

A Halloween scare

Halloween – it's not all that scary today, but let me tell you a story that may make you think a little differently!

Sometime in school, when we had to read the story about Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, it seemed appropriate that Halloween to do something original. Several of my friends decided to make a headless man from an old shirt and pants that we stuffed with straw. It was quite a work of art with the red poster paint around the headless neck of our creation. With the addition of some old boots it appeared almost real. "Headless," we called him. Well, the question was, "What do we do with this masterpiece?"

We could hang him from a bridge for everyone to see and there was a span bridge not too far from where we lived. After much talk, we decided it would be neat to hang our piece of art on the bridge for passing motorists to admire. That is what we would do that night on Halloween.

It was a cold, dark Halloween night; we had some trouble getting the rope over the top of the bridge so one of our more agile cohorts crawled up to the top of the bridge with a rope and now "Headless" wasn't just a statue, but we could raise and lower the headless man down in front of an oncoming car or truck and raise it out of the way just in time (before it was hit). Oh, what fun that would be and certainly more fun than just displaying "Headless" hanging from a bridge.

It wasn't long until the first car approached and we dropped "Headless" down in front of an oncoming car and then pulled him back up to the top of the bridge. We had unknowingly concealed our rope in the bridge span and we were well out of sight under the bridge. By the time the motorist stopped, we had "Headless" well out of sight at the top of the bridge. We surprised several passing carloads of the local residents, and then off in the distance we heard the piercing sound of a siren. It was a few miles away, but now we were scared, "What if someone had called the sheriff and he was coming to check out a complaint about our prank?" Down came "Headless" and the rope and off we ran around the corner and across the railroad tracks where we had left our car. Away we went as the flashing lights and siren approached the bridge. We were gone and it was a real relief that we had not been caught. I took "Headless"

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home and put him in the haymow of the barn.

In my opinion, this may be a fictional story coming from an old-timer who remembers many Halloween seasons and it may have happened just like I told it. Nevertheless, I hope to see you in church this Sunday; we might have something in common.

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The opinions stated are those of the writer, and do not necessarily reflect that of the newspaper.