

Trouble in the Pumpkin Forest



Created with love by Sarah Fisher

In the heart of the woods, where the leaves turn golden and the air smells of autumn spice, lies the Pumpkin Forest. Pumpkins of every shape and colour grow there, tall and thin, short and round, bumpy and smooth. Three good friends live among them.

Niblet the squirrel was small and quick, with fur the colour of warm stone. He loved nothing more than tending the pumpkins, patting the earth around their stems and making sure each one felt cared for.

Pipkin the mouse was cheerful and clever. He wore a little red hat and scarf, and he knew every path and turning in the forest.

And then there was Jeremiah the fox. He was wise and thoughtful. He remembered every forest story, every harvest, every lantern that had ever been lit beneath the trees. Niblet and Pipkin loved him dearly, but sometimes his tales were so very long that they grew impatient.

“We can’t stop to listen to every story, Jeremiah,” Pipkin would say with a smile. “There’s too much fun to be had!”



One bright morning, Niblet scurried through the patch, checking his pumpkins as he always did, but stopped suddenly. His favourite pumpkin was missing! It was the roundest, brightest one of all, and he had been saving it for lantern night.

“Oh no, oh no!” he squeaked. “My pumpkin has vanished!” Pipkin hurried over, red hat bobbing. “Don’t worry, Niblet. I’ll help you find it. I know every path in the forest. We’ll track it down together!”

Jeremiah padded closer, his voice calm and thoughtful. “I remember when a pumpkin once went missing...” But Niblet wrung his little paws. “Not now, Jeremiah! We don’t have time for one of your stories. We must search at once!”

So off Niblet and Pipkin went, and the trouble in the Pumpkin Forest began...



Niblet and Pipkin raced to the tallest oak tree. “Maybe your pumpkin climbed up here!” Pipkin declared, peering up into the branches. Pumpkins, of course, do not climb trees, but they checked anyway. Nothing.

Jeremiah padded after them. “I remember when...” “Not now, Jeremiah!” squeaked Niblet. “We’re searching!”

Next, Pipkin drew a very serious map in the dirt. “We’ll split up and cover every path! You search by the mossy rocks, and I’ll check the blackberry bushes.”

Niblet scurried this way and that, tail flicking with worry. Still, no pumpkin.



Jeremiah opened his mouth. “I remember when...”

“Later, Jeremiah!” Pipkin called over his shoulder.

They tried shouting down rabbit holes. “Pumpkin? Are you in there?” Only puzzled rabbits blinked back at them.

They tried setting a "pumpkin trap", a neat pile of acorns beneath a basket, ready to drop at the first nibble.

Niblet's whiskers drooped. “Oh Pipkin, we'll never find it!”



Jeremiah cleared his throat gently. “I remember when a pumpkin once rolled away down, down into a hollow log at the edge of the forest...”

Niblet and Pipkin froze. “A hollow log?” Pipkin said slowly. Jeremiah nodded, his amber eyes twinkling. And together, they hurried off toward the old log Jeremiah remembered.

At the edge of the forest, half-hidden under fallen leaves, lay the old hollow log.

Niblet squeezed inside first, his little tail flicking dust into the air. “Something’s here!” he squeaked. With a triumphant tug, he pulled out his missing pumpkin, round and bright, just as he’d left it.

“My pumpkin!” Niblet cried, hugging it tightly. Pipkin clapped his paws. “Jeremiah, you were right all along!”



Niblet's ears drooped. "Oh Jeremiah, we should have listened to you sooner. We were so busy rushing about, we didn't hear what you were trying to tell us."

Jeremiah chuckled softly. "That's the way of the forest, little ones. Sometimes you need to run and tumble, and sometimes you need to sit and listen."

Together, they rolled the pumpkin back to the patch.

Jeremiah hung a lantern above it, and soon the whole Pumpkin Forest glowed with warm light.

Niblet curled up beside his pumpkin, Pipkin tucked into his scarf, and Jeremiah wrapped his tail around them both.

"We should have listened sooner," Niblet whispered sleepily.

Jeremiah chuckled. "There's always time for a story."

And from that day on, Niblet and Pipkin made sure to listen, because in the Pumpkin Forest, every tale carries a little bit of magic.

