

PATCH THE PUMPKIN AND THE LOST LITTLE GIRL



WORDS BY NICK PAGE WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBYN LEAVENS

FROM WORLD VISION UK



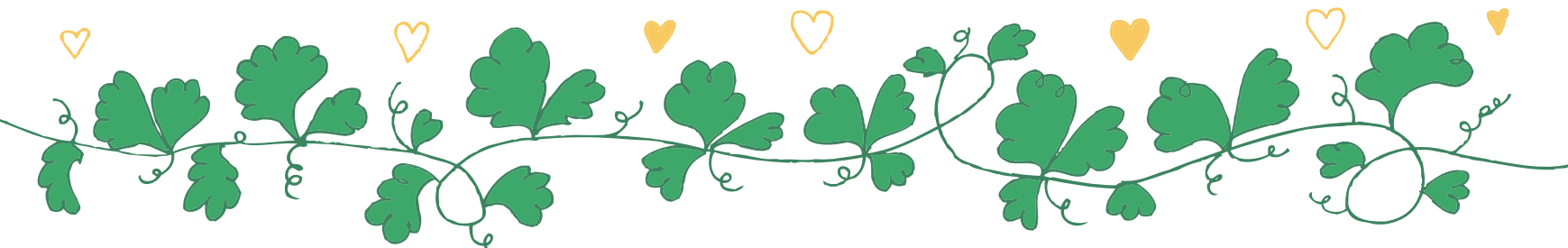
PATCH THE PUMPKIN IS BACK FOR A SECOND ADVENTURE!

We're delighted to present to you another storybook starring our superhero friend Patch the Pumpkin®. Following the success of his first outing, Patch is back, and ready to take children on an adventure to discover more about God's love for all. This book has been lovingly put together to help children engage with Christian values, including how we can share what we have with others; especially children living in other parts of the world - where life is very different. It's great as part of a Pumpkin Heroes® party - or anytime for a fun story with little ones. Remember, you can also watch our storybook film, as read by Adrian and Bridget Plass, at pumpkinheroes.com/storytime2018.

We hope you enjoy Patch's story as you share God's love in your church and community this year.

♥ Love from World Vision

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PATCH THE PUMPKIN[®] AND THE LOST LITTLE GIRL

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World Vision[®]
NO CHILD WITHOUT A FUTURE

PRODUCED WITH PROSPECT ARTS



WILL THE FENCE KEEP
US SAFE?

UMM PATCH...

WHAT ABOUT
PUMPKIN-EATING
SQUIRRELS?!!

CAN I ASK YOU
A QUESTION?

CAN YOU
HELP ME?

WHAT ABOUT...?

PART ONE

Patch the Pumpkin lived with all the other pumpkins in the Pumpkin Field on the edge of town.

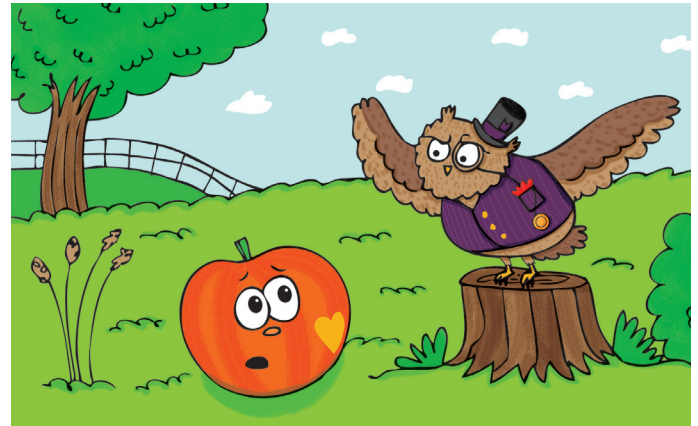
Patch was the leader of the pumpkins. And every day the other pumpkins would come and ask him for help. It made Patch very tired.

As you probably know, all pumpkins have a little flame inside them. When they help each other this flame glows brightly. But when they get in a bad mood, even the brightest pumpkin flame can get a bit low.

And, on this particular day, Patch was in a very bad mood.

“Why can’t they leave me alone?” he muttered to himself. “Why do I have to do everything?”

“What’s the matter, Patch?” said a voice. It was Patch’s friend the Wise-But-Grumpy Owl.



“It’s the other pumpkins,” said Patch. “They always need my help!”

“Well, you are the leader,” said the Owl.

