

October 23, 2015

Dear Mrs. Dingman,

I'm Pumper the pumpkin. I don't like people. They use us pumpkins as decorations. I do not want to be used as a decoration. It's cool here. I can see so many things from on top of this hill where I am. I can see the farmer's house from here, a barn, so many other pumpkins, flowers, and lots of huge trees. I can smell fresh pumpkin pie straight from the oven, smoke from a tractor trailer, and some old farmer's clothes hanging up to dry. When the farmer's working, I can hear kids on a tractor ride, the farmer yelling, and a loud tractor motor. I can feel the hay, rocks, plants, insects, and the dirt on the ground. I can taste the fallen apples, the thrown-out tomatoes, and dead bugs. That's why I like it here.

You want to choose me? Well you shouldn't. You want to know why? Well I'll tell you why. I'm way too tiny and so flat that you can't even see me, not one person can see me. Can you see me? You're wasting your time. Just buy a skeleton to put on your door... something like that. I don't look good as a decoration. I'll rot in less than a day. Anyone can afford a plastic pumpkin, even you. Plus they cost less. I am way too fragile, like glass and the hard clay people use to make fancy decorations. You could use that stuff too you know. If you pick me up you don't want to put me down or else I'll shatter into a million little tiny pieces that you can't see them... well, you can barely even see me.

Sincerely,

Pumper

AKA Wyatt