

Autumn Tales & Pumpkin Whispers

Pumpkins are just oranges that decided to bulk up for winter. Or so Harold claimed, before the harvest came.

Time has a funny way of peeling away at us — layer by layer, like the rind of a patient fruit.

There was a pumpkin named Harold who dreamed of becoming a lantern. But deep inside, he feared the light.

Somewhere between dusk and dawn, truth hides in plain sight — often beneath something as simple as a name.

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Perhaps the truest secret of this tale lies not in the story, but in the storyteller.

Authored by: *****