

Full-Sized Bars

Kisa walked along the top of the split-rail fence, her tail swishing behind her. Down on the sidewalk, a group of preteens didn't even notice her, which was probably for the best. At the end of the fence, Kisa hopped onto the concrete, her pillowcase full of candy rustling.

A fairy, a princess, and a pirate ran past her and up a nearby driveway. She smiled as they rang the bell and stepped back, buckets and bags held at the ready.

"Trick or treat!" they shouted, then profusely thanked the caveman who answered the door and handed them candy. Kisa walked up the driveway and smiled at the pumpkins that had been set out on the porch.

If she had to guess, one of them had been carved by a little kid. It was an attempt at a classic jack-o-lantern, but the smile was crooked and one of the eyes had sunken in. There was a witch, a puking pumpkin, and (her personal favorite) a black cat.

In between all the decorations was a piece of wood that had been bolted just above the doorbell. Kisa thought it was weird that people would put their family's name right on the house, but it confirmed that she was at the right place.

The sign said **The Everett's** and she pushed the bell and stepped back.

Instead of a caveman, a cavewoman answered. She paused when she saw Kisa, and then broke into a smile.

"Wow, I love your costume!" The woman pushed open the door and held out a small cauldron.

Kisa forced a grin, then held up her pillowcase. It rubbed her the wrong way that she was wearing one of her regular outfits, but people assumed she was in costume. There really wasn't much else she could do but grin and bear it.

"Trick or treat!" She raised the pitch of her voice to try and sound more like a child.

"Here you go." The cavewoman leaned forward, revealing that the cauldron was packed with full-sized candy bars. "Pick any one you want!"

"Thanks." Kisa scanned the cauldron for her choices, then heard other kids coming. When she reached for a Snickers, she looked up to see that the cavewoman was looking over Kisa's shoulders at the approaching gaggle of ghouls.

Kisa felt the world around her go quiet as she summoned her magic. With quick hands, she grabbed several of the full-sized bars and stuffed them into her pillowcase before stepping to the side to let a group of children onto the porch.

“Trick or treat!” they shouted, and the cavewoman held the cauldron out for each of them to pick. Kisa backed away down the lawn with a smirk on her face. The cavewoman, who was probably Mrs. Everett, definitely hadn’t noticed how much Kisa had taken.

Satisfied with her haul, she walked down the street and turned the corner and found the playground. A dark figure sat on one of the swings, his cloak dangling down onto the gravel.

“Hey.” Kisa took the swing next to Death. It had been an hour since she last saw him, and his mood seemed to have soured. “You okay?”

Death sighed, then held up a plastic pumpkin bucket. “Tinker Radley ran off,” he told her. “We were doing quite well for the first part of the evening, but someone called her a troll and she didn’t take it well.”

“What did she do?” Kisa saw flashing red and blue lights and turned to see a police car cruising down the street with its sirens off. “Please tell me that’s unrelated.”

“I shall tell you no lies this evening. They are probably looking for her.” Death set his bucket on the ground. “I attempted to set out on my own, but did not fare well. Some people were overwhelmed by my presence and closed the door in my face while others informed me that they thought I was too old to be Trick-or-Treating.”

“To be fair, you are older than everyone. If anyone’s disqualified, it’s you.” Kisa reached into her bag and found a sucker. She pulled off the wrapper and popped it in her mouth.

“This is true,” Death admitted. “I have been around since the first thing that lived came to its grisly end.”

“What was it?” Kisa asked. “The first thing to die?”

“It had no name, nor could it spare a single thought for itself.” Death shrugged. “I wish I could tell you more, but until living things could contemplate their own demise, I didn’t have the capability to ponder such a thing.”

Kisa heard rustling in the bushes behind the slide and was surprised to see Yuki emerge. She was holding a large plastic bag in one hand and a wooden wand in another. Her tails were disguised as a dress made of furs and her face sparkled with glitter.

“There you are.” Yuki set the bag in front of Death. “Here. I got this for you.”

“You went Trick-or-Treating?” Death picked up the bag and peered at its contents.

“I did.” Yuki winked at Death. “Since you lost all your candy last year, I thought maybe I’d help make up for it.”

“I am out of words.” Death shook the bag and pulled out a Lemonhead. “You do not want this?”

“I hate candy. This kind, anyway.” Yuki waved her wand around. “Everyone thinks I’m some kind of witch. Not too far from the truth, honestly.”

“You are too kind.” Death hugged the bag to his chest, then dumped it into his bucket. “I feel like I have gathered an adequate amount of candy, now.”

“Well, get ready to double it.” Kisa handed over her pillowcase. “I had the same idea,” she told him. “And I made sure to hit up the Everetts.”

“You did?” Death’s eyes blazed. “Did they still have full-sized bars?”

Kisa laughed. She had been hearing about the Everetts for almost three weeks now, and wondered if Death’s candy hopes had inspired Yuki as well. “They did,” she told him. “It’s all in there.”

“Thank you.” Death picked up Kisa’s pillowcase and gave it a shake. He reached inside and pulled out a Snickers bar. With deliberate movements, he peeled the candy and took a bite out of it as Yuki sat on the swing next to Kisa.

“Do you have any idea where that stuff goes?” Yuki asked in a low tone.

“No idea,” Kisa replied quietly, then raised her voice. “That’s a lot of candy. Are you going to eat all of it?”

Death contemplated the Snickers bar, then shook his head. “I’m not sure,” he replied. “I’m just so happy to have collected so much that I haven’t thought past this moment.”

“You’ll get there.” Kisa laughed. “If you had a bed, you’d probably stash it under there to eat later.”

“Indeed I would.” Death contemplated the Snickers bar, then tossed it into his mouth where it vanished. “Then perhaps I will stash it away as well.”

The bushes rustled nearby, and Tink emerged. Her eyes were panicked and she nearly spilled her candy as she pushed her way through the branches.

“Tink needs to go home right away,” she announced. “Maybe take things too far, bit mean guy dressed as police, only not a costume.” Her voice became a whimper. “Tink needs to get home.”

Death laughed, which was somehow both heartwarming and eerie.

“Come, Tinker Radley. Allow us to be your escort.” He looked at the others, then stood from his swing. “This has been a most joyous evening. I cannot wait to share my candy with Mike Radley and the others!”

As they walked, Tink was between Yuki and Death as Kisa kept up from behind, a big smile on her face.