

A LITTLE HALLOWEEN

BY: JONATHAN IAN MATHERS

©JIM

ill
WILL
PRESS
.com

THIS IS A STORY
ABOUT A GIRL NAMED PAULINE
WHO LIVED FOR ONE HOLIDAY,
THAT DAY...



HALLOWEEN



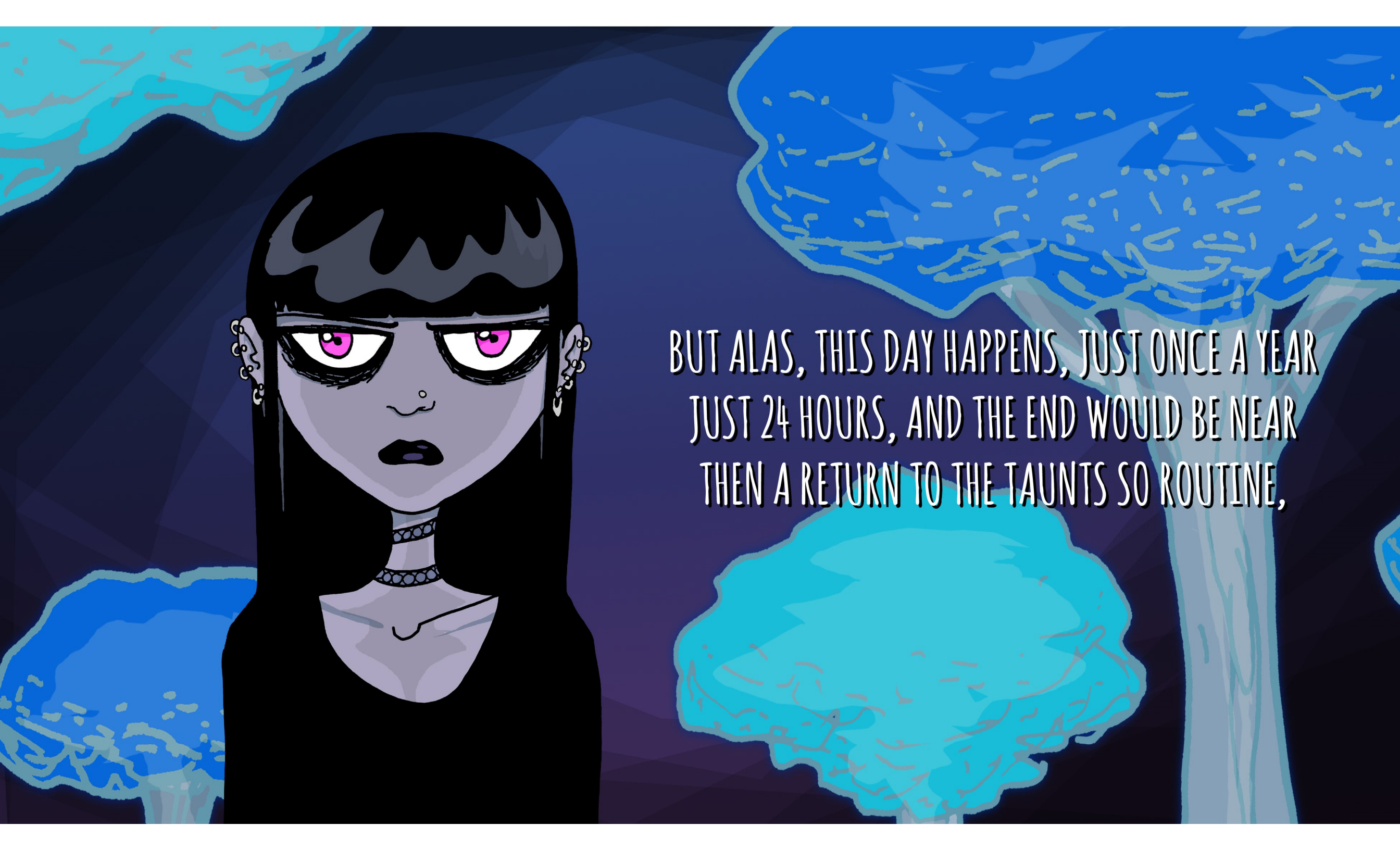
SHE RELISHED THE DAY, AND LOVED IT, IT'S TRUE
FOR SHE COULD WALK FREELY OUTSIDE,
WITH HER COMPLEXION SO BLUE.