“But I shouldn’t have to do everything,” said Patch, getting worked up. “I mean, who has to organise everybody? Me. Who has to do all the work for the Big End-of-Summer party? Also me. Who has to make sure the fence round the Pumpkin Field is safe and



keeps dangerous pumpkin-eating animals out? Me again!
It's always me!"

Then he jumped up and down and shouted , "Who has to do EVERYTHING for EVERYONE? ME. ME, ME, MEEEEEE!"

"Well, why don't you ask them to do more?" said the Owl.

"That wouldn't work!" said Patch. "I'm the only one who knows how everything should be done."

"Oh well, suit yourself," said the Wise-But-Grumpy Owl. And he flew off.

The next day, Patch was even busier with the other pumpkins.

"I don't know what songs to sing at the party," said the Biggest Pumpkin, so Patch helped him choose.

"I don't know how to make party decorations," said the Tiniest Pumpkin, so Patch helped him make some.

"I thought I saw a pumpkin-eating Squirrel!" said the Most Average-sized Pumpkin, so Patch went and checked the fence. Again.



At the end of the day, the Farmer came along with his trailer. He had promised to give the pumpkins a lift into town so they could get everything for their End-of-Summer party. So they all piled on to the trailer, and off they went. But by now, Patch was in a very bad mood and his flame was very low. As they bounced along the pumpkins asked Patch more questions.

“Where are we going?” asked the Biggest Pumpkin.

“Have we got a list?” asked the Tiniest Pumpkin.

“I thought I saw a pumpkin-eating Squirrel!” said the Most Average-sized Pumpkin.

Patch felt something bubbling up inside him. He began to jump up and down.

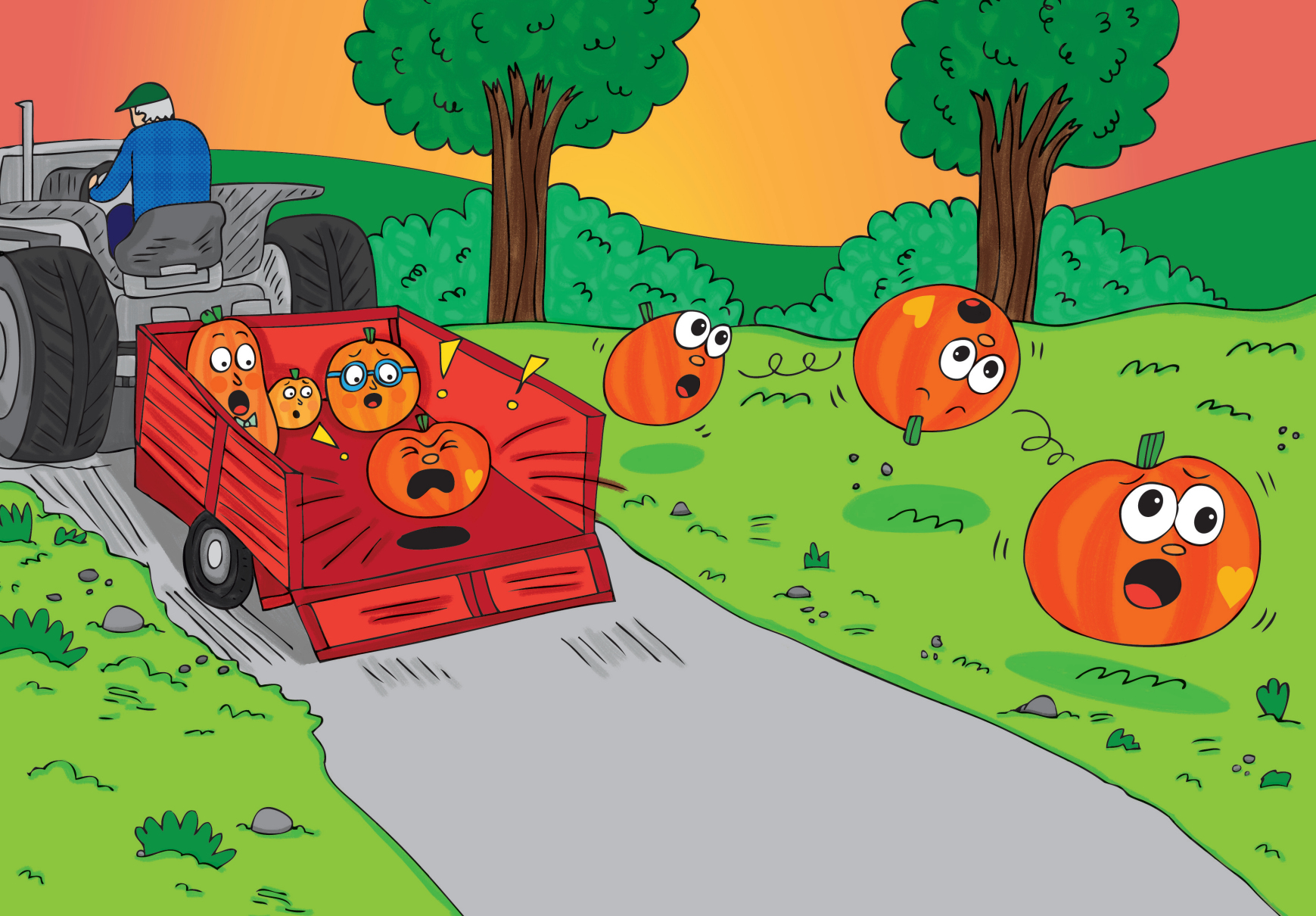
“Will... You... Stop... Asking... Me... QUESTIONS!” he bounced.

