

Twisted Sisters

A really fun book.

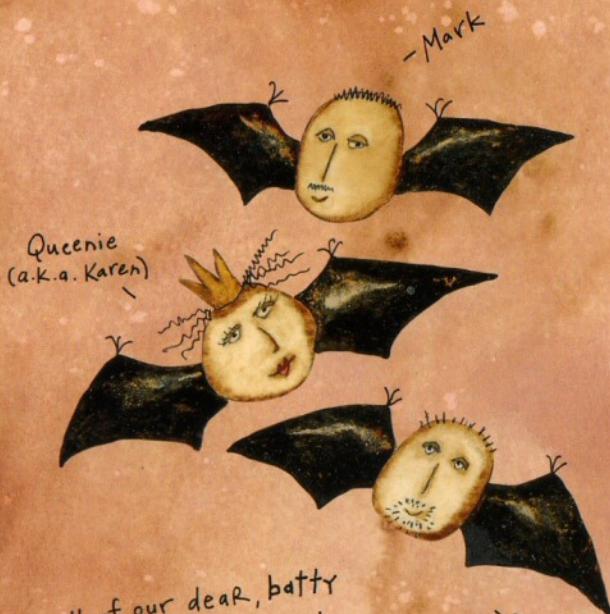


Written by
Mark Kimball Moulton

Illustrated by
Karen Hillard Good
and
Dan DiPao/o

This
book belongs to:

on this day.



To all of our dear, batty
families and friends That
we love with all
our hearts!

And you, too!

-Mark, Karen and Dan

text by Mark Kimball Moulton
illustrations by Karen H. Good and Dan DiPaolo

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One hundred-thousand years ago and twenty miles away,
there lived three sistahs known to be most gorgeous in their day.

They had the kind of beauty only read about in books,
and everyone across the land was taken with their looks.

The oldest was TALLULAH-ROSE,
the second, AGNES-BEULAH.

The third, and loveliest of all,
was JEZEBEL-PECULIAH.

Now, though the girls were beautiful,
they hardly looked the same—
some said the only thing they shared
was GHOULYAH, their last name.



TALLULAH-ROSE had raven hair and green skin, like a lizard,
which she maintained with nightly masks of pureed chicken gizzards!



AGNES-BEULAH was quite tall and statuesque-lythin,
and she always kept the whiskers braided on her pretty chin.

And JEZEBEL-PECULIAH... aaahhh... mere words cannot describe her.
Her looks made men fall to their knees and shook their very fiber...

She was such a roly-poly thing-as round as a balloon-
and her lovely, iridescent face was wrinkled, like a prune.

She had six fingers on one hand and four upon the other-
and they SAY her curly orange hair came from
her dear grandmother.
(yeah, riiight...)

But if I had to choose one thing-
her most attractive feature-
I'd say it was her eyebrow that looked like
some furry creature.

It crawled across her forehead
from the far left to the right,
and it wiggled when she flirted-
a most captivating sight!





Suitors came from miles around, the most attractive mistahs,
each vying for one moment with those lovely GHOULYAH sistahs.



Counts and kings and firemen, and every grand marquis,
would wait for countless days to date one of the lovely three.



The girls would peek, coquettishly, from upstairs in their house,
evaluating all the men for a potential spouse. "Oooooo, look at him
How handsome!... And what dreamy, bright red eyes!
And that one there—how debonair! Just watch how he can fly!"



For all those handsome suitors—
all those men who came to court—
were distinguished (or extinguished)
and a most distinctive sort!



By now, it must seem obvious—
the girls were in a pickle...
how could they choose just one of them
and not appear too fickle?

