For the peculiar Quinlan

Written by Alexis Blake

Illustrated by the Artificial Artisan

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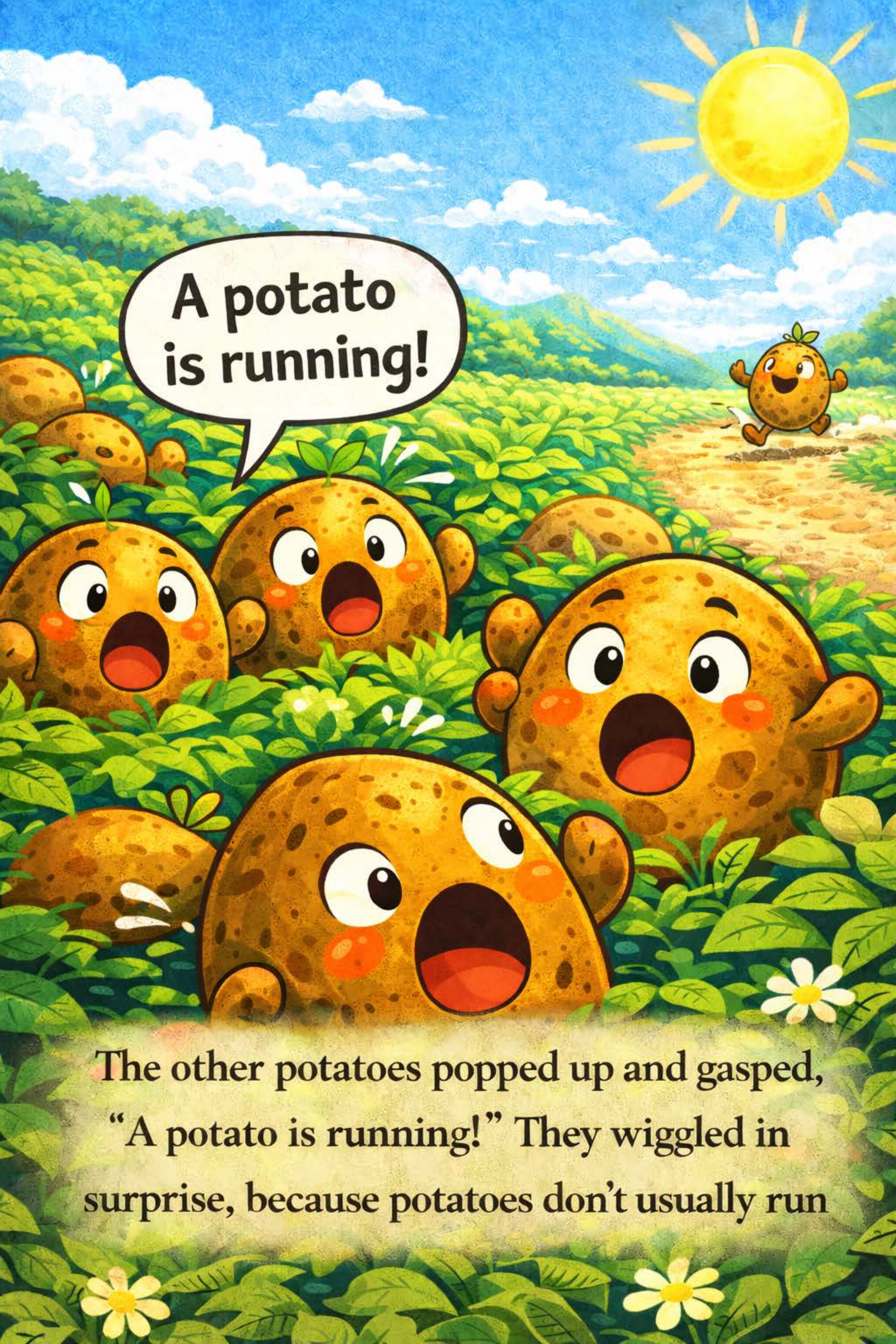
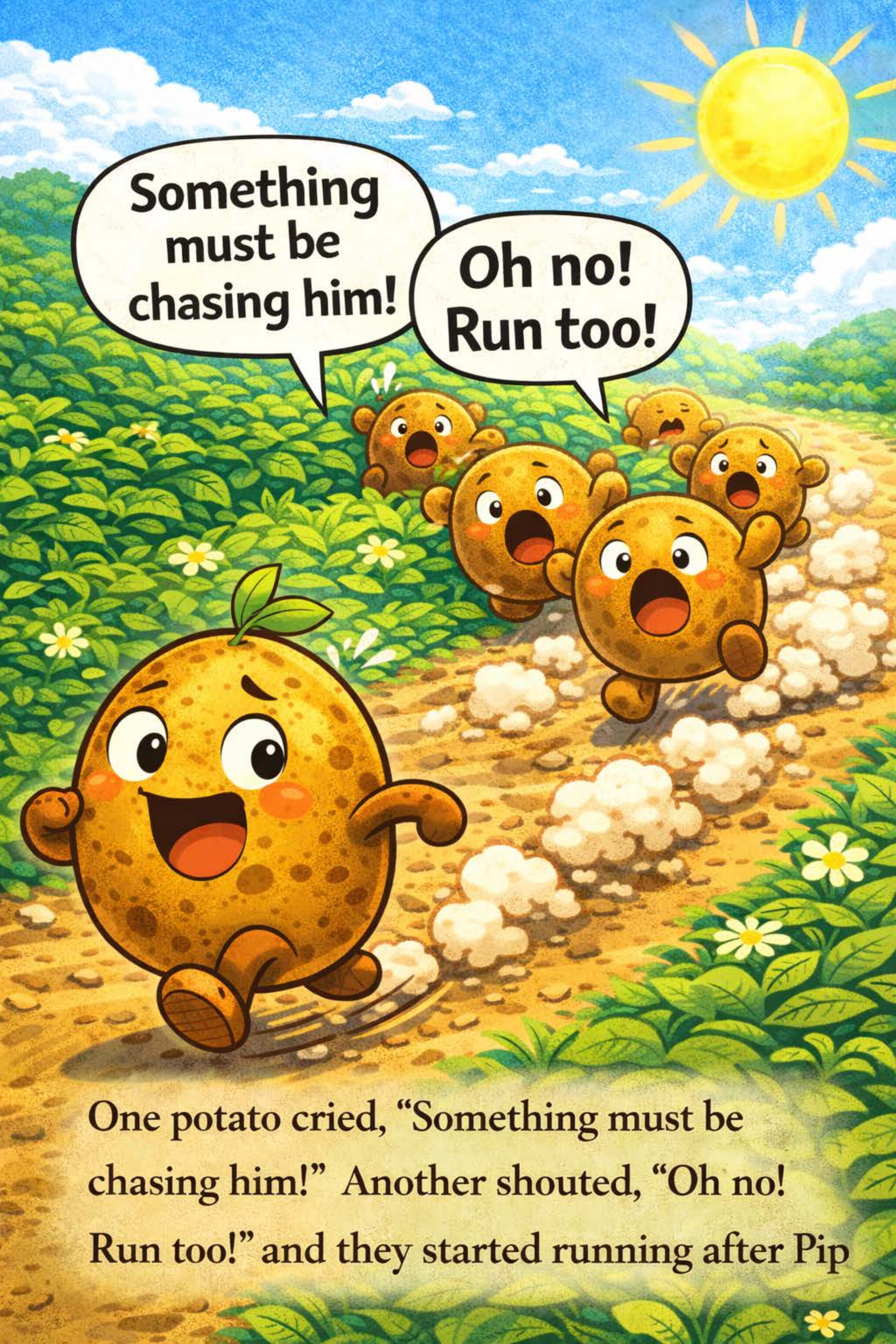
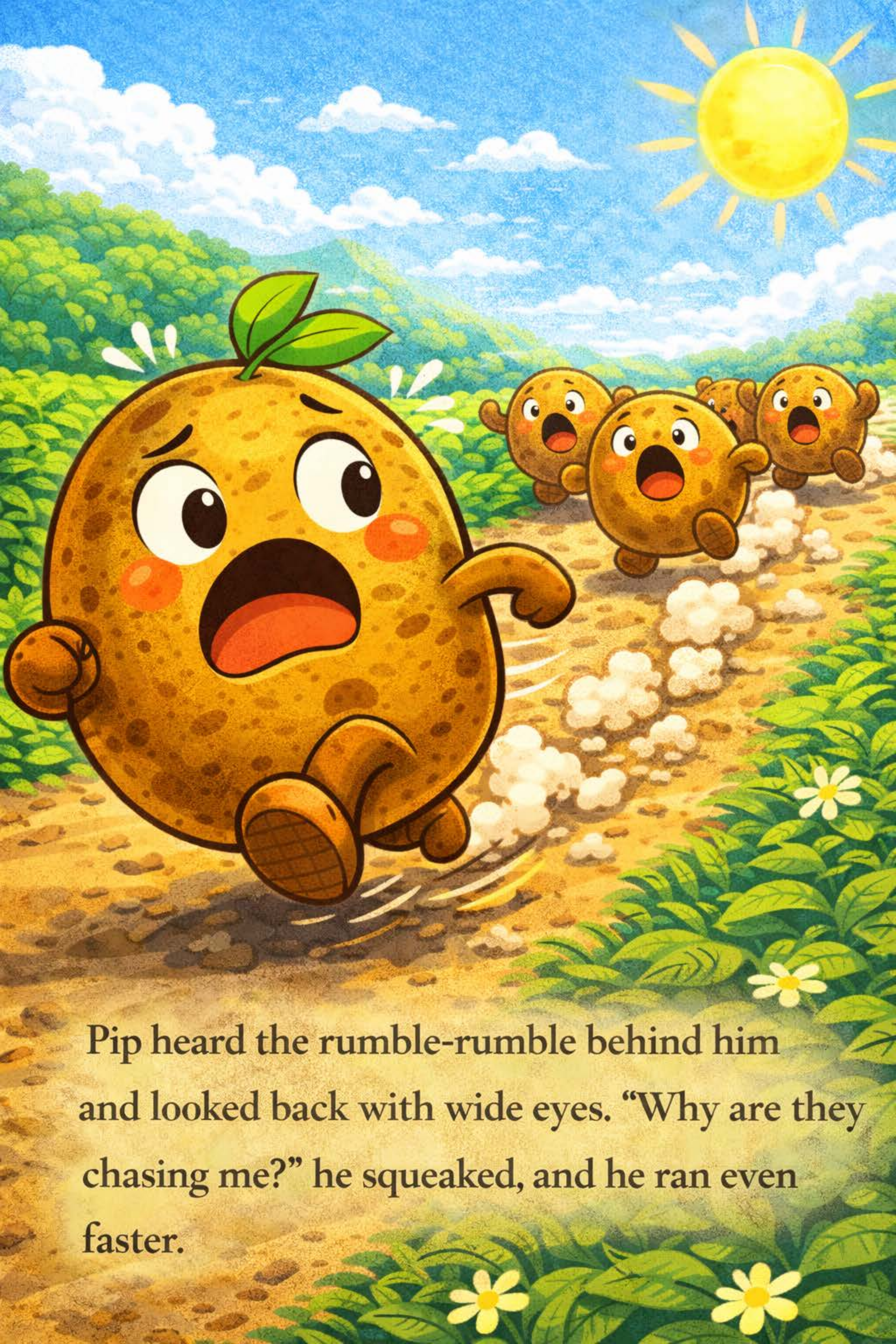
Pip the Potato loved to run, and his little feet went pat-pat-pat on the path. He ran past the quiet potato patch with a big, happy grin.