“Is something wrong?” said the pumpkins.

“THAT’S ANOTHER QUESTION!” said Patch. “I SAID ‘STOP ASKING ME QUESTIONS’ AND YOU JUST ASKED ME ANOTHER QUESTION!”

Then, in all his cross-ness, he gave one, last, enormous jump.

Only this time Patch jumped so high that he bounced right off the back of the trailer, bumped down onto the road, and rolled off into the darkness.



PART TWO

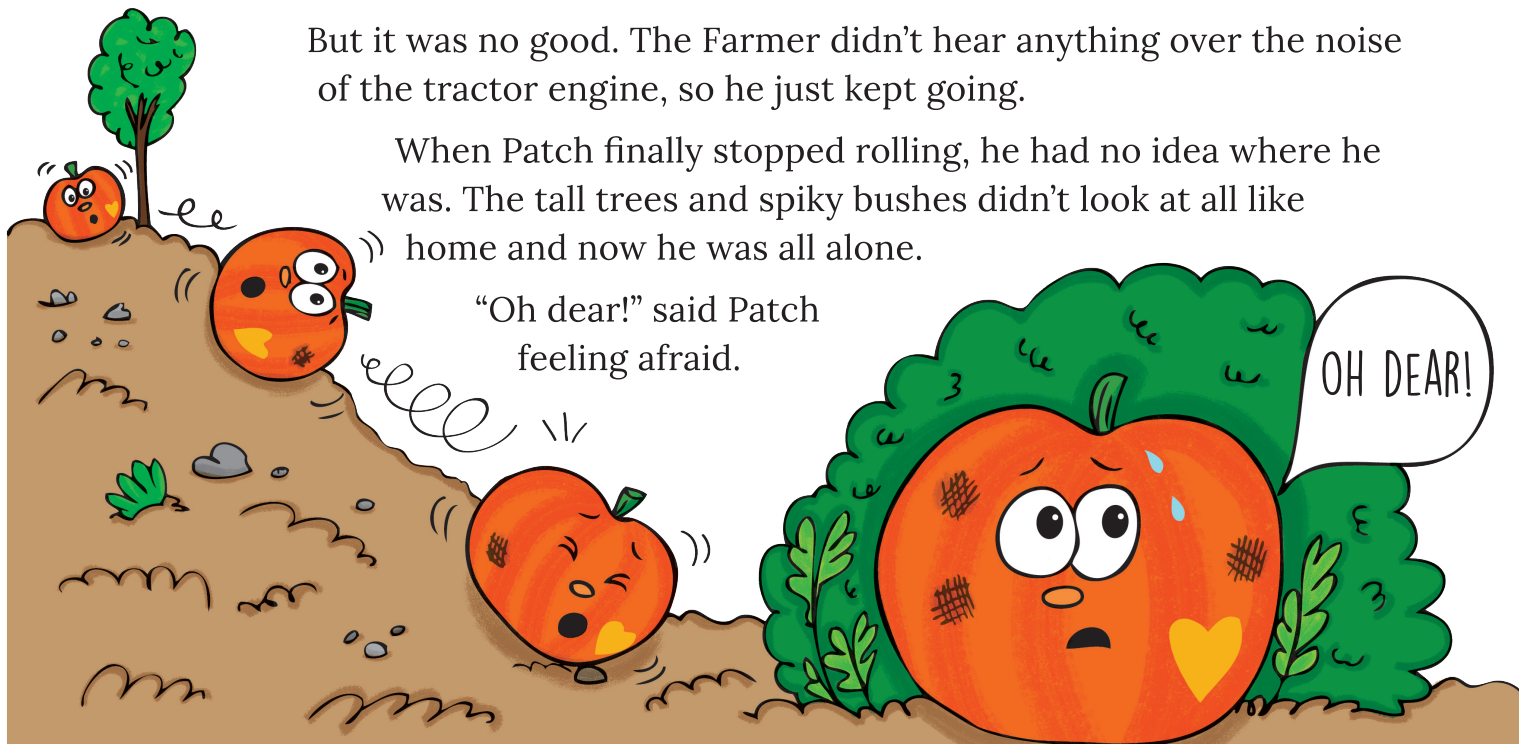
Patch rolled and bounced, and bounced and rolled.