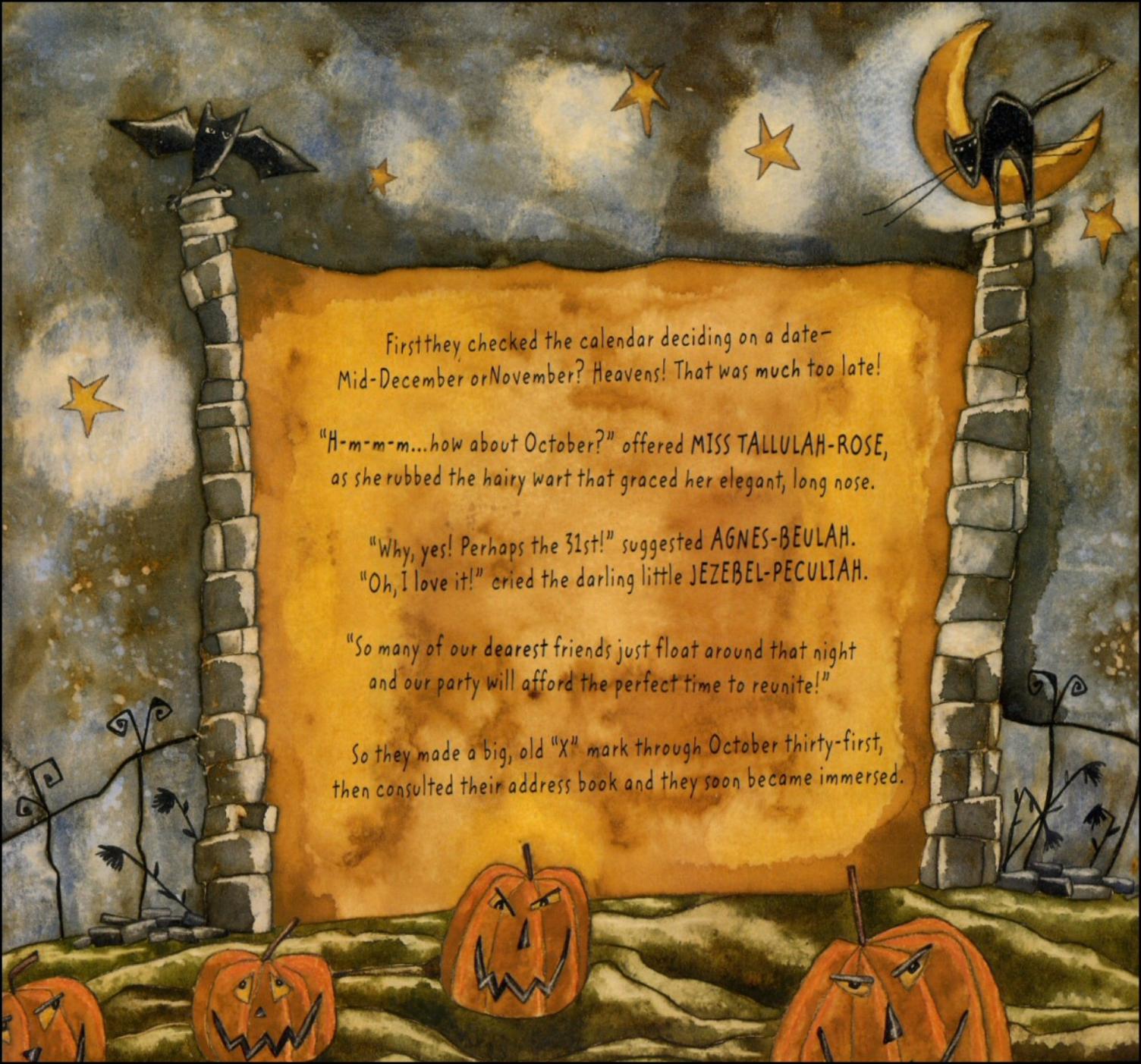
So they put their heads together and decided on a plan—
they'd throw a giant party and they'd invite every man!!

They'd calculate, evaluate, appraise, assess and judge—
and determine then which of those
men deserved to get the nudge.

Oh, they were just delighted,
those three lovely GHOULYAH gals—
then AGNES, dear, said, "Why stop there?
Let's invite ALL our pals!"

Well... talk about excited—
those three girls were in a tizzy!
They knew they had so much to do,
they really must get busy.





First they checked the calendar deciding on a date—
Mid-December or November? Heavens! That was much too late!

"H-m-m-m... how about October?" offered MISS TALLULAH-ROSE,
as she rubbed the hairy wart that graced her elegant, long nose.

