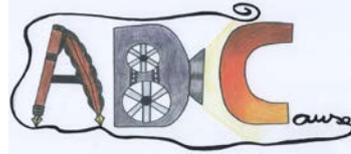




Erasmus+



“ADC: Authors and directors with a cause: inspiring young European today?”

Italian short story

## THE PUMPKIN

Dear diary,

Today hasn't been a day like the others but different from the usual, because I spent my time with my grandfather. He asked me to stay with him this morning, because my grandmother wasn't at home, so I decided to spend some hours there.

At about 9:00am I was in front of my grandparents' house, I immediately opened the door ... and I saw my grandfather sat on the armchair, he was watching television: he was watching his favourite channel "FOCUS". In that moment on the TV there was a very interesting program about agriculture. While we were watching the channel, I immediately had an idea. I took my grandfather's hands, and I switched off the television. We walked towards the vegetable garden: we arrived there among the coloured vegetables.

Then I asked my grandfather some questions, and one of them was:

"Grandfather, how was your passion for vegetable cultivation born?"  
Grandpa answered: "When I was young like you my parents were always busy, and I spent a lot of my time with my grandfather Antonio. One day my grandfather came next to me and I noticed that he had an unusual behaviour. He took my hand and he put on it a pumpkin seed and he said that this seed was very important for him. In addition he told me to cultivate and to grow it up until it became a beautiful, mature pumpkin ... "

And I immediately answered ... : "Okay grandpa, thank you ... " And he answered: "Can you see that high grass over there? The pumpkin is there ... that beautiful pumpkin, really special, orange with green shades"  
Grandfather took me to see the pumpkin in the middle of the vegetable garden ... I couldn't believe my eyes ... an amazing pumpkin! I noticed that it could be already mature and my grandfather nodded. I ran to tell my grandmother who was already back ... My grandfather took the pumpkin into the kitchen to eat it. My grandmother cut the pumpkin in large slices. I tried to cut the slices in smaller pieces, to help my grandma.

I asked my grandmother if she could cook the pumpkin with rice for lunch. I was excited to eat the pumpkin, because it was grown with the time and the love of my grandfather. I was impatient to eat it but I had to wait because the rice wasn't ready.

It took fifteen minutes to cook. While I was putting the rice in the plate the door bell rang. I immediately looked out of the window, and I saw a boy who had dark skin, broken trousers, a sad face, and a bag full of things to sell. I thought that he didn't know where he was and he lived off charity, wandering in the streets, without a place where to go. He looked at me, he was tired and sad, so I couldn't send him away. I decided to offer some rice to him too ... Why not? ... I wondered!

He sat with us and he told us real stories about his childhood: he was 12 years old, but he already had to work to live. He came to Italy some years ago, and he travelled from region to region, from town to town. His story was very moving and we left him eating all the rice. When his stomach was full, my grandpa and me took him towards the gate. Then he took a seed from his pocket. And I asked him what kind of seed it was, and he answered me that it was a pumpkin seed, from his country, a gift from his grandfather. Then he decided to offer it to me. I took it and I promised that I would cultivate it with love.

It has been an unexpected and strange day.

Sorry, I have to go now.

See you soon.