

The Pumpkin Post

A small letterbox. Some very strange addresses.



An original illustrated story for ages 6–9

Adult read-aloud or supported reading

About 5–7 minutes aloud • estimate, not a timed test

Original English story and AI-assisted original illustrations

Editorial production: Bryan Operations Dot / Little Story Harbor



Owen's pumpkin had a letterbox mouth.

Not a real pumpkin. Dad had helped him turn a cardboard box into one, with orange paper, a green stalk and a slot just below its triangular nose. On the front, Owen had written:

PUMPKIN POST

At Aunt Bea's Halloween party, everyone else was practising something. Kit, in a purple dragon cape, practised swooping without knocking over the chairs. Mira, with silver stars on her dark-blue hat, practised making a biscuit disappear.

She was getting very good at it.

Owen put his pumpkin on the low table.

"Post goes in here," he explained. "Then I deliver it."

"Where?" asked Kit.

Owen had not thought about that.

He looked around the room. There was a sofa, a piano and a very large spider made of wool. Aunt Bea was carrying a jug of apple juice. Dad was setting out cups.

"Anywhere in this room," Owen decided.



Mira tore a square from the scrap-paper pad and drew a biscuit with wings.

"For the dragon," she said, and posted it.

Owen reached through the flap at the back, took out the letter and walked three steps to Kit.

"Post for you."

Kit bowed. "At last. A flying biscuit."

Soon the pumpkin was busy.

A tiny child wearing cloth rabbit ears sent a drawing of an enormous carrot to Dad. Dad sent back a smaller carrot wearing a crown.

Aunt Bea received a picture of herself with eight arms.

"Very useful," she said, holding the juice jug in one hand and a stack of cups in the other.



Then Owen pulled out a folded sheet addressed to:

THE ONE WITH THE BIGGEST TEETH

He looked at Kit. Her cape had white felt teeth along the hood.

"This must be yours."

Kit opened it.

Inside was a drawing of one very small comb.

She rubbed her hair. "I didn't order this."

"Perhaps your teeth need combing," said Mira.

They both laughed, but Owen frowned at the address.

A proper postman ought to deliver things properly.

He checked the wool spider. No teeth.

He checked Dad's smiling cardboard skull decoration. Lots of teeth.



Then he noticed the piano.

Its lid was open. A long row of black and white keys grinned across the room.

"Biggest teeth!" he said.

He set the drawing on the piano's music stand.

Aunt Bea sat down and played a little tumbling tune.

"Thank you," she said in a deep piano voice. "I'll comb them later."

Across the room, Mira tried to hide a grin behind her pointed hat.



After that, the addresses became peculiar.

THE ONE WEARING THREE COATS was the coat stand, which held three coats and two scarves.

THE ONE THAT CAN TURN BUT NEVER LEAVES was the doorknob. Dad gave it a gentle turn before placing its letter on the small table beside the door.

"Still here," said Kit.

Owen delivered every one.

Then the pumpkin was empty.

The party was nearly over. Kit's dragon hood had slipped backwards.

Mira had one silver star stuck to her sleeve.

Owen straightened the little pile of delivered letters.

A soft scrape came from behind him.



Kit had slipped one last envelope into the pumpkin's mouth.

On it was written:

THE ONE WHO BROUGHT EVERYONE SOMETHING

Owen glanced at Aunt Bea. She had brought the juice.

He looked at Dad. He had brought the cups.

Then Kit tapped the green stalk on the box.

"Special delivery," she said. "For the Pumpkin Post."

Owen opened the envelope. Inside was a picture of Owen riding a huge flying biscuit. Mira had drawn the wings. Kit had drawn the tail.

The little rabbit had added a carrot.

Owen held it up.

"Excellent," he said. "Now I can deliver upstairs."

"Not in this room," said Dad.

Owen laughed and tucked the picture safely inside his pumpkin.

The End.