

Her profile graced the wall by the hotel room door. She was smiling. Her 1800 hair style was swept up and out, floating behind her. She was pretty in a witching sort of way. For an early Springtime 5 AM morning she was not too scary.

Ghosts and goblins in the two to three-foot-high variety will again grace our humble abode door front. It is time to feed the sugar starved neighborhood children.

Halloween has been a favorite night of gruesome howling by dressed up first timers for eons. Well, at least since the 1800's. First grade Monsters with green faces and with hairy hands interrupt us from a quiet night with every knock on the windows, on the doors searching for candy. This is the night that the hungry monsters (or little princesses) come a calling. Be prepared! Their aim is to fill their pillow case with treats. It is now a mainstay instead of a Paper Mache pumpkin.

The 1950's era store bought pumpkins complete with handles were held tightly in one hand as the other one did the knocking. "You knock", says my brother. He hangs back with our other brother, the quiet one. "You like to do that," he says backing up further away from the front door of our neighbor.

We know these people. We go to school with their kids who are also dressed for the night (an hour) of a threatening "Trick or Treat". Although none of us would know what to do if they did not divvy up a treat.

In those early days the treats were usually a wax papered popped corn ball. Even a caramel apple would land in our pumpkins if "the lady of the house" recognized us. We wore Paper Mache masks. Seeing through those carved out eye holes was always a feat. Looking where we were walking was also a task. Our bigger sister usually told us to carry our mask. We would be safer. We did. One time we had to walk in a foot of snow from house to house. Dad went with us that time.

Yes, we were ghosts and goblins, but friendly ones. No one was afraid, unless you were in kindergarten.

We felt safe. We had to show our fortune of candy so that the parents could make sure that they were safe, too. I suspect that mom and dad needed a sugar kick, too.

This year, though, an apparition from a California hotel may come knocking. Early for Halloween. We were paying guests in her home, now a hotel. That night the plumbing broke. We were without water. No drinking, no flushing, no bathing. She kept on smiling.

Hopefully, she stays in California this coming Halloween. I need a rest from her uninvited visit. Her memory stays with me. I have her photo. Perhaps, I should delete it.

Lana

Apparition on the wall.



