

October 22, 2015

Dear Mrs. Dingman,

Hi, my name is Felisha. Every year, I see innocent pumpkins disappearing, one by one, but they never come back. I have figured out that greedy people, like you, take us, carve us, and use us, to decorate your front porch. And trust me, it does not seem fun. Another thing that bothers me is your smelly feet. Do you ever wash them? That's another thing that is not fun. All I ever hear is you talking and screaming. It is so loud! I don't think your mouths ever stop moving. I would also like to ask you to stop picking me up. Your dirty hands feel so rough. Could you please wear gloves? One thing I like about you humans is that you wear bug spray. At least the bug spray rubs off on me, and no bugs fly into my mouth. Bugs taste so gross, but trust me, I don't like anything else about you.

Mrs. Dingman, please don't choose me! There are many other amazing things that you could use to decorate your front porch, like a watermelon. They are much easier to carve than pumpkins, you get to eat the delicious insides, and they are much bigger than tiny pumpkins. Who wants to carve a lousy pumpkin when you could carve an awesome watermelon? You would also get more compliments because you will be the only one who carved a watermelon. If you were to still carve a pumpkin, but I definitely think you shouldn't, you shouldn't choose me because I'm too small and skinny. There wouldn't be enough room to carve. Another reason why you shouldn't choose me is because I'm dirty and bruised. Do you want a pumpkin that has splotches all over it? I don't think you do. These are just a few great reasons why you should not choose me, but if you need more I will start thinking of them right now.

Sincerely,

Felisha

AKA Madison