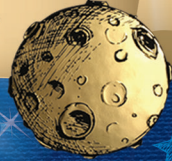
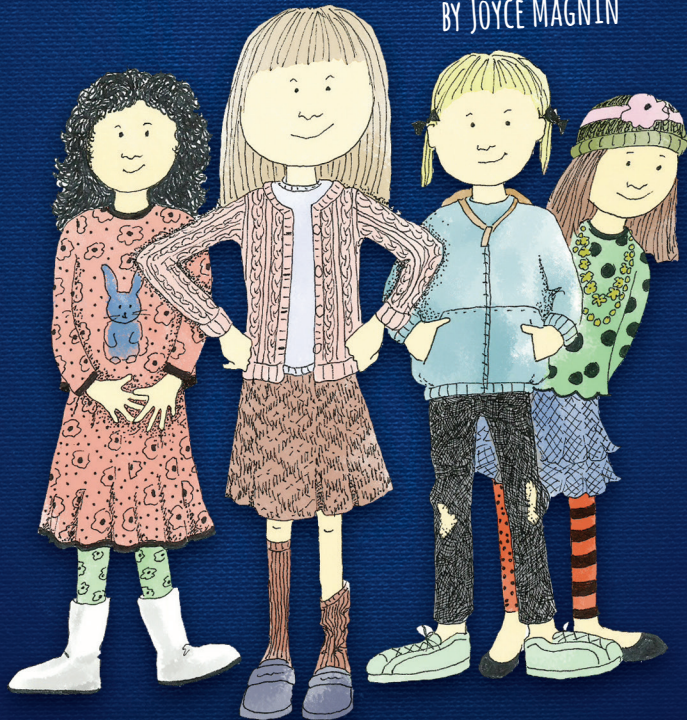


The AMAZING Weekly Adventures of  
Harry & Honey Moon



# HONEY MOON'S MOST IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW

BY JOYCE MAGNIN



As the children settled into their seats at Sleepy Hollow Middle School this crisp fall morning, it smelled like Halloween. Everyday, in every way, Halloween just would not go away. It had gobbled up the small, spooky town where every day WAS Halloween. Gobble, gobble!

Honey Moon's teacher, Mrs. Tenure stood at the front of the classroom smiling widely at her students. "I have an exciting announcement, children!" she said, clapping her hands in glee.

Honey leaned forward toward her good friend, Isabela and whispered into her ear, "I think she's gonna finally announce the story contest winner. I hope it's me!"

"Or me," Isabela whispered back.

Honey stopped talking when she caught Mrs. Tenure's 'please stop talking' teacher look and sat back in her chair. Whoops. She had whispered a little too loud.

"Thank you, Honey dear," she said, smiling. "As I was saying, I have really exciting news. The winner of this year's fifth grade short story writing contest is—"

Joshua made drum roll sound with his fingers on the desk.

"Ah, hem," Mrs. Tenure said. "That's enough Joshua. Now as I was about to say, the winner is, wait for it...Honey

Moon!"

Honey Moon arms flew straight up in the air. "YES!," she screamed silently to herself.

The class broke into applause.

"That's wonderful," Isabela said. "I am so happy for you, Honey!"

"Thank you. Thank you," Honey said. She stood and took a bow.

The teacher continued. "As part of contest prize package, Honey Moon will become the new editor of the Raven, our school newspaper. In addition, Mayor Maximus Kligore has invited the winning student to ride the Mayor's float in the Thanksgiving Day parade and sit alongside he and his sons."

Honey sat down with a thud. "Ugh, I want to be editor and I want to ride in the parade but Mayor Kligore gives me the creeps." She shuddered. "Harry will not be very happy about that."

"I know, right?" Isabela said, "the Mayor gives me the creeps, too."

"Congratulations Honey Moon," Mrs. Tenure said. "Your



story, The Lost Scarecrow, is also going to be printed in the Sleepy Hollow newspaper, Awake in Sleepy Hollow. Everyone in town will read your story."

