

# **My name is Jack O'Lantern and here is my short autobiography**

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Hi, my name is Jack, Jack O'Lantern, and this is my story.

I don't remember much about my early life. The first thing I remember was finding myself hanging from my vine with this bright light shining on my face. It was not only bright, but it was warm and it made me feel so good and strong. Every day this light would move over head but then disappear. When it did it became cool, but somehow I knew it would return.

After many cycles of the light appearing I caught my first glimpse of the monsters. They appeared walking through the vines, bending over and looking at me and my fellow pumpkins. At first I was frightened; however, they seemed harmless. As a matter of fact, they seemed to pull up those nasty weeds that tried to steal water and nutrients from my vine. And when my thirst threatened to cause me to shrivel up and die these monsters sprinkled water over the ground near my vine, letting me and my vine drink its fill.

I remember how great it felt getting bigger and bigger every day. Let me tell you, it was a special day when my bottom first touched the ground. There was a lot of celebrating by my vine and fellow pumpkins. My beautiful orangeness became even more beautiful as the days passed.

All too soon the bright light in the sky was not so bright and its warmth seemed to lessen. For some strange reason my vine was weakening and I became a little worried. As I and my fellow pumpkins became larger the monsters began to pay more attention to us. I didn't think much of it until one of the monsters reached down toward a fully round and bright orange pumpkin a short distance away and slashed the stem from the vine. The pumpkin was picked up and taken away. I and my fellow pumpkin-mates were shocked into silence as our poor screaming friend disappeared.

Over the next several days the same thing happened to my fellow pumpkin-mates. I tried to hide under my vine, but since I didn't have any legs I could do nothing but hope. Then one day the monsters came for me. A shadow blocked the light. I could see the monster reaching toward me and then felt the searing pain as I was removed from my vine. Roughly I was tossed up in the air as the monster carried me away from my vine and home. Soon I was placed on a flat surface with several of my pumpkin-mates. For what purpose neither I nor my pumpkin-mates knew. But I knew that my future was not going to be all orangey and round.

As the light appeared in the sky again huge monsters making a terrible noise and belching noxious fumes appeared next to me and my fellow pumpkins. The same types of monsters who had separated me from my vine spilled from inside these huge monsters. Some of the familiar monsters were very tall and harried looking. The others were very small and they bounced around and squealed all the time. They came over and studied me and my pumpkin-mates. Then one of the taller ones lifted me from the surface and, surrounded by the smaller monsters, carried me to one of the once noisy but now silent monsters. Once inside a dreadful roaring noise sounded and the huge monster lurched forward.

Some time later, I don't know how long since time-telling is not one of my strengths, the roaring monster came to a stop and the roar disappeared. I was carried into where the monsters must live and placed onto a flat surface covered by a flimsy white material with little black marks all over it.

I sat there wondering if this was it, afraid to consider what additional inequities might be in store for me. Suddenly, without warning, which is what suddenly means, one of the larger monsters approached, carrying an object from which the light appeared to gleam. Grasping my stem with one appendage, the monster stabbed the gleaming object into my top. Over and over it stabbed and sliced. I screamed from the searing pain but the monster acted as if it couldn't hear me. The gleaming object tore around my stem until it was completely severed from my body. The monster took my beautiful stem away.

“What else do you want from me?” I screamed. I shouldn't have. The monster had put down the gleaming object and had picked up a spooney looking object. The spooney object was jabbed down into my body through where my stem used to be, moved this way and that, and then was removed, carrying a spooney-full of my precious seeds and beautifully fibrous flesh. Splat went my innards on the flimsy white material with little black marks all over it. I could hear the littler monsters crying and laughing. The spooney thing returned to remove more of my seeds and fibrous flesh. Over and over this happened until I became nothing but a hollow shell.

Then, the monster picked up the gleaming object again. It thrust the gleaming object into my body over and over again, cutting jagged and angular holes in my side. I was numb from the pain. Eventually the monster stopped. Finally, I hoped, my ordeal was over.

No! I was to suffer one more indignity. I was picked up and carried just outside the monsters' home and set down. Then a small object was placed inside of me and lit. An unearthly and eerie glow began to emanate from within my body. The monsters, both tall and short, oooed and ahhhed at my appearance. The burning object began to warm me from inside, slowly baking me (actually, it didn't smell too bad). As I sat there, suffering from this absolute horror, small monsters began to approach the monsters' home. They carried sack-like things and pounded on the side of the home. When the large monsters inside the home opened the side, the little monsters yelled some threat. The monsters who had horribly abused me would then throw small objects into the sack-like things. This obvious extortion served those big monsters right. Satisfied with the offerings, the little monsters would leave, only to be replaced by more little monsters who would repeat the same threat. This happened over and over again until the object inside me had burned out.

Now I spend my days in misery. I am slowly softening and beginning to slump to one side. Strange little black buzzing things circle me. The monsters mostly ignore me as they walk by, though they make a “whew” sound as they pass and the one with long hair-like things on its head yells something at the one whose hair-like things are much shorter. I don't know what my future holds, but I do not have any hope. Future pumpkins, if you read this do not let the monsters get you, you must ....  
AIEEEEEEE!!!!!!