

The Harvest

Poetter

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There once was a tiny speck of the universe called World. Though World was so very small, it had just been through a great conflict. World was divided into plantations, some large and some small. A few owners of small plantations however, grew dissatisfied with their small size and wanted to expand their boundaries. At first they just took over the lands of the weaker plantations that were their neighbors. Soon the owners of the weak plantations began to object. These plantations first fought their battles alone, but then they realized that if they were united they would be able to stop the Plunderers' forces more easily.

As time went on, the Friendly Farmers began to find themselves weakening because, in the first place, they were not prepared for such an encounter as their attackers had planned. The Friendly Farmers asked the aid of the remotely situated Plantation Big; its owner, however, refused because he did not want to become entangled in their affairs.

Nevertheless, he soon lost his neutrality when one of the Plunderers attacked one of his far-off island farms. Then Plantation Big sent her forces to the aid of the Friendly Farmers, and soon they began to gain a slight advantage. Plantation Big, after many months, developed a Secret Weapon which terrified everyone. It was so devastating that it immediately put a stop to the advances of the Plunderers. It had almost destroyed their islands.

Plantation Big was situated in a beautiful valley surrounded by high mountains. Because Plantation Big was surrounded by these high mountains, she could not be reached by the Plunderers' forces, and while she was helping the Friendly Farmers she was able to keep up with her farming and grow her fine crop of doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers, newsboys, and statesmen. This was indeed a great help to the Friendly Farmers, for they were having even more trouble because the Red Weed had infested their ravished lands and seemed to thrive on them.

No one knew just where the Red Weeds came from, but a few of the owners had their suspicions that it came from the Plantation-behind-the-Cliff. The Plunderers might have brought it with them when they made their invasion. The Red Weed was terrible. It choked out all the other plants, and, to make matters worse, when it was young it could not be distinguished from any of the other plants.

When the owners of Plantation Big learned that it existed and that it was spreading, they were thrown into a panic. In the spring when their crops began to come up, the owners held a conference to decide just what they should do about this deadly scourge. After hours of debate, the majority, prompted by fear, decided to take immediate action and have their fields thoroughly weeded. But one owner refused to admit the supposed danger however long the others pleaded. It wasn't that he was lazy or did not want to save his crop, but just that he did not like to be rushed into hasty decisions. As a result he took the farthest plot while the other owners set their workers to pulling up all the strange looking plants in their fields.

Because of his refusal to comply, the people grew frightened and angry. "The Weed will spread," they pleaded. "Your crop will be killed. We won't have a crop." But the stubborn man bided his time. Then after a few weeks when the plants had begun to grow, he could easily recognize which were the hateful Red Weeds. Then he told his workers to pull and burn them all.

Meanwhile the other owners in their fright and panic had pulled all their crop, thinking that it was the Red Weed. When they realized their mistake, they were in an even worse uproar. What should they do? What could they do? Then they saw that the crop of the foolish, stubborn farmer had grown strong and tall and fruitful. He harvested an extraordinary crop of doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers, newsboys, and statesmen.

