**INTRODUCTION (SPOKEN WORD)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“Whoooooooo. Whoooo? Youooooo???? Youoooooooo!

“Well, well, well! I declare! Where in the world have you been? Why it’s darker ‘n blackstrap molasses in these woods tonight. The wind’s downright bone-chillin’ too! Step up here on the porch so’s I kin git a good look at ya.

“Shore as beans, a ghost still haunts this ole’ house! But don’t let that skeer ya. It’s jus’ ole’ Missus Haggarty an’ she’s a right kindly spirit, I reckon.

“Well, don’t jus’ stand there gawkin’! Come on inside. Pull up a rockin’ chair, and set by the fire fer a spell. Warm up your bones. I been waitin’ on ya. I got a whole heap o’ songs and stories to share. But once I git started, strange things happen. This empty ole’ room fills up with all kind o’ music and sounds… the likes of what you never heard. The mem’ries all come flyin’ back like leaves tryin’ to wrastle the wind. And do you know what? I turn into a young ‘un agin! Oh, shore as beans, it can skeer ya, but it only lasts a little while. So, are ya sure ya want to stay?

“Good. ‘Cause I feel a song comin’ on right now. Ohhhhhhh!”

**MISTER JONES’ BONES**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

There’s a haunted house at the end of our street

By an old graveyard and a dead oak tree

Where mean Mister Jones was buried alive

When his cellar caved in one Halloween night,

His cellar caved in one Halloween night

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

Some say his body has never been found

And his ghost still moans and wanders around

So Pete, my best friend, and I made a pact

To trick or treat there without turning back,

To trick or treat there without turning back

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

So, Halloween night by the light of the moon

We snuck to the house in our spooky costumes

Scared as the Devil, we stood on the porch

And dared each other to knock on the door,

We dared each other to knock on the door

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

There wasn’t a sound ‘cept the whisper of wind

‘Til the hinges creaked and the door swung in

We squeaked “Trick or Treat,” and Pete grabbed my arm

When a jack o’ lantern suddenly lit up the dark,

A jack o’ lantern suddenly lit up the dark

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

We followed that light to a big living room

With a crackling fire and orange balloons

Then we saw a ghost with glittery hair

And a skeleton rocking on a rickety chair,

A skeleton rocking on a rickety chair

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

The ghost passed treats from a grave on the floor

Then moaned, “Jones’ bones will show you the door!”

The skeleton stood and both of us shrieked, Ahhhhhhh!

When the mask fell off and we saw underneath:

It was my big sister playing Trick or Treat!

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

**NOBODY’S HOME BUT MISTER JONES’ BONES**

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“Say, how’s about some hot applesassy?

“D’ you remember how I loved t’ cook? Still do! And Mamu said I used to boil up the durndest things as a young ‘un. First thing I ever made, Missus Haggerty taught me. I only made it once, but it could have stunk up this swamp worse ‘n any skunk ever did.”

**OOEY GOOEY STEW**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

My neighbor used to cook it before she flew away.

She dressed in black and she could cast a spell and stop the rain.

She danced around the kitchen stove, floating on a broom,

Waved her wand, POOF! It was on… that

**OOEY GOOEY STEW!**

A pinch of mud. a smidge of slime, a smudge of Vaseline,

A double dash of moldy trash, then mash until it’s green,

Squish in fat and, after that, a glob of rubber glue,

Just like that, you’ve half a batch of **OOEY GOOEY STEW!**

The smell was so disgusting, I lost my appetite.

She stirred and said some funny words, then vanished in the night.

I saw her cat and pointed hat fly by, across the moon,

Then heard her cackle, “I’ll be back for . . .

**OOEY GOOEY STEW!**”

Boil it up with yucky tufts of greasy grimy hair.

Throw in a banana skin-- that’s rotten-- if you dare!

Add a blob of bubble gum from someone’s smelly shoe

Just like magic. POOF! You have it... **OOEY GOOEY STEW!**

It’s frightfully delightful-- a scary recipe.

And all of the ingredients are grossly guaranteed.

