# A Trip On Halloween

„Flashlights?“ „Ready!“

„Batteries?“ „Ready!“

„Microphone?“ „Ready!“

„Empty cassette?“ „Checked and ready!“

„Gas masks?“ „Ready!“

„Crumbs?“ „Ready!“

„Plush rabbits, full of love? “ „Ready!“

„Cheerful songs?“ „A lot! “

„Courage, wisdom and positive energy?“ „Loads of!“

Then, Rosemary Manor Reconnaissance Squad, go!

The RMRS, consisting of the brothers Tim and Lenni, left to Rosemary Manor. Rosemary Manor was an old mansion outside of Threed. Rosemary Manor was only a nickname used by Threeds youth. No one has been living there for quite a long time and nobody knew, who once owned, except for grandpa Thorsten, who forgot nearly anything else and was hard to talk with, and the hint man, but nobody really trusted that guy. Besides, nobody wanted to pay 60 bucks only for spoiling a good nickname. Anyway, the mansion was empty, entry prohibited, the building could collapse and more warnings no child would pay attention, other than the ghost stories. Now that Halloween was approaching, the biggest braggart and at the same time worst pupil of the fourth grade called according to the tradition on all the other pupils to enter the mansion and threatened to call them cowards otherwise. Challenged by that, Tim and Lenni made a bet: They would explore Rosemary Manor and would never have to clean the classroom anymore. When the RMRS arrived at the mansion, they were already expected by this year’s challenger, Ralf, and a large audience of other pupils. “You dared to come here after all” said Ralf scornful. “Are you sure that you don’t want to think about it once more?” “The only thing that would stop us from going into that house were you being inside, because you scream like a little girl” Tim replied casual. The RMRS went to the front door. Of course it was shut with boards, but there was only one nail fast on each, so the boards could be turned around easily. Lenni opened the door, said “We’ll see us again on the other side. Start record.” and both put on their protective filter mask (they are smart boys, they know how to get something like that) and entered the mansion.

All windows were closed, so it was pitch black inside. The RMRS turned on their flashlights.

“Test one two three test one two three. Well, I hope this works. This is the foyer. It remembers of the glamour of former days. Opposite to the entrance is a balcony from which the host could greet the guests from above and then stride down dignified over one of the stairs. Most of the wallpaper came down the wall. There is a table in one corner of the room with an empty vase on it. On everything here is a thick layer of dust and in one of the ceiling’s corners is mould.” Tim and Lenni, who both had asthma, would have had problems to breathe without their masks. ”The entrance is on the northern side of the building, doors on both floors led to the south, east and west.”

“Where do we go along first” asked Lenni.

“Well, if there are any corpses in the basement, I would prefer to discover them at last, so we should begin upstairs. Any suggestions which direction we should take?”

“If we go through the house from west to east we could see the sunrise when we’re finished”

“Well, I don’t intend to stay here *that* long, but this plan is better than none.”

The RMRS began to drop the crumbs for a fast retreat, walked up one of the stairs, opened the western door and went through.

“A corridor. It leads up to the outer wall, which has some windows and continues to the south until it comes to a door. Another table with a vase is standing here. There are some rectangular contours on the wall. Two doors are leading to rooms on the northern side of the house. The first door is blocked with a large piece of furniture. Whoever the last person in this room was must have left the building by one of the windows, or not. We go through the second door.”

Lenni slowly opened the door and by this produced a long squeaking sound which sounded like some dying rodent. “I like this squeaking. When we leave we should take this door with us “Lenni said. The RMRS entered the room.

“There is a big desk with an armchair behind it. It’s upholster is partially damaged. A lot of closets and shelves are standing at the wall. A showcase is standing there as well.”

“The shelves are inscribed. Books about the law of family, heritage, labor and tax documents. This shelf is empty. This household’s head surely knew what is important. The showcase is empty. This closet is…empty…this one too…and this one-oh wow!”

“What’s in there?”

“TMNS”

“What the heck is TMNS standing for!?”

“Teenage Mutant Ninja Smarties. Here are TMNT figures made out of smarties, hold together by icing, or glue. Well, I wouldn’t eat it anyway.”

“Incredible! Maybe we should place them in showcase.”

“Good idea. Let’s do that.”

Tim and Lenni carefully placed he TMNS’s in the showcase, but nothing happened.

