

Granny Kate's Story "The Ghoul on Halloween" (Cute Love's Challenge)

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A ghoul in many cultures is seen as a demon that feeds on human flesh than takes on the identity of the victim they have consumed. Here is Granny Kate's story about a Ghoul.



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Granny Kate's Story

The book was in her hands and she had flipped the pages several times. A look of success caused her eyes to light up and dance.

â Ah! Here it is,â she cried to the group of children that had gathered around her.

Granny Kate sat for a moment and stared at the book.

â Maybe not this one,â she said quietly, â it might be too scary to read.â

A cry arose from the group of children. She sat for a moment then chuckled.

â Okay, but your Moms had best not be ill if you have nightmares.â

â The Ghoul on Hallows Eve,â Granny Kate read the title slowly and deliberately, â One Halloween night as the moon grew in the sky to full the children in the town of Brookshire were preparing for their nights adventures. One boy in particular drew great pleasure from the fact that it was Halloween. His name was Tommy, Tommy London. This would probably be his last time trick or treating. Next June he would turn ten and his mother had told him he had this year and that was that.

Tommy stood in front of the mirror in his bedroom. He had with his allowance money purchased the costume he had on. He had donned the garments and accessories and was now a very scary vampire. The fangs he had bought glowed in the dark. With the help of his mother his face had become that really white color that vampire skin sports. He smiled a rather devilish smile and congratulated himself on his choice of apparel.

Two blocks away something else reveled in the fact that it was Halloween. He had seen so many nights such as this. So many opportunities to feed upon the innocent and guilty. It made him no difference. Meat was meat. The creature caught a glimpse of himself in the windowâ s glass. The last person he had consumed was an elderly man, his name for all intents and purposes was Mr. Peabody. He had lived in this house. The Ghoul realized that the flesh of his victim was starting to deteriorate and slough off. No matter he would soon have a new body to assume.

He was a ghoul. A creature of the night. Resident of the graveyard. A demon spawned of hell and his own devices. He had a hundred years ago eaten the flesh of another human being. She was a young girl, barely six. He still remembered her name. It was Sara. He also remembered the taste. So good, best he had ever had.

He had over the years at intermittent times not assumed the shape and characteristics of his victims. Once many years ago he had seen himself for the creature he had become. He wanted no part of that again. He had no face. Where a nose should have been there was nothingness, likewise his eyes, mouth, and ears. The vision that he saw was something from a nightmare which someone might tell a child to frighten them.

â Ah well,â he said to the image in the glass, â there will be nice tender meat tonight.â

As he uttered these words the doorbell chimed. Casually he walked to the front entry table and picked up the bowl of brightly colored Halloween candy.

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The cheerful sounds of, â Trick or treat,â was music to his ears.

Tommy was excited too, when the doorbell rang at his house. His friend Bobby Green was teaming up with him. This would be a night to remember.

â Iâ ll get it!â he screamed to his Mom and Dad who were watching television in the living room.

â Hey Tom!â Bobby exclaimed, â Trick or treat!â

â Nice get up,â Tommy replied.

â Thanks,â Bobby replied.

Bobby had opted to dress as Spiderman. Bobby had every Spiderman movie, comic book, action figure, and toy that was on the market. Tommy loved visiting Bobbyâ s home and just getting lost in Spiderman Land as the two boys had dubbed Bobbyâ s room.

â You look pretty good yourself for a duff,â Bobby said to Tommy.

â You think?â Tommy asked.

â Hey Mom Bobbyâ s here and weâ re leaving!â Tommy yelled at his Mom.

â Okay,â she answered just donâ t be home too late. Ten oâ clock and no later.â

â See you!â the two boys chimed as they walked out the door, slamming it as they left.

Their night was uneventful the two boys traveled to each house in the neighborhood. They laughed and collected candy as they went.

A cold wind began to howl from the north and the moon hung suspended above the earth lighting their way as they traveled to each home.

Their last stop of the night was Mr. Peabodyâ s house. He always had the best candy and lots of it. The two boys walked up the lighted sidewalk and rang Mr. Peabodyâ s doorbell. They waited and still no one came to the door. Bobby noticed that the front door was cracked open just a little bit and started to enter the house.

â Come on man,â Tommy said pulling Bobby back, â we canâ t go in there.â

Bobby ignoring his friendâ s plea pushed the front door open and started into the front entry. Bobbyâ s mouth dropped in horror as he spied the Ghoul that looked sort of like Mr. Peabody, but not really eating the leg of a young girl. Blood dripped from the demons lips that werenâ t really lips and from the long bony fingers of his skeleton type hands. The remainder of the girlâ s body lay on the living room rug. A look of sheer terror was frozen on her lips as if what she had seen had killed her instantly.

â Oh my God!â cried Bobby grabbing Tommyâ s hand, â We have to leave now.â

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They ran as fast as they could. Their parents would never believe what they had seen so they had decided to keep it their secret. Tommy left Bobby at his house and then cautiously made his own way home. His heart felt as if it would pop and his head felt like an explosion ready to happen.

â Mom! Iâ m home!â Tommy exclaimed as he walked in the door.

â Tommy?â his Dad questioned, â Can you come here for a minute?â

Tommy walked slowly into the living room where his parents were. He was desperately trying to slow his heartbeat.

â Did you want to see me?â Tommy asked trying to catch his breath.

â Is Bobby with you?â his father asked rather desperately.

â No. Why?â Tommy asked as a lump began to form in his throat.

â Bobbyâ s parents just called,â his mother said, â and they thought he had gone out again with you. Your Dad and I are just glad youâ re home safe. It seems another little girl has gone missing. Seems every Halloween something like this happens. I just hope Bobbyâ s okay.â

â Me, too,â Tommy replied, â me, too.â

As Tommy was heading upstairs to his room the doorbell rang.

â Iâ ll get it!â Tommy yelled, â Probably just some trick or treaters.â

He opened the front door and there stood Bobby, but it wasnâ t really Bobby. What stood there had no eyes in its sockets.

â Trick or treat!â the not Bobby thing croaked.

â Trick or treat!â it howled as it grabbed Tommy and dragged him off into the night.â

There was a silence in the room. All of the children sat with their eyes twice the size they should have been and their mouths were rounded in â Oâ shapes. In the corner sat Tommy with a strange red glow in his eyes.

â Well told,â Tommy said clapping his long bony fingers, â well told.â

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