**All Hallows Eve**BY Hooked6

**Part 1**
Okay, I’ve just got to tell you guys what I did this Halloween weekend! I can’t believe what happened. It went like this.

“So are you in or out?” asked my good friend Darla. She had been working on me for two weeks trying to get me to go to this Halloween Party at a friend of hers’ place.

“I don’t know,” I said trying my best not to be a wet blanket and dampen her enthusiasm. Halloween was like one of her favorite events of the year. She always dressed up to the max and really got into it. If there was a party or haunted house or special get together anywhere in the community she was there and a major part of it.

“Common Beth, Halloween is this weekend and I really don’t want to go alone. It will be fun, you’ll see.”

“Aw, Darla . . . I don’t have a costume and it’s way too late to try and rent one and besides, I really don’t party that much anymore. I have a quiet home life and I’m happy just to spend the evening reading a good book. You know how it is.”

“Sure, I know how it is but you really DO need to get out more and make time to enjoy yourself.”

I could see the disappointment in her eyes but I just didn’t want to go. “I DO enjoy myself on Halloween. I LIKE staying home and giving out candy to the neighborhood kids.”

“Oh, you can still do that. Halloween isn’t until Sunday and the party is Friday night. You can party with me on Friday AND stay home on Sunday and see all the Trick-or-Treaters too. Come on Beth, I know you want to. You’ll have fun you’ll see.”

“Yeah what am I supposed to wear anyway? I’m not going as something lame and there’s not time to arrange anything. No, I’d better stay home. You go and have a good time.”

“I’ve got just the costume for you and I’m sure it will fit. You just show up here Friday night at 6:00pm and I’ll take care of everything. The party’s not until 8:30 so we’ve got plenty of time.”

Darla never went to this much trouble trying to talk me into something – practically applying the full-court press – unless it was something that was really important to her. I really didn’t want to hurt her feelings as she was such a good friend. It was true that I didn’t really get out all that much anymore. Life has a way of filling your calendar with trivial things that tend to suck the “fun” out of everything. Maybe she was right, that I did owe it to myself to get out of the house more often. “Okay, you win,” I finally said much to her delight, “but you had better come up with something good for a costume or I’ll change my mind and I’ll go back home.”

From the squeal she let out you would have thought she had just won the lottery. Seeing my friend so happy really made me feel good. I liked making people feel good. There’s just something about me that makes me want to please others whenever I can, so maybe I was doing the right thing after all. I turned to leave but decided just out of curiosity that I just had to ask one little question.

“By the way, Darla what are you going as?”

“Who me; why I’m going as a ghost, what else?”
“Lame. Man was that lame.” I thought to myself as I shook my head in disbelief. I sure hope she was going to come up with something better than that for me.

The following Friday I showed up right on time – 6:00 o’clock. I’m always the punctual type and I hate to be late for anything. Darla, of course, wasn’t quite ready. Figures. I hung around her living-room as she finished her primping anxiously awaiting what she was going to show me as my outfit for the evening.

When she finally made an appearance she looked stunning and I told her so. “Too bad your ghost costume will hide all that work you’ve done just to make yourself look good,” I teased. “So what am I going as?”

“Sit down a minute, Beth, I want to talk to you about something first.”

I didn’t like the sound of that. “You don’t have a clue what to do for my costume do you?”

“Oh I have a costume for you to wear but I want to chat first. We’ve got a little time.”

“Oh, okay, sorry. What do you want to chat about?”

“Do you remember back in high school when . . .”

“NO I’m NOT going as Lady Godiva so you can just forget it!”

Darla just laughed and said still giggling, “No, you’re NOT going as Lady Godiva so relax, will ya?”

“What am I going as then?”

“Geesh, take it easy or you’ll blow a gasket already. You’re going as the Great Pumpkin, now will you let me finish?”

Good grief, as Charlie Brown would say. The Great Pumpkin, how lame! Just what I needed, to arrive at a party like a fat vegetable!! “Sorry, it’s just that, you KNOW why I quit being a nudie-risk taker and that was scary enough for me. I’m retired and that’s that.”

“Yeah I know, but I was just wondering if you ever missed the fun. I know I do just watching you back then!”