"Wow," Honey said. "I'm going to be a published author."

The thought of riding with Mayor Kligore slid right out of her mind. She was so excited about telling her family she had won the contest. Well, out of her mind until she got home from school that day and saw her brother.

She slow walked up the driveway, trying to figure out how to tell Harry about the prize of riding on the Mayor's float. She knew the Mayor and Harry were at odds with one another. She hoped Harry would not be mad at her. She saw Harry in the garage tinkering with his magic show props. He had been asked to perform his magic show at the town Thanksgiving celebration in the town green right after the parade.

"Hey brother," she called with a wave.

"Hey, yourself," Harry called. "Congratulations. I heard the news." He turned toward Honey and smiled. "Can't keep a secret in this town. That's pretty cool."

Honey walked into the garage and dropped her turtle backpack on the ground. She had a kind of love-not love relationship with her backpack. It was bright, neon green, shaped like a turtle and had googly eyes. It was the kind of backpack more suitable for a kindergartner. But it also

brought her a lot of comfort.

"Nice job," Harry said. "And editor of the school newspaper. Wow. That's a big deal."

"Thanks, I guess it's good."

"What's wrong? I think you'd be shouting it from the garage roof by now."

"Well, the part about being the newspaper editor and getting published is awesome, but did you know I have to ride with Mayor Kligore on his fat, ugly, Haalloween Thanksgiving float? Who wants to see pilgrims with ghosts and flying witches with pumpkins?"

"Classic Sleepy Hollow," Harry said. "What would you expect from Kligore? He loves that Halloween stuff. Its how he keeps the tourists coming to town."

"It all creeps me out. All that dark magic stuff of his. If any one should feel icky about me riding on his float, it'd be you."

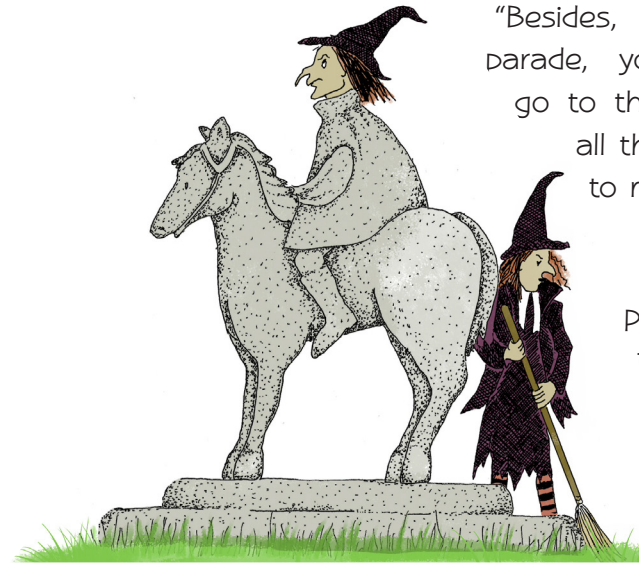
"Yeah, he can be scary, but he wouldn't do anything weird at the parade. He will be on his best behavior."

"I know, but still, maybe I'll have a stomach ache that day."

Harry smiled. "Don't be silly. You will be the center of attention on the biggest float in the parade. You love that

stuff."

Honey thought for a moment. Harry was right. She defiantly could handle that center of attention stuff.



"Besides, if you sat out the parade, you wouldn't be able to go to the celebration and eat all that food mom is going to make."

Honey kicked at a pebble. It bounced off the tire of her dad's pride and joy, his little green sports car.

"Careful," Harry warned. "Hurt dad's car and you will definitely miss the parade and Thanksgiving, too."

Honey wiggled her nose. "Maybe, maybe if I —"

"No," Harry said, "don't do anything. There must be some other way you can . . . can make it easier and not feel so scared."

"Maybe. I just don't know what. Can you do a magic thing? You know, maybe make Mayor Kligore disappear for a couple of hours? Turn him into a turkey or something?"

