



Mr. Watson and Mrs. Watson have a pig named Mercy.

Mr. Watson, Mrs. Watson, and Mercy live together in a house at 54 Deckawoo Drive.

One October afternoon, in the living room of the house on Deckawoo Drive, Mrs. Watson had an idea. "Darling," said Mrs. Watson.

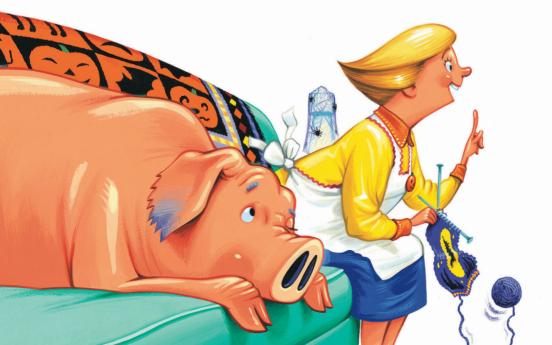
"Yes?" said Mr. Watson.

"Halloween is coming."

"It most certainly is," said Mr. Watson.

"I believe that Mercy should dress up," said Mrs. Watson.

Mercy opened one eye.



"I believe that Mercy should dress up and go trick-or-treating," said Mrs. Watson.

Mercy opened both eyes.

She liked, very much, the sound of the word "treating."

"What a splendid idea!" said Mr. Watson. "But what should Mercy be?"



## Chapter **2**

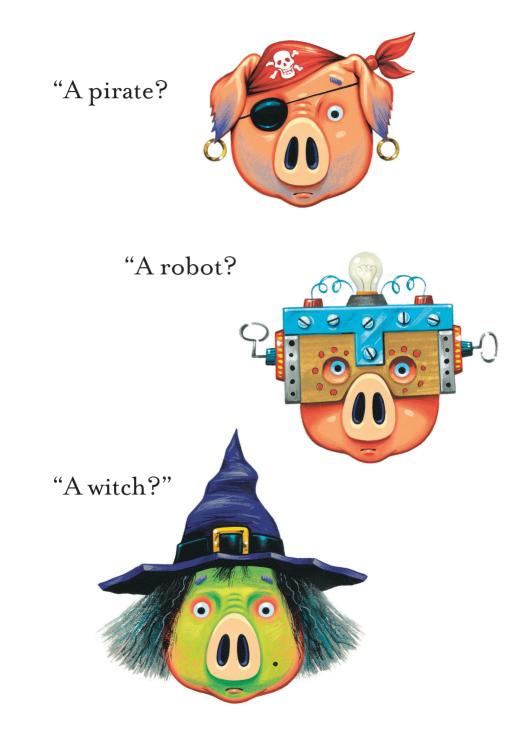
Should Mercy be a ghost?" asked Mr. Watson.

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Watson.

"A pumpkin?"



"Not quite right," said Mrs. Watson.



"No, no, no," said Mrs. Watson. Mercy sighed. She closed her eyes. She fell asleep. "What, then?" asked Mr. Watson.

"What should Mercy be?"

"I am quite certain," said Mrs. Watson, "that Mercy should be a princess."

"Of course!" said Mr. Watson. "It is obvious. Why didn't I think of that?"

"You must go and find her a tiara,"



said Mrs. Watson. "And I will make her a princess dress."

"I am on the case," said Mr. Watson. "Oh, Mercy," said Mrs. Watson, "you will be so lovely. You will be beautiful beyond compare."

