

The Ghosting

It is time. The ghosting has arrived. My fellow undead and I drift out from our graves, and float over the fogged dark cemetery. We drift in eerie unison, towards a common destination: The Blackwell Manor. It is October 31, 1950, and once every decade, there is a ghosting. Every ghost no longer alive floats to Blackwell manor for a Monster Mash so chilling, people die twice. I drift through the creaking door. I am weightless, yet it creaks. The boarded windows, the decaying wood, this is a creepy crawly paradise. The fog leaks inside the house, and were we solid, we would be wet. But we are not solid. The single solid being is Gus, the organ player. He is quite brilliant on the piano, but much less so in the brain. He plays a disturbing ballad, and the ghosts catch up. After all, it has been a decade. For the ghosts, time is a peculiar matter. It passes slowly, but there is so much of it that it feels fast. A decade is a blink, yet an eternity. I introduce myself to the recently deceased, they seem almost infantile. I chuckle to myself and have a seat on a moth-eaten couch. The floor is rotting, and the furniture disgusting. The insects crawl over the floor, stopping to peck at the grime. Nobody knows how the house was haunted, or how long it has been a ghosting location. It is older than most of us ghosts. Much of immortality is a mystery still to the undead. Gus starts to play a slow haunting tune, and we all share a dance. Then the door opens. The door shrieks in agony as it is pulled open. A child's silhouette fills the doorway. He is short, and quite squat. I tap my fingers annoyedly. Children do not belong at a ghosting. Mortals cannot see ghosts, so we waited for him to go away. He stood, paralyzed. Then he let out a scream that displayed the most intense fear one can know. The ghost next to me

raised his eyebrows. Some ghosts nodded their approval. Others furrowed their brows in disgust. The next speaker of silence has been chosen. He can see us. A lovely young maiden ghost glided over to him, her long dark hair swirling as if underwater. She laid her pointer finger between eyes.

“He is indeed a Silence Speaker,” The girl confirmed. There was an outbreak of muttering.

“Something must be done about this! He is not fit! He is a child!” Roared a gruff bartender.