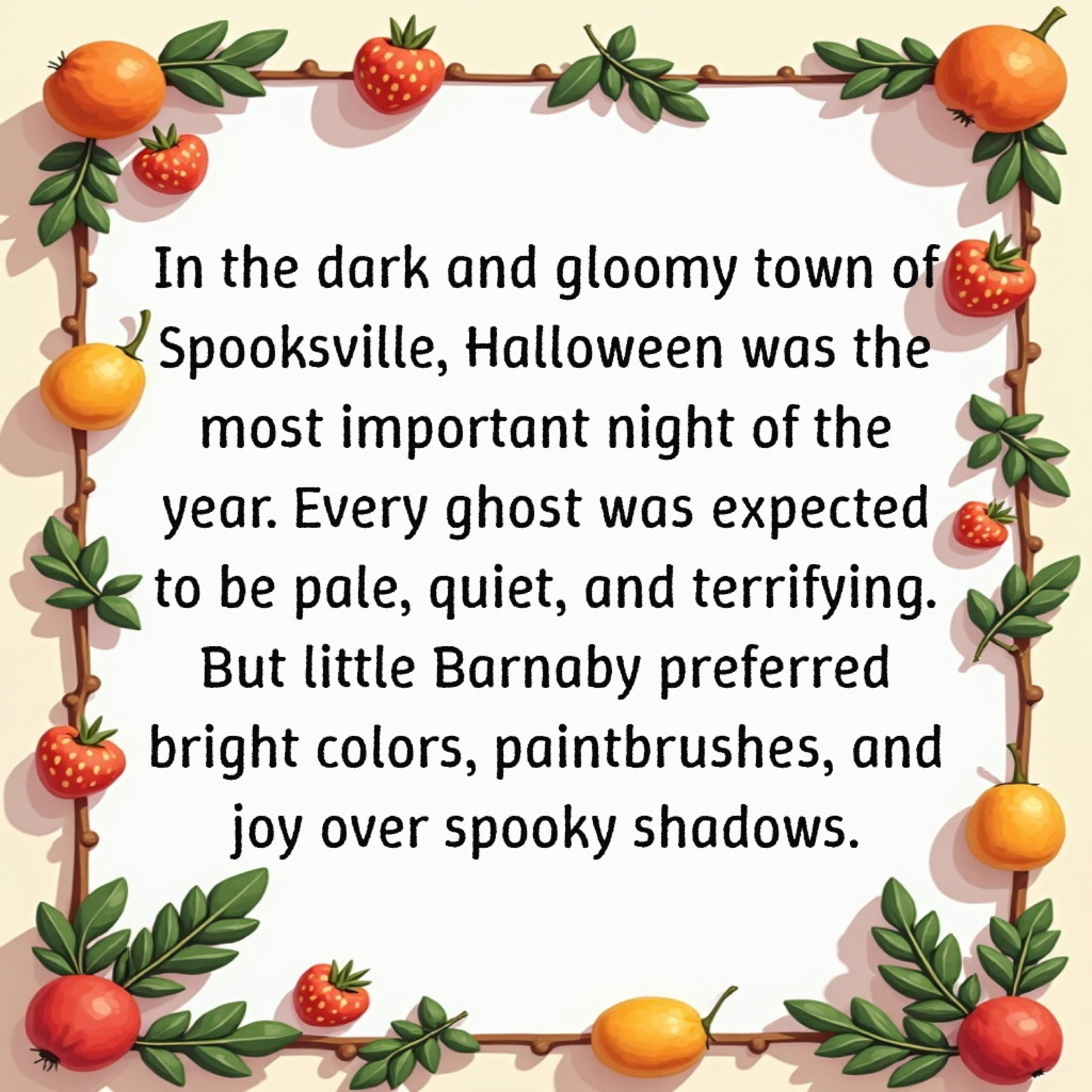


Barnaby's

Bright Idea

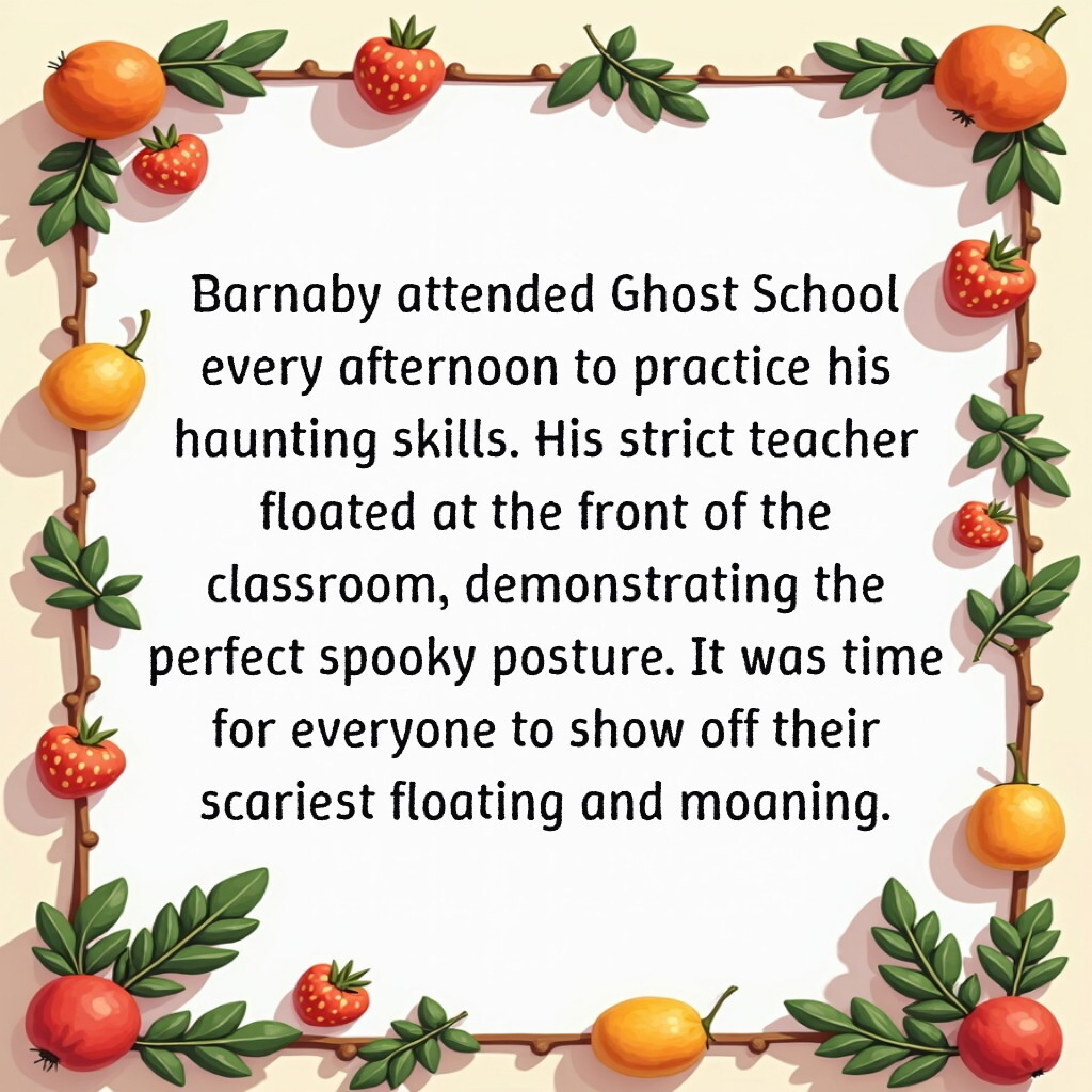






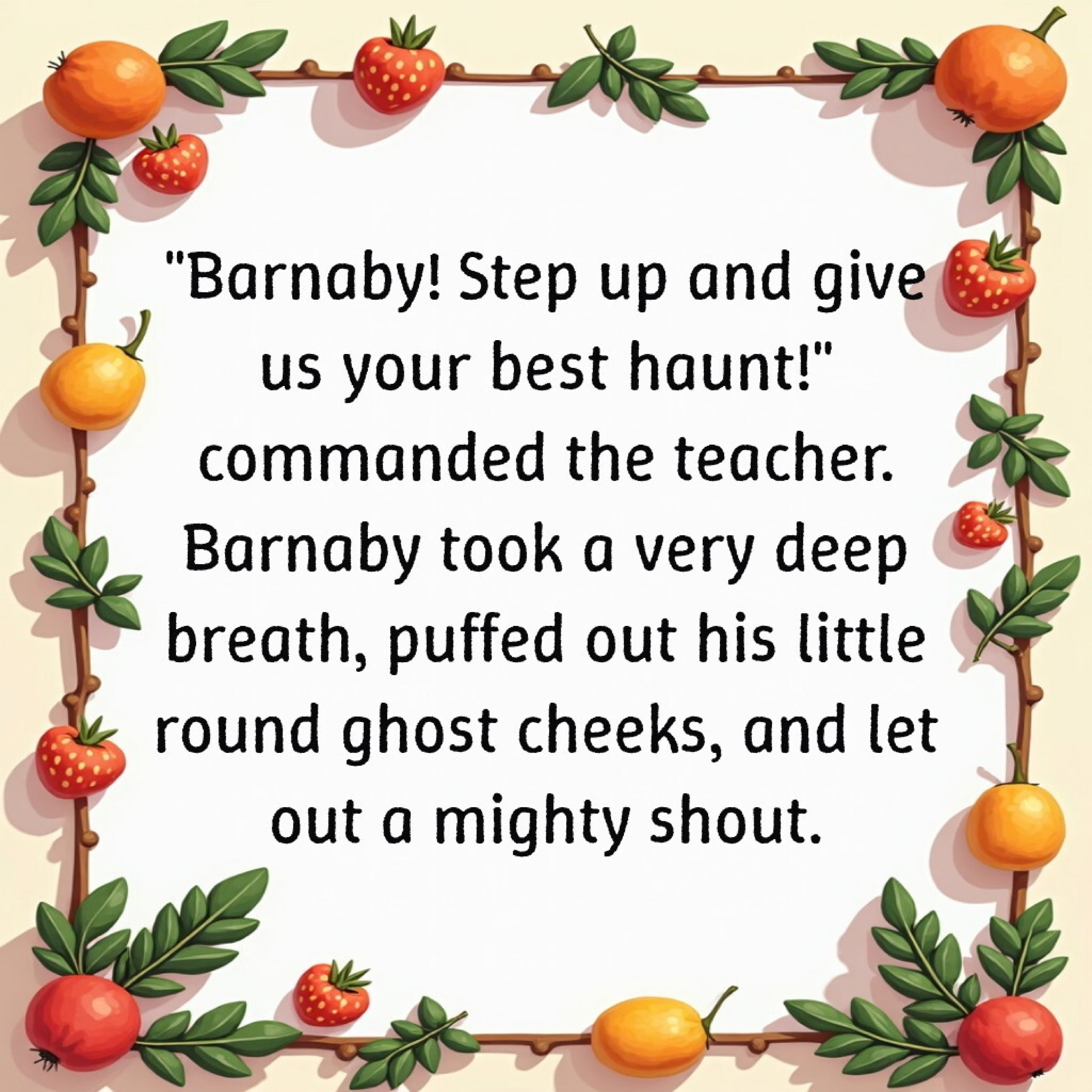
In the dark and gloomy town of Spooksville, Halloween was the most important night of the year. Every ghost was expected to be pale, quiet, and terrifying. But little Barnaby preferred bright colors, paintbrushes, and joy over spooky shadows.