"Why, yes! Perhaps the 31st!" suggested AGNES-BEULAH.
"Oh, I love it!" cried the darling little JEZEBEL-PECULIAH.

"So many of our dearest friends just float around that night
and our party will afford the perfect time to reunite!"

So they made a big, old "X" mark through October thirty-first,
then consulted their address book and they soon became immersed.



He SURE
thinks he's
hiding.





With playful shrieks and cackles they just flew from A to Z-
inviting everyone they knew, both friends and family.

They wrote the invitations out on pink construction paper,
describing every detail of their late October caper.

Then they folded up those precious notes with concentrated care
and took them to the roof and Wheeeeee!!! sent them flying through the air!

A million little paper planes went soaring out that day,
heading North, South, East and West and every other way.

Now all that there was left to do was cook and maybe clean
and save at least a week or two to powder, primp and preen!



They fried up lots of spider legs then made fresh frog's egg soup—black beetle pies and deviled eyes and other slimy goop.
(M-mm-mm-mm, M-m-m-m!!) They purchased apple cider from the apple cider man—
then stored it all behind the couch—oh, excuse me—the "divan."

They decided that the cleaning of
the house would have to wait
or they'd never have
sufficient time
preparing for their dates!

Manicures and pedicures, massages, tints and curls—
it's hard work, you know, to look as lovely as those lovely girls

They tried on gobs of make-up
(lipstick, rouge and false eyelashes)
then modeled different hats and cloaks and gowns
with long black sashes.



yummy
...lunch!

They stood before their mirror with both hands upon their hips,
just fluttering their gorgeous eyes and puckering their lips.

TALLULAH-ROSE looked mhhh-velous—
her green skin was just glowing,
and MISS AGNES-BEULAH'S
whiskers were luxuriant and flowing.
But JEZEBEL-PECULIAH,
aaahhh, now she was one true vision
(although she gave the credit to
her talented beautician)...

Her eyebrow was so fluffy
it looked like a squirrel's tail
and she had a different polish
painted on each different nail!

Her Curly-orange hair
stood straight out
from her wrinkled face
and she wore a dab
of skunk-cabbage
for scent—but juuust a trace.





She had put on a pound (or twelve)
to add to her allure,
and her roly-poly figure just demanded
"haute couture."

Her dress was simply stunning—
a floor-length, black canvas tent—
with room for six cats underneath
to follow where she went.

She threw tradition to the wind—
forwent the pointed hat—
and instead, arranged in halo form,
wore dried wings of a bat!

Now, normally the sistahs
were without a jealous care

but sweet JEZEBEL-PECULIAH'S
"look" was more than they could bear.

But putting jealousy aside
(though they could hardly bear it)

they knew that girl had fashion sense
and she could really wear it!

"Please, pleeeease, oh, dahling sistah,"
they both asked,
they begged, they pleaded—

"Won't you puh-leeze take a good look
at us and tell us what is needed?"

So JEZEBEL-PECULIAH
put a finger on her chin,
stepped back, and thought a minute,
then said—
"Girls—you're waaaay too thin..."

"But come, my gaunt-faced dearies.
Let's just see what we can do—

I'm sure I must have SOMEthing
that is suitable for you."





Hey! Can
somebody get
me out
of
here!

So they followed her back up the stairs,
up to her belfry tower—
knowing that they only had perhaps
a half-an-hour.

She opened up her closet door
and stuck her head inside,
reached past a dusty skeleton
and pushed two more aside.

"Why, here," said lovely JEZEBEL,
let's see how this might look,"
as she gingerly removed a boa hanging from a hook.