“Somebody - oof!- help - ouch! Me - ooh!” he cried as he bounced further away.

But it was no good. The Farmer didn't hear anything over the noise of the tractor engine, so he just kept going.

When Patch finally stopped rolling, he had no idea where he was. The tall trees and spiky bushes didn't look at all like home and now he was all alone.

“Oh dear!” said Patch feeling afraid.



Then, he heard a noise.

“Hello?” he called.
“Is anyone there?”

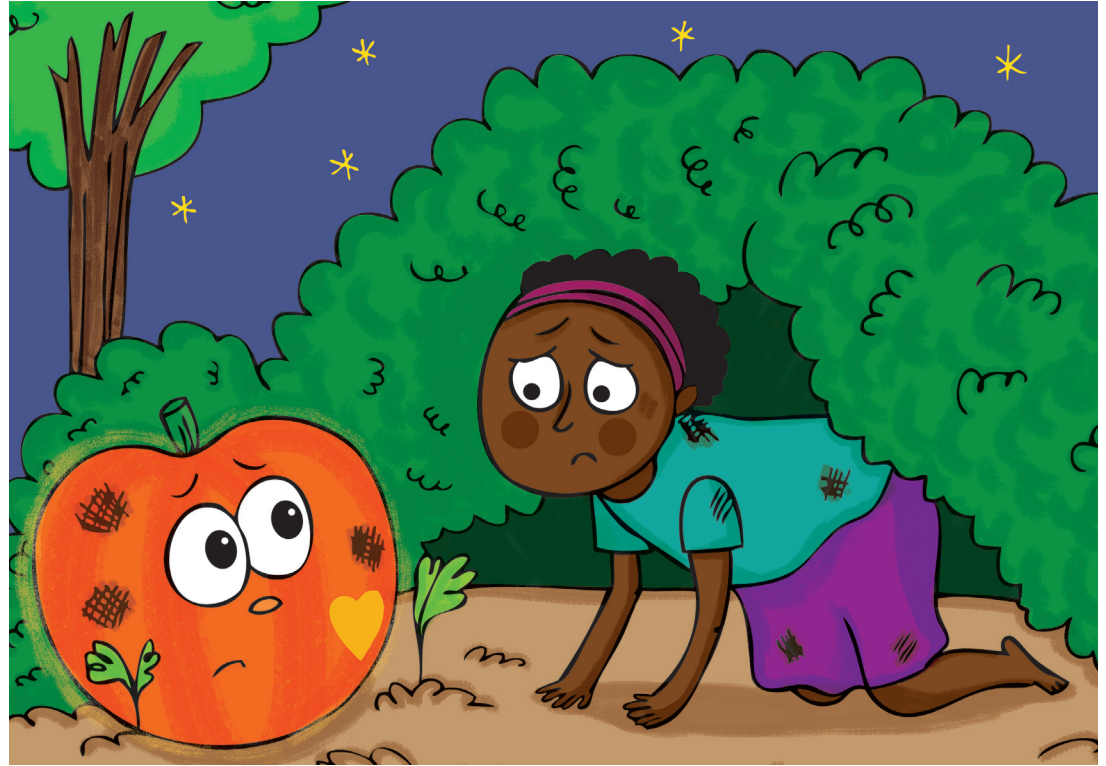
There was more noise. A rustle. What was it? Was it another pumpkin? A human? Or maybe a pumpkin-eating Squirrel?

“I’m lost!” said Patch, helplessly.

Then a voice said,
“Me too.”

Patch shone his weak pumpkin light into the darkness. There was a child there! And she’d been crying.

