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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Who Ate The Pumpkin Pie?

Once upon a time, in a cozy kitchen filled with the wonderful aroma of freshly baked goods, Sylvester, a young boy of tender age, found himself all alone with a pie that was simply too delicious to resist. He sat cross-legged on the floor, nibbling happily at the pumpkin pie right out of the tin, a large spoon clutched tightly in his hand. His face and fingers were generously speckled with bits of the dessert.

Soon, Billy, his older brother, strolled into the kitchen. He was a boy of about eight or nine, in his school clothes, freshly home and ready for a treat. As he glanced at Sylvester, he raised an eyebrow in surprise and exclaimed, "Hey there, Silly! What do you have there?"

"Pie," replied Sylvester simply, his mouth full of pumpkin delight.

"Pie? And out of the tin? Did Mother give you that, young man?" Billy asked, shaking his head. His suspicion was confirmed when Sylvester shook his head too. Billy, noticing Sylvester's refusal to part with the pie, took on a stern voice. "Give me that, Silly. I'm sure Mother wanted it for supper," he said, as he reached for the tin. A minor scuffle ensued, with pumpkin splattering on both of them.



Just as the fun was at its height, their mother stepped into the room. She was a busy lady, having just returned from a long club meeting. As she looked at the chaos, Billy tried to explain, but he only succeeded in earning a suspicious gaze. After all, he was the older one and, with

pumpkin pie smeared on his face, the prime suspect. Her eyes narrowed, she said, "William, I was expecting that pie to be on the table for supper, not smeared all over your face. Can you explain this?"

"B-But, Mother, Sylvester was—," began Billy.

"That will do, William. Don't you dare blame your little brother for your mischief," she interrupted. There was no arguing with Mother when she was in this mood. She was convinced that Billy had taken advantage of her absence to indulge his sweet tooth.

"But Mother," Billy tried to protest, "Silly— I mean Sylvester Raphael John was the one that—"

"William, I don't want to hear another word," Mother cut him off firmly. She was sure of Billy's guilt. And so, with a sigh, Billy accepted his punishment.

Later, as his mother left to buy something for dessert, she left Billy with the task of cleaning up Sylvester and their messy kitchen. "If you have it all done nicely when I return, I will not mention this disgraceful happening to your father. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother," replied Billy, resignation clear in his voice.

As soon as their mother left, Sylvester crawled out from under the table. His face was a picture of guilt, entirely covered with pumpkin pie. Billy looked at him and sighed, "Clean you up! All I'll do is destroy the evidence in my own case. Come on, Silly, let's get this over with."

And so, Billy, the wrongly accused, led his mischievous younger brother off, ready to face the messy aftermath of the great pumpkin pie incident.