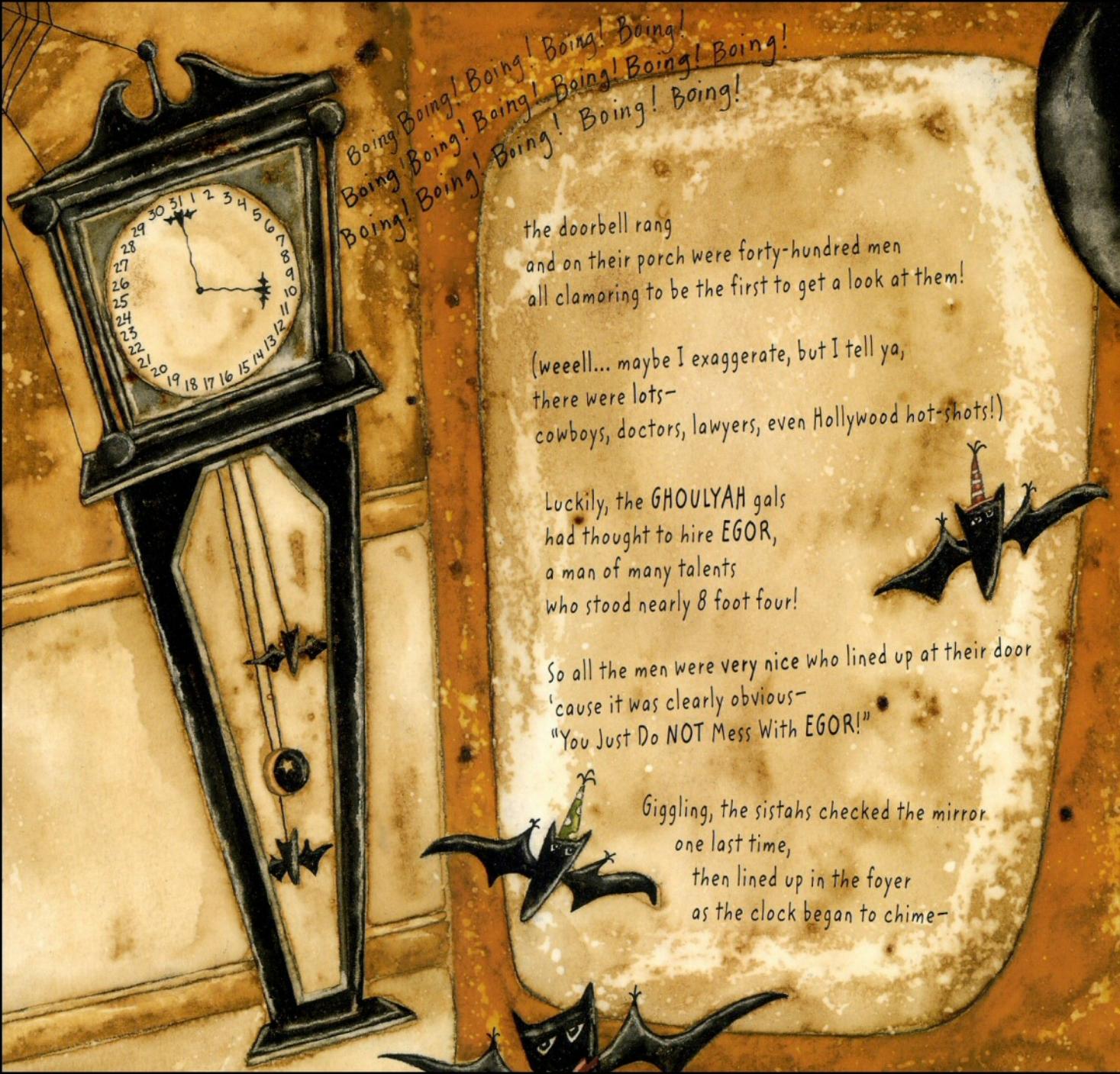
She handed it to AGNES
who then draped it 'cross her shoulders.
But that ol' snake kept moving—
wouldn't do what AGNES told her!
(drat!!)

It was perfect for TALLULAH, though,
complementing her green skin—
so MISS AGNES-BEULAH
settled for a cape of eel fins.

Oh, yes, NOW the girls were ready
for their swank affair that night.
And if I may, I'd like to say,
they all looked out-a-sight!!

...and just in time,
for as our beauties
sashayed down the stairs,
fluffing up the spider webs
that graced their
lovely hairs,





Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing!
Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing!
Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing!

the doorbell rang
and on their porch were forty-hundred men
all clamoring to be the first to get a look at them!

(weeell... maybe I exaggerate, but I tell ya,
there were lots-
cowboys, doctors, lawyers, even Hollywood hot-shots!)