I know it sounds ridiculous, but first clean up your room

‘Cause underwear might end up there... in

**OOEY GOOEY STEW.**

A pinch of mud, a smidge of slime, a smudge of Vaseline,

A double dash of moldy trash, then mash until it’s green,

Squish in fat and, after that, a glob of rubber glue,

Just like that, you’ve half a batch of  **OOEY GOOEY STEW.**

Boil it up with yucky tufts of greasy grimy hair,

Throw in a banana skin that’s rotten if you dare,

Add a blob of bubble gum from someone’s smelly shoe,

Just like magic. POOF! You have it. **OOEY GOOEY STEW!**

Just like magic. POOF! You have it. **OOEY GOOEY STEW!**

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“Did yaw lose your appetites yet? How’s that cider taste now?

“I made that song up after I read Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*. I still can’t believe that he wrote about witches and brew more than 400 years ago. Why, there are so many books in school. Edgar Allen Poe, Shakespeare…So much to learn…

**A POEM BY EDGAR ALLEN POE**

By Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

Much of Edgar Allen Poe’s work disappeared and is now lost to the world of literature. It is thought that someone who was jealous of Poe’s talent destroyed it shortly after his death.

His writings describe the spooky side of life-- and his contributions to that area have been significant.

Poe did spend much of his time alone, which may have been a factor in allowing his imagination get the best of him. In this poem he even sees a demon! YIKES! Be sure to read it with a parent and talk about it... or else...!

**ALONE**

Edgar Allen Poe

From childhood’s hour I have not been

As others were- I have not seen

As others saw- I could not bring

My passions from a common spring.

From the same source I have not taken

My sorrow; I could not awaken

My heart to joy at the same tone;

And all that I lov’d, ***I*** loved alone.

***Then***--in my childhood-- in the dawn

Of a most stormy life-- was drawn

From ev’ry depth of good and ill

The mystery which binds me still:

From the torrent, or the fountain,

From the red cliff of the mountain,

From the lightening in the sky

As it pass’d me flying by-

From the thunder and the storm,

And the cloud that took the form

(When the rest of Heaven was blue)

Of a demon in my view.

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“’Course, young ‘uns don’t ‘ppreciate a good education ‘til they’re older. Sure am glad you two are in school! Tell me, do they skeer easy? Most kids do, ya know. Reckon’ most grown-ups do too, in fact-- ‘specially durin’ this nex’ story. Still a fav’rite o’ mine. Don’t know where I learnt it. Seems like there’s a real long story with the same idea in it somewhere. Anyhoo, it reminds me of this very night, and rightly so.”

**DARK DARK NIGHT**  - Anonymous

Adaptation by Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral, ASCAP

It was a dark dark night

There was a dark dark wood

And, in the dark dark wood

There was a dark dark road

And, down that dark dark road

There was a dark dark house

And, on that dark dark house

There was a dark dark porch

And, on the dark dark porch

There was a dark dark door

And, through the dark dark door

There was a dark dark stair

And, up the dark dark stair

There was a dark dark hall

And, down the dark dark hall

There was a dark dark room

And, in the dark dark room

There was a dark dark closet

And, in the dark dark closet

There was a dark dark shelf

And, on that dark dark shelf

There was a dark dark box

And in that dark dark box

There was a…**GHOST!**

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“Ooooeeee! That always gits ‘em ever’ time! Say, how’s ‘bout stokin’ up the fire a little more? It’s cold!”

“Long back as I kin remember, spooks ‘n goblins of all kinds have taken a lik’n’ to me. I jus’ thank the good Lord that they all act kindly to me an’ my friends. Thing that always kep’ me from gettin’ too skeered, is knowin’ that the good Lord gave me a good head and a good heart. So, when my imagination starts a’ runnin’, I jus’ use my head and stop it from goin’ too far.”

“You know what? I used to be so skeered there were goblins in my closet, I was afraid to open the door! But, once I took a real look inside and faced my fear, one o’ those goblins became my friend, and I named him ‘*Spooky Tooth*.’

“Oh, Spooky! He was a real rascal. Purty soon the two of us were hobnobbin’ all over the place. Fact is, Pap said I used to blame ever’ durn bit o’ trouble I got in as a young ‘un on pore ole’ Spooky Tooth.”

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral, ASCAP

“Where’ve you been?” my brother asked,

“The floor’s all wet and muddy!”

