

THE DISCONTENTED PUMPKIN

Jack Frost visited Farmer Crane's field one night, and the next morning the gold of the pumpkins shone more brilliantly than ever through their silver coverings.



"It is of no use," said one large pumpkin to another lying beside it. "It is of no use. I was never made to be cut up for pumpkin pies. I feel sure I was put here for something higher."

"Why, what do you mean?" said the other. "You never seemed dissatisfied before. You quite take my breath away."

"Well, to tell the truth, I do not like the thought of being cut up and served on a table like an ordinary pumpkin. See how large I am, and what a glorious color. Tell me, did you ever see a pumpkin more beautiful?"

"You are beautiful, indeed, but I never thought of being made for anything but pies. Do tell me of what other use can one be?"

"Well, I have always thought that I am not like the other pumpkins in this field, and when Farmer Crane pointed me out the other day as the finest one he had, I heard him say, 'A fine one it would be for a fair.' It was not till then that I really knew for what I was intended."

"I do remember," answered the other. "Yes, I do remember hearing about some

pumpkins being taken to a country fair once, but I never heard how they liked it. As for myself, I should be proud to be made into delicious pies and served on a beautiful plate."

"Why, how can you be satisfied with that thought? But there is Farmer Crane now. He is gathering some of the smaller pumpkins to make pies with, I think."

"Perhaps he knows best what we were made for," answered the other.

Farmer Crane was soon at their side, and was looking from one to the other.

"What fine pies they will make. I had better take them now, I think," and they were quickly added to the golden heap already in the wagon.

How happy they all were—all but one that lay on the top of the large pile.

"How hard it is to be thrown in with these ordinary pumpkins. If I could only slip off by myself. Perhaps there is a place at the bottom of the wagon where I can be alone."

It was a long, way from the top of the pile to the bed of the wagon, but it was very little trouble to slip away from the rest. It would only take a second, and then it would be away from the others. But alas! Our discontented pumpkin slipped a little too far, and, I'm sorry to say, soon lay on the frozen ground, a shattered heap.

"Dear me!" said the pumpkins in one breath, "see, that fine fellow has slipped off and is broken to pieces. What a feast the cows and pigs will have."

"It is too bad," said one, "he was so anxious to be taken to a fair. It is always better to be contented."

Name _____ Date _____

Illustrate the story.



What do you think this story is trying to teach?

Four sets of primary writing lines, each consisting of a solid red top line, a dashed black middle line, and a solid blue bottom line.