She had me there. I DID miss that feeling of excitement and the thrill of it all but my life has changed now and I’m not about to risk it. Nope I’m retired and I told her so – firmly this time.

We sat there in silence for a few minutes just looking at each other. I for one wanted to know where she was going with this and I had no clue why she was asking me this. Perhaps she was thinking of trying it out for herself. Yeah, maybe that was it! She never really did that back then – get naked I mean. “Darla, are you thinking of maybe doing some streaking yourself? THAT’S A WONDERFUL IDEA!! I’ll help you all I can!!”

My friend turned all puce and swallowed hard. “No, I’m not sure I’m brave enough for that. I was just wondering, hypothetically mind you, that IF, and I know this is a BIG ‘IF’, but . . . IF you could get naked again and there was NO possible way you could get into trouble, would you do it?”

I sat there pondering her question but the answer I gave was “no.”

“Not even if there was no possible way anyone would recognize you or as I said for you to get into any kind of trouble?”

“Nice thought but that’s not possible. There are always risks and I’m not really willing to take them, so can we get on with turning me into that Great Pumpkin whatcha-ma-jiggie?”

“Oh alright, you spoil sport. I was just reminiscing ya know. I’ll go and get your costume. In the meantime why don’t you take off your clothes? I’ll be right back.”

To say I was taken aback would be an understatement. True, Darla has seen me naked several times back in the day but, “Why do I have to take my clothes off?”

“Because silly, you can’t wear them AND your costume too, now get a move on.”

I felt that old familiar twinge welling up from deep inside me as she left me and headed for her bedroom. I didn’t see that coming, that’s for sure! My pulse quickened ever so slightly and I felt a little flushed. I hadn’t felt that way since . . . well, since I was back in high school a couple of years ago and Darla made that video of me roaming around naked! Okay, maybe I wasn’t really over my little need-to-be-nude hidden desires. At least I wasn’t going to be Lady Godiva and it WAS only Darla. What the heck, a little flashing my panties in front of a close friend wasn’t so bad I thought. Being a little naughty might be nice for a change.

I took off my street clothes and tossed them on the couch. Just then Darla came back with a huge plastic bag which I assumed had the makings of my costume as I stood there in my bra and panties. I admit this was a bit “stimulating” just a little like old times.

“No Beth, take EVERYTHING off. This won’t work with ugly panty lines ya know.

WHOA! “You mean get completely naked, like here?! Right now?!” I sounded like a retard saying that, but I just wasn’t prepared for her request.

“Yes, what’s the big deal? I’ve seen you naked before and you have a beautiful body so there’s nothing to be ashamed of. Now get a move on will ya?”

She stood there staring at me waiting for me to finish undressing. The fact that she was just standing there was really awkward. I mean if she had turned her attention to whatever was in the bag or had been rummaging around, it wouldn’t have been so . . . so . . . oh alright so darned arousing!

I was reminded of the time I was in the mall as she waited for me strip naked – one eye on the dressing room and one well-trained eye on me! I relished that feeling. Those were good times I can tell you. Yeah and then those teenage boys caught me naked! BAM! Back to reality! Why did I have to think of that now?! I took off my bra and begrudgingly stepped out of my panties and tossed them with my other clothes as I self-consciously covered myself with my arms.

“My! You haven’t changed a bit! YOU STILL ROCK!” Darla said with much enthusiasm and an evil grin to match. I knew she was complimenting my body. She had always said I was drop-dead gorgeous. I didn’t feel I looked as good as I did back then mind you, but the look on Darla's face said otherwise. It’s always nice to be appreciated.

“Alright, let’s get on with it,” I said nervously.

Darla smiled and reached into the giant dark plastic bag and pulled out a rather large plastic, orange Jack-o-lantern. The kind you would put on your front porch at Halloween. “Here put this on your head.” She said.

“What the . . .?”

“See it has a hole cut out on the bottom. Just put your head through it. I want to see if it fits before going further.” She then handed me the plastic pumpkin thingy and I put it on my head and it rested gently on my shoulders. To my surprise, it actually fit. It had a screen-like thing over the cut outs for the eyes. I found that I could actually see fairly well. Initially I was also afraid that I wouldn’t be able to breathe but as it turned out I could breathe rather easily.

