

Gram Says

How about a Halloween story for the children? It is October and soon we will celebrate Halloween or All Saints Day. So let's listen while I tell you my story.

It was a perfect fall day. The leaves of all colors were hurrying to make a cross patch quilt upon the lawn and as I started for a walk the leaves under my feet seemed to say, don't disturb us, now we rest.

Following the tracks made by the recently planted fields I could see where the seeds had been awakened by the rain. All around me were rows of green rye and barley. On the other side of these fields were the blue green waters of the creek and winding through the nearby field the clear waters of the spring filled with pungent water cress.

As I walked on to the mouth of the cave it was this spring of cold water, that gushed forth bringing with it lazy music, as it journeyed down through the field and into the creek. It was a dreamy melody and I sat down on a rock and dipped an old tin cup into the water. Leaning back against an ancient old oak I rested, sipped the water, then closed my eyes to shut out the bright sun.

I must have floated off into a dream world for as I opened my eyes before me stood a little old man. He was short, had a brown wrinkled skin and from under a high pointed hat, beamed a pair of sharp brown eyes, which seemed to be laughing at me. His little waist coat was of a pumpkin yellow, his pantaloons of brown gathered at the knees and his black stockings with long pointed toes made me think I had seen him pictured in a fairy tale book. I blinked at him and he saw I was surprised.

"Did I awaken you?" he asked. "No I don't think so," I answered. I was just listening to the music which seemed to be floating with the water, coming from the cave.

He removed his funny hat and long straight, black hair fell down over his shoulders. He said, the music you hear coming from the cave is a concert to be given by the witches and goblins on Halloween evening.

"Are you a witch?", I exclaimed. "Yes," he smiled reassuringly. Then he added, I know you have always heard that we witches were a bad lot. That we practice black magic and even scare little children, then he laughed, such a good natured laugh that I found myself laughing with him. I knew if he were a witch, he was a good one. I think, he continued, you should hear something about the witch family. I agreed.

He picked up that tall hat again and pulled it down over his head, then he sat down at mouth of cave and this was his story. The music seemed to gush, and tumble over the rocks as he said, "I am Mr. Witch." It is always my wife, Mrs. Witch, who on Halloween rides on her broom stick, over the housetops and trees.

He chuckled, "But where do you think she gets those broom sticks?" You know, he mused, we witches and goblins live in the hills and hollows, of course my family settled in the Ozarks and he smiled and said, you live here too.

I sipped my cup of cold water and listened.

Our food consists of strawberries, wild plums, water cress with many kinds of nuts as the hazel, hickory and walnut. Then we also like grains and we must not forget the persimmon and paw-paw. I imagine
(To Be Continued)