The other potatoes popped up and gasped, "A potato is running!" They wiggled in surprise, because potatoes don't usually run



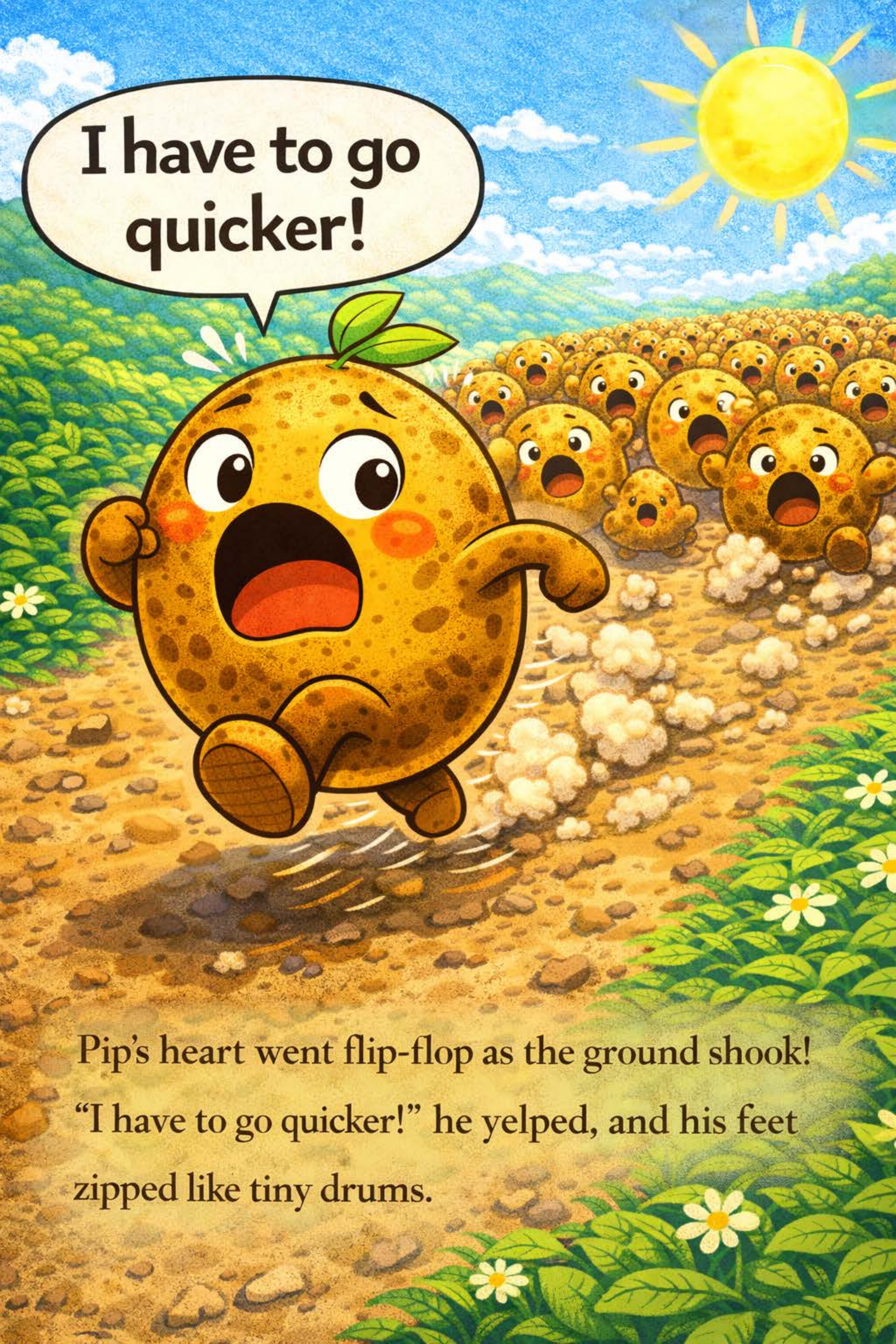
One potato cried, "Something must be chasing him!" Another shouted, "Oh no! Run too!" and they started running after Pip



Pip heard the rumble-rumble behind him and looked back with wide eyes. "Why are they chasing me?" he squeaked, and he ran even faster.