“I’m lost as well,” she said. “I had to leave my country because people were fighting,”



said the girl. “It was too dangerous. But now I miss my home and my friends. Can you help me?”

Suddenly Patch felt rather silly about having been so cross with his friends. “I’ll try,” he said. “I’ve not been very good at helping people recently. But let’s see if we can find our way.”

Because he’d let himself get so grumpy, Patch’s flame wasn’t shining very brightly, but finally they found their way out of the bushes and into a village where the sun was shining.

“Hello!” said a voice. “What are you doing here?”

“Phew—” said Patch. “Am I glad to see you! My friend here is lost!”



Can you help her?"

"Of course. It's my job to help people who are lost," said Grace as she smiled at Patch and his new friend.

Patch began to feel his flame grow brighter. 'It's good when people help you,' he remembered. In the village there were lots of tents. There was a big tent marked 'School' and another tent where people were giving out packages of food. Some children were playing on the swings in a playground. Others were drawing and painting under the trees and some were hugging their teddy bears.





“This place is a safe place,” Grace said. “It’s a safe place to live for people who are lost.”

Soon other helpers came to meet them and Patch knew the little girl, whose name was Amira, would get the help she needed.

“You see that little boy ?” said Grace, pointing to a boy who was on the swings. “He was very sick but people are helping him to get better.”

Grace pointed to a girl who was hugging her teddy bear. “That girl was very lonely and afraid. But here she feels loved and cared for.”

“Lots of children in the world need someone to love them and look after them,” Grace explained. “Sometimes we all need a bit of help, don’t we?”

Suddenly above them was a whoosh and the fluttering of wings. The Wise-But-Grumpy Owl landed, tired and with a bump.



“Here you are Patch” he said, in his gruff voice.

Grace asked the Wise-But-Grumpy Owl if he could show Patch the way home.

“I suppose so,” said the Owl. “But he’s not very good at accepting help.”

“Sorry about that,” said Patch. “I’ve learnt there are lots of people helping in this world. And when people help us and we help them, it makes us all shine a bit brighter.”

“This village can be Amira’s new home” said Grace. “We’ll make sure she is safe here.”

“Come on then Patch,” said the Wise-But-Grumpy Owl, “Follow me.”



PART THREE

The Owl guided Patch safely back to the Pumpkin Field.

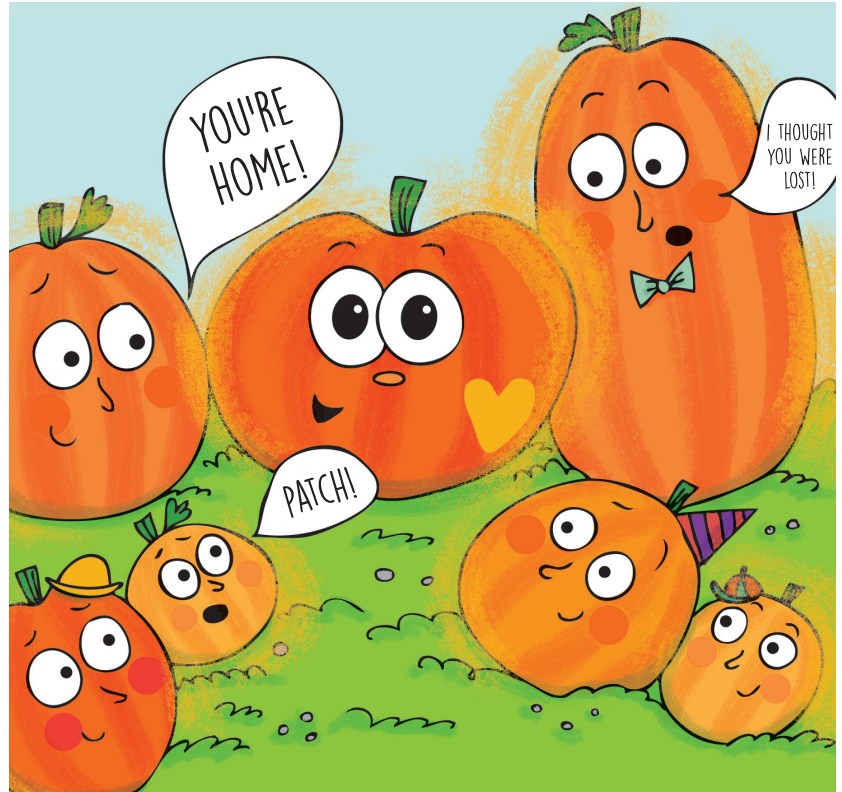
“PATCH!” yelled the pumpkins.
“You’re home!”

