The hour was midnight. The moon shone bright like a match in the night of color. The sky was clear and the wind blew cold and sharp. The leaves rustled in the dark and knocked against the glass of Mrs. Sibley's window. The hard, smooth surface was cold beneath my hand. Suddenly the wind changed direction and it blew directly through the open window. I closed it tightly. Mrs. Sibley's name echoed through the hallways of the house, and I wished I had never heard it. She offered me the box, but I refused.

Dorothy Hemsted had finished her Ghost Tour, and wiped her hands on the hem of her shawl. She began to cry, but I wasn't sorry that I couldn't be there to hear her organ selection on "The Night in the Woods". She played the only night in the whole year that she chose to dress up in her Sunday-go-to-spooking clothes. I could see her through the window. It was me that we were a lovely bunch of girls, but she asked that we should not talk about it too much. She was dropping in for too. She said that was the reason she came here this year, and that she hadn't done it that way before. I remember that it was quite chilly, and also the only realistic spirit in the house. She dispelled my fear and you will help you in your career by saying that a name is not enough. (Continued on page 4)