She was laughing as she took my hand. “Here check yourself out in this full-length mirror on bedroom door.” She then carefully led me barefoot across the carpet and down the hall to her bedroom door. When I saw myself I just had to laugh too. I looked, well . . . I looked funny! I loved it! It wasn’t so lame after all. My new pumpkin head was much, much bigger than my own head of course and the out-of-proportion size to the rest of my body was kind of neat looking. I couldn’t help but admire her ingenuity.

“Not bad,” I said in a muffled voice calling out from behind my plastic head.

Darla laughed all the more. ‘YOU LOOK FABULOUS! Can you see okay?”

“Yeah, I really can.”

“Can you tell by looking at yourself in the mirror that it is you behind that pumpkin head?”

“Heck no, I look like the Great . . . OH NOW WAIT JUST A DOGGONE MINUTE!!!!! I see what you’re up to and I’m not . . .”

Darla just laughed. “Oh Beth, stop kidding yourself. You know as well as I do that as soon as you saw yourself in that mirror naked except for that ridiculous over-sized Jack-o-lantern for a head that you thought about showing up at the party like that! Come on, admit it, you at least thought about it didn’t you? Imagine being naked in front few people and no one can ever tell it is you!!”

I stepped closer to the mirror and tried to stare through my plastic head and I couldn’t even see my eyes. The screen-like mesh over the triangular-shaped eye-holes just made them look like black triangles - like a jack-o-lantern’s eyes were supposed to look. There was no way even I could tell it was me and I KNEW it was me! As soon as I had come to that conclusion I got wet. A little voice in my head gave me a bazillion reasons why this was insane. I couldn’t go to a party naked!!!!

Could I?

Darla gave me a hug as I stood there looking at myself in the mirror. It was almost as if she KNEW I was thinking it over.

“Just think, the old Bethmeister rides again!”
“The old Bethmeister needs to have her Pumpkin – I mean HEAD examined! I can’t do that. You’re out of your mind! It’s a nice thought and I appreciate the sentiment, I really do, but . . .”

“But nothing. You know as well as I do that you’re dying to know if you can get away with it. Just think, you’ll be at a costume party and everyone will be dressed up and having a good time. You’re SUPPOSED to be daring at a costume party. No one will think anything of it. If fact you’ll probably be the hit of the party!”

“I can’t go NAKED?! Are you CRAZY?!”

“Sure you can. You just walk in there in a confident and animated fashion. You don’t have to say anything. You just act like those team mascots or those theme park animal characters do if anyone asks you a question. You know - just make exaggerated motions with your arms and hands” she said, holding her arms up to her face like she was being playful.

I looked back at the mirror and copied what she had just done and I just had to laugh as it looked pretty reasonable – just like she said those crazy team mascots would do. I found myself trying out all sort of silly motions with my hands, putting on arm on my hip and scratching the top of my over-sized head. I had to laugh. It WAS really cute.

“But . . . Supposing somebody guesses it’s me in there. I can’t take that risk!”

“You aren’t going to know anybody at this party. There will only be a few people I know at work and they certainly don’t know you so they couldn’t possibly guess. You don’t have any distinguishing features so as far as they are concerned you’re just a beautiful looking, naked Great Pumpkin. Besides I’ll stick by you and if anyone is persistent about trying to guess I’ll throw them off track. You KNOW I think quickly on my feet.”

“I don’t know . . .” I couldn’t believe I was actually THINKING about it. How stupid was that?! Still, I DID look good in that mirror and the longer I stood there naked with that head on my shoulders, the more excited I was getting. That old familiar feeling wasn’t just tempting me – it was SCREAMING at me!!! Just imagining myself at a strange place among strange people all seeing my body naked . . . AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

“Come on, let’s just try it. If you are uncomfortable I’ll fake a cell phone call and say we have to leave.”

“How many people are going to be there did you say?”

“I’m not really sure but I can’t imagine there being very many and like I said they won’t have a clue as to who you are. Just think of the story you could write for IndianOutlaw’s story board! You said yourself you were running out of material.”

I kept looking at myself in the mirror. I even found myself turning this way and that checking out how I looked from the sides and, well of course whether or not my butt was still cute! Yep! It was as cute as ever and I chuckled as I thought that.

