

Halloween Tales

A Collection of Stories



Connie Cockrell

Halloween Tales: A Collection of Stories
By
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Halloween Scare

Halloween is just about over. Kids have stopped coming to the door, and since Tyler is off on a business trip, I have the house to myself. What a luxury. I can watch whatever I want and tonight it's a classic, the movie "Halloween". I curl up in my chair with a glass of wine and my comforter, candles lit. Throughout the movie I yell at the screen, "Don't do that, Don't go there, Oh My God, watch out!"

The movie over, I laugh. Those old horror movies are so funny now. I've seen this one so many times, it isn't even scary anymore. I blow out the candles and turn out all of the lights, finding my way into the bedroom in the dark. I turn on the bedroom light, the bathroom light too. Brushing my teeth I become aware of the water pipes banging; funny, I never noticed that before. The doorbell rings, "Now who could that be so late?" I quickly rinse my mouth and open the door, no one on the step. I peer up and down the street, nobody around.

I close the door and the phone rings. I pick up the receiver, "Hello?"

No one answers, then I hear the line click. "Oh, very funny," must be kids playing Halloween pranks. I drop the phone back in its cradle and go back to the bathroom. While I'm moisturizing, the lights go out. "Damn!" I wipe my hands on the towel and stumble into the bedroom to my nightstand where I have a small flashlight. I pull it out of the drawer and turn it on but the light is dim. "Must be the batteries going out." I hit the thing a few times against my palm, the light brightens a little.

I go into the living room to get candles and hear something scratching at the windows. My heart skips a beat. "Don't be a goose, Jean, it's just branches against the window glass. You're letting the movie get the better of you." I pull open the dining room bureau drawer for candles and, while I find the candles, I can't find matches, old fashioned or electric. The flashlight starts flickering so I beat it again.

The light goes out and there's another knock at the door. "Did I lock that?" I can feel the adrenaline start to pour through my system. There've been burglaries in the neighborhood. I'm here all alone. What if it's a burglar! There're no lights on, they might think no one is home! I peek out the dining room window but the street is dark, all the lights in the neighborhood are out. Something slams into the window and I jump back with a scream, heart racing.

I run into the bathroom, candle and flashlight forgotten in my hand, and slam the bathroom door shut behind me. I sink to the floor in front of my

closet door. “Don’t be silly, Jean, it was just a bird striking the window,” but it doesn’t stop my heart from beating so hard. A scritch sound comes from the ceiling and my heart races again. “It’s just mice, calm down,” I tell myself but I hear the front door creaking open. My mouth goes dry.

Maybe if I’m very quiet, they’ll go away. My hands are sweating. I can’t hear much, just heavy footsteps. I huddle into the closet door, too afraid now to open it and hide inside. Oh no, they’re in the bedroom! I can feel a bead of sweat trickle down the side of my face. Please go away, I pray silently, eyes wide in the darkness.

The bathroom door creaks open. I squeeze myself into as small a ball as I can. I can’t breathe. A beam of light shoots out of the dark pinning me to the door. I scream and throw the candle and the flashlight at the hulking shadow behind the light.

The lights come on. Through my tears I see it’s my husband. He turns off his flashlight. “You’ve been watching Halloween again, haven’t you?”

Alone

Baltron Dechant was an angry man. As a mountain man he was never one to talk much anyway, but today he was a malevolent force as he stalked through the fort. He passed through the gate with his horses, one loaded with the supplies he’d need for the winter, the other saddled and ready to ride.

He led the horses through the press of Indians, off duty soldiers, and wagons with everything from dry goods to women of loose morals. He tied the horses to the hitching post and stalked to the tent where for a couple of coins, he could get a drink. Andre, another mountain man and acquaintance, was there, drinking with friends. The mountain men were at the fort to sell their furs and pelts. Flush with cash, they were enjoying the brief respite of company.

Andre called out, “Baltron, my friend! Come drink with us.”

The others shouted welcome.

Baltron scowled. “I can buy my own,” and threw his money on the barrelhead. The British purveyor who owned this little concession scooped the coins up and handed Baltron a tin cup of rum. Baltron drank it down and slammed the cup on the barrel.

He stalked back to his horse and mounted, riding away as the other mountain men called to him to return.

Eight months later, Andre rode through a gap in the mountains. Spring

over, it was time to take his furs back to the fort to sell. It was late in the day and Andre looked for a good campsite. He spied a crude shelter built under the pines.

“Ho, the camp!” he shouted.

[About the Author](#)

Connie Cockrell is a former resident of the Adirondacks who now lives in central Arizona with her husband, her daughter and her daughter’s little Chihuahua, Phoebe. She’s still exploring genre’s and hasn’t settled on a favorite yet.

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