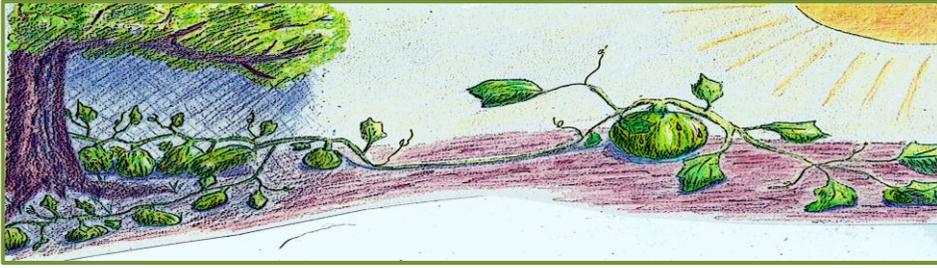


# Sun Pumpkin

*By Janey Deal and Cindy Sears/Illustrations by Cindy Sears*



Out in the garden  
In a short back row,  
There grew ten pumpkins  
All shaded and low.  
But one of these grew  
In hot sun all day.  
He told the others,  
"I like it this way!"  
"You'll see what I mean,"  
said the one in sun.  
"You'll regret the shade  
when the season's done."

Long were the days for  
The one in the sun  
His head got so hot,  
It wasn't much fun.  
"Take this leaf for shade,"  
Said those in the cool,  
"Why, one would think you  
A'kin to a mule."  
But through the summer  
And into the fall  
The sun-pumpkin grew  
In spite of it all.  
Then they heard footsteps

Voices on the wind  
The farmer's coming  
His garden to tend.  
But no! Not this time—  
Children—a whole flock!  
They've come to inspect  
This backend row crop  
They began to search,  
And then they would  
choose.  
"We need only one,  
These right here will lose."

"They are not pretty  
They're really quite dull.  
That one over there  
Is shiny and full."  
The shaded pumpkins  
Tried their best to shine,  
But couldn't be rounder  
By shedding their vines.  
"Yes, this one's the best,"  
They heard a girl say  
Standing near the one  
In the sun all day.  
Taking out his knife,

"This one it shall be."  
And with a swift slice,  
A man cut him free.  
"Fix him," said a boy  
"It's fun done outside."  
"It's the end of me,"  
The sun-pumpkin cried!  
Wait! They gave him eyes,  
A nose, a wide grin,  
A lid to open  
A candle within.

Tenderly carried  
Out of the back row,  
They did not hear him  
For he spoke so low...  
You there in the shade  
Had a nice cool life  
I grew in the sun  
And thrived despite strife  
I'll shine for children  
On All Hallows' Eve  
And light their pathways  
With sunshine in me!

