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## Halloween, 1983

Chelsea Michaels

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*Chelsea  
Michaels*

# Halloween, 1983

"Jackie! Get up!" Linda pulled uselessly on Jackie's arm, her laughter making her weak.

"We have to go!"

The girls slid down a muddy hillside, farther and farther from the party raging in the distance.

"I'm peeing," Jackie wheezed out, one arm gripping her stomach and the other trying to hastily pull down her black string underwear.

"You're what?"

"I'm peeing!" Jackie yelled out from her prone position in the mud. Linda dropped her arm, her hand flying out to steady herself on the soggy ground and the other still triumphantly holding a red plastic cup.

"Don't laugh!" Jackie said through her own tears of mirth.

"I think the cowboy and the ref can see us!" Linda said, peering back up at the house through the trees and bushes.

"I don't care! Just get the grass out of my ass."

"Oh come on, honey, let's get you cleaned up," Linda said, pulling Jackie's undies back up and straightening her black and yellow striped dress.

"Where are my antennas?" Jackie asked, feeling around in the brush.

"They're still on your head."

"Oh, okay. I'm ready."

The two girls climbed up the hill bear-walk style, the mixture of mud and vodka making the trek extremely difficult. They finally reached the driveway, wiping dirt from their hands and costumes.

"Give me another sip of that," Jackie said as she took the cup from Linda's hand.

"Don't you think you've had plenty?" Linda asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, I just pissed it all out, didn't I?"

"We have to go back to your place soon."

"I don't plan on going back there tonight," Jackie said, turning to smile at the cowboy and referee coming towards them.

"You took forever, pussy cat," the cowboy said as he slid a arm around Linda's shoulders.

"Girl talk," Linda smiled up at him, her eyeliner whiskers only a bit smudged.

"You ladies ready to go back to my pad? We can watch a scary movie," the

referee said, putting his jacket around Jackie's shoulders.

"Of course!" Jackie said, ignoring Linda's pointed look.

"Great, let's go."

Dance tunes played out of the record player as Linda fumbled around with long fake eyelashes and messy glue. Jackie walked back into her bedroom after hanging up the phone.

"He's gone," she said, picking up her antennas and placing them carefully into her bouncy curls.

"Who?" Linda asked, pressing the fake eyelash over her own.

"My dad died."

"What?" Linda gasped, dropping her hand from her eye. The fake lashes only held on halfway.

"My dad died in the hospital this afternoon. Lung cancer," Jackie said, picking up the lip-gloss and applying it to her already plump lips.

"Oh my god! I never even knew he was sick."

"He's had it on and off for a long time."

"But where will you live? Can you still stay in this house?"

"I don't know. I'll let my aunt deal with all that stuff."

"What about—"

"Stop, I don't want to talk about this right now. It's a holiday!" Jackie said with a smile that looked more like grimace. She looked herself over in the mirror one more time, making sure all her curls were in place.

"But—"

"Don't. Just get ready so we can go."

"You still want to go? Let's just stay here."

"No way," Jackie said sharply. "We're going."

"They've been gone a long time," Linda said, looking towards the dark staircase. The referee had taken Jackie upstairs to show her his records.

"They're fine. Don't worry about it," the cowboy said, tightening his arm around her shoulders. The girl on the TV screamed as a hooded figure held an axe over her head.

"Maybe we should go check on them," Linda said.

"Don't worry babe, they're fine," the cowboy said, leaning in close so Linda could smell all the beers he had on his breath. He started kissing her neck, his scruff scratching her skin.

"They're fine," he said again.