

# A GHOSTLY PRESENCE

Daryle Ann Hise

The orange, purple and green streamers were hanging around the porch. I had finally assembled the neon plastic skeleton that would hang in the doorway. The candy had been placed in a large colorful pumpkin bowl. I had bought the kind I do not like so I would not be tempted to eat it. All that was left was to change into my witch costume.

Crinkle crinkle. What was that? Crinkle crinkle – it came again. I had heard stories from the neighbors about strange goings on in the past. I wonder if they were hinting that the place was haunted? No, don't be silly.

As I headed upstairs to get dressed, I heard it again... crinkle crinkle... I wonder where it is coming from.

While I was putting on my makeup – scary, but not *too* scary, I heard it again. Strange! But I better go see what is going on – I don't want to be disrupted during the evening, except by the trick or treaters.

I armed myself with my weapons: rabbit spray in case it was one of those pesky rabbits roaming around the neighborhood; Raid in case it was a large bug; a broom in case it was a mouse. As I crept downstairs again, I heard it again... crinkle crinkle... I think it is coming from the hall closet. Silently I crept closer to the door. Yes, it was definitely getting louder... crinkle crinkle... Very carefully, I opened the door. There in the corner was my husband – eating all the candy that I had bought for the evening. The discarded wrappers were scattered on the floor around him. He looked up with a sly grin and said, "Well, you may have bought stuff YOU didn't like, but you bought stuff I DO like."

Somehow, I didn't think buying Broccoli for Halloween trick or treaters would go over.