“How do I know you won’t get carried away at this party and leave me in a precarious situation?”

“I’ll stick to you like glue, I promise! Oh Beth, this will be so much fun!!! I just know it will! It will be even BETTER than old times!!”

I could see Darla pleading with me with her eyes. Like I said before, I could tell this meant a lot to her and I knew she wouldn’t have suggested this if she didn’t think it was safe and that I could get away with it. Even if people took pictures all they’d see was the Great Naked Pumpkin.

“Okay, I’ll do it . . . on ONE CONDITION!”

“YIPPEEEE!” Darla exclaimed at the top of her voice.

“I’ll do it, IF you go NAKED under your Ghost costume!! That way I’ll truly know we are in this together!!”

You should have seen the look on her face!!

**Part 2**
To my utter surprise she agreed! Darla actually said she would go naked under her costume. She went into the other room and shortly after returned wearing her costume – a large floor-length ghostly sheet with two eye holes cut out for her to see out of.

I didn’t believe her so I made her show me that she was naked under the sheet. SHE WAS!! Of course the little rat only gave me a peek for like a nanosecond! But, sure enough, she WAS naked.

We both waited behind her front door until the coast was clear and then bolted to her car. Unfortunately we both ran to the passenger’s side door. “What are you doing?” I asked excitedly. “This is your car – you have to drive!”

“I can’t see out of this ghost costume well enough to drive! You’ll have to drive!”

“Like I can see any better out of this oversized pumpkin head?!!”

We both stood outside the car arguing. Sure it was fine for Darla as she could stand out there and argue all night long as she was covered with her long white sheet – BUT I WAS NAKED!!”

Finally she gave in when I headed back towards her front door. She pulled the sheet over her head and piled it up in her lap so most of her body was covered and off we went. I was giggling the entire way there as Darla kept exposing her boobs as she drove and the sheer look of terror on her face was priceless as she fumbled with her sheet to recover herself! My giggling sounded funny echoing inside the plastic helmet of a head of mine which made me laugh all the more.

In no time at all we arrived at her friend’s apartment. Darla parked the car and quickly covered herself with her sheet again. I was cowering behind the passenger’s door wearily checking out the area for passersby.

“What are you doing Beth?” Everyone is going to see you naked in a few minutes anyway. Why are you hiding? Your face is covered, remember? Just buck up and walk confidently.” She then grabbed my hand and pulled me away from the car and shut and locked the door.

Standing naked under the brightly lit parking lot was excruciatingly hard for me! I mean anyone who wanted to look out their apartment window could see me naked!! Sure I had done a few daringly naked jaunts in places where the likelihood of being seen was miniscule, which I LOVED by the way, – BUT THIS? Here I was about to boldly walk into a party completely naked, well . . . almost naked, and let EVERYBODY LOOK AT WHAT I HAD!! What was I thinking?!

It was then I felt that old familiar heat rising within me and rapidly heading south that I knew why I had agreed to this! I stopped resisting my friend, who had been practically dragging me along, and tired my best to act confident. I just hoped this idea of hers was going to work and that nobody was going to be able to recognize me!!

Darla walked up three flights of stairs and around to the back of the apartment building. Although I could see well enough not to bump into anything directly in front of me, I couldn’t see the stairs well and had a hard time making my way up each step. In fact, I couldn’t really tell where we were going all that well either and was glad Darla knew the way or I would have gotten lost for sure.

We finally stopped at a door and Darla rang the bell. Hearing the sound of that bell almost made my legs quiver! I just knew that at any minute SOMEONE, some stranger hopefully, was going to open that door and see ALL of me!! I could hear music pounding away inside and several happy voices carrying on seemingly enjoying themselves. Darla rang the doorbell again and shortly thereafter a cute girl, maybe all of 21 dressed as a witch, opened the door. She smiled when she saw me and looked me up and down obviously pleased at what she saw. Be still my heart!!

“Hi guys!! Come on in! I’m so glad you came.” She put her hand on my shoulder and remarked how much she LOVED my idea for a costume!! “Oh you are DEFINITELY going to be the hit of the party, I can tell you.”

