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SAINT AUGUSTINE PREP
English Department

Pumpkin Paper for Fr. R. De Fulgentiis, O.S.A.

"The Pied Pumpkin" only underline back titles

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from
Mr. Barry Hummel, Jr.

(4) - polish + shorten this story + you could submit it to the V.V. Mag

See me

Fr. Bridard

Dullsville, that was the only way to describe the month of October. To me, October was always a waste of time. It was the same story every year. People would get dressed up in costumes only a mother could love, and beg other people for "goodies" they couldn't afford to buy on their own. It seemed that there was a gap to be filled in, and they used October as their solution.

My opinion of October changed a couple of years ago as I was riding my bike one Saturday in October. I was on a country road when I passed a roadside produce market. It had a display of pumpkins, something I never payed much attention to before. They were to me a thing to be baked in a pie, or smashed on the road. However this particular day they appeared different to me. They seemed to be begging me to save them. I decided to buy one, for some reason not clear to me. I picked out a fairly large one of about twelve pounds. It was then that I realized that I was on my bike, and I had one h--- of a time getting that over-grown gourd home. I set it in a corner in my bedroom, and forgot about it.

One day I was sitting at the desk in my bedroom doing homework, when I heard a strange sophisticated voice say, "I don't mean to be rude, but I would like to know if I am going to sit in this right angle until I biologically break down?" I must jumped three foot off of my chair. I looked around puzzled, and said very intelligently, "Huh?" "Am I going to sit here

until I rot?"the voice boomed, like a football player who hadn't eaten for a month. I decided I'd better knock off the Algebra until I regained consciousness. I removed myself from my chair, walked to my bed, and laid down. "Well are you going to answer my question, or not?"the voice inquired. I took a firm stand(which is hard to do while you are lying down)and responded very calmly, "NO!!" My mom then appeared in the doorway, and boasted, "No, what? I didn't even ask you a question yet!" "I wasn't talking to you, mom," I replied. She backed me into a wall again by asking, "Than, who were you talking to?" "Tell her it was I, " that voice said again. It was precisely then that I relized who was speaking. It was of all things the pumpkin! "Well," my mom said, "Who?" Then I said to her, "The truth of the matter is, I was talking to my pumpkin." "I knew it was coming, YOU'VE FLIPPED YOUR LID!"she screamed as she left my room pulling the hair out of her head. "I'm still waiting for my answer over here," my organic orange friend said. "How come I can hear you talk, but my mom can't?"I asked. He replied,so un concerned, "Because you saved me, naturally." This only added to my confusion. The pumpkin spoke again. "Let me start from the beginning. First, my name is Aristotle CCCLV, and-""Like the Greek philosopher, right?"Isaid showing off my intelligence. "Don't interrupt, it is not good manners,"he said angrily. "Even so, you are correct. The Greek

philosopher was named after one of my relatives, Aristotle II, but that is immaterial. Referring to the first questin you asked, you can hear me and only you can hear me. You see, us pumpkins have always been persecuted. Smashed, baked, sliced, cut into jack-o-lanterns, you name it. Now some people, however, stand out and acquire us for the sole purpose of maintaining our physical well-being. Those few people we reveal ourselves to." "Oh," I said like I really understood. He continued, "Pumpkins are intellectual beings, perfect in form, Blah, Blah, Blah..." He continually talked, and how I wished I could shut this spherical miracle- man up.

For weeks I lived with this cute, astute, fruit. He had an hour long explanation for everything, Everything! Everytime I stepped out of line, he jump-on my back like a drill sargeant and corrected me. All the while, however, I was changing. He reformed me from a brat, to a young man. My mom couldn't believe the change, even though my dad handed her the simple explanation that I was just "growing up", but whatever it was, it was a great feeling.

One day I went up to my room after school to spend the afternoon with Aristotle. When I arrived, Aristotle was not anywhere to be found. I went down to my mom, who was straightening up the living room, and asked, "Where is my 'pumpkin'?" She replied, "It had a spot on it, so I cut it out, and made two pumpkin pies for ~~dessert~~ dessert." "YOU KILLED ARISTOTLE!!" I ran to the kitchen.

and there they sat, still steaming. Itook them to a spot in the back yard where I had sat with Aristotle so many times, and buried him exactly like he had told m he must be put into the ground, so he could go to the "Pumpkin Patch in the Sky."

That October changed my whole outlook on life. Aristotle brought meaning to this "dull" month. Every fall, I put an ear of Indian corn on his grave. I talk to every pumpkin I chance to meet, and every year I "save" one or two pumpkins. I've even written a poem of thanks to all the pumpkins I've met that have helped me find myself:

I love to talk to pumpkins,
Whether seldomly or often,
'Cause all are truly hardy
Until they start to soften.

THE
END?