“They’re looking out great” Lenni noticed.

“Yes, a real master of the smarty art must have made them.”

No one got the idea that the figures were placed in the wrong order.

“Well, let’s continue our walk.”

The RMRS walked down the corridor to the door. They opened the door and behind it was another corridor. Tim and Lenni thought that this door was pointless.

“The corridor is cross-shaped. It connects nearly all rooms on the upper floor. There are three doors at the western corridor, none in the south, four doors at the eastern corridor, which made curve to the north and another four at the northern corridor, which leads back to the foyer.”

The RMRS tried to open the door to the room in the south-western corner of the building, but they couldn’t press down the door crank. The next door had a slit, through which the room’s inside could be seen. The RMRS opened the door and went through.

“In the center of the room is desk with a chair, both a bit smaller than the ones in the previous room. Except for that, the room is completely empty.”

The RMRS shined into every corner of the room with their flashlights, but they found nothing.

“Something’s wrong with this house” Lenni said suddenly.

Tim knew that Lenni was not going to make a silly joke, nor was he afraid of a dark empty mansion, he wasn’t even a little bit afraid of

“Here are no spiders” Tim realized.

“The whole interior is covered in thick dust, but in no corner is just a remnant of a spider web. Probably even the floor is sterile, so you could eat whatever is lying on it, if dust were a proper spice. It looks out like we both are the only living beings in this mansion, except for the mould in the foyer, which seems to be immune to paranormal activity.”

“Should we leave the building?”

“Nah, we’re prepared for everything.”

“Except Foggyland makes a missile test again and this time hits this house instead of the graveyard.”

With enhanced excitement and watchfulness, the RMRS left the room, walked through the corridor to the next door, opened it and went through.

“There was once a tapestry with a sheep pattern on the wall. Some closets and drawers are standing alongside the wall. In the centre of the room is a large bunk bed. The upper bed could be reached by wooden stairs. The lower bed was full of plushies, as if to soften a possible fall of the upper bed.”

“The plushies are looking out kind of….dead. Under the dust, their smiling faces look out like grimaces froze by fright, other than our plush rabbits. Those animals haven’t felt a child’s love for a long time, and probably won’t ever again. This whole scenery looks like a graveyard.”Lenni described it.

“In the closets are…clothes…more clothes…toys by weekly child magazines…weekly child magazines…”

“Wooden toys…Toy cars…Legos…hey, there’s a piece of paper in this Lego pile. It says “…tax…””

“It seems that the house owner knew the importance of tax documents. The child apparently too.”

“Strange. I wonder if the mom was crazy, too.”

“We’ll find out. Let’s go. “

“There’s a ghost standing in the door.” Lenni said abrupt.

Tim stared at the opened door for a moment, and then said: “I don’t see anything.”

“Looks like a little girl. Says we shouldn’t be here”

Because nothing came to his mind, Tim said: “Aha”. Finally he asked: “Anything else?”

“Anything else?” repeated Lenni. After two seconds he said “She says, we awakened them, and now she’s gone. “

Then let’s go.

RMRS left the room and explored the southern corridor. There was a window at the end. They stared at it for a moment and wanted to turn around again, when Lenni felt how an icy hand was being reached out for him. Like a flash, he drew his plush rabbit, turned around and screamed: “Eat Hans!!” When the eyes finally came to where the arms were, they saw a figure resembling a pile of excrement with a glowing print, melting into thin air. Behind it appeared more ghosts which had resemblances to toilet paper, brooms, cleaning agents, and piles which where that indescribable that they just had to be garbage.

“Okay” said Tim and drew his plush bunny “now it’s your appearance Karl.”

Letting the plush bunnies, which seemed to glow, flash through the air, the RMRS fought it’s way to the north. The ghosts tried to hit them, but they were that slow, that every single was hit by Karl and Hans and melted into thin air, so that nobody knows what would happen if they would have hit a human and therefore, why they had to be destroyed. When the RMRS arrived at the crossroad, they continued to the east. Tim and Karl fought the ghosts in front while Lenni and Hans took care of the ghosts behind them. When they arrived at the next door, the ghosts were already less and soon all disappeared.