Luckily, the GHOULYAH gals
had thought to hire EGOR,
a man of many talents
who stood nearly 8 foot four!



So all the men were very nice who lined up at their door
'cause it was clearly obvious-
"You Just Do NOT Mess With EGOR!"



Giggling, the sistahs checked the mirror
one last time,
then lined up in the foyer
as the clock began to chime-



Royally,
TALLULAH nodded
once to start the band
then EGOR
opened up the door
at AGNES'
command.

One by one
their guests arrived
announced by EGOR'S bellow,
accompanied by
harpsichords and
ancient screeching cellos.

The sistahs
were so gracious
with each guest
that they received
and some of them
who came that night
you wouldn't have
believed!





I think she
really digs
me!

COUNT DRACULA and his best friend,
a dentist down the street, arrived with many goodies
they laid at the GHOULYAH'S feet.

There were shovels, picks and axes
and a large, sharp wooden spike,
a coffin lined with purple silk
and a bright blue mountain bike!

FRANKENSTEIN stomped up upon
the GHOULYAH SISTAH'S porch
followed by a mob from town, each carrying a torch.

He bowed and gave the sistahs
a big, beautiful bouquet
of wilted flowers grouped around a poison ivy spray.

The girls were tickled pink with these,
for everybody knows
that the way to any girl's heart is with flowers,
(...or with clothes.)

(... or jewelry.)

(... or cash.)



"I'm green
with envy."



JACK and JILL O' LANTERN
made their entrance on a raven,
while belting out show tunes
like "MAME"
and yes,
"AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'!"

Oh, what a gay, ol' couple,
always grinning, ear to ear—
just absolutely radiant
and full of fun and cheer.

They did a routine tap dance
and a bit of Vaudeville "shtick"
and for treats,
they brought carved pumpkins
to be used as candlesticks!
(How clever of them!)



There was one tiny incident I feel obliged to mention,
that caused embarrassment for some and just a little tension.

It started out quite harmlessly, 'twas purely innocent...
do you recall those felines under JEZEBEL'S big tent?

Well, WOLFMAN and the hired help had just begun to chat
when suddenly he caught a glimpse of one of her six cats.

He started growling, deep and low, then barred his long, sharp teeth—
got down and sniffed around her tent, then ran right underneath!!!
(Naughty, naughty boy!)

The barks and howls and screams, meows
and loud, earsplitting hisses
were quite upsetting to our girls, those most discerning misses.



"Out! Out!" cried darling Jezebel,
"Get out of there this minute!"
You're just ruining my gorgeous gown
by chasing my cats in it!"

Of course, poor, dear, sweet WOLFMAN
felt sheepish and so sad—he knew he'd acted impolite
and had been very bad.

He crawled from underneath her tent and slunk out of the room,
and spent the rest of that whole night just
baying at the moon. (poor WOLFIE.)

Other than that incident, the night
was just divine—
the GHOULYAH'S
were in heaven,
right up there on old Cloud 9.

poor,
poor Wolfie!