I grinned and said, “Why just ask him,” and pointed to my buddy.

His name is really *Spooky Tooth.* He’s a goblin from my closet,

And where there’s trouble to be found

It’s Spooky Tooth who caused it.

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN** Is lots and lots of fun.

Today we ran through sprink’lers as fast as we could run.

The footprints on the hallway rug, they all belong to him,

‘Cause I’ve been **HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN. HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

“What do you have behind your back?” “Why, it’s a chocolate cookie!”

I shrugged and said, “He must be fed,” and pointed right at Spooky.

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN** Is easy when there’s two.

Today we made a secret trail of cookie crumbs and juice.

The mess we left is not my fault, it’s all because of him,

‘Cause I’ve been **HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN. HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

One day Spooky disappeared and he was gone forever.

He even stole a tooth from me; boy, was he ever clever!

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN** and playing all those tricks

Was sure a whole lot easier when I was only six.

Now that Spooky’s not around, I really can’t blame him, for . . .

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN.**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

‘Cause Spooky taught me all I know…about

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN.**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN.**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN.**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN**

**HOBNOBBIN’ WITH A GOBLIN…**

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“After plenty of hobnobbin’ with Spooky, I grew up a little and was skeered o’ strangers. Way up on top of the hill out back, there was a man who lived in a shack. He was all bent over and he walked with a limp. Mamu and Pap tol’ me he was friendly. But, whenever I saw him headin’ my way, I ran helter- skelter like a skeerdy cat and hid. Don’t know why. He jus’ looked an’ walked diff’rent . . . that’s all!

“Well, one day I was runnin’ down the holler to the swimmin’ hole, an’ he was hollerin’ at his dawg an’ runnin’ after him. The two o’ us jus’ up an’ bumped into each other. We knocked noggins, and fell over t’gether in a heap o’ leaves. My ankle hit a rock and was cut so’s I couldn’t walk. That stranger, ripped off part of his own shirt and wrapped my foot up, gentle as butterfly wings. Said he was skeered of Ol’ Missus Haggerty, too. Then, he carted me all the way back to my place. Pap and Mamu were waitin’, and that night he even brought over some stew fer us. Shore as beans, he was the nicest feller you’d ever hope t’ meet. Tol’ us this tale he collected from someplace way fur off in Africa.”

**INFORMATION**

By Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

I once heard someone tell this story, only it was about a giant pineapple. Do you think it was Hawaiian? So, this is an adaptation. A similar version can be found in *Guillot’s African Folk Tales by Rene Guillot, New York: Franklin Watts, 1965****.***

**THE GIANT PUMPKIN (FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU)**

Adaptation by Katherine Dines. ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

Once upon a field, in a very small village in West Africa, there grew a pumpkin. Now a farmer and his son had planted a pumpkin seed earlier that year, and had carefully tended to it and the other plants in their field.

Every day, the farmer and his son carried gourd after gourd full of precious water up from the river and poured the water slowly over the tiny shoot. Every day, they dug carefully around the roots of the small plant to give it air, shielded it from the blistering African sun, and sung softly to it.

Soon, the tiny shoot sprouted higher and higher and formed a blossom. From the blossom, a small orange pumpkin the size of a marble appeared one day and grew very quickly indeed. Within 3 days, the pumpkin was as big as a tennis ball. The next day, it was bigger than the boy’s head. Later that same day, it was bigger than a basketball.

The farmer and his son continued to tend to the pumpkin and by the time the other vegetables were ready to harvest, people from the village stopped by the field and stared at the giant pumpkin, which was now taller than a basketball player, big enough around to hold a hut inside, and brighter than the sun rising up in the morning--all orange and yellow. The farmer decided to name it “Feegba,” which means “Big Thing.”

The farmer and his son grew their own food. Both of them were thrilled to have raised Feegba, knowing that it could feed many a mouth in the family, and that there would be plenty leftover to share with the village.

When it was time to harvest, the farmer and his son went to the field with their knives to cut up Feegba and prepare a feast. As soon as they stuck their knives into the flesh of the giant pumpkin, Feegba roared, “Stop! Do not cut me! Or… **“FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**!”

The farmer and his son jumped back in amazement. “I beg your pardon! Pumpkins do not speak!” said the farmer, beginning to cut into the pumpkin again.

