

Halloween Stories

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Submitted: October 11, 2011

Updated: October 11, 2011

Autmn leaves and pumpkins but mostly apple cider.

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Chapter 1 - Halloween Tea and Jasmine Incense

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Halloween Tea and Jasmine Incense[br]

Hidden amongst the rows of ancient houses, tumble down and ramshackle, lay the tiny abode of Stewart Sparks and his thirteen cats. The perception was that Stewart was insane and in some semblance of convulsive madness. The truth was, in fact, Stewart was an amazing liver of life and all it had to offer.

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The tiny kitchen smelled of jasmine incense and the table was set for tea, Halloween tea and boney skeleton cookies. Served in perfect portion, One for you and one for me, darling spirit. he whispered in loving calm craving. The jasmine incense burned with an orange glowing tendril of mist and smoke, the aura was perfect and the ambiance was a gentle coquet in the rapture of what would be, what had to be. Stewart sang and danced in desires of elder need and Halloween celebration. The air became a thick veil of gossamer webs and the sky above Stewarts house turned a blazing pumpkin orange, the figure of a dream came to life before his delighted eyes. Greetings and guffaws, lights and laws, may the spirit of All Hallows Eve be with yer soul and spirit, as ye hear it, be young at heart and may you start the youth of a new day in this, the Halloween way! He sang and shouted.[br]

Stewart fell to the floor and when he awoke he was in the cradle of youth, vigorous and enchanted by the phantasms of Halloween ghost.[br]

True to this day he is often seen in the guise of an old man trick of treating in gleeful harmony[br]

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with the nights wonder. The legend of Stewart Sparks declares that if you see him on All [br]

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Hallows Eve look deep into his eyes and perhaps youll find a measure of youth by the glee of a [br]

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childs whisper and the cry of tiny Halloween adventurers in costumed array with the evening sky[br]

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and the dream that is the substance of old St. Sparks and candy corn sweet.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Halloween Messenger[br]

The satisfaction of ripe apples and tasty Carmel popcorn balls wrapped in plastic allied the distant whisper of Trick or Treat! and screams that echoed the joy of candy and ghostly reflections of bounding youth. He jogged in his designer sweats and costly sneakers. The park was splendidly vacant and the cobbled path was unwinding in a perfectly enduring climate of chill October air and crunching amber and orange oak leaves.[br]

He was a slave to his method and the message came to an irritating supposition, a burden of arduous agency. The shadows were deep between the rows of maple and oak trees. A misty sensation crept across his face, Damp, cool in rivulets of adoring moisture. The black clad figure surprised him by stepping into his path. He stumbled, nearly falling into the flowing black robe. The tranquility of the park was ceaseless except for the distant revelry of Halloween. [br]

He stood panting before the truth of the moment. The figure held out his hand and whispered, Holler muffin, bewilderin stuffin, bits and pieces of silk. I warn ye aware of the wash with the flow of harmful ilk! A genuine custom you think not to yer death ye might or might not find the perfect spot, but ye shall see the notion of my fee if ye hesitate in row of the seeds that are sown by the hands of fate, now I leave ye now for I can not be late. the figure receded into the line of trees and disappeared. Pausing, he traced the faint outline of the path before him. M.I.S.S.I.S.I.P.P.I. for Christ if I try. He thought as he reclaimed the path and sped onward carelessly. [br]

Rambling in measures of adrenalin and reminders of imagined horizon and in the remainder of the[br] wild fly jaunt a rumbling roar of tribute to the stars and creeds of a runner blessed. He crossed the rise of a gentle slope and tramped across Cervantes Boulevard. A tangle of trick or treaters milled near the corner. Bounds and bone yard minds in point lay behind! he whispered in panting breath. Western lights filled the skyline as he moved closer to the city and the bump in the path. Taunt, ledges and tall hedges along the way, wayfarer evidence of the fray! He embraced the night and the Halloween mists as tendrils of fog roiled around his ankles. Disquiet and plights of resolve, to this we revolve away and beyond motionless and married tender beyond! He waved in flowing testimony to Halloween night as his feet left earth and his soul took flight. The jogger lay broken near a bend in the path, hidden forces abated and children yelled trick or treat to the vast night cloak, to the mystery of another bidden tomorrow and yesterday in destiny of next years run.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

I Love Halloween[br]

He was feasting on wild turkey and the principles of fermented cranberry wine. Euclid Simon sat near the edge of an elaborate mahogany dining table; it seated eighteen yet he was alone. The fierce splendor of wealth and fortune had bidden him to the shade of gray best likened to ashen ghosts of isolation. He was truthful in the sense that he acknowledged his oneness with the empty spaces that stand between intimate asertations and friendship. [br]

The ornaments of a cheerful design decorated the dining room. Emaciated skeletons and passionate pumpkins lined the commons and his gated estate. Beguiled by Halloween and tantalizing treats of convocation, they were received in customs of wicked, untamed glee. Euclid announced, I love Halloween! as he picnicked and poked at the wild turkey platter. Overcome with anticipation he consumed a slice of orange sprinkled with cinnamon spice as he pushed his chair away from the table. [br]

Triple bunches of candy treats lay bundled in twine and ribbon near the huge double doors that led to the front porch. An impasse revolved in his consciousness and he hooted, YYYYYEEEEHHHHHAAAAWWWWWW! the birth of an idea. He, Euclid Simon the Fourth would go trick-or treating. YEEEEEEHHHHHAAAAWWWW! he whooped. Euclid smeared ash from the large fireplace at the end of the dinning hall onto the shallows of his eyes creating the illusion of a hollow eyed specter. [br]

The shadow of a pregnant moon satisfied the moment with reflections of character and the flawless

coming of winter. Euclid, desirous of the adventure, equipped himself with a pillowcase. He went to the large double doors confronting the night and the advent of youth he swaggered with impressive accord, in celebration and contrived gambols of absolution from the lukewarm fetters of longsuffering loneliness.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Shanghi Dread[br]

Lower than the planted twilight horizon and beneath the frayed forest[br]

Edge, it lay near his young feet. The infinite in a simple paw, the velvet touch of rabbit fur and blue stain. He stared at the tiny paw and a mask of tense expectation flittered across his face. The evening became an indigo accent to the rabbits paw and as the October chill sang, as assured yells[br]

Of trick-or-treat filled the air in Halloween glee, he had a moment of Shanghi dread, Candy he whispered, Candy in a sack. he grinned and hummed. They had taken his pillowcase full of candy and knocked him to the ground, but he had his dads rabbit paw. Candy, candy and fields of sleep, give me candy in Halloween keep. he sang. The mists and veil of divided accent parted for an instant and the little boy smelled Old Spice aftershave. The Image of his father wavered and glowed in a brilliant array before his wondering eyes. His father grinned in ghostly sensation. The soils turned and dry paper remnants of Fall decay, leaves in bundle, became the secret suggestion of chocolate and caramel, azure sacks of sugar and pennies in disarray near the seams. He smiled and hefted the bag across his shoulder.[br]

Slipping the rabbits paw into his pocket he thought about his dad and the accident; the day his father had never returned from the corner liquer store, the last moment he had seen him and how he had promised to buy him a bag full of nickle candy, and lastly he remembered his father giving him his lucky rabbits foot. This is for you son, wherever you are Ill be there, because I love you son, the foot is the secret that well keep between us, forever son, forever. caressing the paw he grinned, his Shanghi dread dissipating.[br]

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