She ushered us inside and pointed out the makeshift bar and the cooler that held the beer, ran through the list of snacks and things, and then told us to help ourselves to whatever we wanted and to enjoy! I looked at all that beer in the cooler and, although I normally didn’t drink at all, I sure could have used one right then!! But, there was no way I was taking my pumpkin-head off – not even for some liquid courage!

I looked around at the guests all chatting away. It seemed everyone had noticed me but were trying not to be obvious about it. Every time I looked directly at someone who was staring at me they would quickly look away as if they had been caught with their hands in the cookie jar! I kind of liked that. At least they were all being polite about it. I had been fearing the worst and I just knew that the guys would be groping me and hitting on me as soon as I walked into the door, but so far they pretty much behaved themselves. I think that was because everyone seemed to be paired in couples and it would not be too bright for a guy to hit on me right in front of his girlfriend – even if I was basically naked! I liked that!!

I looked around the room and the place was packed!! Darla had either woefully underestimated the number of people she thought would be here OR she deliberately lied to me just to talk me into this! I am guessing there were maybe 50 people milling about and more kept coming as the doorbell kept ringing! As I was trying to calm my nerves and get used to the fact that I was so exposed in such a crowd, someone tapped me on my shoulder. It was our host. “I’m Kate. So what’s your name? I don’t believe I recognize you!” She then extended her hand offering a handshake.

Oh gawd!! My first challenge! I shrugged my shoulders in an overtly animated fashion as if to say “I don’t know,” and then playfully extended my hand to politely shake hers.

She laughed and said, “Oh I get it, you’re the mystery girl. That’s cool. It adds to the fun as we all try and guess! Having fun?”

I exaggeratedly nodded my head “yes” and she giggled all the more.

“Well I must tell you,” she said leaning closer like she didn’t want anyone else to hear, “but I am jealous of your body! Damn you are hot, girlfriend! If I had a bod like yours I’d show it off too! Just watch out for Maryellen over there, She’s really the jealous type and can be a real bitch too if she thinks you are flirting with her guy. I’d stay away from her if I were you!”

I quickly put my hands up to where my ears where supposed to be and pretended to cover them and shook my head “no” and that cracked Kate up! “You just kill me!” she said slapping her leg. “You just kill me!” She then walked off shaking her head.

I looked around for Darla and she was nowhere to be found! She promised me that she would stay by my side!! I then spotted her talking to some people across the room. Yeah, it was okay for HER to talk, as nobody could tell SHE was naked under her sheet! Well, if things took a turn for the worse for me I’d make sure everybody found out! You can count on that! There was no way I was going to get my identity exposed without her paying the price! She was supposed to protect me!

Several guys came up and told me how much they LOVED my costume. Yeah, well, I don’t know how much they loved my costume but I could tell how much they loved my BOOBS because that’s all they talked to – my boobs. I felt like shouting, “Hey guys, my face is up here!!” but even if I was brave enough to open my mouth I don’t think it would have done any good! Still, what a thrill it was to have them look at me and admire what I had! I never really thought I was all that much, but Darla has always said I was hot! She was my best friend after all, so I always just figured she was being nice. But after seeing the appreciative looks on these guys I really think she might just have been telling the truth. It was very fulfilling to watch their eyes darting from my chest to my pelvis and everywhere in between as they tried to make conversation with a mute pumpkin.

I began to get into the swing of things and started loosening up. I walked over and barged into several conversations, using my arms to playfully respond to whatever they were talking about! I must have natural acting ability because I found that being a cartoon character seemed to come easy for me. Using body language to respond to what was being said made people laugh and I felt like I was the life of the party. I worked the room – okay I know what you’re thinking and yes, at that point, I wanted to be seen. I really wanted everyone at the party to get a good look! I loved their reactions! Some were shy and tried not to look, others were really into it and the expressions on their faces as I stood inches away from them with my in your face nakedness really got me aroused. Why not make the most of it? I mean nobody could tell who I was. This was fun! Darla was right for once! I was being naughty and getting away with it! This was a shy exhibitionists dream. I was having such a good time.

I was taken aback a bit, however, when I saw the first guy at the party pull out his cell phone and was pointing it at me! PICTURES!!! I instinctly crouched over and covered myself just as he took the picture which made everyone laugh. “Look everybody – a shy pumpkin!!” he said as he showed the photo around the room.

