

Maybe I Am The Evil Child After All?

I don't know where it comes from but maybe it is one of my talents that have been hidden within myself for the past 3.5 decades. Within the last few months, I have scared the heck out of two of my favorite people. A few months ago on the way to what can only be termed as a questionable phrase at the moment (a play reading meeting or was it the other kind), I dropped off Beeber's bouncy seat which I had possession of following a visit to [Admin](#) and family's cabin at a nearby campground. I entered the house and I don't know why I was so quiet but [taylhis](#) saw me and jumped at least a foot off the ground. I can't wait until our gang ventures to other spooktacular haunts as the time draws even nearer.

Earlier today, I was headed to the backroom to get the mop to use on the beauty shop floor. My mother was getting something out of the fridge which blocked my path, so I waited a few seconds. As she turned around, not only did she jump even higher than 12 inches but also let out a blood-curdling shriek that scared me half to death. My heart was pounding perhaps not as hard as hers but pretty fast, nonetheless. After she calmed down a bit and caught her breath, she raced to the bathroom before she really had an accident. Then we had a good laugh about it. I find this incredibly strange because I can come in after 2AM and she hears me attempting to quietly climb the upstairs steps as I am often informed of the next day.

Honestly, I did not know I was so evil or at least stealthy. I tell you... try to do something good can sometimes really backfire.