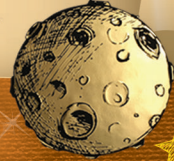
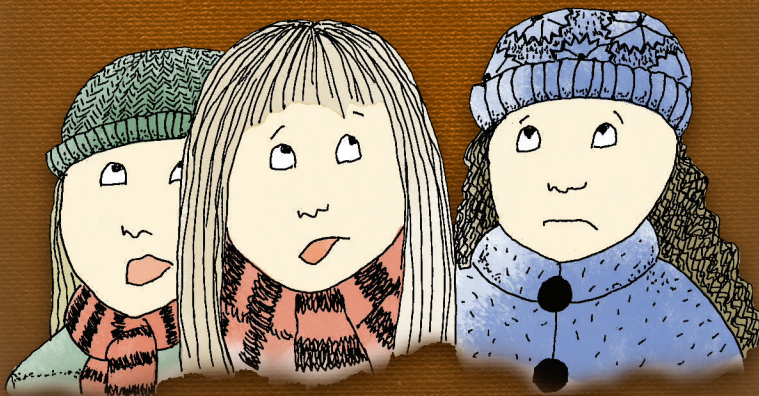


The AMAZING Weekly Adventures of
Harry & Honey Moon



THE FIRST SLEEPY HOLLOW THANKSGIVING

BY JOYCE MAGNIN



According to the calendar, it was Thanksgiving. In Sleepy Hollow, a town frozen in Halloween, you could never be quite so certain. The leaves on the trees were purple and orange and red. They crunched underfoot as you walked. The air was crisp and nutty and always smacked of pumpkin spice. But that's true for everyday in Sleepy Hollow.

And nobody knew that better than Harry and Honey Moon. Except this year, this year, Honey had vowed to make it all different.

"I'm going to put some Thanksgiving into this town," she said that morning at breakfast. "All this Halloween every day is getting everyone down."

Her mother, Mary Moon, moved Honey's orange juice a bit to make room for a plate of bacon and eggs that she set in front of her. "And just how do you plan on doing that, sweetheart? It IS Halloween every day, after all. Do you have some magical powers we don't know about?"

"Yeah." Harry squinted. "Magic is my department and I haven't even figured that one out."

Honey grabbed a piece of bacon. She pointed it toward Harry and said, "Well, brother, we all know I won the short story contest and my story, was printed in the town newspaper—"

"Yeah, yeah," Harry said. "Get to the point."

"I am," Honey said. "Anyway, we also know that as the contest winner, I will get to ride on the Mayor's Float today."

Mom sat at the table and sipped her coffee. "And I've been meaning to tell you Honey, that I am very proud of you for not being afraid of riding with the Mayor anymore. Very impressed"

"Thanks, mom. I was scared but after interviewing him last month I feel ten times less scared. When it comes right down to it, Mayor Kligore is pretty much a lonely, sad man who needs magic and tricks to get him through his day."

"Yeah," Harry said, "he is pretty sad. But, we still have to be careful with him. He does not make good decisions. Plus, I am convinced he has something to do with the town being stuck in Halloween." Harry shook his head.

Mom bit into a piece of bacon. "Go on, Honey, what were you saying?"

"I was saying that I am going to be as Thanksgiving-like as possible. The people just have to know that Halloween isn't the only holiday in the world."

"It is in Sleepy Hollow," Harry said. "I saw the Mayor's float. E V E R Y D A Y."

"You did?" Honey said. "I thought the float was a big secret—like it is every year."

Harry glanced at his mom. "Now Mom, I know you'll be angry, but the guys and I, well, the guys and I snuck onto Folly Farm and saw it. We watched Oink and his henchmen working on it. There was some woman there, never saw her before. But she was holding a clipboard and seemed to be directing the whole thing."

"Oh," Mom said. "I bet she's Kligore's designer."

"Probably," Honey said. "Kligore can always find people to do his dirty work."

"From the looks of her, I'd say she was from Boston," Harry said.

"Hah. Now why would you say that?" Mom asked.

"Because she reminded me of a woman I saw at the magic shop there. The big magic shop."

"Oh, that was when you got grounded for like six months for sneaking out and taking the train to Boston," Honey said. She laughed. "But I do applaud your courage."

"So what's your big plan, Miss Editor of the school newspaper and rider of floats," Harry asked.

Honey swallowed some eggs. She looked at her plate as a nervous feeling crept into her stomach. She tried to shoo it away. "First, tell me about the mayor's float. I want to know."



“Oh, it’s just massive,” Harry said. “I am sure it’s the biggest float they ever built. It’s black on the bottom, and then coming up out of the floor I saw pilgrims with fangs and vampire haircuts and skeletons popping out of graves. A giant boiling pot sat in the middle and three robot witches stirred the brew. I think it was a fake turkey in the pot and it ... it was weird because while we were there, one of the hounds turned on the electronics and a squeal came out of the turkey.” Harry shuddered. “Very strange.”



