

The Pumpkinappers

Graham decided to head to the pumpkin patch just in case something is there that he needs.

There stood the biggest and most beautiful pumpkins Graham had ever seen. "Wow those are huge. How did they grow so big!" Graham was so amazed.. "Well you have to feed us every hour..." The biggest pumpkin said in a weird sort of voice.

Graham was astounded Pumpkins can talk?!

"How... How can you speak pumpkin?"

"I have a name ya know."

"I am sorry it's just I have never seen a talking pumpkin before"

"Yeah well get used to it things aren't right here in Kolyma. At least since that witch moved in."

"Excuse me did you say witch, Mrs. Ah?"

"MS ginger."

"Oh ah sorry... Ms. Ginger... Now did you mention a witch moving in here?"

"Yeah she came along and bewitched me to guard her stuff... Hey do you have a name?"

"I'm sorry. Yes, king Graham of Daventry."

"King huh? Is that sword of yours from a lake?"

"Uh no."

"Was it in a stone?"

"No."

"To become king, did you stage a bloody cue, and in one swift night take down the King and all who are loyal to him?"

“Certainty Not!”

“Then how did you become king?”

“Well I did 3 tasks for the king and...”

“Oh... Politics...”

“Ok.... Uh Ms.Ginger, I am looking for a fair maiden locked in a tower and...?”

“Oh you mean the attention stealing, Man taking, Home wrecking, hussy who is to pretty for her own good?”

“Uh... I would believe that to be the one.”

The pumpkin then gave a huge sigh...

“I'm sorry is something wrong?”

“Yeah one of my babies is missing...”

Graham suddenly felt a huge jilt of guilt for the Old motherly pumpkin.

“Well what happened?”

“Well This guy came along and was amazed at how we could talk, and then he asked if he could get a better look at my baby son. He said he may have, Trifids on him. And that he was a hebi... Herbific.. He said he knew a lot about plants.”

“Trifids? You mean the man eating plants?”

“Well I didn't know at the time!”

“Well anyway he then grabbed my son and ran towards Kolyma!”

“I'm sorry is there anything I can do?”

“Yeah beat that snot nosed filthy son of...”

Ginger went on like this for about a minute until she ran out of names to say.

“And get my son back... please graham”

“Well I’ll do my best to get your son back... Well... I better head to Kolyma now.”

Graham had been walking for a couple of minutes until he came back to the fork in the road, taking the right route this time he then came to yet another fork in the road, Graham looked straight ahead and saw giant wooden walls with a heavy metal gate. But to the right there was a church. Graham decided that he could head to the church later but first he needed to get Ginger’s child back.

He headed straight for what seemed hours until finally at the top of the hill Kolyma’s gates were present.

He headed into the gates and saw two half asleep guards that weren’t paying attention to anything going on in the city. Then from his side graham heard someone who sounded like they where trying to do a fake Indian accent.

“Hello my good sir would you be interested in buying my wares from across the sea?”

Then from under a blanket next to the man a small voice like that of gingers said.

“Momma me wants mama!”

Then graham heard a faint whisper of the man this time without the accent.

“Quiet ya stinking rat I’m not taking no-one no-where.”

Graham came to the conclusion that this was the PumpkinNapper.

Graham feeling a surge of anger, then went towards the guards.

“Excuse me. Uh, guards?”

“Wha? Why did ya wake me?”

“Well that “merchant” has stolen a talking pumpkin from its mother.”

“Sure mista. Ok well you take care of it. I’m sleeping ere.”

Graham full of rage decided the best way to teach this man not to steal it. But to discipline him.

But the problem would be to get him out of the town away from the guards that might not be so compassionate on graham. Thinking for a bit graham got a sneaky idea.

“Excuse me good merchant?”

The merchant then went back to his accent.

“Yes good sir would you be interested in my fine wares? Or perhaps you are selling I am a expert at sensing magical artifacts, don’t try to fool me.”

He gave off a fake chuckle.

“No, its just that well there are talking carrots out there and well there spitting gold.”

The man now lost his accent.

“What?! Where?! Let me see!”

“Oh its just outside the town a little ways off.”

“Show me them!”

The man forgot about the pumpkin, but while he wasn’t looking, Graham took the pumpkin and hid him a little way off the road so that no one would find him.

They went a little way off the road and just out of sight of the town when graham jumped the man.

Feet and fists and a little of graham's sword was involved, it went on for a couple of minutes until Graham got a hold of the man's head. The man whimpered and fell to the ground once graham had dropped him.

"Please! Please! Don't hurt me I am just a honest mer..."

"You are the farthest thing from "Honest" and I know what you did to the poor pumpkin!"

"Ok, ok you want gold I'll give you gold..."

"I want you to get out of here and never bother any Vegetables Or Fruit that talks! Especially pumpkins!"

"Alright, alright!"

"Well I better get that pumpkin home."

He then took the pumpkin out of his Backpack and (Once graham told him that he was sent by his mother and would keep him safe from pumpkinappers) Calmed down a lot, But still wouldn't Stop screaming because he thought the butterfly would take him.

Graham easily found his way back to the pumpkin patch.

"Oh graham you brought back my baby!"

"Momma!"

"Graham since you brought back my son alright, here take this candle that Hagatha put in my brain!"

The motherly pumpkin handed graham a weird looking Candle. Graham looked at the candle and then stuck it in his backpack.

"Why did she put it in your head?"

“Goodness you don’t know! Oh I’m sorry I was bewitched to guard Hagatha’s stuff here. But I don’t mind giving it away it will serve her right not giving me the ability of defending my babies....”

“Well thank you but wont Hagatha be mad?”

“Mad? huh! What she gonna do turn me into a pumpkin?”

“Good point. Well thank you I just wished that there was more for me to do!”

“Well there is. My baby is thirsty and he needs something bitter... got anything bitter in your pack graham?”

Graham thought for several moments until he remembered the lemon! Graham quickly cut the lemon with his sword and squeezed every last inch of juice into the ground.

“Thanks graham! Here you can take these sapphire earrings! They have some magical properties but they have been hurting my head A lot!”

“Thank you very much!”

After Graham left the now happy pumpkin patch, he felt good about himself... reuniting a pumpkin family...

Now that would make a good TV special.