



GRIN ON, OUR PUMPKIN

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Our pumpkin has traveled through non-linear regions of space to get here tonight. He landed in a pumpkin patch and assumed his pre-destined shape.

Now, with his eyes, he sees ominous signs of the coming All Soul's Eve. Electric orange messages flash across the black night. The ether becomes the party line of the Night Things. Questions are flung at the Moon, and answered with a tiny whisper from around the corner of the world. Plans are made in hisses and sighs. Our pumpkin relays, coordinates. A gathering of witches in the forest. Goblins inquiring as to transportation from the Nether Regions. A black cat's mournful cry, maniacal laughter from some dark shadow.

And he talks with other pumpkins, grinning across the way. He hears news of ghosts, massing on the windswept meadows, amongst the corn shocks.

In small groups they leave their haunted houses, in conversation with the rustling leaves, as they make their way along the forsaken paths.

And he sees flying things in the air too. Witches on broomsticks, their cats behind them. Bats and filmy things swooping out of nowhere, and owls asking who's there.

Invitations to parties, grave warnings of territorial claims, a general foreboding of wickedness. All this and much more our pumpkin sees and hears. As the night draws nearer, a hush will envelop the earth, as all under things wait for the special Darkness which was given them.

For what was rendered them shall remain theirs. But our pumpkin is ours, and therefore we are safe. So grin on, for very soon will come the end and culmination of your long journey, that night which gave your multi-leveled existence a very real significance — Halloween.