

It was a dark and stormy night, but that's what the world always looks like when you're a Ghost. My Ghost eyes cover everything in a blanket of gray and fog. Always overcast with a chance of rain.

I spooked a family some days ago, I think. It could have been years ago, I don't know. Time is funny now. The last family I spooked was two big people and two smaller ones. I slammed doors and scratched on glass while they slept, and they ran out into the road in the middle of the night.

The Ghoul that wanders the hills behind the house calls me a Poltergeist and laughs when I talk about the funny things that families do when I spook them. The Ghoul must be seven feet tall and is covered in a black robe. He is also spooky, but I like talking to the Ghoul and especially like when it laughs. Sometimes the Ghoul calls me "Little Duck" or "Porcupine," which are animals, and I say, "I think I am a person, not an animal." Then, it laughs more.

Like I said, I spooked a family decades or weeks ago. It's about time for another family to come and then I will spook them too, but no one has come yet except a man with a clipboard. He scribbled things on his clipboard and made "hmm" noises, but did not stay the night. So, I did not need to spook him.

When there are no people to spook and no Ghouls to tell my spooking stories too, I sit on the back porch and look at the hills. I cannot wander into the grass, but I let my hollow fingers hover over the gray blades from the porch steps. The Ghoul sometimes tells me to try and remember who I was before. I remember a little. I remember a man's kind voice. I can see his scruffy beard and calloused hands. I feel loved, but very tired. Then, I end and I get very sad.

I'm just about to get lost in my remembering when I hear commotion. Moving trucks maybe? I am happy and am thinking it's time for some spooking, but when I get around to the front of the house I am the one that is spooked.

These are not trucks, but big machines with hooks and shovels that are almost as big as the house. It was only moments, or maybe it was days, until the house was completely gone. I tried to bang and slam, but any noise I made was a whisper compared to the machines.

"Little rhinoceros, you look like you are crying." The Ghoul found me sitting on a pile of bricks under a knotted tree.

"The house is gone," I cried, "The machines destroyed it and all that is left are these bricks they threw around."

"My tiny platypus, why don't you find a new home?" The Ghoul crouched down low to the ground. It's robe moved like waves. It's hooded head bent towards me.

"New home? But I am supposed to be here! I was told to stay forever and I have stayed all this time."

"My sweet child," Ghoul said, "I said to stay in my heart forever, but you did not have to stay here." Though they were hard to see, I knew the black eyes that peered back at me from inside the hood. I remembered him. Even after I ended, and through all of my spooking, my father was always here with me.

"I have waited so long for you to remember me." The Ghoul rose up and held out his hand for me. I grabbed his hand and closed my eyes. When I opened them, through the mist of tears, I saw the orange painted sky of sunset. "Let's go, little duck, and find a new home."