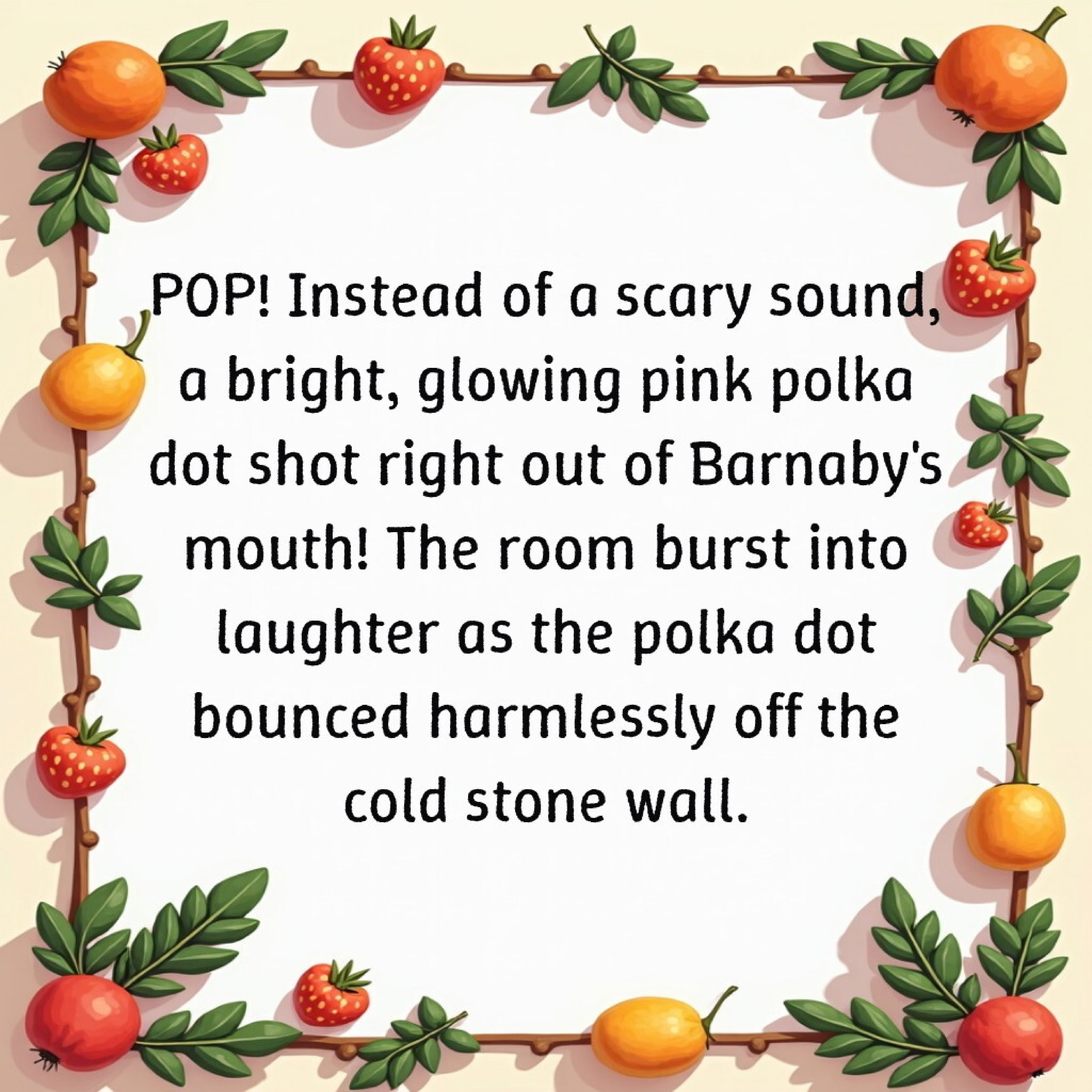
Barnaby attended Ghost School every afternoon to practice his haunting skills. His strict teacher floated at the front of the classroom, demonstrating the perfect spooky posture. It was time for everyone to show off their scariest floating and moaning.





