

Halloween 2007 - Marton

We knew we were in trouble when we turned the corner into the rally field. The bones of some poor, lost soul laid bare for all intrepid oncoming centre vans. The clink of his last few bottles and the swirling mists of doom that enveloped his bones brought a cold, sweaty fear to my brow.

Out of the swirling mists of doom came the ghouls of Marton with staring, deadly eyes in the form of the youth committee. They wailed and rattled their pale white bony fingers in the direction of the rally field and muttered that haunting screech 'Hi-ya Tash' and began to beckon us hypnotically into our ghoulish temporary grave for the weekend. I was powerless to resist.

At our resting place the whirling dervishes of despair flew around the van, pushing us here, chivvying us there until this fearful horror ceased as quickly as it began it disappeared. We knew that the respite would be enough for us to drop the legs and enter our sanctuary but nothing prepared us for the horror that would befall us over the next two, long, scary days.

We began the process of hiding our sanctuary from these fiends of hell, using a clever disguise to fool these witches from hell into thinking that I, and my family, was really part of their devilish plan. A few cobwebs here, a spider there, a pumpkin and a potion and no one would see through our disguise, or so we thought.

As day slowly turned to night other creatures from dark arrived in their vans. Each more hideous than the last until the field was full of screeching and wailing vans of terror. A van pulled into grave number thirteen but I never saw anyone get out.

The coven began to form in the hall of doom, with the youngest of the brethren taking lessons from Casper the Ghost or some other scary movie. Meanwhile, the older demons drank 'beer' or 'wine' or even 'homebrew' and were beginning to metamorphose into slurring, rambling beasts. As the witching hour approached the young brood began moaning and groaning and it became apparent that we would have to go back to the sanctuary of our crypt for the night.

During the next day we decorated the hall to make it feel more homely – cobwebs, stone walls, letting the bats roost, and putting the skeletons to bed whilst the children had a their face's painted to make them look a little bit 'more' normal. During the whole day I kept get the nagging feeling that someone was standing behind me but every time I looked there was no one there.

The day passed quickly and as dusk crept over the horizon small groups of ghouls began to form outside our dens demanding treats or else a trick would befall us. We tried to scare them away but it would not work. They needed a sacrifice before they would leave us alone. We gave them treats in the hope that it would be enough.

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Dusk became night and the young ghouls played more terrifying games, listened to ghastly (and I do mean ghastly) ghost stories and visited the graveyard in the dead of night to visit old, departed friends. They were all dying to go there. When they returned we could hear the call of the 'Monster mash' as the Monster's Ball began.

The night flew past quickly as everyone had fun. The hypnotic rhythm of the music, the hot meal and the spirit of the homebrew consumed me before I knew it. I was doomed for eternity.

During the night an ill-wind passed over the sanctuary of our van and ripped the cover of our disguise from us, either that or the chilli was very effective. We had survived the weekend and after making our goodbyes we raised our van legs to escape the field.

Somehow, I knew we would be drawn back again next year and as we left the field I felt the urge to look back. What I saw terrified me. Van number thirteen was being driven off but there was no one at the wheel... The winner of the best van disguise had been the 'invisible man' but it couldn't be real... Could it?

See you next year. Sean Dolan

Many, many thanks to the youth committee, Rob and Jeanette, Martin and Di for a fantastic weekend.