



'Twas the Week Before Halloween

A Bunker the Cat Tale

by Dr. Gurley and Almost-Dr. Gurley

'Twas the week before Halloween, and all through the house,
 All the creatures were stirring, mostly to grouse.
 The costumes were planned with boldness and flair
 In hopes that trick-or-treating soon would be there.
 But Hope O-ween flopped on her bed with a pout.
 She was angry and sad, and wanted to go out.
 And Bunker, her cat, licked his paw in despair
 He knew it was foolish, but he wanted to scare,
 To cause shivers and shrieks and scary-night thrills.
 For Bunker loved a good fright-night overkill.
 It all began with Hope's Pop-Pop, the young Hal O-ween,
 And Hope's Nana, a wild Lantern, named Jacque-o-line.
 But now the big night, only seven days away,
 Felt so stripped and so bare, you could see vertebrae.
 Hope kicked at her bed, all wrinkled and sad,
 Grabbed Bunker and decided, I'm going to be bad.
 She called all her friends and there arose such a chatter,
 That even the grown-ups knew something was the matter.
 Hope's voice rang so loud as she called out their names,
 "Oh Slasher, oh Crasher, oh Curser, oh James.
 James, pay attention, put down your dinosaur.
 Halloween isn't only for going door-to-door.
 Some nights you don't feel well, and those costumes sure chafe.
 There are winds, storms, and smoke, and sometimes it's unsafe.
 Sure, if we could, we'd love to trick-or-treat,
 But excluding people who can't, that's so obsolete."
 Hope and her friends put their heads all together
 And came up with an idea both scary and clever.
 They created new magic to save Halloween!
 They worked night and day, all six in-between,
 To pull off this trick they needed someone sneaky and small,
 Which meant Bunker the Cat would answer the call.
 If anyone stayed in their home for the night,
 They still could make Halloween fun, and a fright.
 Since Bunker loved boxes and darkness under beds,
 He'd wriggle in under them and scare sleepyheads
 Who'd put out a box, 'cause they'd then find a treat,
 Like a bag full of candy hidden somewhere discreet,
 Even outside a front door, after midnight rang.
 So the whole team helped Bunker as he went and he came
 While kids at home watched virtual costume parades,
 Played scary stories, board games, and masks made.
 There was pumpkin-carving and decorating a haunted-house room.
 Even closet-door trick-or-treating! The night ended too soon.
 Then for those who had Bunkered, the hunt for treat-bags began.
 Each place might be different, for a costumed witch, ghost, or spaceman.
 And for those who were thinking, surely, my treat's under the bed?
 Maybe not - Bunker loves a good fright, and knows some people dread
 Putting their hand in a box, or in any dark space
 To feel what's inside. Is it a spider or...snakes?
 The night had been such a spooky Hope O-ween feat -
 an at-home Halloween game of treat hide and seek.
 So now you can stay in, shiver, laugh, and love more.
 You don't have to go out and trick-or-treat door-to-door.
 Playing Hope-o-ween and Bunker is magical fun,
 Halloween spirit expanded, with options for everyone!