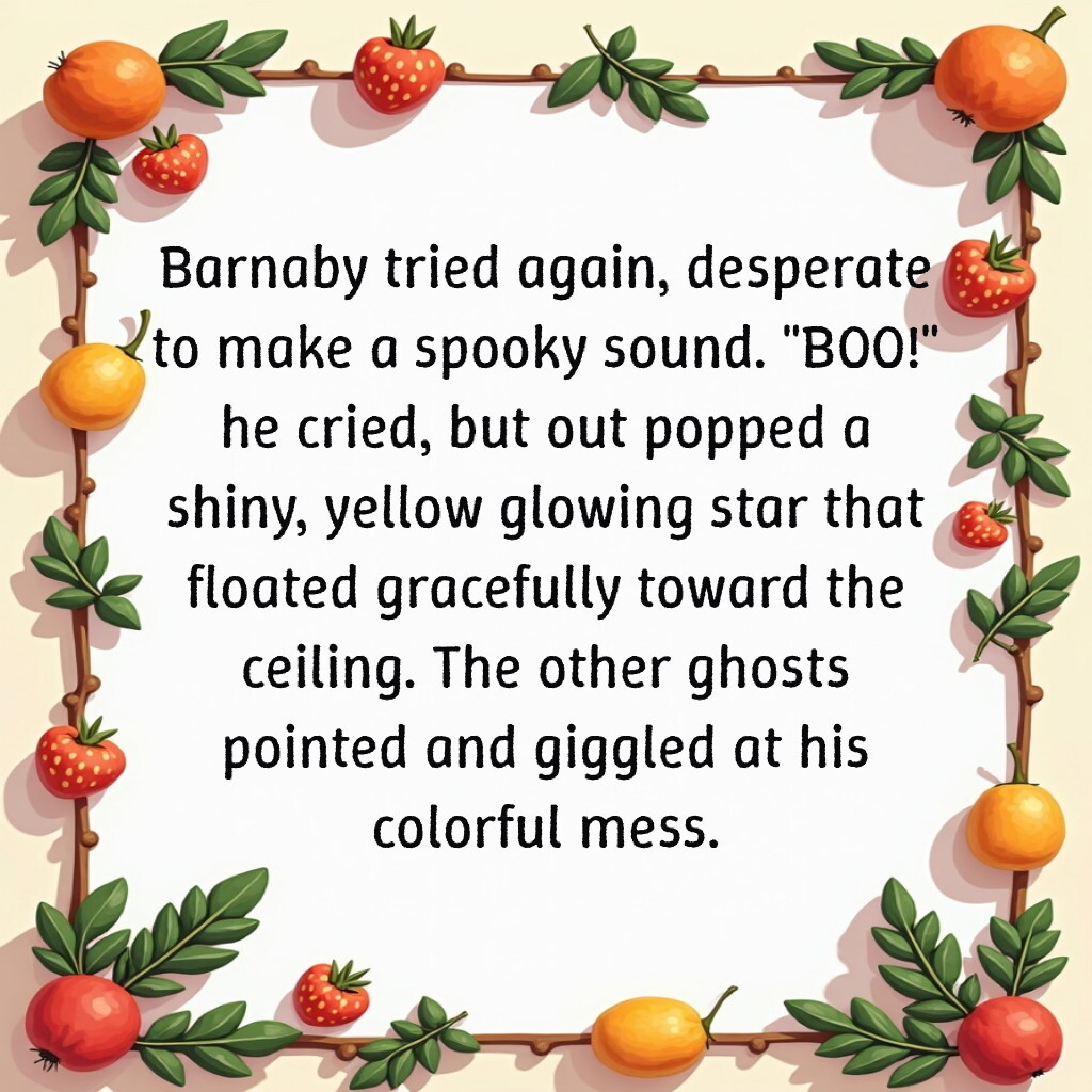
"Barnaby! Step up and give
us your best haunt!"
commanded the teacher.
Barnaby took a very deep
breath, puffed out his little
round ghost cheeks, and let
out a mighty shout.





POP! Instead of a scary sound,
a bright, glowing pink polka
dot shot right out of Barnaby's
mouth! The room burst into
laughter as the polka dot
bounced harmlessly off the
cold stone wall.