More potatoes saw the chase and panicked, "It's a potato emergency!" They bounced off their bumps and joined the rushing, panicked crowd

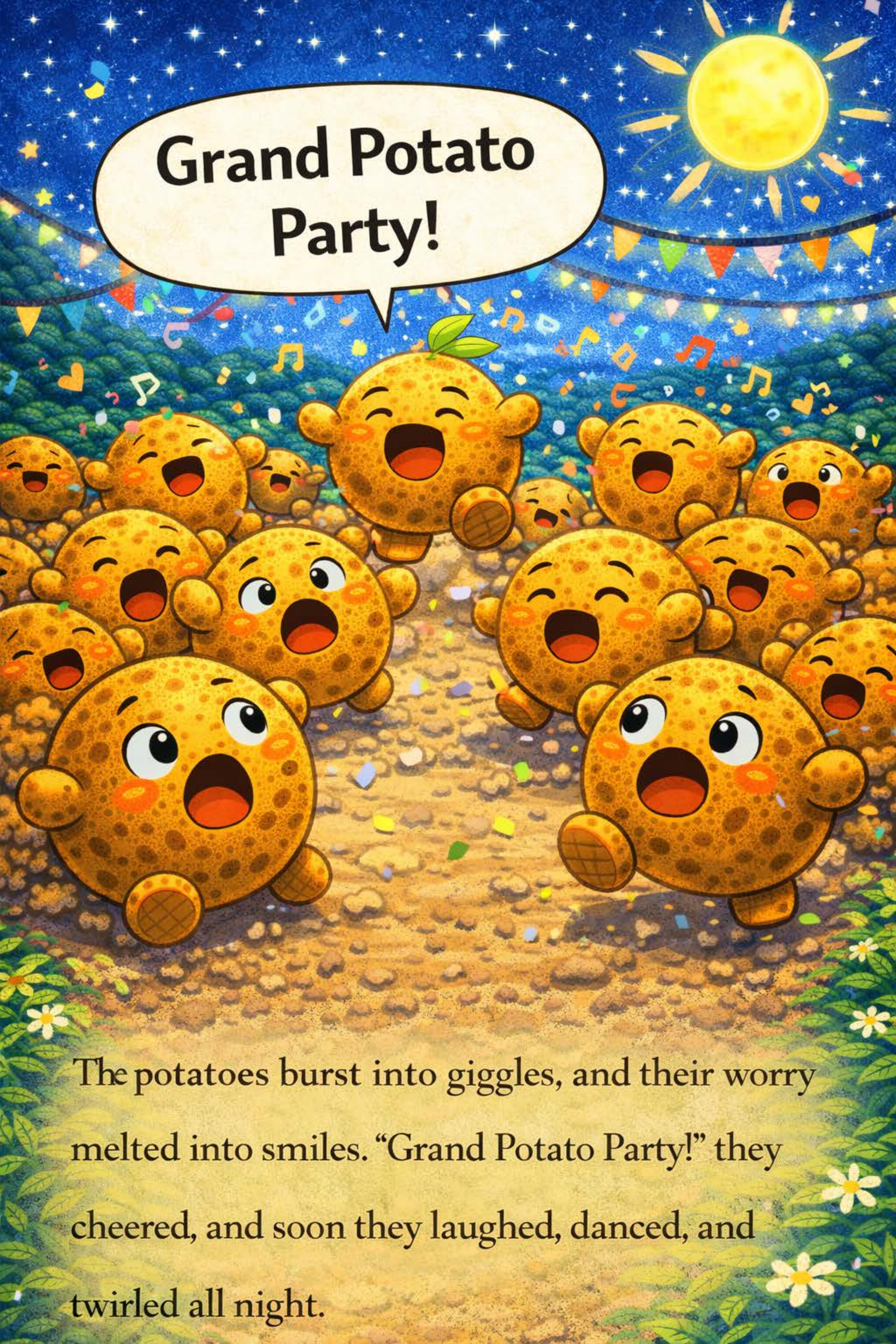
The path filled with potatoes. Small ones, round ones, and lumpy ones too. They thumped and bumped along, puffing and huffing as they went.



