

From Pickle Jar to Pumpkin Pie

Pickle Jar Perry hated pickles from day one. Thus began a life-long resentment of his given name. Day two brought about a brief warming-up-to-pickles kind of moment, but then straight back to pickle hating.

So on or around day 30,000 Pickle Jar Perry finally decided to do something about this. It was autumn. He was ready for a big move. Having enjoyed pumpkins all of his life, and having been reminded of this by all the pumpkins that find their way into plain view during that time of year, and also, having been reminded of his old friend Pumpkin Patch Pierre (whose recent death brought back memories of how jealous he'd been of his newly deceased friend's name), he finally decided to change his name, once and for all.

He would now be known as Pumpkin Bread Benny.

“No wait!” he thought. “Pumpkin Pie Perry. I gotta keep the ‘Perry.’”

Of course, the big trick was the legal rigamarole that they put ya through down at the station there. That place stinks. First they told Perry that he was too old. Then they said something like, “Didn’t there used to be a guy called Pumpkin?” And then it was, “Pickle Jar Perry, you’ll ALWAYS be a Pickle Jar.”

Finally he took the cart by the horse and did it himself. They had the Internet by then, so he just filed something or emailed it or whatever.

Before long, the village had a NEW pumpkin. Pumpkin Bread Perry. Oh no! That wasn’t what it was supposed to be at all!!!! And back down to the state house office department registry public building he went.

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By the time that batch of days had ended, he’d gotten it all straightened out and was finally Pumpkin Pie Perry at long long last.

But by then he *hated* pumpkins.