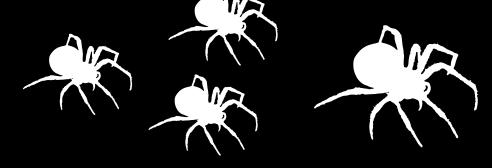


Once upon a time in a winter day, there was a village near the mountains, where most of the time the days were rainy and foggy. The village was well known for its big and delicious pumpkins. People from the village was waiting for the Pumpkin Day that every year they celebrate. People **cleaned** the town and **cooked** the most delicious pumpkin pies to share with the people who **traveled** and **visited** the town that day.

In that place <u>lived</u> a very shy, young but handsome boy <u>named</u>, Oliver. Oliver <u>studied</u> Art, he <u>played</u> soccer, and he <u>liked</u> to listen to music. Every afternoon, he <u>turned</u> on his radio and he always <u>danced</u> with a mop because he didn't have any friend who talk with. He really <u>loved</u> music and dancing. One day, while he was dancing, he <u>listened</u> how the wind <u>closed</u> the door, and he <u>looked</u> a shadow going up the stairs. Suddenly, it <u>started</u> to rain and Oliver <u>walked</u> through the hall to look outside the house. He just <u>looked</u> the rain falling down, and the lights of the lightning <u>seemed</u> to light all the town. Nobody was outside.







As soon as he <u>moved</u> back, a car <u>arrived</u> and Oliver felt happy because he was scared. He ran fast and <u>opened</u> the door, but any car wasn't there. Standing in the door he heard somebody <u>screamed</u> and he <u>remembered</u> his sister was in the kitchen cooking their pumpkin pie.

He came to the kitchen and saw the shadow going out the door. His sister **opened** the stove to show that a person stole the pie. He **decided** to go out for helping. After a few minutes he **rescued** the pie, but the robber ate a piece of it. His sister **cried** because they didn't have a pumpkin pie to share.