NO ONE WOULD NOTICE
OR STARE WITH THEIR EYES
IT WAS PERFECTLY FINE,
TO LOOK LIKE SHE DIED.

AND IT DID NOT MUCH MATTER,
THAT SHE TALKED IN SOFT WHISPERS
FOR IT ALL SEEMED TO WORK,
WITH THIS “COSTUME” THAT FIT HER.



BUT ALAS, THIS DAY HAPPENS, JUST ONCE A YEAR
JUST 24 HOURS, AND THE END WOULD BE NEAR
THEN A RETURN TO THE TAUNTS SO ROUTINE,

THE CROWDS OF NEANDERTHALS SHOUTING,

“HEY! IT'S NOT
HALLOWEEN!”



OH...

POOR, LITTLE PAULINE.





BUT, “WHAT IF?”, SHE THOUGHT,
“I COULD EXTEND THIS ONE DAY?”
“PERHAPS CAST A SPELL
AND MAKE IT A PERMANENT STAY.”

SHE RESEARCHED FOR SOME SPELLS
AND CAME UP WITH ONE CLUE...





A VAGUE INCANTATION...

“A LITTLE HALLOWEEN,
ALWAYS BE WITH YOU.”

IT WAS THE BEST SHE HAD SEEN, AND ALL SHE COULD FIND
AND SHE COULDN'T BE PICKY, WITH SO LITTLE TIME.



FOR THE CLOCK KEPT ON TICKING, AND THE HOUR WAS NIGH
FOR HALLOWEEN NIGHT, WAS SOON TO GO BY.

SO SHE TOOK THE INSIDES FROM A FRESHLY CARVED PUMPKIN,
MIXING SPICES AND SEEDS, WHILE WHISPERING SOMETHING.
A SPELL HAD BEEN MUTTERED, AND MAGIC THEN CAST,
WHILE FOG DID ARISE FROM HER CAULDRON OF TASK.



KRAA

BOOM!



A STILLNESS AND SILENCE
FOLLOWED A THUNDEROUS ROAR
WOULD THIS HALLOWEEN LAST,
FOREVERMORE?



SHE PEERED INTO DARKNESS WITH HOPES AT A LOW
AND NOTICED SMALL MOVEMENTS FROM SOMETHING UNKNOWN





FROM THE FOG DID ARISE
A SMALL LITTLE CREATURE,
UNKNOWN TO THIS WORLD,
BUT WITH FAMILIAR FEATURES...

IT WAS A SMALL, LITTLE PUMPKIN. HE TALKED! HE'S ALIVE!
AND WITH A THICK NEW YORK ACCENT, SAID...

HEY, I'M
PUM'KIN
GUUUYYYY!



