

October 19, 2015

Dear Mrs. Dingman,

Hello, I am Johny Bobet. I am a pumpkin. Haven't you wanted something different than a pumpkin on your porch? This is your lucky Halloween! I live in a field where there are scarecrows and people walking along the pumpkin patch pathway. There is a fence covering the field so people can't just walk into the field. (They have to pay!) There are seeds all over the field and grass that has buried the seeds. Pumpkins are growing everywhere in the field and the sky is blue with clouds floating past. I can hear shouting from across the field, and footsteps walking closer to me. There is a lawn mower in the background cutting all of the grass. The air is nice and fresh, and there is pumpkin in the air. A worker is watering me. Boy is that good! There are soft vines under my roots with the grass surrounding it. There are hands picking me up and putting me down.

Why would you need to pick a pumpkin for your porch? I am a really small, beaten down pumpkin with a bunch of bruises everywhere. You would not want me for your front porch! Maybe you could put a toy spider on your porch instead. Or maybe you could put a mummy on your porch too. Plus, even if you were to put me on your porch and you were to carve me, I would not be easy at all to carve because I am so small. If you did carve me (which you won't right?) you wouldn't be able to really see any design on my face because I am so small. So why would you choose me? JUST DON'T!!!!

Sincerely,

Johny Bobet

AKA Samantha