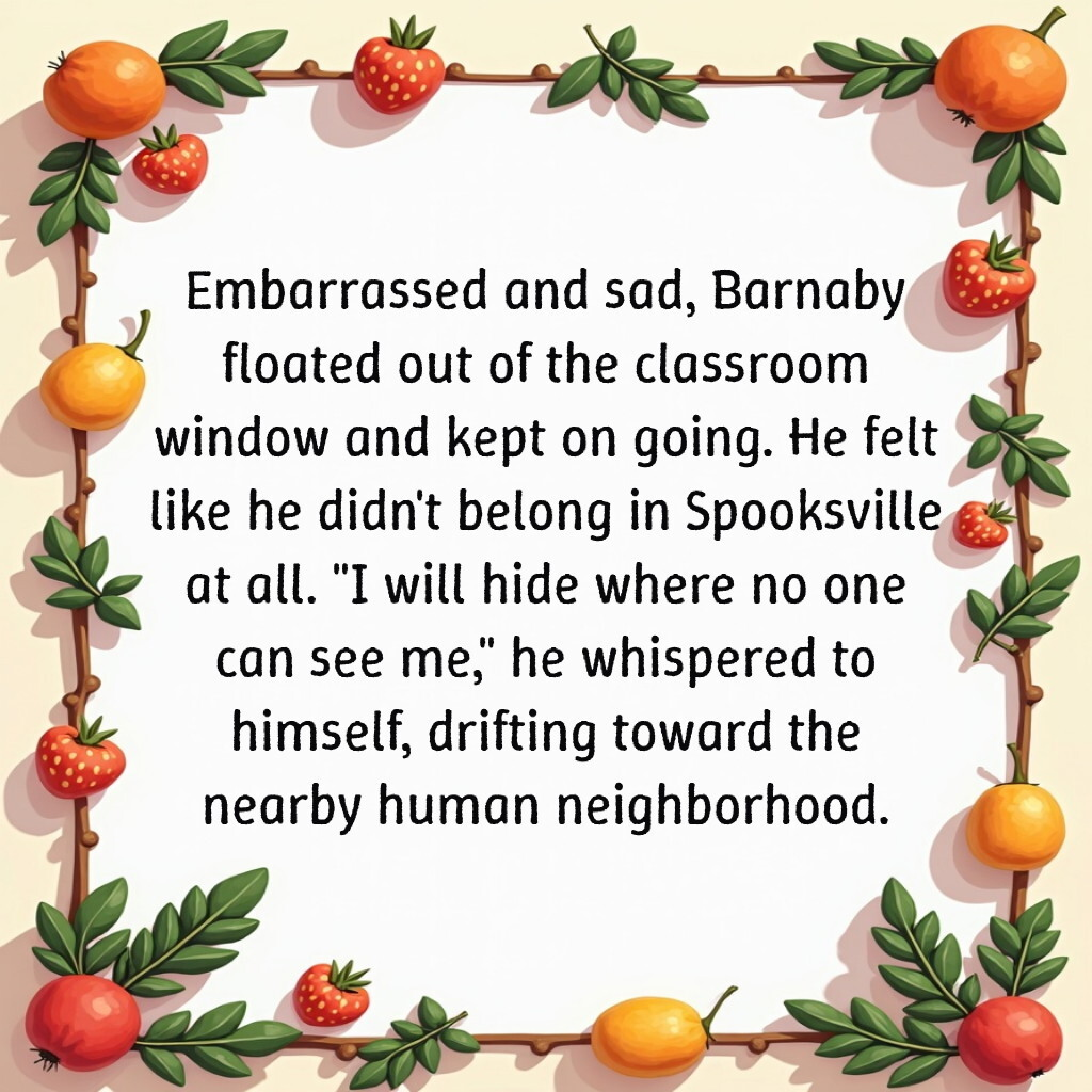




Barnaby tried again, desperate
to make a spooky sound. "BOO!"

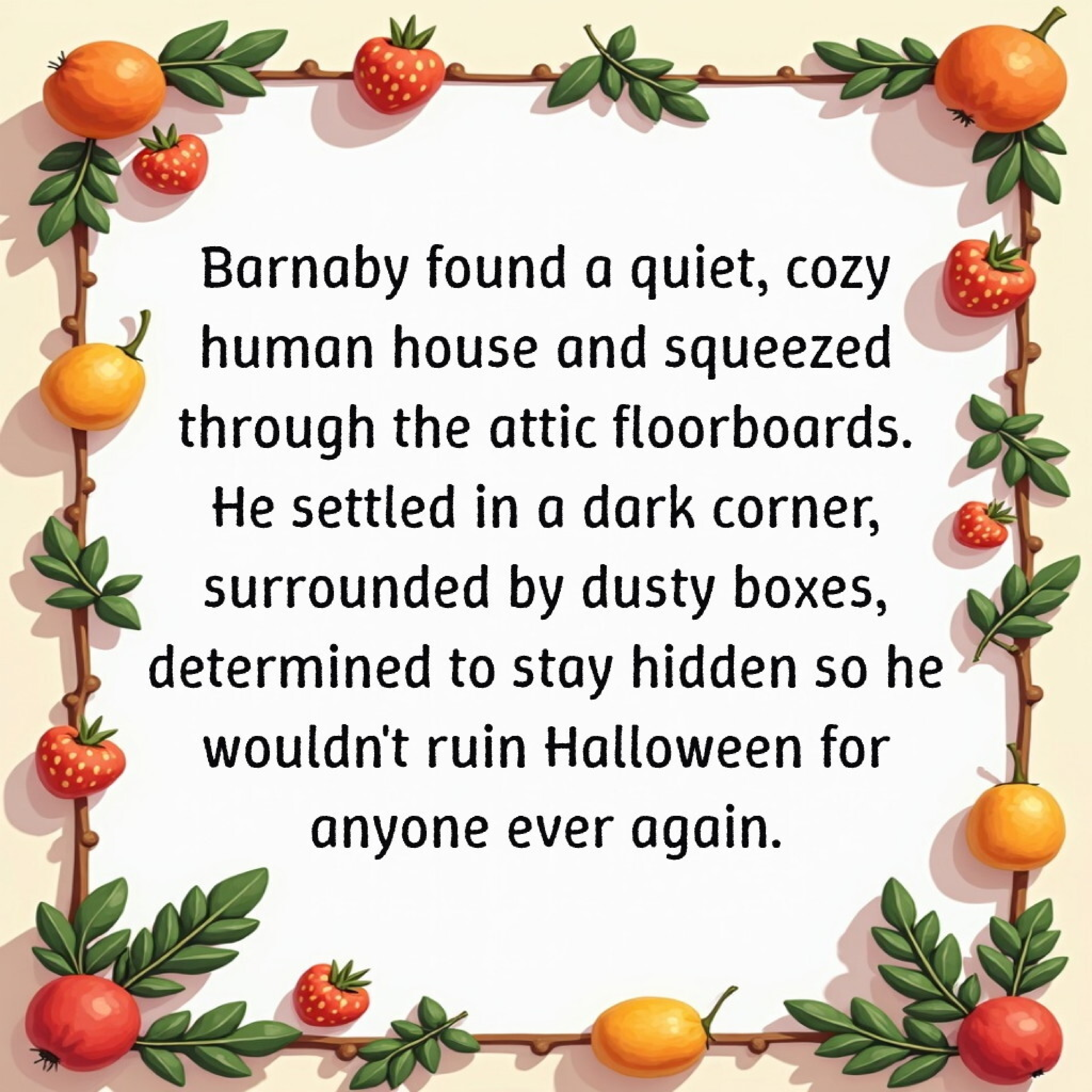
he cried, but out popped a
shiny, yellow glowing star that
floated gracefully toward the
ceiling. The other ghosts
pointed and giggled at his
colorful mess.





