

The Gleaming Pumpkin Patch

On a surprisingly bright and sunny day where it seems nothing can go wrong, something feels off in the air. The heaviness of the air pushes with mighty force against the trees, blowing hundreds of leaves off. "Huh.. seems fall has come for good now". Said Sarah McLaine, who happened to be the owner of the pumpkin patch just outside her house. Sarah stared out the window, looking at the patch with an uneasy feeling in her gut. Something bad is about to happen, she thought to herself. "My pumpkins. They're going to be taken, or go rotten. I just know it". Knowing how the kids are in this small town, she only thinks negative thoughts about herself. Sarah was known to be suspicious and perhaps a little eccentric. Police almost have to keep surveillance on her every day just because of her mentality. "My pumpkin patch. They're all going to ruin my pumpkin patch." Banging her head furiously, neighbors should wonder if they should call up about this whole situation. It happens every October, and it never gets better. But at least it never usually gets worse. Thankfully, she isn't banging her head too hard or things would get... violent. "I need to take at least one. Just one. The kids will take them. So I'll take one". After chanting some nonsense, she leaves the window and sits on a chair at her desk. Starting with some scribbling, calms down to regular writing as she writes out "Today is October 30th, 1986. I have the worst thoughts of today, as I think my medical condition is getting worse. I'm starting to think of the pumpkins as my own children. I keep thinking that the kids will ruin them or take them. My mind is going crazy with illusions to treat the pumpkins inordinately. I worry that if I don't contact my doctor immediately, then this will get worse and I end up hurting someone.. again". After she writes, she starts scribbling again, but this time harder. Hours went by, and darkness had come to take over the brightness of the day.

The patch seemed to be calling to her; it glowed with a mysterious, ghastly light. Walking out of her room, walking downstairs, she opened the door, taking two steps outside. The air became heavy, and a light fog began to spread throughout the night. "Such a night this is, it's the perfect night to see all my pumpkins' perfections". Sarah walks to the pumpkin patch with an almost villainous grin on her face. As she walks around, she decides to herself that she only needs one. "This one, this one right here. You're the one who's calling my name. Why so different from the rest of them? Let us see". She picks up the pumpkin that seems to get heavier the more she carries.

Holding it with all that strength irritates her back, but it's all worth it to her. Getting back to the front porch of the home, she walks inside with the massive pumpkin, bringing it directly into the kitchen and setting it on the table. Opening one of the cabinets, she pulls out a cleaver and as she's about to carve it.. "CRASH". Lightning strikes the house, destroying the whole home. The next morning, the citizens are in shock from this tragedy. But now ponders the question of whether this was for the best or not. Only one thing remains from the home's debris, the single uncarved pumpkin.