“STOPPPPP!” the pumpkin shouted. Do not cut into my flesh again, or you will regret it! “**FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**!”

The farmer turned to his son and to the pumpkin and said, “Look, Feegba. You are nothing more than food for our bodies. We grew you. You are a simple pumpkin, and that’s all there is to it!” And with that, both the farmer and the boy began to cut deeply into the orange flesh of the pumpkin.

Suddenly, the ground shook and Feegba began to roar and shake, and the farmer and his son were frightened. They dropped their knives and began to run. The pumpkin shook loose from its vine and began to roll--slowly at first, then faster and faster toward the farmer and his son, roaring in anger, “**FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**!”

The man and boy were terrified and ran behind a tree. But the giant pumpkin rolled into the tree and…flattened it in an instant. The two ran faster and hid in back of an old deserted hut. But the pumpkin rolled over the hut even faster and…flattened iT…into the ground. The two began to run as fast as their legs could carry them and finally they saw a huge rock. The ground shook. “**FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**. **FEEGBA GOING TO GET YOU**!”

Just as they thought Feegba was going to flatten the two of them, it rolled into the rock and split into two halves.

One half of the giant pumpkin became the sky, and the seeds burst out of Feegba’s core and scattered into the sky to form stars. The other half of the pumpkin became the earth and, after that, there were many pumpkins . . .

But, be careful the next time you cut into a pumpkin . . . or else!

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

”Here, let me git ya a little more cider.

“Speakin’ o’ Africa…Found out there was a slew o’ people who died right here in the Civil War. Right on this ground! Soldiers and slave people alike. Lot a’ people died in that war. Fightin’ is a hard thing for me t’ understan’. Always has been…

“Why, we otta be workin’ hard together to love one another an’ take care o’ this ole’ planet earth. Just as sure as beans, that’s why the spirits git so excited! They git riled up when the world is out a’ sorts. Can’t blame ‘em. Can you?”

**INFORMATION**

By Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

There are many versions of this traditional song, first made popular in the early 1800’s as an African Spiritual. The song is about resurrection, or rising after death, up from the ground to Heaven.

**DEM BONES**

Traditional African American. Written by African American songwriter James Weldon Johnson, or his brother in the late 1800’s. Adaptation by Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music

Ezekiel cried, “Dem dry bones!”

Ezekiel cried, “Dem dry bones!”

Ezekiel cried, “Dem dry bones!” Oh hear de word of de Lawd!

De foot bone connected to de anklebone

De ankle bone connected to de leg bone

De leg bone connected to de knee bone

De knee bone connected to de thigh bone. Oh hear de word of de Lawd!

De thigh bone connected to de hip bone

De hip bone connected to de back bone

De back bone connected to de neck bone

De neck bone connected to de head bone. Oh hear de word of de Lawd!

Percussion solo

Dem bones dem bones gonna walk around

Dem bones dem bones gonna walk around

Dem bones dem bones gonna walk around. Oh hear de word o’ de Lawd!

De head bone connected to de neck bone

De neck bone connected to de back bone

De back bone connected to de hip bone

De hip bone connected to de thigh bone. Oh hear de word of de Lawd!

De thigh bone connected to de knee bone

De knee bone connected to de leg bone

De leg bone connected to de anklebone

De ankle bone connected to de foot bone. Oh hear de word of de Lawd! Oh hear de word of de Lawd! Oh hear de word of de Lawd!

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“Brrr…It’s feelin’ more ‘n more like winter ever’ day. Purty soon there’ll be snow on the ground. Stoke up the fire one more time, will ye?

“And I’ll tell you a story I heard years ago from a Japanese woman who was woods-walkin’ one night. Nothin’ I like better ’n a good story on a cold an’ snowy night . . . ”

**SNOW**

From Kwaidan: *Stories and Studies of Strange Things*

*By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1904.*

Adaptation by Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

An old woodcutter lived in a Japanese village and worked with his apprentice who was 18 years old and named Minokichi. Every day, the two of them would leave at dawn, walk 5 miles, and wait for a ferry boat to come and carry them across the river. On the other side of the river, they walked another 3 miles into the forest, where they would chop wood until sunset.