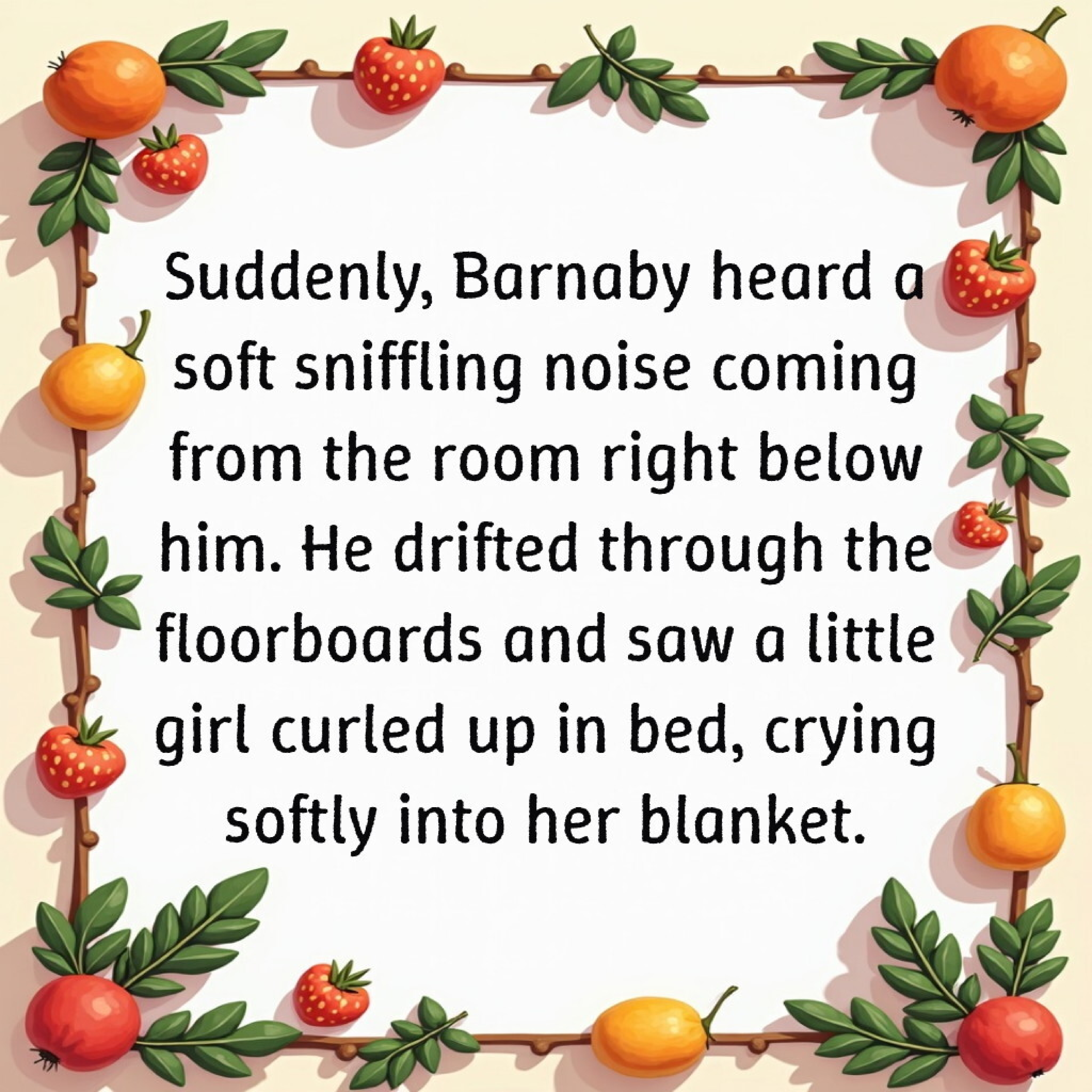
Embarrassed and sad, Barnaby floated out of the classroom window and kept on going. He felt like he didn't belong in Spooksville at all. "I will hide where no one can see me," he whispered to himself, drifting toward the nearby human neighborhood.





Barnaby found a quiet, cozy human house and squeezed through the attic floorboards. He settled in a dark corner, surrounded by dusty boxes, determined to stay hidden so he wouldn't ruin Halloween for anyone ever again.





