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One Night in Mexico

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One Night in Mexico

Orange and black streamers hang loosely from the terraces lining the streets in a Mexican village. Children run wildly in the streets with skull lollipops and various other candies. I weave through the hoards of people toward a little restaurant. No one sees me. I am invisible to them. Ghostly. But then again, they do say if the shoe fits...

Myriad of people surround me, ready to celebrate the holiday. Halloween. The night of all Hallows. The night of the dead. They say tonight ghosts roam the streets of this ancient town. I know they are right.

I watch the woman I am meeting sit at her table. It's almost funny how much the two of us differ. She is angelic, and well, I'm... Just use your imagination. I walk toward her, plotting in my mind. Many people would think what I have in mind for her is savage. Pretty little head, perfect skin, such an angel I will

destroy. Reaching into my pocket, my sweaty hand feels the cold metal. Sharp, hard ready. She turns and smiles. I smile, waving with my free hand. She seems peaceful. Again she turns, ordering an iced tea for me. I see her reach into her purse and pull out a mirror. She checks her perfect self. The music around hangs thick. Everything is perfect. The metal in my pocket has warmed. I take the final steps towards her and lean over kissing her on her cheek. I take her hand with mine and with the other I pull from my pocket the metal. She gasps, slipping the ring on her finger. The union of our souls is unusual, but opposites do attract. Halloween in Mexico surrounds us as we disappear into the festivities.