Harry didn't answer right away. "No, I don't use my magic like that."

Honey snatched up her turtle backpack. "I have homework. See you later."

She went straight to her room. She tried to do homework—ten math problems and read one chapter of *A Wrinkle In Time*. But she couldn't concentrate. No doubt about it. Honey Moon was not excited about the Thanksgiving float. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. "Why can't I just get published and be editor and stuff? Why do I have to ride on the float? It'll probably be all dark and black. And that goofy, slobbering hound guard of his, Oink will be there and is secretary, Cherry Tomato and..." she shuddered. She would much rather be on the sidelines laughing at the float than being the one laughed at.

She looked at her backpack. "I just got a scathingly brilliant idea." Turtle's googley eyes spun around. "I'm now the editor of the Raven, right? So why don't I interview Mayor Kligore for the newspaper and that way maybe I can be less afraid of all this Halloween nonsense. You know, kind of make him human."

Honey dashed down the steps. She practically tripped over the dog, Half Moon, who for some reason decided to sleep at the foot of the stairs. "Crazy dog," she muttered.

Honey ran to the garage. "Harry, Harry, I have a scathingly brilliant idea."

"Uh oh," Harry said. He closed the lid on a mysterious box. "What are you planning, Honey Moon?"

"I'm the editor of our school newspaper, right?"

"Right."

"I will interview Mayor Kligore for a front page story in the Raven. I can ask him questions and get to know him a little, you know? Make him less scary."

"That might work, Honey, but there's only one problem."

"What?"

"Mayor Maximus Kligore grants no interview to anyone. Ever. He only makes official Office of the Mayor statements to the press. That's all. He is a control freak about what people say about him."

Honey's balloon burst. "But . . . but he's the mayor. All mayors give interviews. They have to."

"Hah. Not our mayor. Not Mayor Kligore."

"There must be some way to get my interview," Honey said. "Can you do some magic to make him?"

Harry shook his head. "Nope. Like I said already, I don't use my magic like that."



"Then I'll just go to Folly Farm, right to his home and ask to see him. They won't turn away a little kid."

Harry laughed. "He doesn't have to turn you away. He will turn you into a toad."

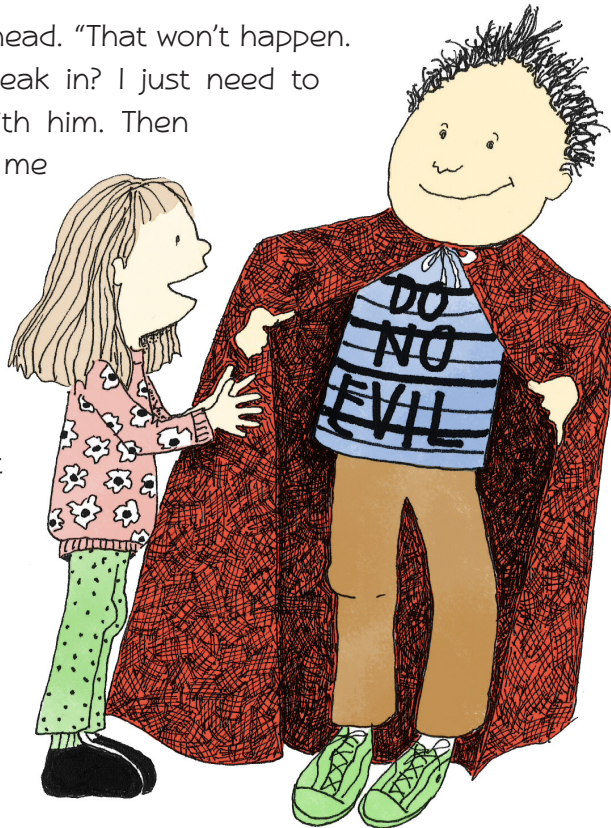
Honey shook her head. "That won't happen. But what if I can sneak in? I just need to come face-to-face with him. Then he'll have to grant me an interview."