“Well, so much to the awakened dogs” said Tim and put his plush bunny back. “Let’s go”

Here insured himself, that everything was fine for Lenni, too, opened the door, and already entered with one foot, when he noticed that something was directly in front of the door. It had red-glowing eyes, below them a mass of long, pointed teeth which would not let them hold back by a mouth, black fur and a growl which lets assume a relationship to a chainsaw und it just seemed to leap forward when Tim slammed the door shut.

“I suggest that we inform the animal welfare tomorrow.” he said.

The RMRS went to the next door that was directly at the corridor’s curve. Lenni opened the door carefully, and then both went through.

“In the middle of the room is a big wooden plate. It seems that something large and rectangular stood on it for a while. In a corner stands a table with some shelves and a workbench. There’s a door leading to the neighboring room and… a ladder leading upstairs.”

On this table here are a lot of scratches, bits of glue, paint blots and some wooden chips. Apparently any over object was removed from here” reported Lenni.

“Come on, let’s go upstairs.”

The RMRS climbed the ladder.

“A garret. Here is…absolutely nothing, except dust and darkness.”

The RMRS inspected each corner thoroughly, but couldn’t find anything.

“Wow, it seems that the inhabitants of this house could resist the temptation to dump all the things they didn’t need anymore here. A psychological sensation” concluded Tim.

“There is only this single access to this room.”

“Well, then let’s use it to go back. There is nothing useful here.

The RMRS went downstairs and went into the corridor.

After they looked out for ghosts they set off to the north. The next door had the typical modest appearance which points out a storeroom for brooms. The RMRS looked out for ghosts once again and then carefully opened the door but renounced to enter.

“A broom storeroom. Here are brooms, bottles with cleaning agent, brooms, brooms and brooms. Do you see anything else, Lenni? Lenni?”

“Hmmm, I’m not quite sure, but somehow this reminds me of the children’s room.”

“You mean this brooms are dead and their ghosts came back to clean up with us? Well, they didn’t success. Let’s move on.”

Lenni looked at the brooms for one more moment, and then followed his brother. The RMRS moved on until the corridor ended at a door. The RMRS opened the door, went through and stood in a room.

“The room is dominated by a huge billiard table ( the table probably had the size given by the billiard rules, but it still seemed big for Tim and Lenni). There is a cupboard and a table with some chairs.”

“In the cupboard are multiple billiard cues and sets of billiard balls. Here is a little pedestal inscribed with “Lucky Ball”. This ball is-wow, that’s amazing!”

“What is it with this ball?”

“Here, catch.”

“Let’s see-wow, now that ought to bring luck! We’ll take it with us.”

The ball was skin colored. On one side were two red triangles, connected by their spires. On the opposite side were two ovals. On a side between them was a circle. Outside of that circle on 90º and 180º were two points, both surrounded by a short line. On 10º 260º, 280º and 350º, lines were leading away from the circle.

“Well, that much for this room. Let’s move on.”

The RMRS left the room, followed the corridor and just passed the broom room, when they heard how the door burst with a loud noise. They turned around and saw a human skeleton, larger than life, with six arms, only two of them had hands, the other four ended in bone spears. It was covered by a lot of blood and emitted a toneless scream which caused Tim and Lenni to have hiccups. Neither did they thought that it’s an illusion nor did they want to fight such a thing, so they had only one possibility: They followed the trail of their crumbs until they came to the start.

“Wow, that was hic close” said Tim. He secretly admired the mould’s ability to survive in such a hostile surrounding.

“We hic weren’t done hic upstairs.”

“Let’s just skhic that. The whole thing makes less fun than I expected. Let’s walk trough ground floor and then we’re hic off.”

“Okay, shall we hic start in the west again?”

“Yep. Here we go!”

The RMRS opened the door carefully and went through it.

“Here’s a cooker, an hicoven, a spool, a climate disrupting refrigerator, a dishwasher hic and a lot of drawers. Two doors are hic in the south.”

“In the drawers are plates, pots, bowls, cups hic and cutlery.”

Tim opened the left door.

“Here’s the hic larder, and it’s still hic full! If you’re right and something hic scares off any vermin, this should all be edible, as soon as it’s dusted hic.”

“Here are some cookbooks. There’s a slip of hic paper in one of them. It says “Recipe for Strawberry Tofu hic”!”

Tim and Lenni looked aghast.

“We’d better hic leave that here, it wouldn’t improve the hic world” said Tim. “Let’s move on.”

Tim carefully opened the door, looked trough beckoned Lenni and both went through.

