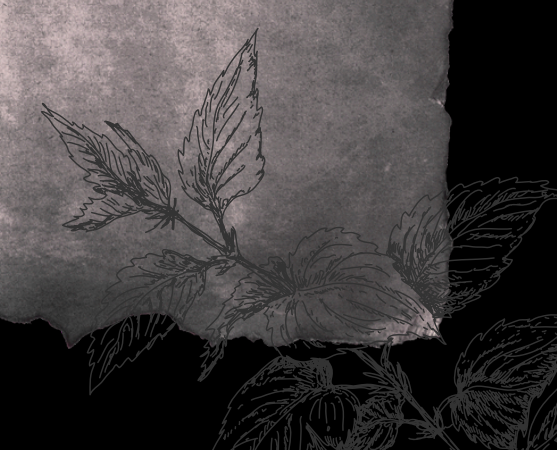




OCTOBER 31ST

THIS IS MY MOTHER'S BRIGHT IDEA. SHE SAYS IT WILL HELP ME "EXPRESS MY FEELINGS" AND "ENJOY MYSELF" I WOULD RATHER ALLOW EDITH TO GIVE ME A MAKEOVER. HOWEVER, MOTHER SAID SHE WOULD TAKE AWAY MY TYPEWRITER IF I DON'T, SO I HAVE NO CHOICE. SO HERE GOES: IT'S THAT WRETCHED DAY THAT PEOPLE CALL "HALLOWEEN." THEY TRY TO DRESS AS THE DEAD BUT THEY AREN'T EVEN REMOTELY ACCURATE. IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRESS AS THE DEAD, AT LEAST HAVE THE DECENCY TO DO IT RIGHT.





OCTOBER 31ST

I MIGHT GO SIT IN THE CEMETERY TONIGHT TO TREAT MYSELF. I DO QUITE ENJOY CONVERSING WITH THE DEAD. EDITH, ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE, IS AT THE NEVERMORE MONSTER MASH(UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE NO ACTUAL MONSTERS). I WENT, HOPING SOMETHING INTERESTING WOULD HAPPEN. AND IT DID. THE LIGHTS WENT OFF AND EVERYONE LET OUT DELIGHTFULLY TERRIFIED SCREAMS. I QUITE ENJOYED IT. HOWEVER, THE LIGHTS CAME BACK ON. DISSAPPOINTING.





OCTOBER 31ST

THE DANCE RESUMED, AND I WAS
SOON PULLED INTO A PICTURE.
THEY SAID "SMILE!" I DID.
THEY RAN AWAY SCREAMING.
APPARENTLY I HAVE A VERY
DELIGHTFUL SMILE. I SHOULD
USE IT MORE OFTEN. I SPENT
THE REST OF THE NIGHT
STANDING BY THE PUNCH BOWL.
THING WENT AROUND STEALING
CANDY FROM PEOPLE. I RESPECT
THAT. IF ANYONE ASKS IF I
ENJOYED HALLOWEEN, TELL THEM
NO. I HAD A GREAT TIME.
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE. I RATE
IT 3 OUT OF 5 DEAD ROSES.

-WEDNESDAY