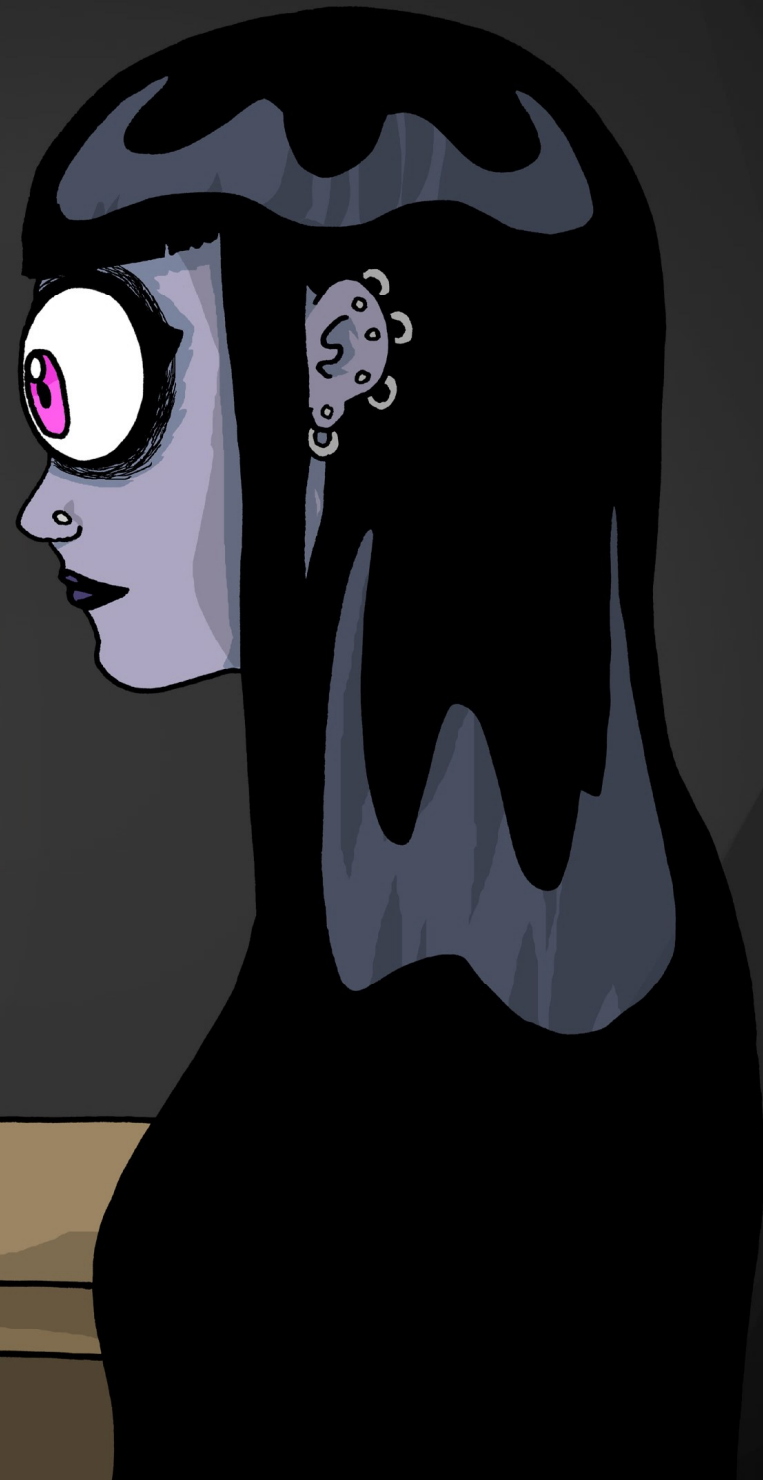
PAULINE LOOKED CONFUSED
AND WAS LOST FOR HER WORDS.
“A SMALL PUMPKIN GUY?
WELL, THIS IS ABSURD!”