“A long room with a very hic long table. Many people could sit down hic at this table, but there are only two chairs at the opposite ends of the table hic. A chandelier is hanging from the ceiling. Some landscape paintings are on the walls. Maybe the painted countryside air was supposed to stimulate the appetite. A door is in the southeast corner”

“Here is still a plate and cutlery, the knife is right, the edge left.”

“Well here isn’t more. Let’s go on.”

The RMES went to the door, opened it and went through.

“A corridor. It’s shaped like an H, but the lower left leg is shifted to the middle, you get to the Foyer there. We’re in the middle left.”

The RMES went south to the next door and tried to open it.

“Locked” Tim established neuter.

He tried the opposite door.

“Locked hic, too.”

They continued to the next doors.

“Locked and…hic…locked.”

The RMRS stood in a dead-end, so they turned back and went to the northeastern end of the corridor where another door was. Every door on the way there was locked, but Tim wanted to give this door a chance, too. It opened. The RMRS went through.

“Here hic are some chairs around a table, a desk, a bed, some cupboards, a hic small kitchen, a door which leads to the foyer and another door to a small bathroom hic.

The cupboards hic are all empty. In this room is only the furniture hic left, too.”

“Hm, well, let’s go on. Maybe there are some more unlocked doors here.”

The RMRS went through the door back to the corridor and to the south. Short after the crossing was another door…and it was open. The RMRS went through it.

“Armchairs, sofas, chairs and chaise-hic-longues are standing around some tables. Here’s hic a fireplace, and on the walls are some hic animal skulls and portraits of people who looked as if they have an urgent need to hic go to the toilette. A showcase with porcelain is standing here as well.”

The whole room’s appearance was that bourgeois that it made the RMRS back off. They left immediately. The RMRS continued to the south. At the end of the corridor was a staircase leading down, but there was a door in front of. The RMRS opened the door and went through.

“Hic this room is completely laid out with hic tiles. Here’s a huge bathtub with some faucets. Next to it hic is a small table. Furthermore, there is a closet and a mirror. The hic toilet looks embarrassing small.”

“In the closet are shampoos, soaps and hic cosmetics.”

“Nothing more hic? Good. Then let’s have a quihick look on the cellar and the-ere is a hic ghost in the door.”

“I see one, too hic.”

“Looks like hic a young girl.”

“I agree.”

“*It happened here.”*

“Says that it happened here.”

“I heard that as well.”

“ Well, then we hic see and hear the same ghost. What exactly happened hic here?”

“*She killed me here…with the bathtub.”*

“A murder with a bathtub is something I hic would more expect in a cartoon” said Lenni.

“Is *she* your mother?” asked Tim.

*“Yes…she drowned me.”*

“Uh wow, why the heck did she do that hic? What’s with your father?”

*“He left us and he took something important with him. Something he hid in my room. The servant left with him. Mom hates dirt. After the servant left, she was cleaning the house night and day and used up many brooms and household cleaner. But she didn’t go to the upper, where dad’s rooms were. In the end, she locked all doors so no one could make them dirty again and then she killed me. She’s living in the cellar now”*

“Oh, I guess that nothing hic lives in this house because all the cleaners did contaminate hic it. Or nobody wants to live with an insane ghost hic” concluded Tim. “We just wanted to visit the cellar anyway, so we can wish her a good day.”

*“No! You mustn’t go to her! She will kill you! You need something first…from my dad’s room.”*

“Well, where is it?”

“*Above…next to where he made his…things.”*

Tim, who recognized that she talked about the first room which the RMRS entered after they fought the ghosts said: “We don’t enter this room. Hic there’s a monster.”

“*Those are…my friends.”*

“Your…hic…the plushies!?”

*“She killed them…and then locked them up. I can calm them…then you can look for it.”*

“But there is this other hic thing as well, this skeleton.” Lenni objected.

*“Be quiet…turn off the lights…then it won’t notice you.”*

“Well, that sounds like a lot of excitement. Let’s do that! Oh, by the way, what’s your name?

*“My name…my name…is Sophia.”*

“Okay Sophia, let’s go.”

*“I’ll await you there and calm my friends.”*

“And she’s gone. Okay then, Rosemary Manor-Reconnaissance-Squad, let’s go!”