One day, the wind began to blow very cold, and the sky turned very dark. As the rain came down and fell harder and harder, the men left their bundles of wood in the forest, and ran to the edge of the river to wait for the ferry to take them home.

The wind blew louder, and the rain turned to snow. The men were soaked to their bones and shivering. But the ferry did not come. Fearing the worst, they decided to take shelter in the boat captain’s hut.

By the time they got to the hut, the wind was howling, and more than a foot of snow had fallen. There was no wood, and no place for a fire, and both men feared for their lives. They huddled together in a corner of the hut and, soon, the old man lay down and fell into a deep sleep.

Minokichi could not sleep, and still the snow fell and the wind howled. Suddenly, a stream of snow blew in from under the door and formed a shape over the old man. Minokichi tried, but found that he was unable to move, or utter a sound. In a moment, the shape turned and bent down over Minokichi. He saw that it was a beautiful woman as white as snow. She whispered and blew into his face, taking his breath away. “Minokichi, you are young, and it is not your time. But, if you EVER utter a word of what you have seen here tonight, I will do to you what I did to the old woodcutter.”

With a sudden gush of wind, the beautiful white woman disappeared under the door. Minokichi could finally move, and he stood up, opened the door and peered into the night. All he could see and hear was snow and the sound of wind. Minokichi knelt by the old man, and took his hand. He found that it was as cold as ice, and that the old man had died. Minokichi wept, and fell into a heap.

When the boat captain returned to his hut the next day, he found Minokichi and cared for him many days. For the cold and shock had nearly killed Minokichi--just as it had the old woodcutter.

Soon, Minokichi continued his work. He went to the river, waited for the ferry, and chopped wood in the forest. One day, as he was walking home alone, he saw a beautiful woman who was going in the same direction. Her voice reminded him of spring rain and her skin was as smooth as cherry blossoms. As the two of them spoke, Minokichi found that her name was O-Yuki, and that he liked her very much.

When they came to his house, Minokichi invited O-Yuki inside to rest and to meet his mother. After tea and a nice long visit, O-Yuki and Minokichi had fallen in love. Soon the two of them married, and Minokichi’s mother loved O-Yuki as her very own.

After twelve years, the old mother died, leaving O-Yuki and Minokichi to live in the house. Even though O-Yuki bore Minokichi 10 children, she looked as young as the day they had met. Villagers gossiped, and thought it strange that O-Yuki never seemed to age.

One night, after the 10 children were asleep, Minokichi stood staring at O-Yuki in the fire light. He could not take his eyes off of her, and found he was breathless. “You are so beautiful, O-Yuki. Your skin is so white!” O-Yuki whispered, “What is wrong, Minokichi?”

“O-Yuki, I have never told another soul this story, but before I met you . . . ” And Minokichi told O-Yuki about the night of the terrible storm, and the beautiful woman he had seen in the hut.

Suddenly, O-Yuki stood and screamed... “How dare you! I told you NEVER to utter a WORD of that. Because of the ten children, l still will not do to you what I did to the old woodcutter, but I will leave you all alone. It was I in that hut…I…I…I…And, with that and a great gust of cold wind, O-Yuki was gone. She disappeared through the smoke hole in the roof and was never seen by Minokichi again, until his children were grown and he was a very old man.

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

”Shore as beans, my bones git tired more ‘n they used tuh, and you two young ‘uns otta be headin’ on your way.

“A real nice family set up camp down by the crick, a couple o’ weeks back. Wife was Italian. Husband was Spanish. And they had a couple o’ young ‘uns, too--just like you. Well, one night, we got to tellin’ an’ the husband and wife tole the same story jus’ a little bit different. I guess that’s what makes stories so special. Once you learn ‘em, you git to tell ‘em yo’r own way.

“I can’t rightly remember if this is Spanish or Italian. Anyhoo, it’s a good ‘un!”

**INFORMATION**

By Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

There is also an Italian version of this story called *Dauntless Little John*. In both versions someone is brave enough to spend a night alone in a haunted house. And, the spirit or ghost cannot rest until it has made things right with the world.