Honey swallowed the lump that had formed in her throat. “What else did you see?” She wanted to know because in just a few hours she was going to be riding the float. It was good to know what to expect. But that old frightened

feeling was creeping back.

“I saw vultures sitting on what is supposed to be Plymouth Rock.”

“What about the Wampanoag Indians and Squanto?”

Harry shook his head. “Sorry, seems Mayor Kligore left all that out.”

“But this is Massachusetts. This is where it all started. He can’t just change the story of our history. Did you see any Pilgrim women in their bonnets?”

Harry shook his head again. “Again. Sorry to disappoint. Nope.”

“What about the fruits of the harvest? Was there even a single cornucopia?”

Harry shook his head. “Sorry sister dear, but the Mayor’s float is about as un-thanksgiving as you can get.” Harry leaned forward toward Honey. “Remember, it’s not Thanksgiving every day in this town. It’s Halloween. Boo!”

“And I’m supposed to sit up there in my pilgrim dress and bonnet and wave and act like this is good. No way. I’m not doing that. It’s not the real Thanksgiving story. Like everything else in this town, it’s fake”

“But Honey,” Mom said, “Miss Middlemarch and Mrs. Tenure are expecting to see you ride the float.”

"I can't do it, mom. The mayor's float is just not what Thanksgiving is all about."

"Nothing in Sleepy Hollow is how it's supposed to be," Harry said. "Not even Christmas."

Mom touched Harry's hand, "Shhh, don't get Honey started on Christmas."

Honey tapped her plate with her fork. "There must be something I can do, to bring the real Thanksgiving story to Sleepy Hollow."

"Think fast," Harry said, "the parade starts at noon—on the dot."

"I'll think of something. Will you help?"

"Sure," Harry said, "but, AS YOU KNOW AND KEEP ASKING ANYWAY, I can't use my magic to play tricks and make bad things happen."

"Right." Honey sighed. "I know. But we might need that invisible cloak of yours again. We could use like ten cloaks."

"Well, I only have one."

Honey pushed away from the table. "To the garage, Harry Moon! We have important work to do."

"Be careful, you two!" Mary Moon called as Harry and Honey raced out of the house. "And wear your jackets. It's

cold."

Honey beat Harry to the garage. "We have to think of a way to bring Thanksgiving to Sleepy Hollow, Harry."

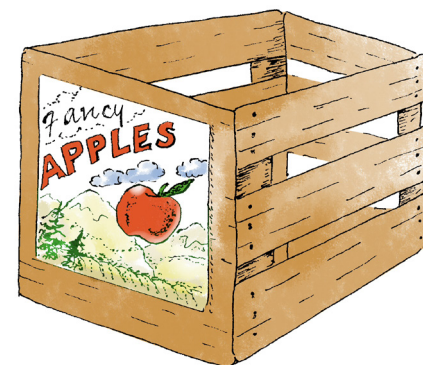
"I just don't know," Harry said scratching his head. "All the other floats are gonna be just as Halloweeny as Kligore's. I know a couple of kids are dressing as pilgrim ghosts and Native Americans with pumpkin heads, but mostly—it's straight Halloween."

"Good old Sleepy Hollow. That is just sick," Honey said.

"So let's think, what is Thanksgiving really about? What's our message?"

"Too easy, Harry Moon. It's about being thankful for what we have and for each other. That is what happened on the first Thanksgiving. The first settlers in America took time to share and give thanks."

"Right, but it's also about Thanksgiving food—lots and lots of food. Turkey and sweet potatoes and dressing and gravy. I'm sure Mom will make enough to feed the whole town," Harry said. "She's already baked like six pies."



Honey paced around the garage. "I'm thinking. I'm thinking. There must be some way to get the town thinking



about the true meaning of Thanksgiving and not about Halloween for one day.”

“We don’t have much time.”

“I know. I know.” Honey paced some more.

“I got it.” She stopped in her tracks and whirled to face Harry. “Everyone knows the story of the first Thanksgiving, right?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Harry said. “I think the story is a little confusing. I was joking about it being about the food, but I think that is what most people think.”

“Yes,” Honey said, “it wasn’t called Thanksgiving until later when President Abraham Lincoln declared it a national holiday. That was like 200 years after.”

“Okay, thanks for the history lesson but what does that—”

“We are going to put on a skit about the first Thanksgiving. It was really a harvest celebration when the farmers pulled all the crops out of the ground in the fall.”

“How on earth can we pull off a history lesson?”

Honey paced some more. “Let’s get all the kids we can find together. I’ll get Becky, Isabela, Claire. You get the guys and we’ll all meet back here and figure it out.”

