A Spooky Encounter

Keisha was in the living room all by herself.  Her parents had gone out to see a scary movie. Tomorrow night was Halloween and her mom said, “Don’t let the goblins and ghosts keep you up tonight.” They quickly vanished out the door.  Keisha thought about what her mother said and wished she had been more comforting. “What kind of a thing is that to tell a nine-year-old little girl?” she pondered in disappointment.

     The house, as usual, was well decorated for Halloween. There were witches, spider webs, skeletons, lava lamps, and plenty of ghosts and goblins strewn all over the place. “I hope those ghosts and goblins really don’t keep me up at night,” she nervously thought. Her innocent pumpkin, which she bought at the school fair, had been carved into a spooky jack o’ lantern.  It had an eerie smirk on its face, and it seemed to be looking straight at her no matter where she went in the room. The knife that carved it was stuck into the side of its head. That was her creepy brother Damien’s idea. He was sleeping over at a friend’s house, and they were planning on doing some tricks before their treating tomorrow night. Keisha wondered what they were up to.

     Just then, Keisha heard a high-pitched scream. “Oh my Gosh!” she yelled. “There is somebody in tragic need of help right outside the front window,” she thought. She took a step forward to go look and see who it was but stopped in her tracks when she heard a horrible scratching sound.  Frightened and startled, she whirled around and ran right into the den to find her babysitter.

     “Drusilla, Drusilla,” she screamed! Her babysitter was sleeping on the couch. “Wake up! Drusilla there is somebody trying to claw their way into our house! Come see! Drusilla slowly raised her head and then begrudgingly sat up. Keisha grabbed her arm and pulled her up. “I was in the living room when I heard it,” Keisha explained hysterically.

     When they got into the living room Keisha was still dragging Drusilla, and they were headed right for the window. Drusilla pulled back and they both came to a standstill. Drusilla said, “Tell me exactly what you heard.” “I heard a lady scream. It was a very high pitch scream, and she must have been in terrible trouble,” Keisha said.

     Holding hands, they took cautious steps towards the window. The crimson-colored drape was mostly covering the window, but the window was slightly open allowing a strong wind to blow into the house. The drape moved mysteriously back and forth. They now stood in front of the window, turned, and stared right into each other’s eyes.  “You’re the babysitter. So, you turn back the drape. Go ahead,” Keisha insisted.

      Drusilla rolled her eyes at Keisha and slowly pulled back the drape. Suddenly, a shriek rang out! Keisha fell back in horror.  She rolled to her stomach covering her ears upon hearing that desperate clawing sound again. Then it stopped.

      Keisha popped her head up, and to her surprise Drusilla was talking to a black cat at the window.  “That’s strange,” Keisha thought. “Drusilla and the cat really seem to be communicating with each other.” The lips of the cat seemed to be moving like a human, and Drusilla was making cat meows.

     Just then the black cat looked over at Keisha and stared deeply at her with its glowing green eyes.  She was sitting upright on the floor staring back at the cat, when it winked at her and quickly jumped off the windowpane.  “That’s odd. Did you see that, Drusilla?” But Drusilla had already started to head back to the den. Keisha followed her.

     “Drusilla, did you see that cat wink at me?” “Don’t be foolish Keisha. Cats can’t wink.” “It seemed like you were talking to the cat,” Keisha said.  What were you talking about?” “Are you serious girl? Do you really think I would be talking to a cat? That was old lady Elvira’s cat from down the street. Haven’t you seen it snooping around the neighborhood before? I just banged on the window to send it scattering back home.”

  “It’s time for you to go to bed,” Drusilla said. She took Keisha by the hand and walked her to her bedroom.  She tucked her in bed and said, “Don’t let the ghosts and goblins keep you up.” Then she winked at her and turned off the lights.

     The next morning, Keisha was sitting at the breakfast table chomping on her cereal. “Do you know where the broom is Keisha?” her mother said. Some boys in the neighborhood played a little prank on us. I got the toilet paper out of the bushes, but there are some eggshells on the sidewalk I want to sweep up.”

     Keisha said, “Now that you mention it, Drusilla did ask me for a broom last night. She said she made a mess in the kitchen. I told her it was in the walk-in closet.” “Well, I looked in the walk-in closet and everywhere else and it is nowhere to be found. I didn’t see Drusilla walk out with-it last night. Then again, your Aunt Hilda had just called, and I didn’t really see Drusilla walk out the door at all.  Hmm…...maybe she borrowed it for her Halloween costume tonight. What is she going to be, a witch or something like that?” Keisha nodded her head and said, “Yup. I think so.”

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