



## SHORTS

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spitters never see anything but a spitty seed flying through the air, then dropping to earth with a small *kersplish*. You might say that when a spitter sends a seed away with his wind, it is really his soul he is sending. And, as I said before, some people's souls are earthbound.

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### Watermelon Champ

I guess there is a certain philosophy about life to be found inside a fat, ripe watermelon. You see it when the blade of the knife slices through its thick, juicy heart. You bite into a slice, and you hit them—hard, black, ripe. You could easily swallow everyone, except if you do, your entire intestinal tract would be invaded by tiny, baby watermelons. Or you could just spit them out on the ground, but that is so passive, so uncompetitive.

The only way to satisfyingly get rid of a watermelon seed is to spit it farther away from you than the person standing next to you can spit his. First of all, you both have to stand on the same starting line. You lean back, pushing the seed so far into the back of your mouth that you almost swallow it. (But don't swallow it—remember those baby melons!) Then take the deepest breath you can and make your tongue the shape of a trough. Thrusting your body forward, you use your breath to hurl that seed into the outer reaches of the galaxy. And that, my friend, is the only way to get rid of a watermelon seed.

Watermelon seed-spitting is an honorable sport. No, it isn't on "ABC's Wide World of Sports," but that's just because too few people have enough talent to make it popular. In the first place, it takes a lot of wind, and folks with that much hot air are hard to find. Secondly, most amateurs can't keep the seed from slipping down their throats every time. Last, many hopefuls try to cheat by spitting a whole mouthful of watermelon with the seeds still in it. (Not only are these folks wasteful, but they know nothing about the laws of aerodynamics.)

Amateurs and scornful spectators don't know the ecstasy of one good spit. Some spitters wait their entire careers to see that sleek, black seed glide gracefully into the heavens, pick up velocity, and take an eternal path among the stars. Most