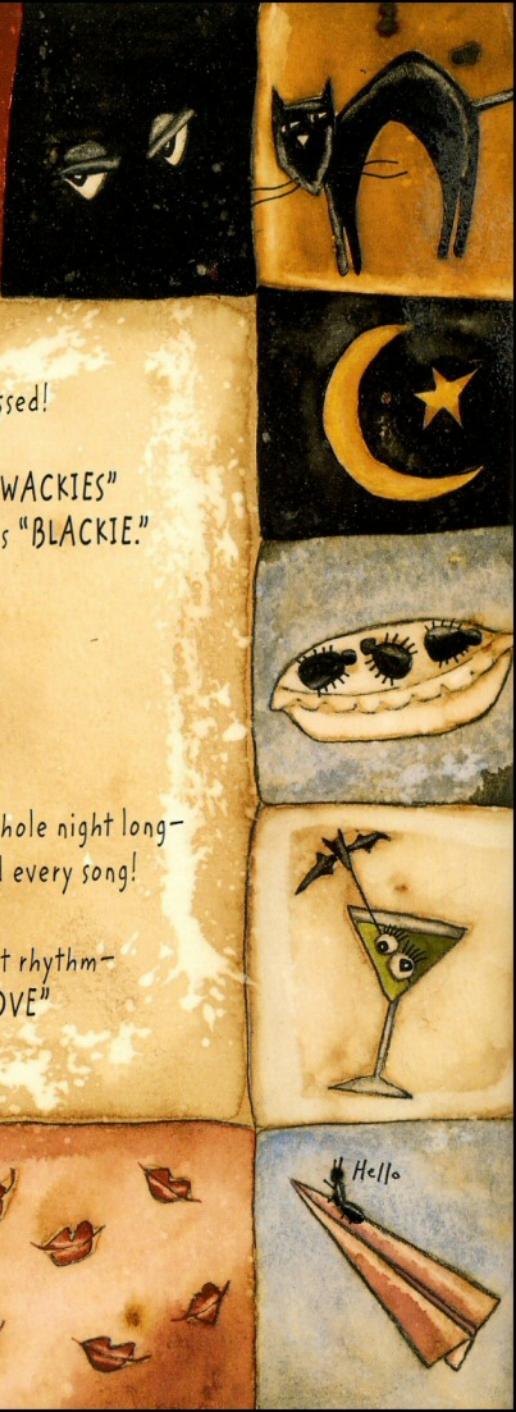
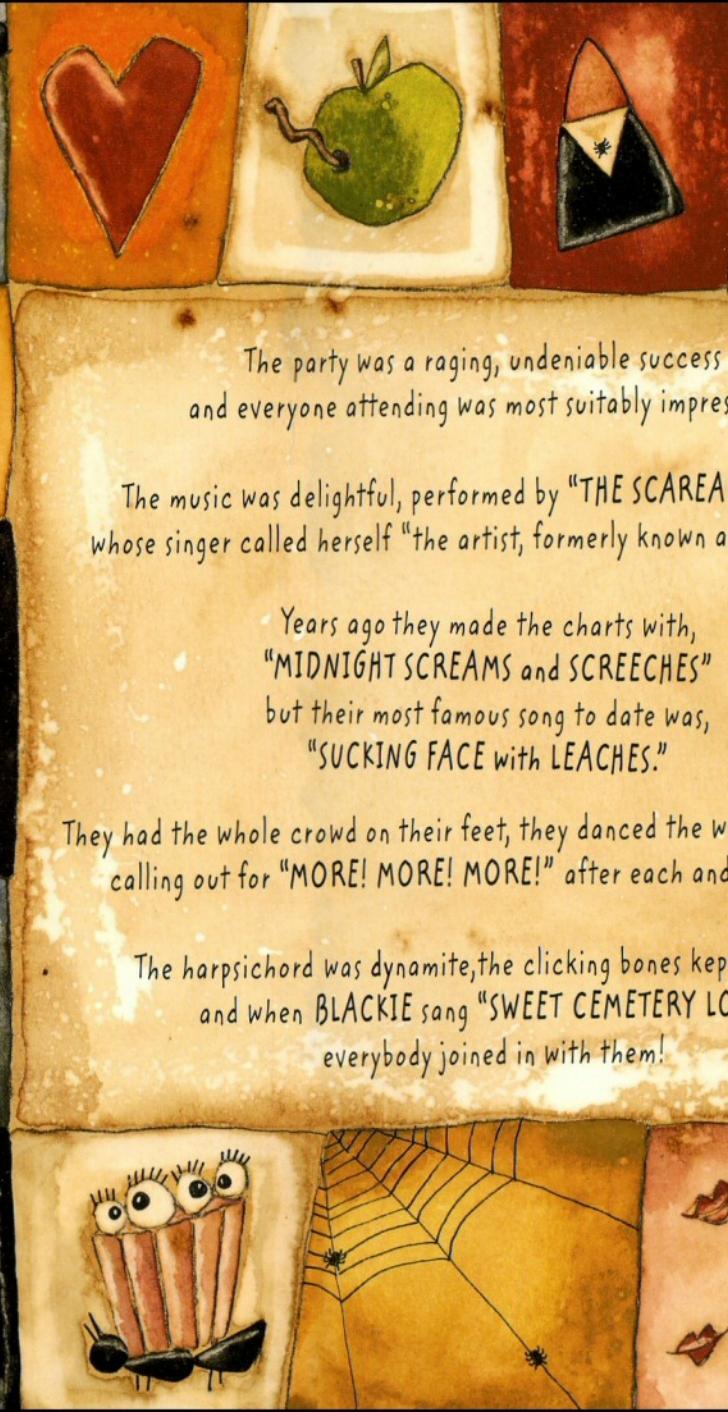
The party was a raging, undeniable success
and everyone attending was most suitably impressed!

