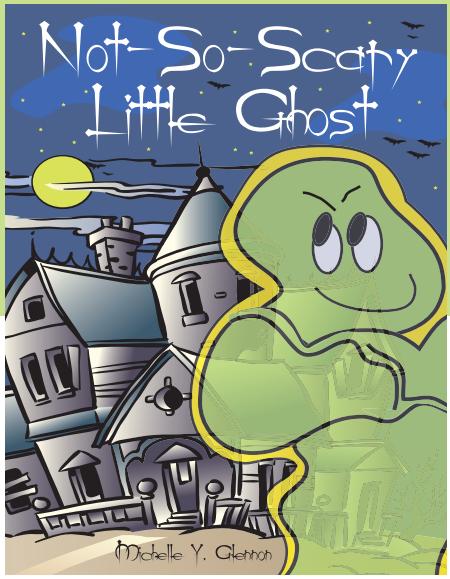
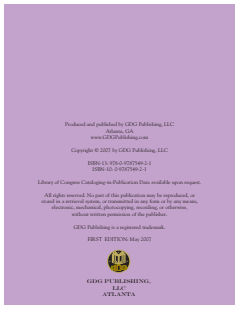


A Look Inside

Not-So-Scary Little Ghost

WRITTEN BY MICHELLE GLENNON



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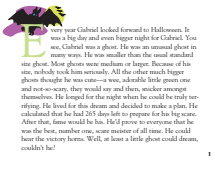


Every year Gabriel looked forward to Halloween. It was a big day and even bigger night for Gabriel. You see, Gabriel was a ghost. He was an unusual ghost in many ways. He was smaller than the usual standard size ghost. Most ghosts were medium or larger. Because of his size, nobody took him seriously. All the other much bigger ghosts thought he was cute—a wee, adorable little green one and not-so-scary, they would say and then, snicker amongst themselves. He longed for the night when he could be truly terrifying. He lived for this dream and decided to make a plan. He calculated that he had 265 days left to prepare for his big scare. After that, fame would be his. He'd prove to everyone that he was the best, number one, scare minister of all time. He could hear the victory horns. Well, at least a little ghost could dream, couldn't he!

"Halloween is an only day to shine and you are aiming it for the rest of us. We ask you to halt immediately and refrain from any scaring activities until October 31st. Please Gabriel, have a little respect!" Wilmesana blurted out a final incet of disgust and took a long, deep breath and vanished behind. Gabriel could say, "yes, ma'am."

It was then that Gabriel noticed his neighbors' yard. They were fussing over their garden of flowers again. Gabriel thought this would be a great opportunity to practice some of his skills. He liked his neighbors very much and he would have to make sure that nobody would find out who was behind such brilliant trickery.

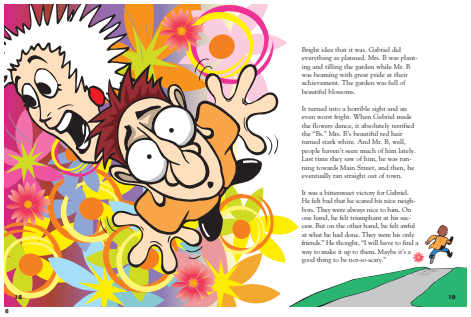
Gabriel plan was to dig a hole in his yard and then, tunnel his way to their yard. While he was under their garden, he would make all the flowers spring out of their soil and dance and twirl in mid air around Mr. and Mrs. B. Oh, Gabriel was delighted and desired to really do a scareful good job. He felt very confident. Besides, it was Halloween.

Gabriel thought, this Halloween would be his greatest triumph. He designed a completely different lot of scaring techniques. He didn't want to be like the other much larger ghosts that do their typical haunting. He found their relentless "hooting" and "rattling" quite uninspiring and rather on the boring side. Oh no, his scare tactics would be much more clever. They would make up for his lack of size.

He dreamed of all his potential victims shaking at first, then the screams and then, the finale, the running away horrified. Gabriel dreamt about it all. "Oh," he thought, "I'm going to be perfectly goooolish. I'm sure I'll get a trophy or ribbon of some sort. Perhaps some kind of prize, or something."

But Gabriel was not defeated. He went to his favorite thinking place—the nearby graveyard and spent the night working out his new plan; "Let's see," he thought, "Halloween is right around the corner. I don't have much time. I will have to be quiet about it."

First, he would concentrate his efforts on his costume. It needed to be a harrowing sight. Gabriel first tried on a man-eating alligator. Nope. Then, he tried a ghost. The sheet was too big and he looked pitiful! A thieving pirate was just not right either. Perhaps, a vengeful alien would do. Nope, again. "Wait, I've got it!" A stroke of genius swept over him. He danced around and around singing, "wait till I answer the door, wait till I answer the door, what a perfect treat I'll have in store." Gabriel sang and sang however, shhhhhhh, very quietly.