Harry removed his magic cape and looked at Honey. "Are you serious? You want to sneak into Folly Farm and walk into his house? Are you goofy?"

"Well, maybe just his office area."

"Let me think a minute. There might be way to get past Oink and his dog guards. I do have the magic cloak of invisibility which could make you invisible long enough to get by the guards."

"Oh wow," Honey said. "Let's do it!"



The next day was Saturday. Honey awoke early, ready to get to Folly Farm and surprise Mayor Kligore.

At breakfast, her mom had a different thing to say about Harry and Honey's plan. "You can't just sneak into someone's house, Honey," said Mary Moon. "You know better than that. Besides, is that how we raised you? Moon children do not go breaking and entering people's homes."

"But mom," Harry said. "We only want to sneak into his office. The mayor is a public servant, right? So his office should be open to his—what's the word?"

"Constituents," Honey said. "We are the voters who elected him as mayor. We are his constituents." Honey shook her head. Everyone had suspected Mayor Kligore of putting the town under a special magic spell so everyone would vote for him. He was a character, all right. And would make a sizzling interview for Honey if she could get the first one ever with the Mayor.

"I don't know about this," Mom said. "It sounds like a very dangerous plan to me."

"Maybe we can just show up on his driveway," Honey said. "I've been there before to visit his daughter, Clarice."

"That's true," Mom said. "I would agree to that. Just no sneaking inside."

"Gotcha," Harry said.

Later that day, Harry and Honey rode their bikes to Folly Farm. They ditched the bikes at the end of the driveway and wrapped the cloak of invisibility around themselves. Just like that, they were invisible to the eye of human and creature alike.

"This is fun," Honey said. "You are absolutely sure no one can see us, right?"

"Absolutely," Harry said.

They crept closer and closer and stopped when they got to the wide steps that led to the front entrance of the mayor's estate. "Ok, we're here," Harry said.

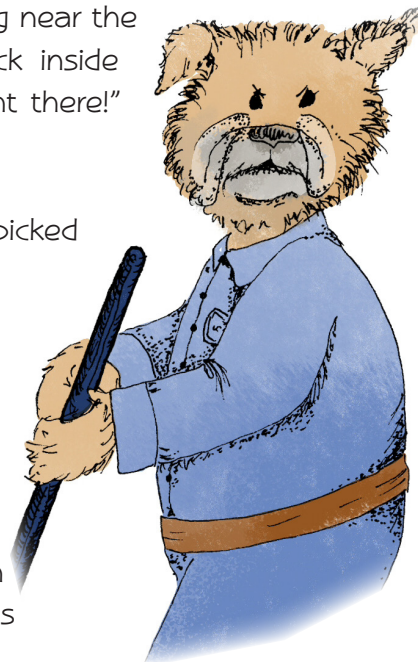
Honey peeked out from behind the cloak. She saw Oink, the ugly hound creature standing near the door. She tucked her head back inside the cloak. "Oink is standing right there!" Honey shuttered.

"Come on, " Harry said. He picked up a small rock.

They crept up the steps.

"Now what?" Honey whispered.

Harry rolled the rock down the driveway, making a clatter as it bounced.



"Hey, what was that?!" howled Oink. It looked like Oink had been jolted out of a deep sleep.

Honey had to cover her mouth not to laugh as Oink dashed down the driveway after the rock. "Who is on this property without permission! Show yourself, trespasser!"

Harry opened the gate to Folly Farm and the brother and sister slipped in.

They didn't get far. Mayor Kligore happened to be standing right there, bending over to pick up the morning paper.

"Oh no," whispered Honey.

Harry removed the cloak. " Good morning, Mayor!"

"Moon!" said Mayor Kligore, straightening up with a start. "What are you kids doing on my property? Scram before I call Oink to dispose of you!" He looked around. "Where is that mangy mutt? He should be here by now! OINK!"

Honey spoke up. "It was my idea Mayor, sir. I wanted to get a student interview with you. For the Raven. The school newspaper. I thought this might be the best way."