**THE TINKER AND THE GHOST (Spanish version)**

From Spanish and Italian Traditions. Adaptation by Katherine Dines © 1993 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

A castle overlooking the plains near Barcelona, had been deserted for many years because it was said to be haunted by a ghost. Every All Hallows’ Eve (Halloween), a strange ghostly light would flare up out of the chimney and fade into the night, then flare up again and again. A voice also wailed and moaned through the huge empty rooms.

Doctors, scientists, thrill seekers, and others--professionals and commoners alike--had come from far and wide and made many attempts to rid the castle of its ghost. For years, many had tried because the owner of the castle promised a generous reward of one thousand gold reales to anyone who could succeed. But no one had ever survived All Hallows’ night in the castle. Each person had been found the following morning, sitting in front of the fireplace--stiff as a board, white as a sheet, and dead as a doornail.

One October, a little before All Hallows’ Eve, a brave and fearless tinker named Esteban rode into town on his trusty donkey, set up a booth at the Mercado, and began to repair pots and pans, as tinkers back then did. He worked hard, and heard the local people whispering about the haunted castle with a ghost inside.

“Tell me more!” Said Estaban, being his brave and fearless self.

“Well, if you dare go there on All Hallows’ Eve,” began one of the local women, “you will see a ghostly light flare up out of the chimney. A voice will wail and moan. And, surely, they will find you the next morning stiff as a board, white as a sheet, and dead as a doornail.”

“If I DARE? Why, I am ESTEBAN, a brave and fearless tinker! I will gladly go to the castle and get rid of the ghost.”

The local people gathered around Esteban and stared in amazement.

“If you dare to go there, you risk your life! But if you survive the ghost, the owner of the castle will reward you with one thousand gold reales!” “Well then. It’s all settled,” Esteban said. “I will go to the castle, for I am but a poor tinker and I need the money. However, I must insist that I have a few supplies. I would like some wood to burn, a frying pan, a side of bacon, one dozen fresh eggs, and a jug of wine.”

The local people soon gathered Estaban’s supplies, helped him load up his donkey, wished him luck, and waved him off to the haunted castle. Not one of the townspeople was brave enough to follow, however.

As the night fell, Esteban reached the castle. It was cold with a chill in the air, and he was glad to find the shelter of the castle even if it was haunted. So, Esteban unsaddled his donkey, and set him loose to graze on the dry grasses in the courtyard. He then carried his supplies inside the castle doors, which had remained unlocked, to the huge drawing room. It was black as pitch and freezing inside. Esteban shivered, not because he was frightened, but because he was cold. Besides, Estaban had wood, and he was brave and fearless, so he immediately built a warm fire.

As the room grew warmer, Esteban settled close to the hearth and took a few sips from the jug. He put the pan over the flames and sliced some bacon into it to cook. The aroma was wonderful. Esteban was hungry and, as it sizzled, the bacon cheered him. He was content to have food in his belly, a nice warm fire, and… just as he took another sip from the jug, a thin voice wailed and moaned, “Look out! Look ooooout!”

Esteban, put the jug down carefully beside him and said, “Look out for what? I don’t see anything. You sound miserable enough, but not as bad as my donkey sounds when it brays!” Then he turned the bacon over in the pan so that it could brown on both sides.

The voice wailed and moaned again, a little louder. “Look out…I’m….”

Esteban lifted the bacon out of the pan and set it to drain on the hearth. Then he cracked an egg into the skillet, shaking it gently so that the edges would cook evenly.

“Look out…I’mmm…Falling!”

“Just don’t fall on top of my egg!” Said Esteban. No sooner had he said that, than there was a loud “Phump,” and a man’s right leg fell down the chimney and onto the hearth. It was dressed in half a pair of brown leather pants with a black sock and boot. Esteban moved the leg away from the hearth, calmly sipped from the jug, and took a few bites of bacon and egg. The wind whipped around the castle and raindrops pelted the windows.

“Look out, below…I’m Faaaaaalling!” Down the chimney then “Phump” again. And there was the left leg. It had on the other half of the leather pants, and a matching sock and boot. Esteban moved it away from the fire too, and put on another log. He cracked another egg into the pan and put it back on top of the flames.

“Look out…I’m faaaaaaa…lllling!”

“Just don’t fall on my egg!” said Esteban. This time, there was a loud “Phump” and the the trunk of a man without arms or legs fell down the chimney and onto the hearth. It had on a green woven shirt and a brown woolen coat.