The music was delightful, performed by "THE SCAREAWACKIES"
whose singer called herself "the artist, formerly known as "BLACKIE."

Years ago they made the charts with,
"MIDNIGHT SCREAMS and SCREECHES"
but their most famous song to date was,
"SUCKING FACE with LEACHES."

They had the whole crowd on their feet, they danced the whole night long—
calling out for "MORE! MORE! MORE!" after each and every song!

The harpsichord was dynamite, the clicking bones kept rhythm—
and when BLACKIE sang "SWEET CEMETERY LOVE"
everybody joined in with them!



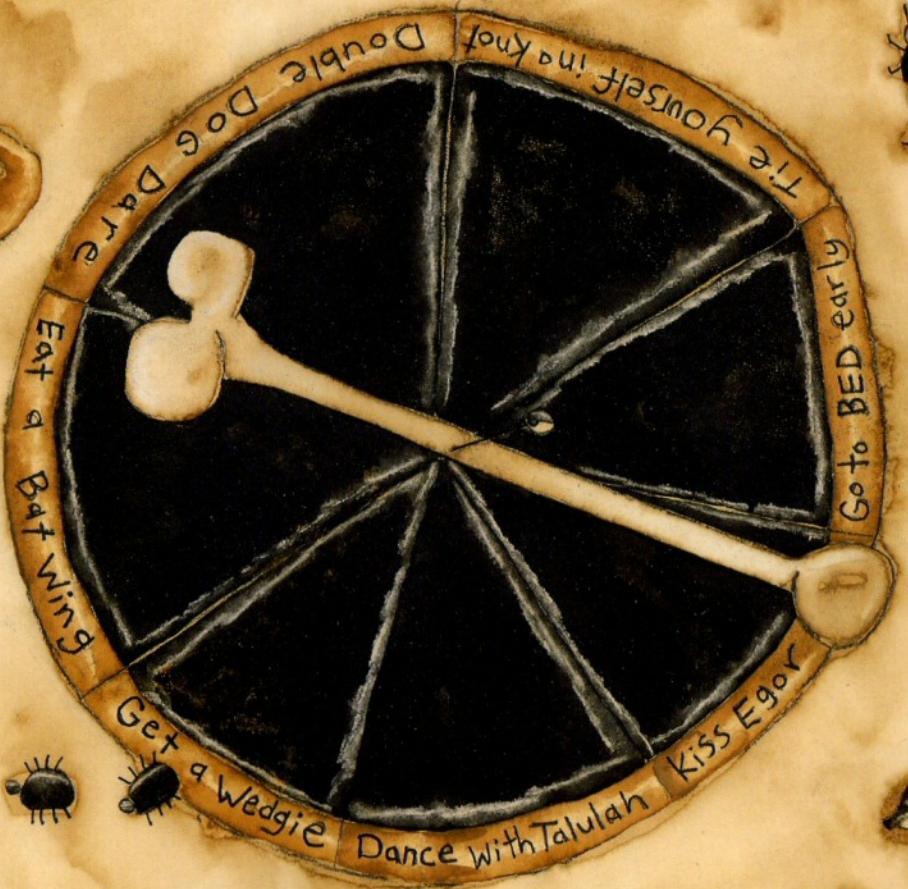
The Scafewackies