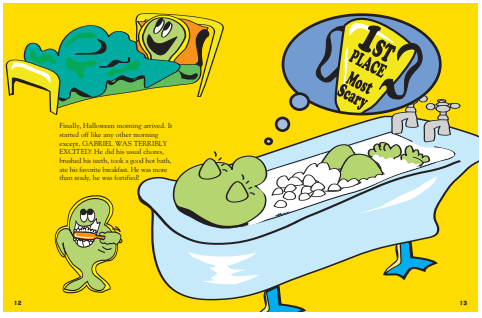
Bright idea that it was. Gabriel did everything as planned. Mrs. B was planting and tilling the garden while Mr. B was beaming with great pride at their achievement. The garden was full of beautiful blossoms.

It turned into a horrible sight and an even worst fright. When Gabriel made the flowers dance, it absolutely terrified the "Bs." Mrs. B's beautiful red hair turned stark white. And Mr. B, well, people haven't seen much of him lately. Last time they saw of him, he was running towards Main Street, and then, he eventually ran straight out of town.

It was a bittersweet victory for Gabriel. He felt bad that he scared his nice neighbors. They were always nice to him. On one hand, he felt triumphant at his success. But on the other hand, he felt awful at what he had done. They were his only friends." He thought, "I will have to find a way to make it up to them. Maybe it's a good thing to be not-so-scary."

He thought he would begin by working on his vocal techniques—a ghost's great claim to fame—his "boo." First, he needed a lot of practice. His "boos" were too sweet, too soprano. He required a lot of practice to make his "boos" sound deep, low and rumbling—like thunder in the distance. Gabriel practiced day and night on his creepiest and most horrifying "boos." He thought, "oh, I can't wait to try this out on my unsuspecting prey." After long weeks, even months of practice, he felt confident that he had mastered his single most petrifying and ghastly sound sure to turn everything and everyone to stone.

He had mastered quite an earth-shattering, glass-breaking, "BAAAAAAAUUU-UUUUUUU!"
It went on and on and on and on until, without notice, the ol' vile witch Wilmesana appeared out of nowhere. She was on a mission to put an end to Gabriel's endless serenade. It was the most fearful sounds she had ever heard in her entire career. She just couldn't take it anymore.



"The 'Not-So-Scary Gabriel' will return after Halloween. But for now, I have saved the best for last— the icing on the cake and a real cherry on the top," he thought. "He'd have them running back screaming year after year, 'oh, scare maestro, more, more!' "

He would take position in a hole in his front yard. One by one, trick or treaters would peer through the front gate but nobody would come up to the front door. He waited all night long, nobody would venture up to his creepy porch. "His daunting decorations were too good, too spooky," he suspected. He poked is head out for the last time to see if he had any unsuspecting victims. Alas, a threesome looked like they were going to take the bait. It was the neighbor kids. Gabriel didn't want to scare them but it was too late. They were headed up the path and they looked terrified.

The little unsuspecting darlings were dressed as Little Red Riding Hood, Frankenstein and a Bunny. Frankenstein and the Bunny slowly made their way to the porch as a fearful Little Red Riding Hood stayed back and stood guard.

"Gabriel, quiet!" Wilmesana hollered over Gabriel's rantings. "Will you please stop this minute. You will wake the poor dead with your dreadful sounds. You must put an end to this immediately or I will have to take drastic measures."

Gabriel stopped immediately.

"Now, we all had a meeting," Wilmesana continued.

"Who, what meeting?" a whimper escaped from Gabriel.

"Oh, you know, the inner core of ghouls, other larger ghosts than yourself, the goblins, of course. Oh, and the Trolls. Let's see, only Wendy could make it for the Werewolfs, and, oh yes, Vicky, Vlad's only blood relative made an appearance," reported the witch.

"What did you talk about?" he shied out.

"Well, you, of course. You're ruining it for the rest of us. The neighborhood is falling apart. What will we have to look forward too?" she said, exasperated.

Then, Gabriel readied his house with all kinds of spooky decorations. Tactic number one was a frightful enterprise of awful skeletons that hung from his roof tops that swung in the wind. He would make sure his pumpkins had an extra ugly and snarling face—something so grotesque that mere mortals will cringe. Unsuspecting trick or treaters would get a deliciously gross slime ejected when they rang his doorbell.

Further, he slathered a foul smelling brew all over the front porch. Gabriel smeared in his own genius. He let out a small and soft "boo" in honor of his

Gabriel pretended to be a hunchback. Adding to the drama, was Gabriel's head was served on a platter. He added by letting out a harrowing and gut wrenching "wheaaa