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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pies

Once upon a time, there lived a charming old woman named Grandma Margaret. She was gentle, kind, and had the brightest sparkling eyes. She lived all by herself in a tiny, cozy nest of a home, surrounded by pictures of her past and tokens of love from her family. One day, Grandma Margaret received an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner from her sweet neighbor. She was overjoyed and touched by the kind gesture. It reminded her of the mouthwatering pumpkin pies her own mother used to make. She chuckled to herself, thinking about how much she'd missed those delicious pies, flaky, rich, and oh so yummy!

Now, Grandma Margaret had just returned from her daughter Sarah's big city house. A grand place that made her feel a little lost. Sarah had many expensive things and a French cook who made fancy meals, but for Grandma Margaret, nothing compared to a heart-warming homemade pie or a simple meal of greens and pork. Sarah's house was filled with glittering gowns, frilly laces, and blooming hot-house flowers. To Grandma Margaret, it felt excessive, especially when she remembered folks like Jotham Peckham's kin who had so little. Oh, how she yearned for simpler times! She couldn't help but feel disconnected from the glitzy city life. She missed the authenticity of the mountain life that nurtured her and her kin, the hearty men and

women who preferred sturdy boots to fancy low-cut shoes. Then came Thanksgiving Day. As she entered her neighbor's home, the scent of delicious turkey and pumpkin pies wafted towards her. She was immediately transported back to her childhood, remembering the taste of her mother's pumpkin pies. It was a precious feeling, a hint of nostalgia that moistened her old eyes with tears. She looked around at the familiar faces of her community, and her heart warmed. This was her place, where everyone spoke from the heart and



cherished the same simple joys she did. They loved her and accepted her just the way she was, no pretenses, no finery, just pure affection. That night, Grandma Margaret felt like a little girl again. She savored every bite of the pumpkin pie, every shared laugh, every story told. This Thanksgiving, she was truly

thankful for her neighbor's invitation and the chance to relive her treasured memories. It was, indeed, the best Thanksgiving she had had in years. As she bid goodbye, Grandma Margaret couldn't help but feel an overflow of love for these folks, her folks. With her heart full of gratitude, she walked back to her tiny nest, carrying with her the sweet taste of mother's pumpkin pies and the warmth of a true Thanksgiving celebration.