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Halloween Story

By: Monica Waggoner

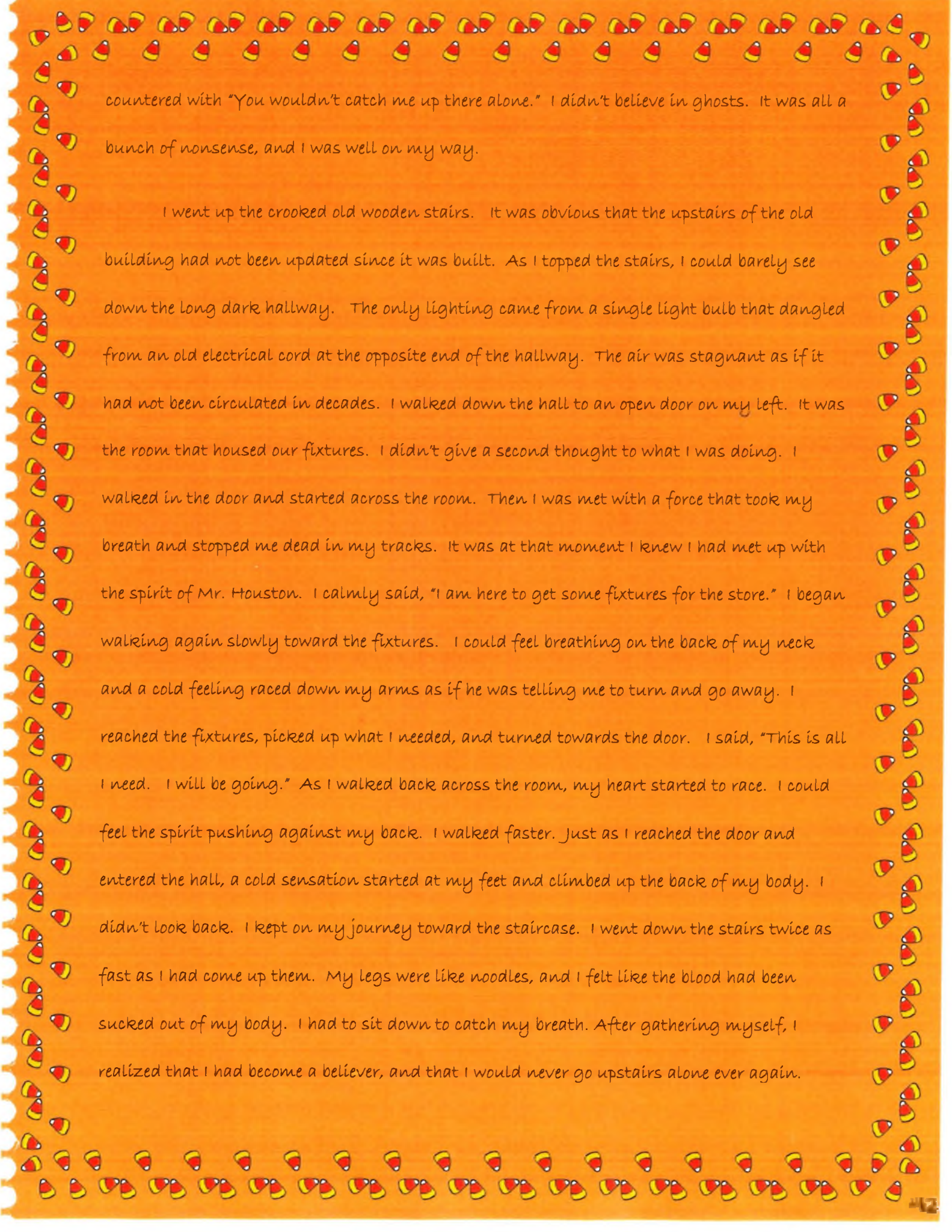
It has long been rumored that the ghost of the famous attorney, Temple Houston, roams the buildings located at 810 and 812 Main Street in Woodward, Oklahoma. According to legend, Attorney Temple Houston's spirit never went to rest because of a love affair he had with the local madam of the night, Dolly Keezer. Mr. Houston haunts one side of Main Street in Woodward, and Mistress Dolly haunts the opposite side. There have



actually been photographs taken of Mistress Dolly standing at the window atop the old building.

I worked at Maurice's as an assistant manager. The store was located at 810 Main Street. Next door at 812 Main Street was a candy store with an upstairs. This is where we stored our store fixtures. We were well aware of the rumors about Mr. Houston, and none of us ever went to the upstairs alone. I, however, was nonbeliever, and when we needed some fixtures during a remodeling, I didn't think twice about going over alone and getting what we needed.

As I entered the store, I told the storeowner that I was going up to get some things. She gave me a shocked look and asked where my backup was. I replied that I wasn't afraid and jokingly said that if I wasn't down in five minutes to send help. She wished me luck and



countered with "You wouldn't catch me up there alone." I didn't believe in ghosts. It was all a bunch of nonsense, and I was well on my way.

I went up the crooked old wooden stairs. It was obvious that the upstairs of the old building had not been updated since it was built. As I topped the stairs, I could barely see down the long dark hallway. The only lighting came from a single light bulb that dangled from an old electrical cord at the opposite end of the hallway. The air was stagnant as if it had not been circulated in decades. I walked down the hall to an open door on my left. It was the room that housed our fixtures. I didn't give a second thought to what I was doing. I walked in the door and started across the room. Then I was met with a force that took my breath and stopped me dead in my tracks. It was at that moment I knew I had met up with the spirit of Mr. Houston. I calmly said, "I am here to get some fixtures for the store." I began walking again slowly toward the fixtures. I could feel breathing on the back of my neck and a cold feeling raced down my arms as if he was telling me to turn and go away. I reached the fixtures, picked up what I needed, and turned towards the door. I said, "This is all I need. I will be going." As I walked back across the room, my heart started to race. I could feel the spirit pushing against my back. I walked faster. Just as I reached the door and entered the hall, a cold sensation started at my feet and climbed up the back of my body. I didn't look back. I kept on my journey toward the staircase. I went down the stairs twice as fast as I had come up them. My legs were like noodles, and I felt like the blood had been sucked out of my body. I had to sit down to catch my breath. After gathering myself, I realized that I had become a believer, and that I would never go upstairs alone ever again.