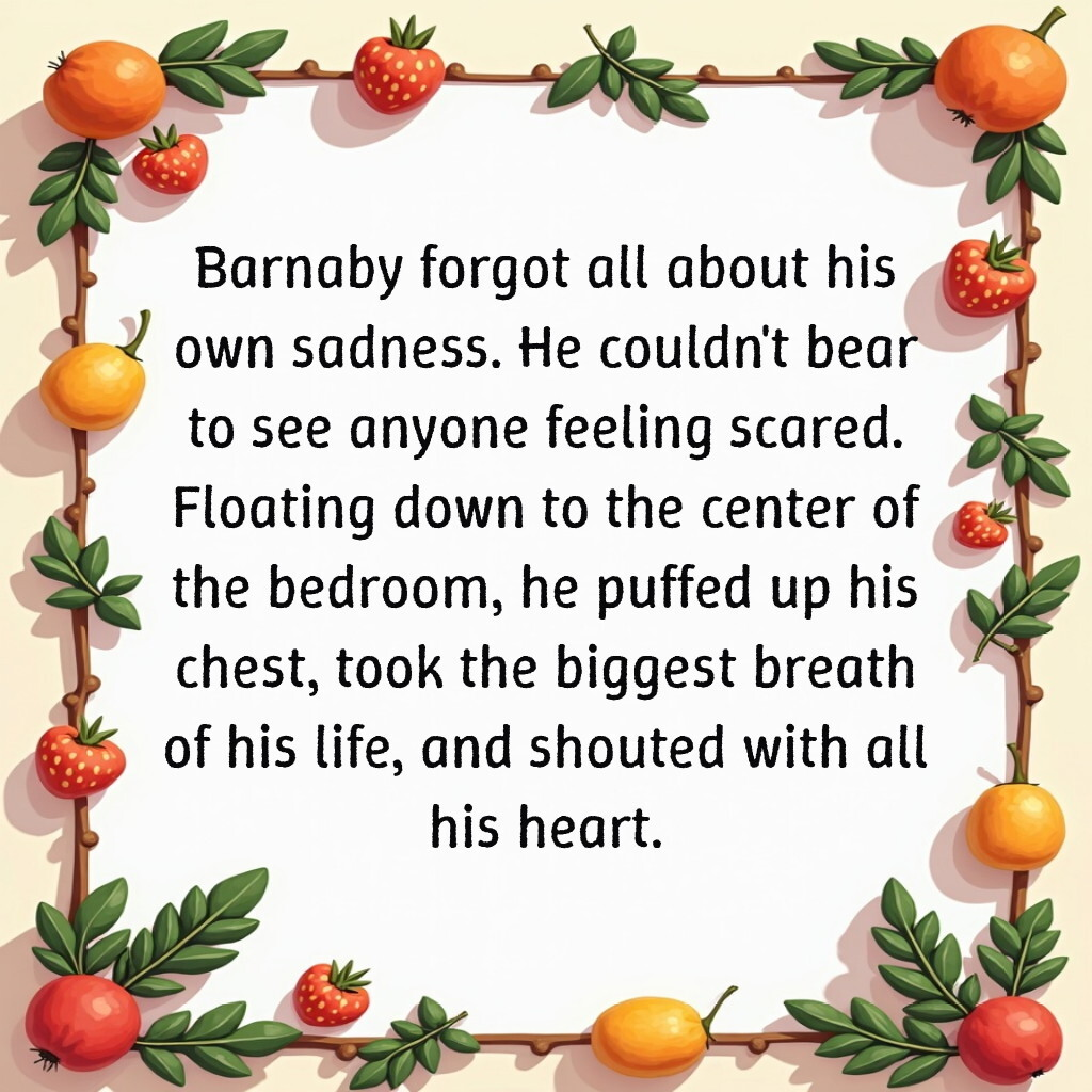
Suddenly, Barnaby heard a soft sniffing noise coming from the room right below him. He drifted through the floorboards and saw a little girl curled up in bed, crying softly into her blanket.





Maya was terrified of the pitch-black room. Her little star-shaped nightlight on the wall had flickered and burned out, leaving long, spooky shadows creeping across her bedroom walls.





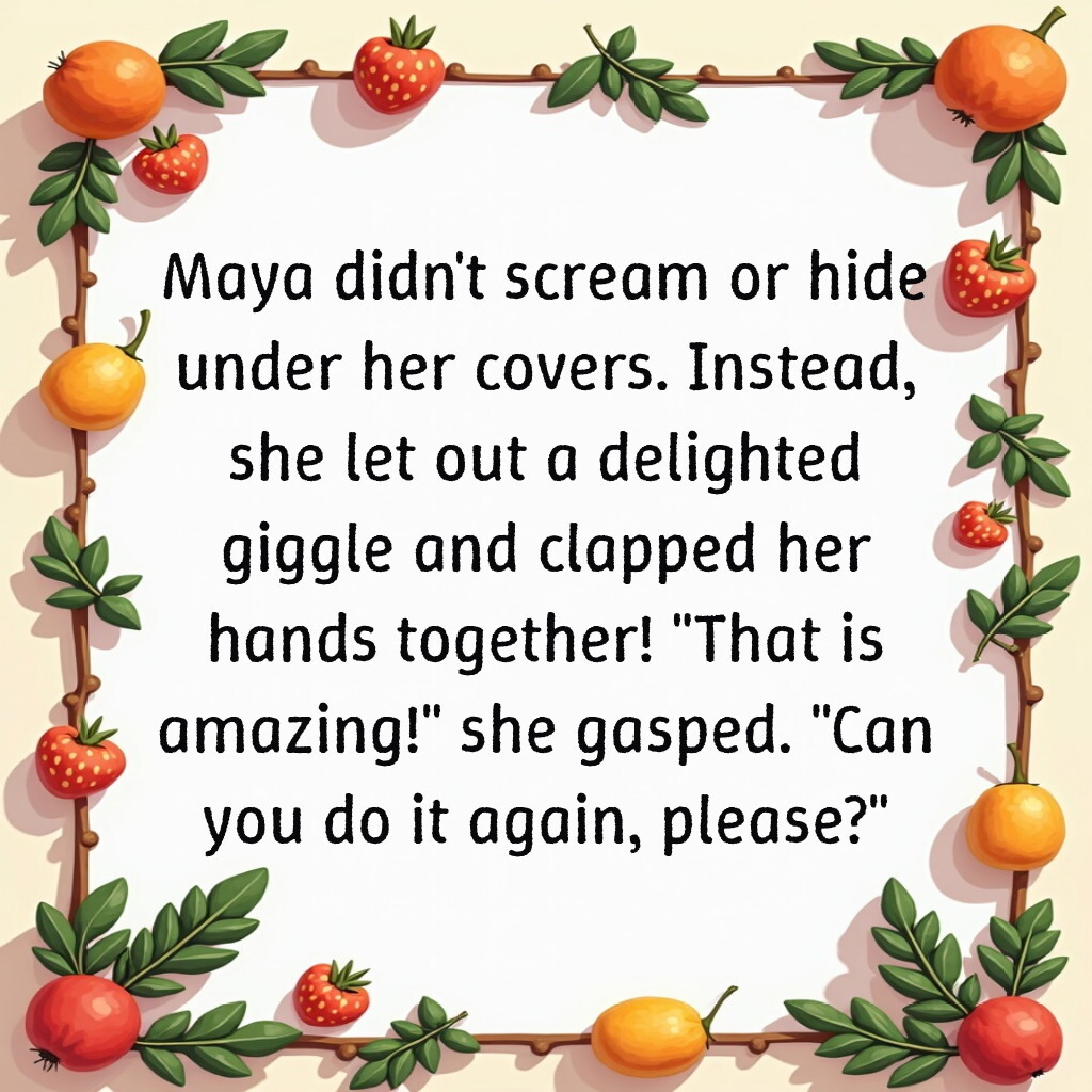
Barnaby forgot all about his own sadness. He couldn't bear to see anyone feeling scared. Floating down to the center of the bedroom, he puffed up his chest, took the biggest breath of his life, and shouted with all his heart.





