

Bubble Gum Succubus

On most days, the smell of maple bacon jolts Carlie out of the bed, but if her soaked clothes are a sign of things to come, she will just lay there. “Yes, that’s right! She did say, “I’m waking you up for Halloween breakfast in the morning.” “No way I can go eat breakfast smelling like a homeless shelter, that’s leased by Willie Wonka himself.”

“Carlie, come down, breakfast is ready,” her mom said.

Carlie replies, “Alright mom, I’ll be right down.”

Red and orange starburst, cling to her succubus wings. A wolf howled on the T.V. all night. Carlie fell asleep with the T.V. on again. A gallon of mango Hawaiian punch, lay empty, next to the bed. For seven consecutive hours, the wolf howled on the D.V.D. menu. Peeling the covers off her wrinkle toes, she scrapes her feet across the soft beige carpet. She reaches in the drawer for a change of clothes and hops in the shower and trashes her succubus costume after the shower. After about forty-five minutes of scrubbing the stench off her body, she runs down stairs. Her mother kisses her fore-head and pushes a plate full of maple bacon toward her.

“Hun, did you stay up all night, binge watching horror movies?” she asked.

“Yes, mom,” replied Carlie.

Her mother reaches for the blinds and pulls the curtains back, sun rays blind her face. She laid her head flat against the table to escape the light.

“Is this what a hangover feels like mom? I don’t want to eat another piece of candy ever again,” Carlie asked.

Her mother picks up a newspaper and squints at a classified listing about costume designs.

“Carlie, would you be a dear and help me read this ad? I always knew this day would come. I would be depending on your young eye sight for the simplest things,” her Mom said.

Picking her head up off the plate of bacon, her words reminded me of last night.

“The scene from the movie I watched had a little boy and his dad, on the hunt for a wild animal, that slaughters their livestock. That little boy pissed the bed worse than I did, when that beast broke into his bedroom.

“Dad, it’s here, It’s in my room!” That scene scared the crap out of me.

“Seems like you took the victory on that one. It looks like Hurricane Harvey flooded your bed. Hun, I thought I asked you not to stay up all night eating junk food, drinking juice and watching horror movies?” her mother asked. She lifts her head up from the plate of bacon. With wide eyes, she watches her mom lower the newspaper and glare over at the clump of chocolate stuck to her hair.

“No more junk food before bedtime, said her Mother.

“Okay, mom,” said Carlie.

She stood to leave and get ready for school but her mother, sits, tapping her finger on the table, points to the seat and advises her to sit.

“You could get me in a lot of trouble for wearing a costume like that to school. They will suspend you from school. Is that something you want?” she asked.

“No, mom. I didn’t think it through.

She caresses her hair and gives her a smack on the cheek.

“BURP, I’m full mom,” Carlie said.

Carlie looks up at the clock hanging in the kitchen. The alarm goes off for the bus.
Biting her teeth,

“I’m going to be late for the school bus,” said Carlie.

“Today, I will take you to school,” Mom says.

Her eyes light up with joy.

“You have clumps of candy still sticking in your hair.”

Blowing blonde streaks of hair from her face, she places her hand under Carlie’s chin and lifts her head up.

“Let’s go get my little succubus a new costume. Preferably, one that is horror and water proof,” said Carol.

Carlie’s head sinks. “Halloween is so overrated.”