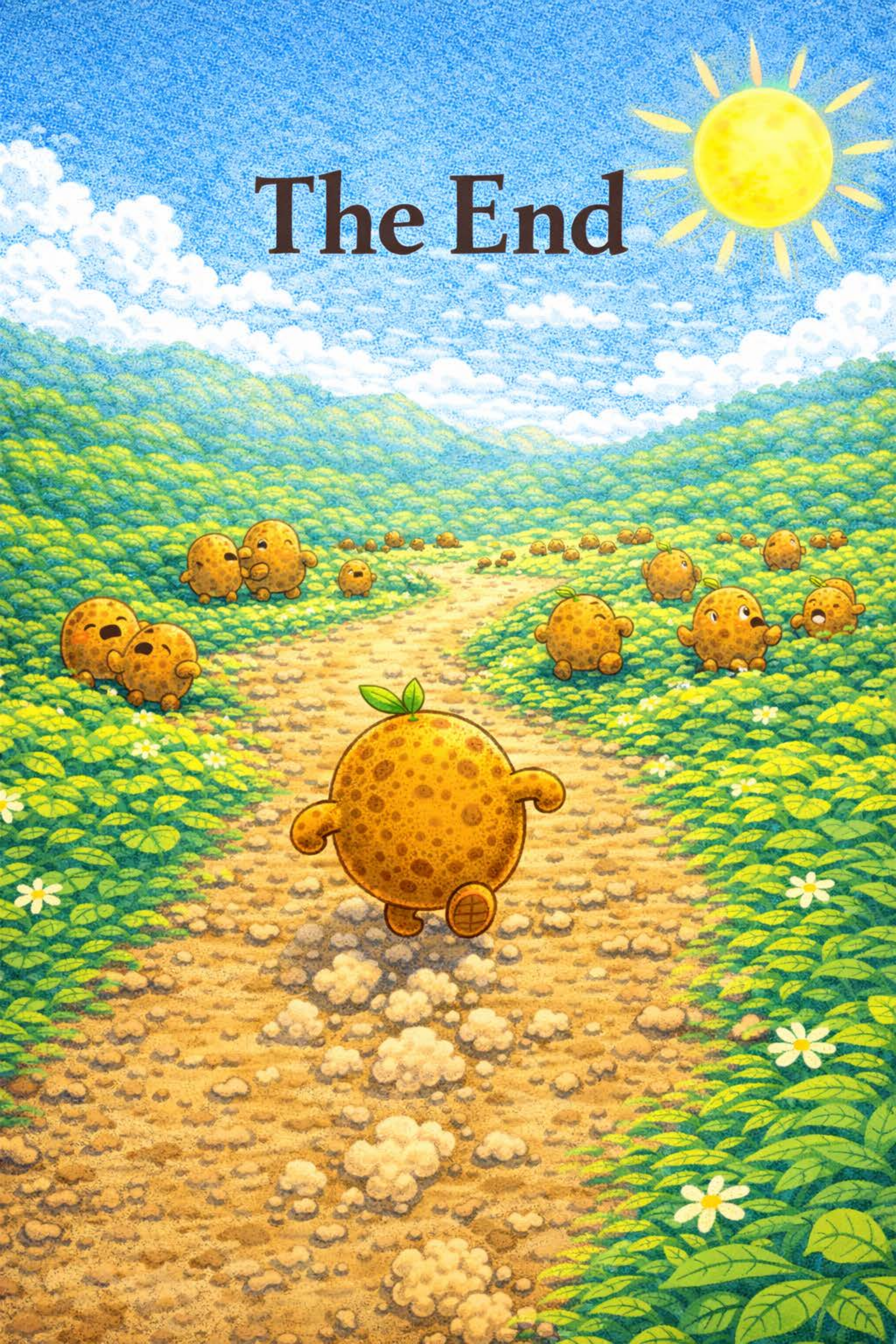
Pip's heart went flip-flop as the ground shook! "I have to go quicker!" he yelped, and his feet zipped like tiny drums.

At last, everyone skidded to a stop in a big, wobbly pile. They blinked at each other, breathing hard, and the world got quiet.

A potato in the front whispered, “Wait... what were we running from?” Pip lifted his sprouty head and said, “Nothing. I was just running for fun!”



The potatoes burst into giggles, and their worry melted into smiles. “Grand Potato Party!” they cheered, and soon they laughed, danced, and twirled all night.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