

October 20, 2015

Dear Mrs. Dingman,

Ah what's that creature? Oh... that's a crow. Oh hello there, I'm Pumporia, just a pumpkin living on any old pumpkin farm. It is beautiful to see the sky around the sun and the trees on the grass. But for a pumpkin it is boring just sitting on the sharp, spiky roots along the soil that makes me alive. Thank goodness! But it hurts so badly! Uh, anyway, I enjoy the smell of the beautiful sunflowers and tulips, gazing along the pumpkin patch field everyday. I hear footsteps pounding on the ground that wobbles me a lot. I also hear music of whistling everyday in fall. It sounds like beats flying into the air, but you can't see them. Sometimes I get lonely from everyone talking to each other and not to me, and when other pumpkins move to different places, and I'm in my same place everyday. My everyday food taste is pumpkin seeds. How weird I that? I'm a pumpkin. So why should I be eating myself? The soil tastes weird from footsteps of human shoes pounding on the ground. I tasted the soil before, trust me. Anyway, uh... That is how it is like being a pumpkin. But I enjoy it from watching a beautiful view of the sunrise and the sunset. Nobody can pick me from this marvelous pumpkin patch!

I see a car pull up. It looks like... Mrs. Dingman? I saw her last year. She was so close to picking me. Oh no! She is heading toward my way! Mrs. Dingman, no! Do you really want me? The other pumpkins are a perfect shape. I'm too lumpy for you. Do you really want a lumpy pumpkin? Everyone will think I'm weird for your front porch. I'm a square lumpy pumpkin! No! Please no! Stop heading toward my way. I'm way too small! Do you want a small pumpkin nobody can see? I don't want to be glittery or carved. I don't want to be this or that. You won't be able to make pumpkin pie with how many seeds I have. No no no! You can get a bigger pumpkin with a LOT of seeds so you can make pumpkin pie. Plus, uh... I have dirt all over me from the soil. Do you want a dirty pumpkin nobody will like? If you wash me, I will be soaky and soft. Just think about it, I have nothing the other pumpkins do. Wait a minute, Mrs. Dingman changed her mind! Yay, thank you so much Mrs. Dingman for not picking me. Also, Mrs. Dingman got a perfect shaped pumpkin. I hope Mrs. Dingman doesn't pick me next year. Whew!

Sincerely,

Pumporia

AKA Gabrielle