“Oh how CUTE!!” one girl said, “I want one. Hey could you do that pose again?” she asked enthusiastically as she whipped out her own phone.

“Yeah, me too!” another girl said as she too pulled out her phone.

“Wait for me!” a third person echoed. “I want a shy-pumpkin picture too! That’s it. Look real embarrassed like you did before!”

I didn’t have to try and look embarrassed, I WAS embarrassed – they just couldn’t see my face blushing through the plastic headpiece. Pictures!!! I said to myself. Crapola! My nude body is going to be on YouTube!! Talk about jumpstarting your heart!

I was made to pose over and over again with a bunch of cute guys putting their arms around me and playfully making faces as I stood among them. Some wanted my backside too so they had me turn around and then try and look over my shoulder as they posed doing god knows what behind my back. Still all that attention DID make me feel like a celebrity. That was a feeling I certainly wasn’t used to – being the center of attention.

Of course I wasn’t the only risqué-costumed person at the party. Many of the girls couldn’t have possibly worn shorter skirts or shown more cleavage without taking off their costumes. Several were wearing just modified underwear and camisoles. Many other outfits were quite cleaver too. One guy even dressed like a flasher with an overcoat and everything. He wasn’t very smart about it though as he was wearing boxers underneath. Given the number of times he was asked to flash by the girls at the party I think he missed the boat on that one. Still, I WAS the only NAKED one there and THAT made all the difference. Yes, I was finger-teased by many at the party, being tickled in certain sensitive places, or pinched on my behind when I wasn’t expecting it – but it was all done playfully and no one acted too crude or demeaning. For that I was grateful. I was indeed having fun!

I finally managed to corner Darla after about an hour and she asked me if I was having fun. I just nodded my head to which she replied, “See, I told you that you would! You really need to listen to me more!”

Still the people kept coming. I wasn’t sure where our host was going to put them all. Kate came up and asked me if I would mind pulling “door duty” as she called it for a little while so Amy, Kate’s roommate, could have a break. I said “sure” before thinking of what I had just agreed to.

I wasn’t at my new post for more than a few minutes then the doorbell rang! Knowing that I was about to shock the heck out of someone by answering the door naked gave me a perverse little thrill and I relished it. Sure enough, the first time I opened the door I found a young couple standing there with their mouths wide open in shock! I motioned them inside but they just stood there. The look on their faces was priceless. Finally I had to reach out and take hold of the girl’s arm and basically yank her inside. Her guy followed but his head swiveled backwards like it was fixed on my body! I had to use all my will power NOT to giggle, lest they figure out who I was.

So it was with the next couple, and the next. This was fun I thought. I think I liked pulling “door duty” almost as much as mingling among the crowd.

The next time the doorbell rang I struck a very seductive pose – one that I knew would show all my best features. I shoved out my chest, spread my legs apart and thrust my pelvis forward knowing I was maximizing my personal treasures. I opened the door and there standing right in front of me was my boss!!!!! That’s right, the guy I worked for was standing not two feet away looking right at my . . . well . . . you know, my special place!!! I wanted to faint dead away! My heart was racing and my mouth went dry. MY BOSS was seeing me naked!!!

A little voice in my head kept saying, “Calm Down, Beth. He doesn’t know it’s you. Just keep your head in gear and your mouth shut!!” Yeah, well that was easier to say than to do! I must have stood there frozen for I don’t know how long as he looked at me before coming to my senses and waving him inside!! OMG, MY BOSS WAS HERE!!!! Suddenly I HATED “door duty!”

Fortunately, after giving my bod a thorough going over, he joined the party and never said anything. Before I could recover the doorbell rang again . . . and then again . . . and then again. I was too petrified to answer it. “Would somebody answer the door?” I heard someone shout from within the crowd. I mustered up my courage and opened the door.

It was Billy and Frank – two guys I knew that lived just down the street from me!!! HOW MANY MORE PEOPLE THAT I KNEW WOULD BE COMING TO THIS PARTY?!!!