It didn’t take long for Harry and Honey to get their friends assembled at the garage.

“All right everybody,” Honey said to the small crowd. “I guess you’re wondering why we called you here.”

“This better be good,” called Bailey. “I was watching football.”

“This is way better,” Harry said. “We are going to bring Thanksgiving back to Sleepy Hollow.”

“Awwww, how you gonna do that,” Claire said. “Mayor Kligore likes it to be all about Halloween. I’ve seen his pilgrims. They all have creepy fangs!” Claire shuddered.

“I know. But, I have an idea I think will work,” Honey said. “We can’t do it until after the parade.”

“That’s the good news,” Harry said. “While the parade is distracting everyone and Honey is riding on the mayor’s float, the rest of us will be at the green getting set to do—”

“Our own presentation of the real First Thanksgiving,” Honey said. “Complete with Squanto.”

“How we gonna do that?” asked Hao.”

Honey smirked a little. “Raise your hand if you know the story of the first Thanksgiving.”

Everybody raised their hands. “See. We all know the story. All we have to do is act it out on the stage they built for that crazy musical band of Mayor Kligore’s—Oink and the Oinktones. We’ll wing it, kind of make it up as we go along.”



"The Oinktones are awful," Becky said. She opened her mouth wide and pretended to gag.

"Anyway," Honey said, waving her hand at Becky, "I have to go get ready to ride on the float. You guys need to go put on pilgrim stuff. I'll already be dressed for the skit. Do whatever you can to make yourselves into proper Pilgrims and proper Native Americans. Bailey you can play Squanto."

"All right," said Bailey, shaking his head. "What happened to my football game?"

Honey dashed off to prepare for the parade and her ride on the float. She had to get over to Folly Farm, where the Thanksgiving Day parade was set to begin. She knew she was leaving the skit in good hands. Harry will do a good job, she thought.

Honey, all dressed and ready to go, arrived at the mayor's float right on time. With the help of the Mayor's assistant, Cherry Tomato, she climbed onto the float and took her place on a stinky hay bale.

"There you are, Miss Moon," Mayor Kligore said. "Here are your

fangs."

Honey smiled, even though she didn't feel like it. "Oh fangs. How surprising."

A few minutes later, a high school marching band started playing and the parade stepped off. Most of the townspeople were out and lined along Main Street to watch. The parade made its way slowly down the street as the people cheered and the mayor waved.

Cherry and Honey tossed candy to the kids packed together on the sidewalks.

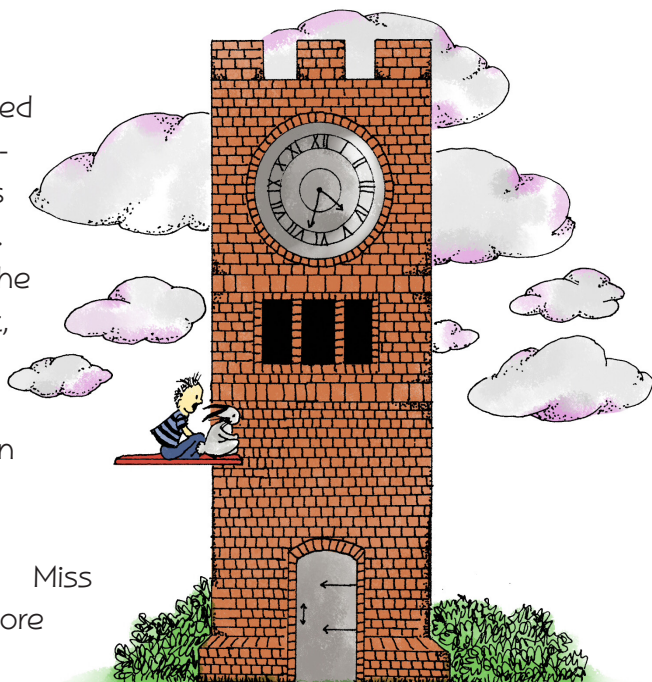
As they were just about to reach the town square, Honey's phone chimed. She checked. A text from Harry. "All systems go."

"Great," Honey whispered to herself.

"What was that dear?" Cherry asked.

"Oh, I was just saying I'm having such a great time."

Finally, the parade reached the town green and slowed to a stop. Honey leapt off the float and raced across the grass as fast as she could to the clock tower where the Halloween, er, Thanksgiving stage was built. She could see Harry and the others talking among themselves up on the stage. They had done a pretty good job dressing up as proper pilgrims and proper members of the Wampanoag Tribe. Bailey looked great as Squanto.



Honey jumped onto the stage. "I'm here," she announced, out of breath. "Good to go."

"We're all set," Harry said. "We have to kind of make things up as we go. But everyone knows the story."