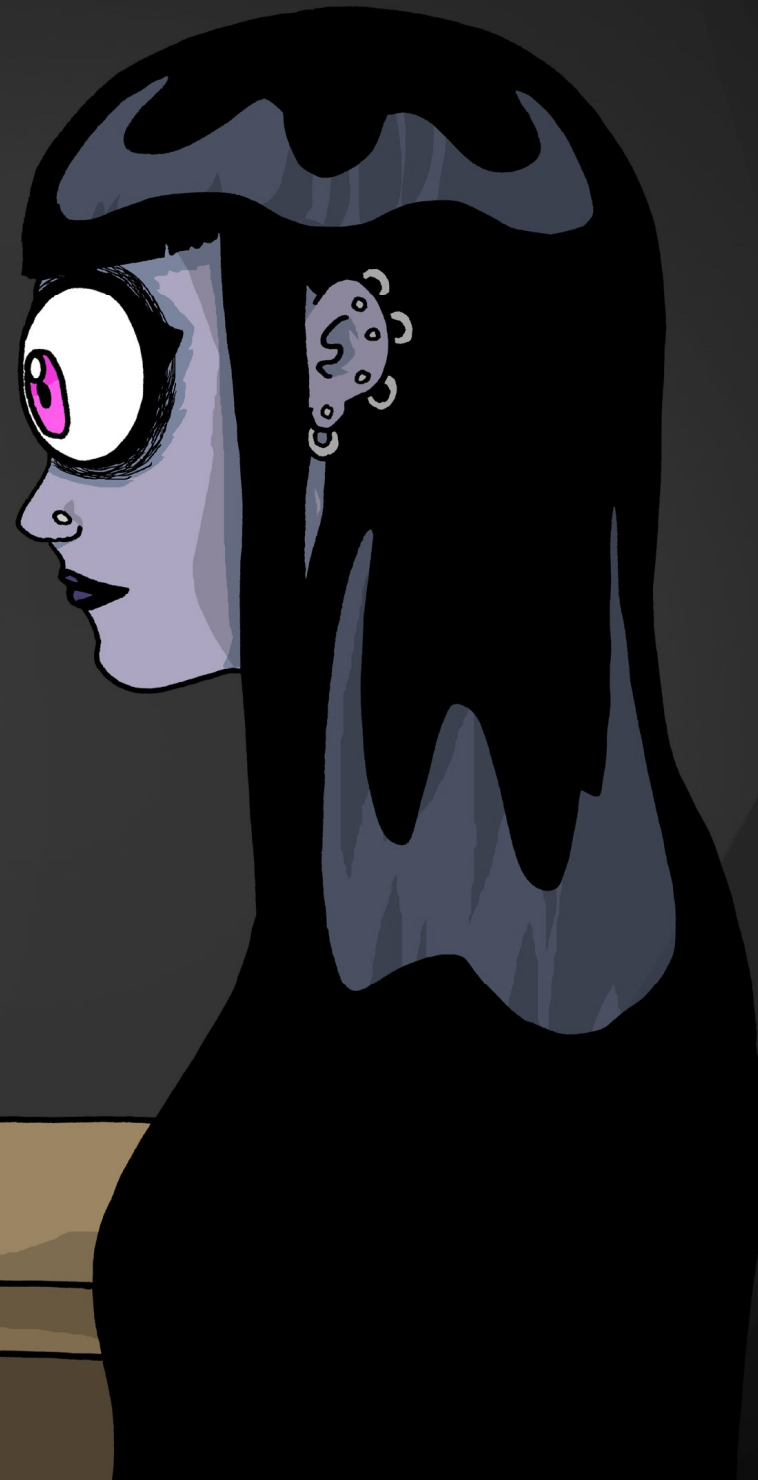
BUT THE SPELL CAST SO VAGUE
MERELY STATED THE TRUTH
“A LITTLE HALLOWEEN,
WILL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU.”



