

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

Confessions of a Real Witch

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

Though being born on Halloween has its perks, there's also a dark side to the day. Read while I weave you a scary story and put a spell on you. The first time I realized that everyone was dressing up to celebrate my birthday was when I was the ripe old age of 3. Dearly Demented Mom spent all evening sewing up my Halloween costume – so clever she was. She made me a witch outfit. Black dress complete with a cape and a black felt hat with an orange pumpkin in the middle of it plus long orange yarn for hair. When I was dressed, she handed me a very large bag and said, “Now go out there and tell everyone that you were born on Halloween so you are a real witch!”

I got more candy than anyone else on my street, by a crooked mile.

As I grew, I realized that some people wanted to make Halloween scary.

In second grade, we had a haunted house at school and when I put my hand in a bowl of eyeballs, I decided I never wanted to be scared again.

Guess I was just destined to be the Good Witch.

When I was 18, the movie *The Exorcist* came to town. I only lasted 45 minutes in the theater and slept with the light on for three days. I vowed never to watch a scary movie again. Yes, I became a scaredy pants witch.

I lived happily in my Halloween birthday years by throwing outrageous Halloween parties complete with cauldrons and dry ice. I even had my own black cat. But then I noticed that my happy Halloween day was being taken over by scary movies. Everything was designed to make you scream. I started worrying that my Good Witch would wear off and I'd

wake one morning to find my face green and a giant wart growing on my nose.

And I had also amassed an amazing collection of pumpkins from my friends who thought the best way to celebrate my day was with another ceramic pumpkin present. At last count I had 92 of them.

Then came the dark years. I decided since nothing else was working, I should cast a spell to find My Perfect Man. (Note: no man is perfect.) I read it in some magazine that if you put nine white candles on a mirror, light them and said something like, “Send me a rich, single man!” one would show up at your door. I thought it couldn’t hurt.

A mere five minutes after I cast my spell, there was a knock on my door. I sprang up to see who my Prince Charming would be...it turned out to be a plumber, crack and all, who was looking for a leak in the neighborhood. I decided right then and there that my spell casting abilities were just about as good as my choices in men. I retired my Bic Flick.

But some good witch out there must have taken pity on me and hooked me up with My Future Husband through a spell. Unfortunately, the joke was on us – two kids both born on Halloween. I hardly knew what to do with that. I mean, that’s MY day, I’m an only child and now you’re telling me I’ve got to share?

So, we decided we should always travel for our shared special day. Now that we can get back out on the road, we’re planning a nine-day trip. In one town where we are staying, they’re having a Witches Walk around town. It’s more like a pub crawl, but it sounds like just the ticket for the Halloween kids.

I’d like to end with casting a spell on you – may you get all the Halloween candy your grandkids can carry home. That way, your day will end with a treat.