

Inflated ego



There's no point in denying it. I love showing off for Halloween.

I stand by my contention that I do it all for the kids, though. It's not at all about me.

But that doesn't mean I can't have fun.

Decorating the house for Halloween has matured into a methodical and logical process. It first begins inside my fertile little mind, bubbling with creative ideas often too ambitious (or expensive) to realize.

I'm further challenged by my house structure. It's a villa; single-story attached on both sides with no garage. I can't have kids walk into a harrowing covered structure. I can't have "things" peeping around the corners of the house or suspended from the second floor windows.

But I make do. And each year, I try to make do a bit better. Part of that is simply buying new spooky stuff and part of that is making new ways to display the spooky stuff, old and new.



So, I begin near the house, this year with an expanded graveyard. Then come the lawn stakes, to line the driveway and walkway to my door.



On the south lawn goes the pumpkin patch, a large inflated pumpkin surrounded by pumpkins on stakes (and soon to have dangling pumpkin lights all around).



On the north lawn goes the spooky trick or treaters, an inflated lineup of the Ghost Rider leading (shackling?) a kid-sized Frankie and Ghost.

Soon, the lights will be hanging from the monofilament line I've strung from the door to my and my neighbor's mailboxes by the road. Finally, various hanging things will be placed in the trees, on the fence and around the door.

Last of all, go the webs, where appropriate (such as over the graveyard to capture the fog machine's efforts).

Each day, people pass me by while I work tirelessly in the cool, but humid mornings. The adults will smile or laugh and tell me it looks great. The kids will stare or shout and ask if I'm still giving out my goody bags.

It's all ready at least a week before Halloween and on display for that long. And while I feel good when I see the reactions the people have to the display, nothing compares to the looks in the faces of the kids on Halloween night.

The compliments may puff me up a little, but the only thing being inflated on Halloween is the fun.