“I thought you were lost!” said the Biggest Pumpkin.

“I thought you were hurt or sick!” said the Tiniest Pumpkin.

“I thought you’d been eaten by an enormous pumpkin-eating Squirrel,” said the Most Average-sized Pumpkin.

“No,” laughed Patch. “None of those things. Although I did meet someone who was lost.”



And someone who was poorly.”

“Did you help them?” asked the Pumpkins.

“A bit,” said Patch. “But not as much as Grace and the other people I met.” And he told them the whole story.

“Why don’t we invite them all to the Big End-of-Summer party?” said the Pumpkins.

“That’s a great idea,” said Patch. “We’ll have a moonlight Teddy Bear’s Picnic. And invite all the children I met in the village.”



“And everything’s ready. Look!” said the Biggest, Tiniest and Most Average-sized Pumpkins.

Patch looked around him. There were decorations in the trees, and instruments ready to be played. There were tables with food and drink all ready.

“You did it all!” said Patch. “That’s wonderful!”

They sent the Wise-But-Grumpy Owl with a message to the village, and before long the children and helpers arrived in the Pumpkin Field. There was Grace with Amira, who was now smiling and holding her teddy bear. There was the little boy who had been poorly and the girl who had been lonely. And some children brought the drawings and paintings they had made.





They sang songs and danced, and played games, and hugged their bears.

And at the end of the party the pumpkins presented Patch with a huge cake, with 'Thank You, Patch' written in coloured icing. (Actually it said, 'Thank You, Potch' because the pumpkins weren't very good at spelling.)

"We just wanted to thank you," said the Biggest Pumpkin.

"We made it ourselves," said the Tiniest Pumpkin.

"I did all the icing!" said the Most Average-sized Pumpkin.

"Thank you all...for helping me too." said Patch humbly.

And in the light of the moon dancing up above, everyone could see how helping and caring for each other was making all their hearts shine brighter than ever before.



Thank you God that you know everyone you have made, and that you care deeply about us all. We pray you will be with those whose lives are very difficult, and help us to care for those who may be overlooked or ignored, so that we can shine as lights in the world. Amen.

"I was hungry and you fed me,
I was thirsty and you gave me a drink,
I was homeless and you gave me a room,
I was shivering and you gave me clothes,
I was sick and you stopped to visit,
I was in prison and you came to me.

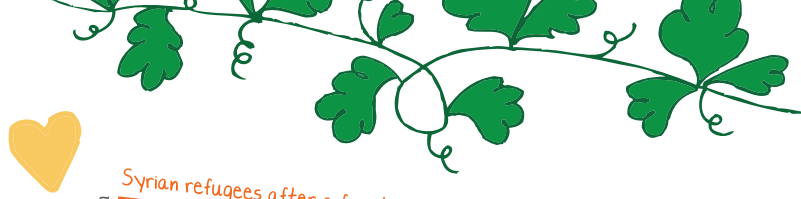
... Whenever you did one of these things to someone overlooked or ignored, that was me - you did it to me."

Matthew 25: 35-40 (The Message)



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World Vision staff with refugees in Uganda



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Syrian refugees after a fun-day at a World Vision centre in Lebanon

CHILDREN WHO INSPIRED THIS STORY

This story was inspired by the lives of real children, who have had to leave their homes due to war or violence. This is what it means to be a refugee. Being a refugee is hard: it can mean travelling for many months looking for a safe place to live, leaving friends and family and not knowing what will happen in the future. It can also mean living in very poor conditions.



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Fiza is 10 and a refugee from South Sudan who now lives in Uganda





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Leila is 4 and from South Sudan. Here she is with her new teddy bear, living in Uganda.

World Vision is working hard to help refugees like the children in this story. They set up safe places where they can make a new home, friends and have fun playing and learning.



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Syrian refugee children learning and playing at a World Vision centre in Lebanon.



JOIN PATCH THE PUMPKIN ON HIS SECOND ADVENTURE!



Thank goodness you're here! Patch is about to head out of The Field and get well and truly lost!

Join him as he finds out more about being a leader, the true value of team work, and makes a few special friends along the way.

Patch

World Vision

NO CHILD WITHOUT A FUTURE

worldvision.org.uk

World Vision believes that by working together with children, their communities, and our supporters and partners, the lives of the world's most vulnerable children can be transformed. As a Christian organisation, we aspire to reflect God's unconditional love in all we do.

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