HALLOWEEN

This is the tale of Mary Green
And what happened at Halloween.
Now Mary was but nine years old
But used to do what she was told,
When shopping with her Mum, she saw
Halloween adverts by the score,
Plus lots of different kinds of treats
Including scary bags of sweets;
But there was something she really longed for:
A lit-up pumpkin face at their front door,
So into the market with Mum she went
Where some money on a pumpkin was spent:
At home it was the turn of Dad
Who, with the sharpest knife he had
Began to disgorge the pumpkin's core
And untidily dropped bits on the floor,
Soon the eyes and the nose had been cut out
But, then, with the mouth Dad let out a shout,
The knife had slipped from his fingers, and
Much blood was now pouring over his hand!
"Leave it on the pumpkin," shouted Mary,
"It will make the pumpkin look more scary!"

What should she wear on Halloween night
To give the neighbours such a fright?
"I'd like to be a wicked witch," she thought
And so a large black pointed hat was bought,
And then beneath the hat something nasty
A skeleton face looking quite ghastly;
And when it came to a trick or a treat
Some black plastic spiders with hairy feet;
Came the night and accompanied by Mum
She started off on the neighbourhood run,
Not many tricks were needed in the streets
For her bag began to be filled with treats;
After an hour, her Mum said "It is time
To go back home, as it's now after nine."

Into the dining room Mary took her bag,
At which Dad said, "It looks like a burglar's swag,"
As she tipped it over she let out a scream
For there was the largest spider ever seen,
With its gangly legs and two large bulging eyes,
It opened its mouth and then shouted, "Surprise!
Here I am, just for you, young Mary Green
To wish you a real frightful Halloween!"

Peter Smith