Esteban continued to eat yet another egg when “Phump!” “Phump!” Down the chimney came a man’s left arm, and then the right one with the rest of the green shirt and brown coat.

As he continued to cook the last of the bacon, Esteban thought to himself, ‘Hmmm, all that is left of the ghost is it’s head. I wonder what it will look like!’

This time the voice wailed and moaned loudly, “LOOK OUT…I’M FAAAAALLLLING…FALLING!”

Right down the chimney again “PHUMP!” tumbled a head. It was a normal head with curly black hair and dark eyes and brows--not really too scary, except for being unattached. Esteban’s bacon was not yet cooked, but he removed the pan from the fire anyway, and set it aside, and put the head with the rest of the body parts. No sooner had he done that, than the parts all joined together and formed the ghost of the castle.

“Why, hello there, stranger! Would you like some bacon and eggs?” Esteban asked.

“I need no food!” Moaned the ghost. “But I want you to know that you are the first and only person who has been brave enough to stay here until my entire body came together. The others turned stiff as boards, white as sheets, and dead as doornails.”

Esteban said with a brave and fearless smile, “That is because they did not bring wood, food, or wine with them.” Then he turned back to the fire and to his bacon.“If only you will help me, you will save my soul, and I will leave this castle forever,” said the ghost. “In the courtyard under the large gray stone, there are three bags. One of copper, one of silver, and one of gold coins. I stole them from some banditos and hid them here. Right after I buried them, the banditos captured me, murdered me, and cut my body into pieces. But they did not find the coins. Come. Help me dig them up. Then give the copper coins to the church, the silver coins to the poor, and keep the gold coins for yourself. Only then will I be able to make peace with the world, leave this castle, and go to the Kingdom of Heaven.”

It sounded easy enough to Esteban, so he said, “Gladly!” When they got to the large gray stone in the courtyard, the donkey brayed loudly, “Ehaw! Ehaw! Ehaw!” And it did sound much worse than the wails and moans of the ghost. Esteban made the ghost do all the digging. Soon the three bags of coins appeared.

“You must promise to do exactly what I tell you!” said the ghost.

“Alright. I promise.” Said Esteban.

“Help me remove these clothes.” And, the very second Esteban pulled off the boot and sock, the foot and ankle disappeared. As soon as the clothes were piled in the courtyard next to the stone, there was a final wail and moan, and the entire ghost disappeared. He went immediately up to Heaven’s gate and knocked. And because he had completed his business and made right with the world, he was invited to stay. With that, he was never seen on earth again.

Esteban went back into the castle with the bags of coins. He fried another egg, finished the bacon, and fell sound asleep by the fire.

The next day the locals expected to find Esteban stiff as a board, white as a sheet, and dead as a doornail. Instead, they were surprised to find him dining on the last of his eggs.

None of them could believe their eyes. “Are you really alright, Esteban?” everyone wanted to know . . .

“I am fine. What did you expect? I am the brave and fearless Estaban! The wood, the wine, the bacon and eggs were all I needed. Now I will go to the owner of the castle and collect my reward of one thousand gold reales. See for yourself. The ghost is gone. You will find his clothes next to the gray stone in the courtyard.”

Esteban loaded the donkey with the three bags of coins, the jug, and the frying pan. He was indeed a brave and fearless tinker. He rode out of town and collected his reward of one thousand gold reales from the owner of the castle. Then he rode into Barcelona, and gave a small church there the copper coins, and the silver coins to the poorest people he could find.

Esteban then lived a brave and fearless life for many years buying as many eggs and much bacon as he wanted with his gold coins, and the one thousand gold reales.

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

”I tol’ ya’ that was a good one! Did it skeer ya? Bet yo’re glad ya’ don’t have t’ sleep here tonight!

“Before ya’ go, set in a little closer to the coals so ya’ don’t catch cold an’ git to coughin’. “

**INFORMATION**

By Katherine Dines ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

Stories are based on the times in which they are told and the good ones manage to remain popular. This ghost story takes place in the late 1950’s, and...well let’s just say that most of this ghost story is absolutely true!

