













“What’s going on?” she demanded. “Why are all the girls crying?”

Then she looked around and figured it out.

“Sam, what’s all this scary stuff? You were supposed to play Pass the Pumpkin. You were supposed to play pin the hat on the witch. I mean, these girls are only six years old!”

“So?” I said to her. “Halloween is supposed to be scary.”

I could see my mom was ready to let out a scream herself. Simon and I hurried upstairs first.

We tried to calm the girls down. We got out the cake and ice cream and tried to get them to sing “Happy Birthday”. But the girls were still crying. A couple of them just wanted to leave. Some of them had phoned home and were waiting at the door.

Then Ellen walked right up and kicked me in the shin again.

“You creep!” she yelled. “You’re going to pay for this!”

I didn’t know it then, but she was right.