I waved them inside and shut the door trying not to act suspicious! Where the heck was Darla? I needed to get out of here. Finally Amy came back and thanked me for covering for her and she told me to go and rejoin the party. I quickly scanned the now incredibly crowded room for my friend but I didn’t see her.

I started to make my way through the crowd when I came face-to-face with my boss. He was all smiles. “Gee you sure do look HOT tonight,” he said with a huge grin on his face. “I’d sure like to get you alone somewhere.”

OMG!! My boss was coming on to me!!! Oh gross! If he ever found out it was me under this pumpkin head I’d just die!!!

**Part 3**

I playfully put my hand to my plastic mouth like I was shocked at what I was hearing, shook my head and then darted among the people standing next to me. I had to get away from him. Big mistake. I ran right into Billy and Frank my neighbors from down the street. “Hey since you are showing me yours, want to see mine?” Billy said as he reached down like he was going to undo his zipper. He was just kidding of course but I like to have died! Things were definitely getting out of hand. I had to find Darla!!

Roaming through the various rooms of the apartment I came up blank. The place wasn’t that big and there weren’t that many places she could be hiding in. Besides, she was the only ghost I saw so far that night. I knew she couldn’t have taken her costume off as she was naked underneath like me!

I made three trips throughout the entire place and still no Darla. I wanted desperately to ask someone where she had gone but I dared not speak lest someone discover who I really was. I tried making hand signals to a few guests hoping they’d figure out I was looking for a ghost, but all they did was laugh at me.
Could she have gone out somewhere, I wondered? She wouldn’t leave me alone like this in a strange place would she? I’ll kill her, no I’ll slap her silly, strip her naked in front of all these people; THEN I’ll kill her!!!

I finally just stopped looking figuring that maybe I was chasing her shadow – that she was moving around and I was moving around and we kept missing each other. I decided to just stand still and maybe she would eventually come to me. The full weight of my predicament hit home hard just then. I was miles away from home. I wasn’t even sure how to GET home from here as I could barely see through my stupid pumpkin head on the drive over.

After standing there in the middle of the room for some time I still didn’t spot Darla.

Then I heard the familiar sound of someone using a knife to bang against a glass, creating a ringing sound. It was Kate, our host, standing on the coffee table trying to get everyone’s attention.

“Listen up people,” she said. “I first want to thank everyone for coming. I hope you are all having a good time. It’s time to vote for the best costume. Could I have the pumpkin lady, Frankenstein and the mummy over here next to me, please?”

Great, I thought, just when I was trying to fade into the background I have to get up in front of everybody!

There was no getting out of it as everyone was clapping as the others went up to Kate. I HAD to join them. All eyes were upon us as the three of us stood next to our host.

“I have chosen these three as the finalists. We are going to take a vote to see who the winner is. As I point out each contestant, please applaud. The one with the loudest applause will be declared the winner.” Kate then pointed to the mummy which was all taped up from head to toe, and he or she received a respectable round of clapping. She then pointed to Frankenstein and people responded with a rousing, much louder applause. I agreed with that because that rubber Frankenstein mask was really detailed. It must have been really hot under that full mask too – way more than the bandaged head of the mummy. I thought.

Kate then pointed at me and the room erupted with applause, catcalls and whistles! I was humbled beyond belief. It was clear they loved me – well my costume anyway!

“Ladies and gentleman I think we have a winner,” Kate said and everyone cheered their approval!

Where was Darla? She was missing my big moment. I just won the best costume honors and I knew she would want to know that her idea turned out to be the best among all these creative and wonderful outfits.

“Hold it down, please . . .” Kate continued. “Now each of these people went to a lot of work coming up with their costumes and I think we should recognize them for such creativity and for their effort. Since each of them is wearing a mask, I think we should ask them all to remove it so we can see who they really are. Okay, on the count of three, you guys all removed your masks – well, the mummy, you can just unravel yours. Okay . . . ONE . . .”

The crowd was cheering and going all crazy-wild . . . working itself into almost a fever pitch. OH GAWD!! I can’t take off my head!! Just then I spotted my boss all smiling from ear to ear! There was no way the crowd would let me get away with keeping mine on. In fact, I was sure that was the main reason Kate suggested this unmasking deal in the first place – so everyone could see who the naked lady was!! People must have been trying to guess my identity all night and I’m guessing no one figured it out so the unmasking was the only sure way to answer that question!

