

Craig Thibeault

What's Happening in L/A

32

Every October, when Halloween is creeping around the corner, my old elementary school, Farwell, holds a fund raiser. It's called the Pumpkin Festival, and I look forward to it all year. The event always manages to draw a big crowd, rain or shine, and it never fails to entertain. There's fried dough and hot dogs as well as an entire bake sale of the most delicious desserts I've ever tasted; I never go home empty handed. On top of that there are always games to play and prizes to win (the kind of blowup prizes like aliens and baseball bats that last maybe a week but can still bring you immeasurable entertainment) and there's even a haunted house. I first went in the haunted house when I was six years old, and each passing year I grow more and more convinced that the brains that the witch is cooking in her pot is actually spaghetti. That hasn't stopped me from going every year of course. I've gone every year for ten years; it's become a tradition of mine. To me the festival represents everything that L/A is about, its culture and style, and the joy and warmth that it embodies. It is the quintessential symbol of our town, and it is what's happening in L/A.