The mayor scowled. Cherry, his assistant walked up and joined him. "Now, now, Boss Man. It is nearly Thanksgiving. You'll want to be charitable. Maybe we should give this girl a few minutes. It will help your image." She stepped forward and bent down, scowling into the face of Honey Moon.



"Even it is IS one of those Moon ragamuffins."

Kligore scowled some more. "But you know I don't give interviews. ESPECIALLY to meddling Moons!"

"Please, Mayor," Honey said. "I just want to ask you a few questions about Thanksgiving. What are you thankful for? I'm asking everyone who's anyone in town what Thanksgiving means to them."

"Well, I am certainly the most important anyone of all in Sleepy Hollow, you have that one correct," Mayor Kligore said. He straightened up and stomped his foot. "Today is a first for sleepy Hollow! I'll allow the interview."

Honey whipped out her reporter's notebook and pen from her back pocket. "She felt a little nervous but when Harry squeezed her shoulder, she felt better and continued. "So again, Mr. Mayor, what are you thankful for?"

The mayor tapped his noggin. He scratched behind his ear. He crossed his arms and hemmed and hawed. He looked around. Honey thought he was having a terribly difficult time thinking of what made him thankful.

"Well. Um. Let's See. What am I thankful for exactly. Mmm. I should know this." He scratched his chin and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Hump. You would think I would know this. That's is not a difficult question. Let's think about this. Thankful. Huh.

So many to chose from. Um. It's right there. I almost have it." Kilgore looked at Honey and frowned. "It is a very challenging job to be Mayor of a thriving metropolis like Sleepy Hollow, Honey Moon. I have a great many things on my mind."



"There must be something, Mayor," Honey said. "Your children, or the wonderful people of Sleepy Hollow. Something."

"Well, uhm, yes, yes of course. Good one. Correct! I am VERY thankful for each and every one of my children. As children go, you know, they're all right." Then he snapped his fingers. "AH HAH! I GOT IT! I know. I know what you can write down there on your little pad. I am really thankful, like super duper thankful for . . . Halloween!"

"Halloween? Did you say Halloween? You are thankful on Thanksgiving for Halloween?" Honey said.

The mayor smiled widely at Honey Moon and shook his head. He tapped his foot. He tapped his chin. "Why, of course. Absolutely. Without a shred of any doubt. Halloween is what makes Sleepy Hollow great, after all."

Honey wrote the mayor's quote in her book.

"Thank you, Mayor," Honey said. "I'll see you on your float Thanksgiving morning."



The mayor did not seem to be paying much attention. He was already heading back to the house with Cherry Tomato. "I loved the way I handled that interview. Did you see that?" he was whispering to Cherry. "I was brilliant. I am sure that was a trick question. Those Moon kids are nothing but trouble."

Honey and Harry headed home.

"So, do you feel better now about riding on Kligore's Thanksgiving float?" Harry asked.

Honey nodded. "Yes, in some weird way, I do feel better. That is one strange man. I will ride the mayor's float with pride. He's not so scary when it comes right down to it."

"How come?"

"Well, I figure any guy who has to dig that hard to be thankful, even for his kids, is more lonely than scary.

I'm gonna do my best to be the Mayor's friend on Thanksgiving. Maybe it will sink into his thick skull."

"That's a good way of thinking," Harry said. "A little good mischief never hurt anyone."

They grabbed their bikes. Just before they pedaled off Harry said, "I don't tell you this enough, sister. You're kinda my hero, Honey Moon."

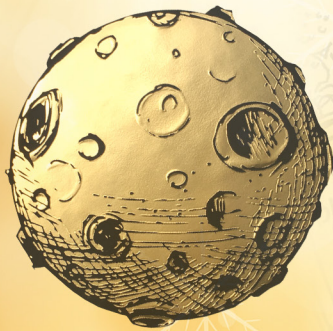
"Thanks," Honey said. "That's what it's all about. Being a hero even though you might be a little scared."





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