

The Crispy Cantaloupe

(Lutsi Hannah Stories V)

Juhan Puhm

“This is too hard to eat,” said little Lutsi Hannah. “It’s too crispy. Why is it so hard? I don’t like it like this. I like it when it is softer,” she said of the less than perfectly ripe cantaloupe that she was trying to chew.

“Well,” her daddy said, “there is a story why the cantaloupe isn’t soft like always. Would you like to hear the story?” he asked.

“Yes!” said little Lutsi Hanna, as she loved her father’s stories! And this is the story he told.



Once upon a time there was a cantaloupe in a field.

There were hundreds of cantaloupes, there were thousands of cantaloupes in the field, even more!

The cantaloupe looked around and all he could see was green leaves and blue sky, and cantaloupes as far as the eye could see!

One day there were lots of people in the field, and tractors and big bins on wagons.

One by one the cantaloupes were picked up and carefully placed in the big bins, one on top of the other.

Soon it was the cantaloupes turn, and the bin was almost full, and the cantaloupe thought,

“Wow, I’m going to be right on top and way up high, and when the tractor pulls away, I will be able to see the whole world go by!”

And the seasonal worker picked up the cantaloupe, and was just about to put the cantaloupe on top, when the tractor and the wagon with all the bins pulled away!

“Oh no!” said Lutsi Hannah. “....what’s a *seasoning* worker?”

“A seasonal worker is a person who comes from another country, to help pick fruits and vegetables when they are almost ripe,” replied Lutsi Hannah’s dad.



The worker held onto the cantaloupe for a minute, taking a short rest break, until the next tractor, pulling a wagon with empty bins pulled up.

The worker gently put the cantaloupe on the bottom of one of the bins.

The cantaloupe thought,

“What is happening? Why am I at the bottom? I was supposed to be at the top!”

And slowly there were more cantaloupes all around the cantaloupe, and then on top of the cantaloupe, and then the cantaloupe couldn’t even see the blue sky anymore.

All the cantaloupes on top were really heavy and the cantaloupe got squashed.

“Poor, poor, poor cantaloupe,” said little Lutsi Hannah really sad.



When all the bins were full, the tractor with the wagon pulled away, and the bumpy ride bruised the cantaloupe.

Then the bins were put on trucks, and then into a supermarket.

Slowly, one by one, all the cantaloupes on top were taken by customers, and the cantaloupe could now see the ceiling of the supermarket.

A man came to the cantaloupes and looked at each one and then thought,

“This is a nice cantaloupe,” and put the cantaloupe into the shopping cart and brought the cantaloupe home.

“That’s our cantaloupe!” exclaimed little Lutsi Hannah.



The man put the cantaloupe into a glass bowl on the counter. Usually he left the cantaloupe out for a week or more to ripen, before cutting it open and scooping out the seeds, and putting it in the fridge. It is always nicer to eat cantaloupe when it is cold.

Some of the cantaloupe however, after a few days became very soft. The man thought,

“This is strange?”

“So strange,” echoed Lutsi Hannah quietly.

After one more day, the cantaloupe was getting even softer, and the man thought that maybe it was time to cut the cantaloupe open, even though a week hadn't gone by.

The man cut the cantaloupe open, scooped out the seeds, and saw that the soft spots were big bruises, that needed to be cut out and composted.

"That's from being squashed!" said Lutsi Hannah.

The man put the rest of the cantaloupe into a bowl and into the fridge.

And the next day the man tried the cantaloupe. It was crispy.

"Not the way the way we like our cantaloupe at all!" said Lutsi Hannah in a big voice.

"Not at all!" said Lutsi Hannah's dad and they both laughed!

The cantaloupe wasn't ripe enough, but little Lutsi Hannah and her dad eventually ate it all anyways (which made the cantaloupe very happy!)

The End

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