"Yeah, and I have the biggest part," Bailey said. "Because Squanto could speak English."

"That's right," Honey said.

Honey looked at the long table that Harry and Hao had set up on stage with what she was certain was her mother's best china plates. She could not help but notice that there was food, lots and lots of food spread on the table. And it all looked like her mother's.

"Harry," Honey said, "what did you do here? Does mom know you took all her food!"

"Mom said we could take all the food here. She'd bring the turkey later. And the mashed potatoes."

"Really? Wow. Mom must be in the Thanksgiving spirit."

The crowd started to gather near the stage, expecting to hear the music of Oink and the Oinktones.

"Hey," called someone from the crowd. "What's going on? Where is Oink and the band?"

Other people started mumbling, asking the same

question.

When Mayor Kligore and Oink arrived at the stage, the shouting grew even louder.

"Harry Moon!" shouted the Mayor as he approached. "Moon, just what do you meddling kids think you're doing? Get off that stage! The town wants to hear Oink!"

"We are taking a few minutes to celebrate the first Thanksgiving, Mr. Mayor, sir. As it should be," Honey said.

"Argh, you know you can't do that in this town. It's Halloween first, all day, every day. Cease this nonsense immediately and get down from there before there is real trouble."

Oink growled.

Honey watched Cherry Tomato whisper into the mayor's ear. Mayor Kligore stamped his foot, as if he was in real pain.

"Fine, fine, FINE! I can't believe this! Have your silly play. I give you permission to take FIVE MINUTES! But then you will get all this crazy Thanksgiving stuff off this stage and Oink will perform and we'll celebrate Thanksgiving Sleepy Hollow style." He grumbled as he turned away. "These meddling Moon kids will drive me bonkers."

Honey acted as though she didn't notice Kligore's frustration with what had happened to his Sleepy Hollow Thanksgiving. Instead, she talked to the others and



prepared to act out the First Thanksgiving. Harry covered the table with his Cloak of Invisibility. the table disappeared.

It didn't take long for a large crowd to gather. Harry, who had a lot of experience with crowds spoke first. He raised his arms to quiet the crowd.

"Welcome to the first Thanksgiving! We are going to put on a little skit for your enjoyment."

Bailey, Honey and the others all gathered on stage. Together they told the story of how Squanto helped the Pilgrims grow corn and learn to fish. They were able to tell the story about how the Native Americans and the Pilgrims were able to come together and celebrate the harvest even though the weather was cruel and they had little to eat.

"Not nearly as much as we have today," Honey said. "This is a time to be thankful for how much we have in our country. And we need to be always thinking and helping those who are less fortunate than we are. While we have much, so many have so little.

"On Thanksgiving, we celebrate what makes us different and what makes us the same. On Thanksgiving, we remember how important it is to love each other and get along."

Harry stepped closer to the table. "And so, everyone, we invite you all to our Thanksgiving."

He snapped off the cloak of invisibility, and the table overflowing with good food and drinks appeared. The crowd

applauded and cheered. "What a great trick! Bravo, Harry Moon! You are a great magician!"

Honey smiled wide when she saw her mother marching across the green pulling a wagon laden with more food, turkey and mashed potatoes and of course her little brother, Harvest Moon. Soon other moms and dads and grandmothers and grandfathers arrived pulling wagons and carrying armloads of food.

Honey had to wipe away tears as she saw what was happening. In it's own way, Sleepy Hollow was celebrating its very own First Thanksgiving. The whole town joined in on the celebration as food was passed around and pumpkin pies with whipped cream were enjoyed. Even Mayor Kligore couldn't stay angry. He was last seen racing across the green



chewing on a turkey drumstick. "Enjoy, enjoy everyone!" he shouted for all to hear. "This is my Thanksgiving surprise to you all! Happy Sleepy Hollow's Halloween Thanksgiving! This was all my idea!"

Honey sat at the head of the table as her mother carved the turkey. Her father sat with Harvest on his lap and said, "So you see, Harvest, in a way you were named after Thanksgiving because of the fall harvest."

Harvest clapped.

"You did it, Honey Moon," said her mom. "I didn't think you could. You brought Thanksgiving to Sleepy Hollow."

"Thanksgiving as it should be," Isabela said. "You are really a hero of Sleepy Hollow, Honey Moon."

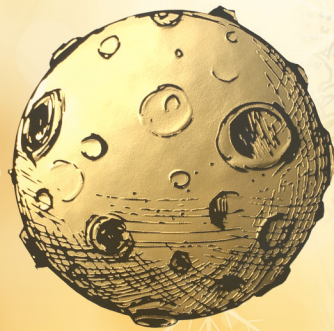
"Thanks," Honey said. "But today, we are all heroes."

She raised her turkey leg high. "Happy Thanksgiving everybody!"



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