

clubbed to DEATH

Spaghetti For Brains

The following is a true story. Halloween, 1978, a Cub Scout Haunted House. I was 10 years old. It was one of those deals — a ritual, really — I assume is still played out annually in suburbs across the United States. We decked out the den mother's home to be a "Haunted House," complete with bed-sheet ghosts hanging from the ceiling, black and orange streamers and, of course, the plate full of cold spaghetti in a paper bag — it was supposed to be someone's pancreas or whatever. (As if Mrs. Musgrove, the den mother, had provided a few dishes of fresh human entrails for the kids' entertainment.)

All of the Cub Scouts at the party had a job — mine was to be the monster at the end of the dark, scary bathroom. The toilet was in a tiny room, barely wide enough for the toilet itself. I was to wear a monster mask, crouch on top of the toilet, and as soon as a confused kid with spaghetti sauce on his hands was led into my part of the bathroom, I was to jump out, scream and scare the hell out of the little victim.

The plan never really took off — the majority of the kids were onto the fake Haunted House gag, and they weren't frightened by a 10-year-old in a mask, but most of them were compelled by pure juvenile giddiness to scream anyway. My last potential victim didn't fit the mold, however... not by a long shot.

This kid, a chubby little 8-year-old named Kevin, was mortally terrified. Clearly, he had darkness issues. I could hear him outside my little toilet room crying, refusing to shove his hand into the bowl of brains. Kevin's mom was guiding him along, however, determined her son would enjoy the experience of terror just like the other kids. His crying tapped into a sadistic vein of my young psyche, and I started chuckling to myself — I couldn't wait to scare the shit out of the little crybaby. His mother shoved him into my tiny room. I jumped up and screamed something like, "Aaahhhh, Keeevvinnn!"

Most kids are afraid of monsters, but few have devised a plan regarding exactly what should be done when confronting a monster. Apparently Kevin was one of the few who thought about it. When I screamed, his "fight or flight" mechanism kicked it, and "flight" was not his first reaction.

Kevin's first punch landed squarely

on my chin. The monster mask was knocked around backwards, and I was effectively blinded. The second blow

was a kick to the groin. Kevin was still crying, but the beating didn't stop — he pounded me a few more times in the face and gut. By the time he found the door and ran out bawling, I was a crumpled mess, shoved into the little space between the toilet and the wall.

Since then I've had a phobia about chubby 8-year-olds. It's nearly impossible to shake that kind of thing. You can have Dracula, Frankenstein, the devil — for me, none of them even come close to inspiring terror induced by a fat, crying 8-year-old.

And that's why I only go to Halloween parties where the people are over 21.

Here are your best options for Halloween '98:

The Wave: When I was a kid, I had a thing about clowns: I hated them. I kicked them whenever I could. They weren't funny, and they had a creepy quality that, as a child, I wasn't able to articulate — my feelings were instead expressed via a kick in the shin. *Then* the clowns were funny. The Wave is having a Circus party this year. Five hundred bucks for best costume. The Wave's always insane at Halloween.

Spooked: An 11-hour Halloween rave at The Shelter, featuring **Jason Mouse**, America's number one drum-n-bass wizard. Also on the bill is **G-Spot** and everybody on this island who has ever purchased a record.

The Dungeon: These people take Halloween to the next level. For many of them, Halloween is sort of a year-round thing, so the real Halloween is a wrist-strapping, butt-whipping night of pure Saturnalia. Call 534-5523 for more info.

Chicken Skin for the Soul: This is where I'm gonna be. There's never been a party at **Indigo** that failed to achieve legendary status. DJ's **Gonzales**, **Mario** and **Sub-Zero** supply the music; the vibes will be all you. It's all at 1121 Nu'uano Street, in conjunction with **Havana Cabana**. I've heard rumors of a block party on Nu'uano as well.

See you there, but be warned — if any of you show up dressed as Kevin, my first punch will land squarely on your chin.

—Mark Chittom, mchittom@hawaii.edu