“TWO . . .”

I saw like almost fifty cell phones being raised up and being made ready to snap a picture after the unveiling.

“THREE!”

I bolted!!

I ran right out the door and down the walkway that lined the third floor apartments. I was taking a huge chance as I could barely see where I was going. My thought was to just make it to Darla’s car. Surely they wouldn’t chase me that far . . . The hell they wouldn’t! I just happened to turn around as I reached the stairs and about twenty people – mostly girls being led by Maryellen, the bitch Kate had warned me about, and they were all chasing me!!!

I screamed!! And practically flew down the stairs! It was a miracle I didn’t fall. I got to the bottom of the three story staircase and ran away but there was no parking lot! I was on grass! Where was the parking lot?! It was then that I remembered that after arriving and climbing the stairs, Darla and I had traveled around the backside of the building after reaching the third floor. I couldn’t see an aisle way to the front. Looking up I saw the group still bumbling down the stairs all laughing and carrying on. I took off running down the length of the backside of the building heading towards the end so that I could eventually make it to the front and hopefully find Darla waiting for me!!

As I rounded the building, I looked back once again and yep, they were still running after me – and getting closer too! I quickly looked around to see if I could spot Darla’s car but I didn’t see it, so I took off down the sidewalk running away from the apartment complex. I figured the girls would soon give up and return to the party. All I had to do was outlast them and believe me I was more motivated to keep from getting discovered than they were at catching me!

As it turned out I was running away from the complex all right, and smack dab into the center of the business district. Cars were passing right by me on the road next to the sidewalk now! Several honked their horns as they passed me. Still those idiot girls chased on. Why won’t they leave me alone!!

In no time I was running next to stores in a strip shopping center. People were looking on in amazement at this naked pumpkin running down the street being chased by a crowd of whooping and cheering crazy people. I must have looked a sight!!

I zigged and I zagged, darting here and there trying to confuse and possibly lose them, but all I did was gain a little ground. All the while I was getting farther and farther away from my safety zone and exposing myself to more and more people. True, they all seemed very appreciative of seeing a pretty naked female pumpkin running by. Only on Halloween, I thought, only on Halloween.

I decided to run through a Laundromat and exit the back door in a desperate attempt at losing them. It didn’t work. All I did was scare a little old lady folding her clothes. Once out back I decided to make my way back to the apartment complex. This however would take me right next to the main four-lane highway. I would be seen by hundreds of cars! It didn’t matter. I needed to find Darcy.

I was almost totally exhausted from my naked run and then I saw it.

Darla’s car!!! She was driving towards me on the backside of the strip shopping center! I was never so glad to see her in all my life! She found me!!! I somehow managed to get to her passenger door just in time to hop in before the crowd caught up with me! They were banging on Darla’s car, laughing and carrying on as if they could somehow persuade my friend to take me back to the apartment and the party.

“DON’T-EVEN-THINK-ABOUT-IT!” I yelled as Darla just laughed and sped off into the darkness.

I still get Goosebumps just thinking about how close I came to having my naked picture – face and all - plastered all over the Internet!

What happened to Darla? Well she got a bad case of the runs and spent much of the time in the bathroom. I guess she was more stressed about being naked under her ghostly sheet than I was being naked outright and that had its effect on her intestinal tract! For some odd reason I saw that as poetic justice for almost humiliating me like that.

The following Monday I dreaded going to work, but in this economy I couldn’t afford to lose my job. Everyone was smiling. I was sure they were all smiling that knowing smile at me.

“Hey, did you hear about the Halloween Party the boss went to?” the secretary asked me.

“No, what about it?”

“There was a NAKED GIRL there.”

“NO!” I replied feigning surprise sprinkled with a little disbelief. “Really, a naked girl?”

“Yes. She was wearing a pumpkin head but the rest of her was naked!”

“Get outta town! Some bimbo did that?!”

Yep. The boss thinks it was one of his neighbors, a Francine somebody or another.”

“Well waddya know. Francine, huh?”

At least my pumpkin head worked. Nobody ever did recognize that it was me. I can’t wait until next year! I’m planning on using that idea again!!!!

THE END.



