

The Pumpkin, Mr Big

(version 2)

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Dear Children, once upon a time a little fairy called Tiptoes Lightly watched Farmer John sowing seeds in a pumpkin patch. He was planting pumpkins for Halloween and he pushed each seed deep into the earth. But one seed fell out of his hand and he never noticed. This seed didn't get planted.

When Farmer John was finished, Tiptoes Lightly flew down and picked up the seed.

"I will plant this seed," she said, and she sang a growing charm.

"Little seed, O so small,

May you grow big and tall."

At first the pumpkin was no bigger than a peanut—but he grew, and he grew, and he grew, and he grew until he was the biggest pumpkin ever. He was huge! He was so huge that all the other pumpkins called him Mr Big.

Now the pumpkins knew they were being grown for Halloween. They talked about it the whole time and made up songs, and Mr Big sang too.

*"I am a pumpkin big,
Much bigger than a pig, oink-oink!
On Halloween night
I'll give you a fright
And dance and do a jig-hig-hig!"*

One day, when summer was over, a bus came motoring along. It was painted orange with black trim especially for Halloween. Out tumbled dozens of children. A giggle of girls

and a boisterous of boys ran here and there, laughing and shouting and choosing their pumpkins. Every one of those boys and girls came to Mr. Big, and declared, "This pumpkin is mine!" —but when they tried to lift him up he was much, much too heavy. So they chose a smaller pumpkin instead.

Suddenly the teacher called out: "Children, children, time to go," and all the children went away and left Mr Big by himself.

The sun set. Twilight came. All over the world pumpkins were being carved and lit up and filled with light. But not Big. He sat alone and on his ownsome and down his chubby cheeks the tears ran.

Just then Tiptoes Lightly came flying along. "Why are you crying, Mr Big?" she asked.

"I'm too big," sobbed Mr Big. "No one could take me away to carve me into a Halloween pumpkin."

Tiptoes scratched her head. "I know what to do," she said, and off she flew.

In a moment she came back with Jeremy Mouse.

She whispered in his ear, and what did Jeremy Mouse do? He nibbled and nibbled and nibbled on Mr. Big. He nibbled him eyes; he nibbled him a nose, and he nibbled him a big grinning mouth with falling-out teeth.

When he was done, Tiptoes clapped her hands and cried:

*Pumpkin light,
shine so bright,
This Halloween night —
One! Two! Three!"*

Mr Big lit up with light. He glowed and he glowed and he glowed with a wide smile on his face. Jeremy Mouse called all his friends and through the night they danced and celebrated Halloween, and Mr Big was the happiest pumpkin in the whole wide world.

And that, Dear Children, is the end of our tale.