

Season of the Pumpkin: A Drabble of Terror

By Cecil D. Fritz

Farmer Maine was an old cougar that took great pride in his pumpkin patch. The few neighbors that he had always said that he grew the best pumpkins in West Virginia. He was known as a culinary master that could always find a way to use pumpkins in just about anything.

Farmer Maine paced up and down his pumpkin patch observing the latest year's batch of pumpkins. Just admiring his handiwork.

The cougar grinned widely as he knelt down before the largest pumpkin in the patch and patted it fondly.

"Hm. Yes. I think that you're just about ready to be carved."

The unlucky plump squirrel buried up to his head in the soil and gagged with cloth stared back at the farmer with pleading eyes as tears streaked down his face.