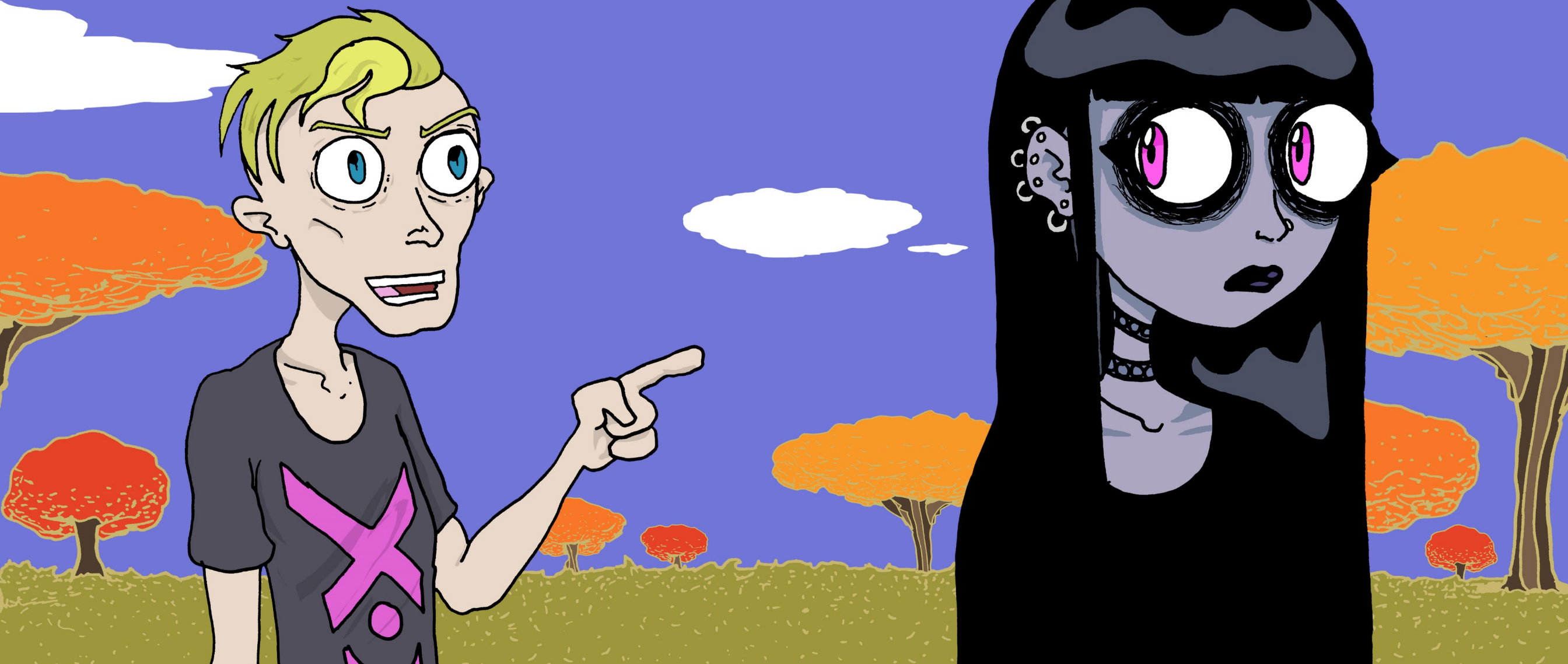
HALLOWEEN DIDN'T LAST
BEYOND 12 A.M.
TOMORROW, THE SAME,
ALL OVER AGAIN.



BUT WITH A SLIGHT VARIATION
TO THE INSULTS AND SLURS
PAULINE NOW HAD A FRIEND
THAT STUCK UP FOR HER.



ALTHOUGH SHE NOW KNEW, SHE'D NEVER FIT IN,
SPEAKING IN WHISPERS, AND ICY BLUE SKIN.



IT WASN'T SO BAD FOR SHE HAD A FRIEND AT HER KNEE
CONSTANTLY YELLING,





YOU
GOT A PROBLEM WITH HER...
YOU GOT A PROBLEM
WITH ME!

