

The Pumpkin's Point of View By Todd Howton

This short story was written for an English Class Competition. The story won 1st Prize.

I was born and raised on a nice farm in California. I had the best of everything. All the other guys were jealous of my rich color and smooth skin. I loved my stomping grounds. There was plenty of fresh air and room to grow. I thought I had lived life to the fullest until my life took a drastic turn of events.

It was an unusually warm day. I was vegetating while I sat catching some rays and working on my orange. I noticed some peculiar activity going on down the vine, but paid little attention. There were simply too many other things to dream about. Just when I was in the midst of a tremendous pumpkin fantasy, I felt something rap on my head. It made no sense at all. My seeds began to rattle as I was pushed from side to side and then all vine communication was cut off. I suddenly felt empty inside. My mind went blank from the initial shock.

When I awoke, I was sitting in a strange place. Below me, I could feel a hard cold surface, nothing like the warm earth back home. The sun began to fade as my body temperature grew cold. I felt almost preserved as my thoughts slowed. I missed the communication from the vine and wondered what would happen next. A strange four legged creature purred and rubbed its long fuzz over my pure orange skin. My seeds began to settle as I nodded off.

The next morning I noticed my surroundings. It was very different from what I had experienced. I could hear other pumpkins, but they made strange sounds, almost as if they were vocalizing somehow. They started laughing at me and called me a few names. I felt very out of place and didn't know how to respond. They were obviously not from the same part of the patch I was from. I was just getting comfortable with myself when it happened.

My seeds began to rattle as I was hoisted into the air and sat in another location. I heard mumbling in some unusual language but I could not make out any words. Then I felt severe pain as a sharp knife was forced into my flesh, ripping into my unmarred skin and disjuncting veins. My body cringed as the knife blade was pulled out. I thought nothing could be worse, but then it happened

again and again. I was being mutilated. My mind was blown when the creature grabbed my stem and yanked part of my head off. My insides were stretched and part of them ripped from the constant tugs at the damaged flesh. This strange creature reached inside me and grabbed at my seeds yanking them from the roots. I wanted to scream, but nothing came out. No one should have to suffer this pain. He grabbed a small metal object and began to scrape at the inside of my flesh. Many of my veins burst from the pressure. I could not think what I had done to deserve this treatment. I sensed him grabbing for the knife again and what was left of my heart sank. He was going to stab me again. I fainted under the pain.

When I came to, I had been transformed into something quite unique. I could look out of my shell and for the first time I saw the world. My creature was not a psychopath looking for a cheap thrill, but a skilled surgeon who had performed a wonderful face lift. I became a new person as I looked around and beheld the wonders of sight. I knew it would soon be Halloween night. I had heard rumor through the vine that on Halloween, special pumpkins were chosen to scare little children who tried to beg for goodies. I must have been one of the chosen.

I noticed two other pumpkins staring at me. One of them said to the other, "hum... used to be pretty, but now he's pretty ugly! ha ha ha..." I quickly replied without thinking. "And who are you to speak?" This was shocking. I could actually speak. I looked down, but could not see beyond the hole in my nose. There must be a mouth down there.

We became buddies as we chatted and watched the sun slowly make its journey across the sky. We were filled with anticipation. This was going to be one incredible evening.