On long prickly vines I reach around Seeking sunlight where it may be found.

> Orange flowers peek over large leaves To call to the busy bees.

My fruit is tender in summer's heat, While other times it's hard for an autumn treat.

Many varieties grow throughout the year As many shapes and sizes appear.

Most famous of all Are the orange ones in the fall, With Jack-o-lantern as my other name Whose family is one and the same.

What am I?

EXCERPT

