

A Halloween Tiger

In the **pumpkin patch**, a silent gleam,
The final star, a fading dream.
The air grows thin, the **shadows** leap,
As golden stripes through moonlight creep.
No jack-o'-lantern, **orange** and **black**,
But stripes of shadow on his back.
His eyes, like embers, burn and **glow**,
The darkest fright the forest knows.
The **autumn leaves** lie crisp and dead,
A silent carpet for his tread.
He stalks the ghouls and ghosts unseen,
A predator on Halloween.
For **witches** flee and phantoms hide,
With nothing but their fear to guide.
The **spooky tiger**, lit by fright,
Is the true terror of the night.

NSDAA wishes you all a very spooky Halloween!