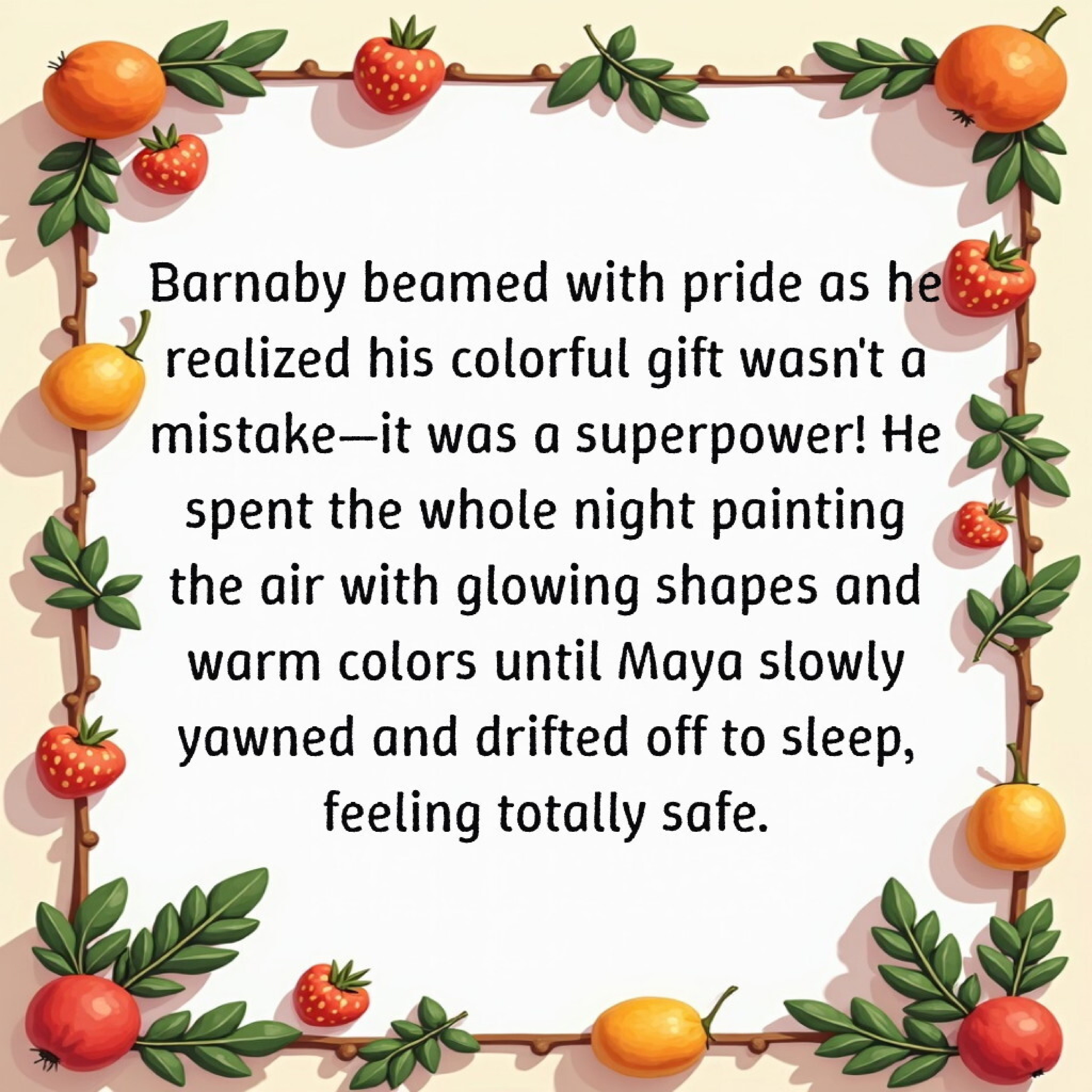
WHOOSH! A brilliant splash of
luminous neon green stripes,
glowing purple zig-zags, and
sparkling yellow stars erupted
from Barnaby's mouth, filling
every dark corner of the room
with warm, shimmering art.





Maya didn't scream or hide under her covers. Instead, she let out a delighted giggle and clapped her hands together! "That is amazing!" she gasped. "Can you do it again, please?"





Barnaby beamed with pride as he realized his colorful gift wasn't a mistake—it was a superpower! He spent the whole night painting the air with glowing shapes and warm colors until Maya slowly yawned and drifted off to sleep, feeling totally safe.





Outside the bedroom window, the old ghosts from Spooksville were floating past when they saw the glowing, colorful room. They saw how happy and safe Maya looked, and they realized that making children smile was much more wonderful than scaring them.

Ghost -Airt- Studio





The very next day, Barnaby opened his brand new "Ghost Art Studio" in the heart of Spooksville. Ghosts from all over town lined up around the block, eager to learn how to turn their scary haunts into brilliant, colorful creations!

★ The ★
End ★

