

## **Halloween**

Halloween was over. Frederick handed out candy during the rainy, bleak evening. It was no longer time for ghosts and goblins. The annual holiday was over. Now it was time for real life.

But real life *was* like Halloween.

He handed out psychological candy to family, friends and colleagues. They all came to him, asking for treats. As he did them. If he did not, occasionally tricks emerged.

Everyday, everyone he knew walked around in costumes. Not fairies or pirates but suits or overalls, dresses and pants. Some wore make-up. All played parts—colleague, supervisor, partner, children. Everyone was expected to, Frederick included. He did his best. He wanted to avoid tricks.

Nights were toughest. Freed from their day roles, Frederick saw many around him change after the sun set. Sometimes their characters were similar but more often wildly different. Their costumes changed because at nights they showed their true spirits. They danced. Threw parties.

Frederick was troubled by his Halloween life. He was never certain who anyone truly was. Were they a treat or a trick? Everyday featured surprises, most unpleasant. Worse, Halloween was mirrored in the nation's politics. Wars were threatened, poverty was extensive, there were far more tricks than treats federally, and the President's costume was ridiculous.

Frederick prayed and asked God for an answer. Appearing as a ghost, she replied: "For humanity, Halloween is every day."