The RMRS went back to the Foyer and ascended the stairs. There, they turned their flashlights off and waited a moment, so their eyes got used to the moonlight which came through the few open windows. Finally, they opened the door carefully, went through and closed it again. Then they crept to the crossing, turned right and moved on to the next door. The RMRS opened the door. They saw Sophia who looked around when Tim and Lenni entered the room and then continued talking comforting to the animal. Since all windows in this room were closed, the only light came from the animal’s red glowing eyes. The RMRS closed the door behind them and turned their flashlights on, but they didn’t talk. But when they pointed the light on the wall, they failed not to make a sound of astonishment. They saw a low-pixel picture showing a laughing boy with a red cap making, the peace sign. Next to it were more shapes looking like radiation-protection-suits, three-eyed tentacle monsters, a fire breathing snake, strange looking mushrooms, a huge rat and more extreme odd pictures. After they were astonished for a proper time, Tim and Lenni began to search. They opened all cupboards, closets, wardrobes and chests, looked in every gap and pulled out all the drawers, but didn’t find anything. Finally, Lenni called: “Here! Something fell behind the drawers here.” He took out a little object and held in the light of his flashlight. It was a music box. Without hesitating, Lenni turned the crank.

da da da da da da

da da da da da

da da da da da

da da da da

da da da da

da da da da da da da da

da da da da da da da

da da da da

When the melody stopped, the animal growled gently and its eyes switched from red to blue.

“Now he looks hic really cute” Lenni said.

“Let’s call him Plushy” Tim suggested. “And now hic we’ll visit our hostess and-“

“he door burst again with loud noise and the skeleton stood in the room. It swung straightly one of its long arms and tried to hit Tim and Lenni… …but its long arms were a bit too short.

“*Play*!” shouted Sophia.

Lenni turned the crank and played the tune again.

da da da da da da

da da da da da

da da da da da

da da da da

da da da da

da da da da da da da da

da da da da da da da

da da da da

The skeleton shook and trembled at the sound of the tune and held its head as if it tried to cover its ears, but after a moment, it recovered. It made a step towards the RMRS and swung for another strike, but Plushy rammed one of its legs and it fell down.

*“Play it again! You have to join in!”*

“Tim and Lenni shortly looked at each other and then nodded, then Lenni turned the crank again.

hm hm hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm hm hm hm

hm hm hm hm

When the melody sounded form the music box and the RMRS, the skeleton shook again, this time stronger, and then it trembled, gave a last scream and returned to the dust of the earth.

“Well” Tim said “now we purify the cellar and hic then it’s time for us to get some sleep.

The RMRS, accompanied by Sophia and Plushy, went back into the foyer, from there to the ground floor, went into the corridor, turned right at the first crossing and left at the second crossing, came to the stairs and climbed them down. The room was empty, except for a shelf with some cleaning agents and cloths. Opposite to the staircase was a door. The group walked up to it.

*“Here…she is behind this door. Are you ready?”*

“In a moment” Tim and Lenni replied and took out their plush bunnies, which glowed recognizable.

“Ready?” both asked and answered at the same time: “Ready!”

The RMRS opened the door and went through.

Multiple washing machines were in this room, one stood in the middle. It seemed to have current, though it had no cables. Its frame was broken, as if it grew and forgot the ecdysis. The machine rattled and steamed, several lamps glowed red and the drum spun.

Suddenly, the washing machine stopped completely. The flap opened and a ghost came out of the drum. Unlike Sophia, this ghost was green and it seemed to be unable to separate from the machine. The ghost wore an apron, gloves, probably out of once pink rubber, and a respirator.

“**YOOUUUU!**” sounded a voice like from a grave **“YOU ENTERED HERE WITHOUT PERMISSION AND DID NOT EVEN WIPE YOUR SHOES!**

“Well” Tim joked “We didn’t want to ruin hic the doormat.”

“**YOU LEFT BEHIND DIRTY FOOTPRINTS ALL OVER THE PLACE!”**

“Yes” said Lenni. ” In the dust that’s everywhere hic.”

**“AND YOU SCATTERED YOUR CRUMBS ALL OVER”**

Tim and Lenni looked at each other. Their facial expression said:”Shoot. Guilty. Hic.”

**“I WILL DISINFECT YOU FOR THAT, VERMIN!”**

The ghost of a large bottle, on which the signs for “Very Poisonous” and “corrosive” could be seen, appeared above Tim’s head. Quickly, he threw Karl up who flew like a flash through the ghost and eliminated it.

