Bill the bat loved Halloween.
It was the funniest thing that he had ever seen.
The kids dressed up like ghouls and ghosts.

The boy called Nixon scared him the most.
Bill spent the night just flying around.

To get a good look, he had to swoop down.

The kids would all scream and scatter away. “A bat, a bat!” he heard them all say.
Someone started a rumor some years ago, let me think, let me think, now how did it go?
A bat could swoop down and get caught in your hair.

In your hair he would nest and his kids would live there.
It is the silliest story.

A bat would much rather be asleep in someone’s attic or in a cave by the sea.
But whatever the reasons, the kids liked to run. At this time of year, to Bill this was fun.
He set himself down on the branch of a tree, to rest for a second and what did he see?
The ghouls and the ghosts on the porch of the house and tagging along was his friend Mike the mouse.
The moon was full, the stars were bright, the perfect setting for a Halloween night.

He leaped from the branch high into the air, swooping down on the kids who then ran everywhere.
With one swing of a broom, that caught him just right, Bill was sent flying back into the night.
His vision was blurry when he finally came to, and Halloween night was over, done, through.
Al the Owl from his perch was shaking his head. “I think you should take up the tango,” he said.
“It is a dangerous game you are playing, my friend. One day you may not wake up at the end.”
Bill thought for a moment, “You are right, this is true. Maybe next year I’ll just watch it with you.”