

In the Month of Halloween

by Sheila Luecht

It was an October morning that was once again pounding rain and growing cooler. She was feeling tired from so many things, most out of her control. She got up once and took some medicine and then retreated back to her fortress of pillows and blankets. She wore one shawl around her neck to keep her head propped just so, and another, a triangle trimmed with a fringe lay over her head, just ending at her bangs. She found the warmth comforting and it seemed to stave off headaches and sinus issues somehow in damp weather. Keeping a chill off seemed to be her preoccupation and she was well equipped in the endeavor.

This morning she woke again a few hours later, then decided there was really no reason to get up and fell back asleep again. This time the dreams were with her and occupying a certain place that she had rather not gone. Soon she was again in a deep sleep. She was awakened by the mushing of her pillow around where her head lay squarely on it. It was not violent, just gentle, like a cat patting around looking to lie down on her head. She owned no cat. In fact she owned two small dogs and they were in their own bedroom with their door firmly shut. So she just drifted off but before that attempt, she found herself opening her eyes. She looked around but did not more. The patting stopped. So she closed her eyes again and then the patting began again. While attempting to manage this conundrum, she opened her eyes again and still nothing caught her eye and the patting seemed to stop.

She closed her eyes again and thought of her long deceased dog who liked to come up trying to lay on her pillow. With this thought she drifted off again and heard a young man's voice say, "She is not done yet." Opening her eyes once again, there was no person, and yet the voice had been distinct. What an odd morning she later thought. When she saw her partner later and explained the morning

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bed adventure, they agreed it could have been something like a dream state, or their old dog come for a visit. When she described the voice, saying it was definitely a young man, she offered a guess of who it may have seemed like to her. Someone she had only really met once but was a friend of her children who had suddenly passed in high school. She didn't remember his exact name, guessing a wrong one, but her husband remembered. He had a look of shock on his face, as he had just been thinking of Josh the day before. She could not be sure as she could not remember his voice, she just felt it was him.

Hours later driving home from dinner out, she asked her partner what he thought it meant. He told her that in time she may put together the meaning, as she normally did.

