

October 21, 2015

Dear Mrs. Dingman,

Hi what's your name? My name is Ken. Where I live I can see a corn field, lots of people, my other pumpkin friends, and a really old tractor. The only thing I can smell is a small amount of corn, pumpkin seeds, and the engine of a very rusty truck. The only thing I can hear is annoying people talking, the engines of really loud cars, and really loud kids screaming. The only thing I can taste is air... plain old boring air. Worst of all, the only thing I can feel is the super spiky grass and the really chilly breeze; not only is that boring it's painful too.

What are you doing? Are trying to pick me up? I don't think so! NO! You can definitely not carve me. First of all I am way too dirty. You can go and get a Halloween wreath for a dollar at Walmart. I have way too many scratches. You can't carve me because I am too small. You know... like the smallest pumpkin in the patch. Last but not least, I'm not for sale... definitely not for sale. I never will be for sale. Never in my pumpkin life will I be for sale. I am only a display and nothing can change that. So there you have it. You can't carve me and you definitely can't buy me. So you might as well just move on to the next pumpkin.

Sincerely,

Ken

AKA Emily