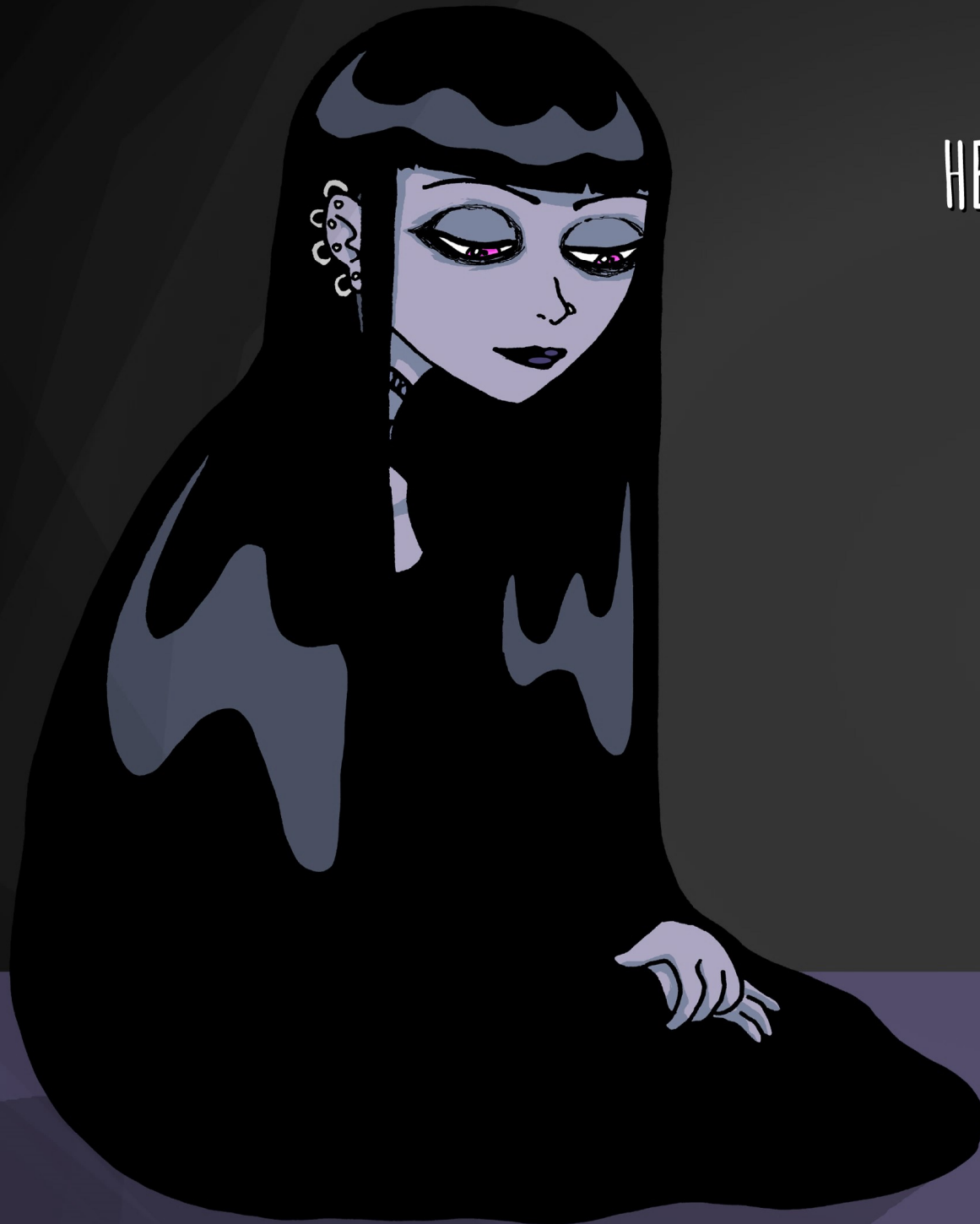
ALRIGHT?


LET'S
NOT GET PHYSICAL
OVER THIS!

SO SHE SAT WITH THE CREATURE,
AND WHISPERED HER CARES
WHILE HE LISTENED, AMUSED,
AND JUDGED NOT A HAIR.



HE ACCEPTED HER STRANGENESS,
BLUE SKIN AND ALL.
FOR HE HAD A GRAND HEART,
FOR SOMETHING SO SMALL.





THEY BONDED SO TIGHTLY
NOTHING COULD TEAR THEM APART.
FOR THEIR FRIENDSHIP GREW STRONGER
THEN SOCIETIES TAUNTS.

EVEN THROUGH TIMES
THAT SEEMED AT THEIR BLEAKEST
THEY BOTH FOUND THEIR STRENGTH
IN EACH OTHERS UNIQUENESS

BELIEVE ME I KNOW,
IT'S THE STRANGEST OF TALES,
A SMALL TALKING PUMPKIN
AND A GIRL WITH SKIN PALE.

BUT...

JUST LOOK TO THE PUMPKINS
FOR THIS LEGEND OF TRUE
AND A LITTLE HALLOWEEN,
WILL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU.





I WANT
CANDY.



LITTLE HALLOWEEN

MEET PAULINE. AN ODD, YOUNG OUTCAST, WHO'S FAVORITE HOLIDAY IS HALLOWEEN.
FOR THOSE 24 HOURS, NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE THAT SHE'S DIFFERENT. HER ICY BLUE
SKIN AND WHISPERS SEEMS TO GO UNNOTICED BY THOSE AROUND HER AND FOR
THOSE BRIEF MOMENTS SHE FEELS COMFORTABLE WITH THE WORLD AROUND HER.
BUT ALAS, IT'S ONLY FOR THAT ONE DAY...

UNLESS...
SHE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY
TO MAKE HALLOWEEN,
LAST FOREVER...