

## Halloween

I am sitting by the window of my room, looking into somewhere in the distance. The night, as a black scarf is wrapping the day slowly, which is going to have a rest. The moon is shining brightly behind the hill like a yellow gold coin. It is quiet behind the house in the garden, as well as in the field, the nature is in some strange dream. It seems as peace has captured the whole world this night. I'm sitting and looking at the clock while the clock arrows are quietly moving one behind the other. Here they are, they have hugged, shaken hands and each of them has gone on their own ways. Something is boiling up inside me like a volcano, it makes me feel anxious, a strange feeling of uneasiness overwhelms me. It's midnight. The clock is ticking loudly, killing this awful silence. I look towards the window, and see a ferocious woman dressed in black, following my every move. I retreat to a corner of my room, closing my eyes and hoping this is just a bad dream. The little pumpkin which is on the table in my room, starts to move. I open my eyes and my voice sticks in my throat. The window is wide open, and unknown figures dressed in black have gathered in my room, flying like swallows in the air. They are coming closer to me, taking my hand, throwing me on the old broom and we are going to some strange night party. I don't speak, I'm just flying on the broomstick, next to a person whose face I can't see. Only his blue eyes are lighting our way. Below us I can see a field full of ripe pumpkins. We have just landed, and they all glow like living creatures and run across the field. From the sky, a flock of bats have joined this strange party. I'm trembling, dumb, scared, but protected by all these strange friends. I turn around, and monuments are around me that look like alive, walking, dead bodies rising from their eternal resting places. I wish to meet my ancestors. This evening everything is alive, everything is moving, the world is changing. The anxiety is slowly going away. Here is also Casper, who slowly coming closer to me, caressing my face gently. The witches, that made my blood run cold, are dancing strangely now with me. The bats like decorations are attached on my body making strange sounds. The pumpkins in which the souls of the dead seem to be sheltered, are brightening the wide field. The moon is blinking in the distance. You think that the whole hill is on fire, and no one can stop the fire. I don't feel anything, but time flows like water in the river without turning back. Flying on my broom, I enter some strange castle in which fear and terror are the main allies this night. I'm looking from the window of the castle, and in front of me the branches of an old oak tree are winding. I'm coming closer to it, he gives me his hand throwing me between his branches. The leaves are caressing me, touching me, trying to pluck out a hair. Ugh, here is the apple tree full of ripe fruits in which the souls of the dead are hidden. With its eyes wide open, it does not allow me to get close to her. A cursed apple tree. The golden apple is in it, and the cure for the sleeping beauty is hidden in it, which is kept by the evil wizard in the chambers of the cursed castle. If only I could pick that apple and save that poor girl. But the apple tree is always awake, lurking, not allowing even a shadow to fall on the golden apple. The white spirit is my only bright spot in this heavy darkness. He pulls me along, giving me the strength to face the harsh reality of this hideous night. I'm not afraid, I enjoy, I enjoy

this hideous darkness, in which even the blood in my body freezes. I want this to last forever. In such enchantment, I notice how a decomposed human body is coming near me. Ugh, he was probably killed in the war. I'm giving him my hand, we're climbing on the broom and flying together into the sky. While flying, I don't notice that the moon starts slowly to disappear, and the clean sunlight slowly wakes up behind the hill. I open my eyes, then I close them, open them again and want all this to last forever. I look out the window at the field full of pumpkins, but all of them are calm. I'm looking for the old woman at the window, but she is not there either. Where is my flying broom, my friend from the war, the bats, that strange castle? Was it all just a dream? I look at the calendar facing the reality that I won't have this exciting dream until next year when fear and horror will be the main allies of a night where witches have the upper hand. Until then, only memories will live on, and that little pumpkin that will always remind me of this stormy and unforgettable night.

**Made by**

**Nemanja Jordanov VIII-2**

**OOU "Kiril i Metodij" – Stajkovci, Skopje**