

# It's STILL Scary!

When I was growing up, my parents pretty much operated as a pair, and my dad worked outside the home. Therefore, I only remember two times when he was left in charge – the time I went missing and the time I watched the movie *Poltergeist*.

Both incidents occurred when I was 4 or 5. My dad was having a meeting with someone I didn't know (think it was an insurance guy), so I didn't want to come in the house from playing and walk past the scary insurance guy because I was a really shy kid. So I waited for him to leave, and I waited, and I got sleepy, and next thing I know I'm waking up in our little red wagon in the dark garage and my sister is there saying, "I found her!" My parents had the neighbors all out canvassing the neighborhood calling my name, and so my babysitter came over afterward and I remember showing her how I had just learned to tie my shoes. My parents probably don't remember the incident in quite the same light...

As for the other time, somehow my sister and I were allowed to watch the classic 80's horror movie [Poltergeist](#) even though we were both under the age of 10. If you haven't seen the movie, then you wouldn't know about the terrifying clown scene that takes place in a kid's bedroom. My favorite stuffed toy at that time just happened to be a Ronald McDonald doll, which was no longer the case after I saw that movie. The Ronald McDonald doll went into the basement, and a few years later, I decided I was over it and went to look for my old friend. But he was gone, and when I asked my mom about it, she said that she had put him out for [Amvets](#) since I had decided I was done with him. But I had trouble explaining that I wasn't done with him; he was just on probation! So I felt badly, but it was probably nothing compared to how my dad felt when mom found out we watched *Poltergeist*...

So anyway, I was thinking about my Ronald McDonald doll after

seeing Mr. McDonald in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, so I decided to look it up on the internet. If you ask me, you can't really blame a kid for being scared and banishing this thing to the basement:

