

Circle Time Story

A Place for Pumpkin

Andre had been waiting all summer for his pumpkin to be large enough to pick. He planted the seeds in the spring and watched the pumpkins grow from seeds to vines to blossoms and, finally, to small green pumpkins. He watched the pumpkins turn yellow, then orange. He watched them get bigger and bigger and bigger.

Finally his daddy said, "They're ready to pick."

Andre knew just which pumpkin he wanted and he knew just where he wanted to put it. Andre walked to the middle of the pumpkin patch and picked his pumpkin. He put the pumpkin in his wagon and pulled it through the pumpkin patch, over the hill and down the dirt road to his house.

He took his pumpkin out of the wagon and went inside to show it to his mother. She was very surprised to see how big and round the pumpkin had grown. Andre put the pumpkin on the kitchen table.

"This is a perfect spot for my pumpkin," said Andre.

"Oh, no it isn't," said Andre's mother. "It's in my way." Andre picked up his pumpkin and put it under the table.

"Oh, no," said Andre's dad. "That's where I put my feet." Andre picked up his pumpkin and put it beside the back door.

"Oh no," said Andre's sister. "That's where I put my boots." Andre picked up his pumpkin and put it behind his chair.

"Oh no," said Andre's grandmother. "That will be in your way."

Andre was discouraged. He wanted his pumpkin to be in a place where he could see it every day.

"I have an idea," said Andre's grandfather. "Let's put the pumpkin on the front porch, beside the swing, on top of the porch rail. Then everyone can see it!"

And so they did!