**“SEEMS LIKE THIS LITTLE BIT IS NOT ENOUGH. I HAVE TO TAKE MORE THEN.**

After that, not less than 183, maybe more, ghosts of bottles with cleaning agent and brooms sharpened to stakes appeared in the air.

**“I WILL REMOVE YOU FROM MY FLOOR VERY THOUROUGHLY!”**

*“Play”* shouted Sophia “*Play the song! Sing!!”*

Lenni took the music box, turned the crank, and the RMRS sung.

Take a melody

**“NO! NO! NOT THIS SONG!**

The ghosts staggered, trembled and became blurred.

Simple as can be

“**NOT THIS SONG! I HATE IT!”**

Give it some words

**“I HATE IT! TAKE THAT!”**

Some brooms which lacked motivation flew towards Lenni, but a punch by Hans, who now could now replace a fluorescent lamp, warded them off.

And sweet harmony

**“TAKE THAT! TAKE MORE!”**

Additional ghosts flew towards Lenni, but no one came past Karl.

Raise your voices

**“TAKE MORE! MUCH MORE!”**

None of the ghosts seemed to have the courage to approached only a tiny bit.

All day long now

**“STOP IT! STOP IT!”**

One of the washing machines began to tremble.

Love grows strong now

**“NO! I DON’T WANT TO HEAR THIS ANYMORE!”**

The washing machine rose into the air.

Sing a melody of love

The washing machine flew towards Lenni in a desperate try to keep him from turning the crank, but with a mighty leap Plushy got it out of the air and took it down.

Oh love

*“Go on, sing it again” She’s at the end now!”*

Take a melody

Simple as can be

Give it some words

And sweet harmony

Raise your voices

All day long now

Love grows strong now

Sing a melody of love

Oh love

**“NO! NO! NO! YOU! YOU! YOU! UAAAAAAAGHSBLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRGGHHHHHHHH! I WILL DIE BUT I WILL TAKE YOU WITH ME YOU LITTLE PESTSSSSSSS!**

The washing machine began to clatter and to tremble fiercely, the lamps became brighter until they shattered, from the machine’s inside came massive amounts of steam and red light. The drum spun faster and faster until

KAPOW

The washing machine exploded into bits.

Karl took mortal damage. Karl became a pile of fluff.

Hans took mortal damage. Hans became a pile of fluff.

The trip on Halloween was over.

*“Finally, it’s over” said Sophia. “Now we can leave this place.”*

She and Plushy went to the door. Lenni waited for Tim, who gathered the remains of Karl and Hans. After that, they all went through the room before, climbed the stairs, went through the corridor into the foyer and through the entrance. When they came out of Rosemary manor, not a single person stood there, and not the expected crowd of pupils who should witness the return of the heroes who should never clean the classroom again.

*“It is time for me to leave you”* said Sophia. *“Good bye and thank you for everything you did. I’m sure we’ll see us again in heaven.”*

When she said that, a warm light fell on here and she hovered towards the sky.

*“Byyyye, all the best and good luck!”*

For a moment, Plushy looked after her, then he burst into countless plush bears, mouses, dogs, cats, bunnies and more animals, which flew laughing into the sky. When they couldn’t be seen anymore, the RMRS went home and prepared for a huge talking that would only be softened by the fact that they still wore their gas masks.

On the next day in school, Tim and Lenni heard that short time after they entered Rosemary Manor, a policeman appeared and chased off everybody. Ralf tried to shirk admitting that Tim and Lenni won, but not even he with his stupidity could contradict all the other boys.

In the following night, Tim and Lenni sneaked out of the house and took the grill with them. They put the remnants of Hans and Karl in it, poured a bit fuel over it and lightened it.

While it was burning, Lenni said:

“No one is ever going to hic believe what we saw.”

“So what? We just mustn’t hic say that it’s real and then we have a nice story. We could hic sell the cassette to the radio, after all, the ghost recordings really hic sound cool. Or we write the story down and submit it hic to something, we might win a flowerpot with it”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Then he added: “But next time, we think hic it over before we go on the next adventure. And we won’t do it without hic a proper reason.”

Shortly afterwards, only ash was remaining. Tim filled it into a small bottle and they went home to make up for their lacking sleep.

“Hic!”