**THE COFFIN**

Traditional. Adaptation by Katherine Dines © 1993 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

There used to be an old graveyard at the top of a hill by our house. Late in the day, the neighborhood kids would start daring each other to run up to the graveyard, remove a stick or stone, and run back before the sun slipped down behind the hill.

One particular Halloween, when I was about 11, a few of us got special permission from our parents to play at Jennifer Respik’s house until 11 o’clock that night.

Being older than the other kids in the neighborhood, some of us decided that since it was Halloween, we should go up to the graveyard and see if we could see any ghosts. After all, it would be dark, and it WAS Halloween.

There were five of us--safety in numbers you know . . . And, by the time we got to the top of the hill, there was a wicked chill and a ghostly moon that kept disappearing in and out of the clouds. A bank of fog drifted slowly through the trees, and every grave stone stuck out of the ground just waiting for something to happen. It was a spooky night, for sure.

We all kind of scattered around the top of the hill when suddenly, Cy Rubinstein let out a little cry and a gasp… All four of the rest of us rushed over to where he was. He was pointing to and staring at an open grave. Inside the grave, was a coffin. As we stood there and stared, the ground around us began to tremble and the coffin started to rise up out of the grave.

We all shrieked at the same time and started to run around like a bunch of ants on an ant hill. We didn’t know WHAT to do. That is, until the coffin stood up on one end and faced our group. It looked as if it wanted to speak to us, but we kept our distance and were all afraid to move.

Aissitou thought some of the high school students were playing a trick on us, but no one was behind the coffin. Gregory thought we should try and open the coffin, but there was a huge lock on it and we were too scared to find out what was inside. I threw a stick at it just to see what would happen.

Oops, the coffin did not like that one bit. In fact, it started to hop and scrape against the ground toward us.

With that, Cy yelled, “Let’s run back to Jennifer’s! Hurry!” We started to run, and the coffin came faster and faster. We rolled down the hill, which was steep and all covered with leaves, and... so did the coffin. We ran like we were in an Olympic relay race, our arms and legs flailing. The coffin followed, thumping and scraping along the asphalt faster and faster toward us. The lights of the block were almost all out except for Jennifer’s porch light. We ran toward that light with all our might. We were terrified now. The coffin continued. Aissitou, Jennifer, and I screamed. Cy and Gregory started to yell loudly.

No one was home at Jennifer’s, and Jennifer was shaking so badly she could hardly get the key into the lock. Finally she did, and we all rushed inside and deadbolted and chain locked the door shut.

Breathless, Cy asked, “Is everybody okay?” I gasped, because in the living room, I could see a tall shadowy shape, and it was... Yes, you guessed it-- the COFFIN! We all screamed. This time, we KNEW we were in trouble.

Jennifer yelled, “There’s no place to go except for the basement. Let’s go! It’s so small, the coffin can’t possibly fit down there!”

We literally raced through the door and into the tiny crawl space in Jennifer’s basement. It was dark and cold down there--so dark that none of us could see. But we all grabbed for each others’ hands and heard the coffin thumping on the basement door. We were shaking and panting. Jennifer was crying, and at the same time we were trying to hold our breath so that the coffin wouldn’t find us. We could feel it up there…just waiting! It was awful.

Suddenly, there was a giant thud followed by a scrape, and we all saw a crack of light as the basement door slowly creaked open. All we could hear was the pounding of our hearts. The coffin was coming! It was no longer standing up, it was sliding down the stairs ever so slowly, but yes, it was actually coming after us!

We bunched together like a can of sardines, and started to panic for our lives. Just as the coffin reached the bottom of the steps and was about to squish all of us into the basement floor forever, I pulled out my cherry cough drops and . . . stopped the coffin!

**SPOKEN WORD – NARRATION (WOODSWOMAN OR SPIRIT)**

By Katherine Dines, ©1995 Kiddie Korral Music, ASCAP

“It shore is fun t’ laugh an’ it shore is fun to git skeered, i’n’t it? Well, i’n’t it?

“Y’ know, you two haven’t said one thing since you been here. Oh, well . . . you come on back for a visit sometime, will ye? Don’t leave me here all alone in these woods!

Whooooooo. Whoooo? Youooooooooo!

Yes, Youoooooooooooooooooooo!