

PUMPKIN FUN



Diana Bennett stared at the pumpkin. Its round orange face seemed to mock her. Her skills lay in figuring out puzzles and finding out how someone ticked on the inside. She had already scraped the gourd raw. Now all that was left was the ‘fun’ part. Except that type of creativity seemed to escape her.

“Aunt Diana, what are you making?” the five-year-old, Jacob, asked across the table.

“Not yet. What about you?”

“A happy face!” Jacob looked over at his father. “How is it coming, Dad?”

Vincent smiled. “It’s coming, Jacob. Be patient.”

Hmm, that should be easy. Diana pulled up her sleeves and set to carving. After half an hour, she turned her finished pumpkin for Jake and his father to see.

Jake tilted his head. “What is it?”

Diana peered down at her creation again. The two triangle eyes were lopsided and different sizes. Its mouth was a single ‘o’ shape. “It’s ... ugh ... an interpretation of the painting ‘*Scream*’.”

Diana glanced over at Vincent, who was trying to smoothen a grin. Carefully, she reached into the bowl of pumpkin goo and tossed, hitting her mark on Vincent’s chest.

“That’s what you get for laughing, mister.”

Jake grinned and reached for some, but Vincent stilled his hand. “Jacob, I think Father wanted to give you a chess lesson.”

The five-year-old pouted but scurried out of the room.

Vincent scrapped a finger across the orange mess on his chest. With a mischievous grin, he threw it back at Diana.

“That’s for showing bad manners to my son.”

Diana bowed her head. “You’re right, I’m sorry.”

Vincent began to respond when another handful of pumpkin hit his head.

Diana smiled, enjoying the sticky sensation on her hand.

“But he’s not here now.”

Vincent’s grin grew as pumpkin goo flew across the chamber again along with laughter.