where did

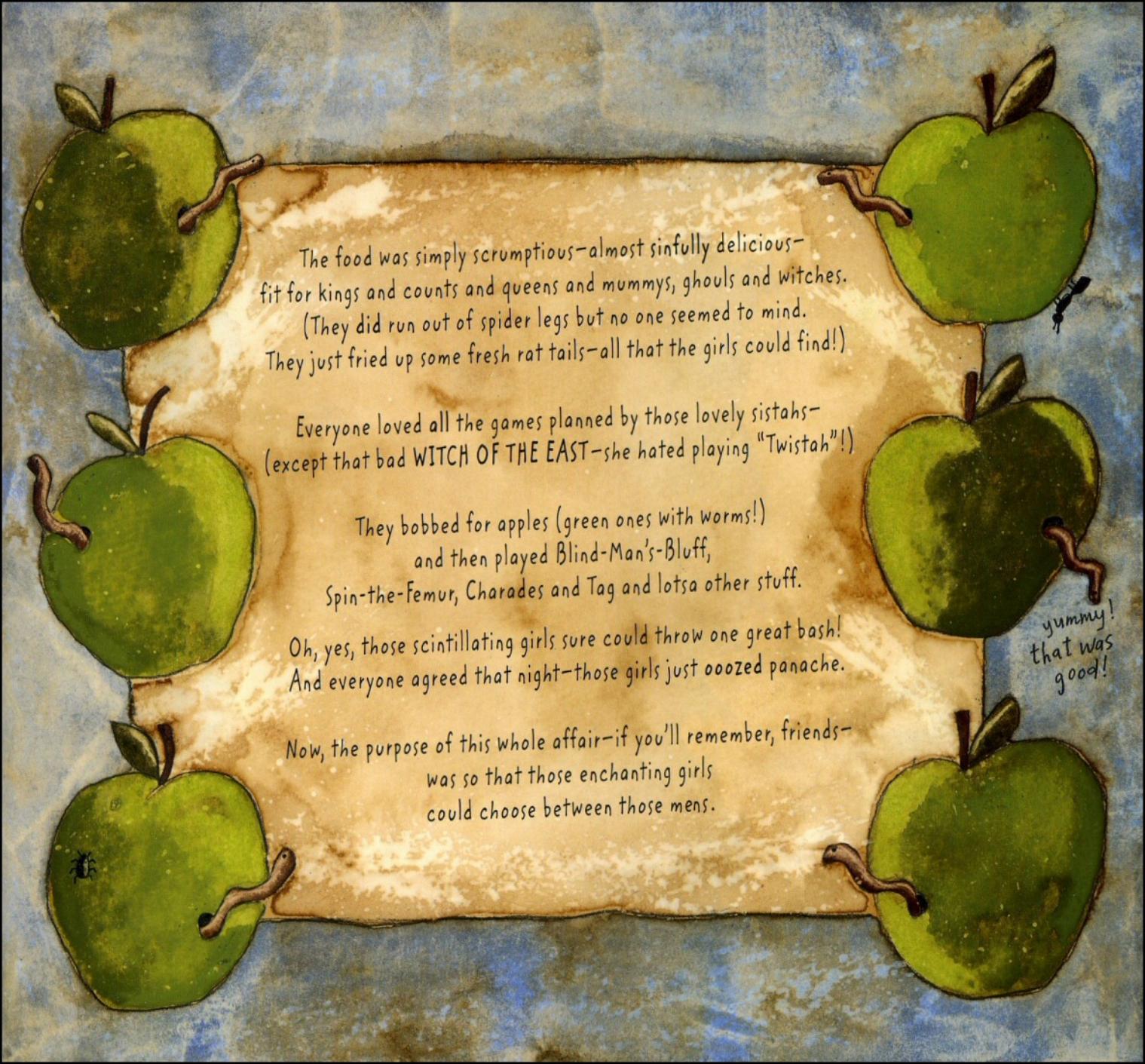


206 *hypothecary*



yawn





The food was simply scrumptious—almost sinfully delicious—
fit for kings and counts and queens and mummys, ghouls and witches.
(They did run out of spider legs but no one seemed to mind.
They just fried up some fresh rat tails—all that the girls could find!)

Everyone loved all the games planned by those lovely sistahs—
(except that bad WITCH OF THE EAST—she hated playing “Twistah”!)

They bobbed for apples (green ones with worms!)
and then played Blind-Man’s-Bluff,
Spin-the-Femur, Charades and Tag and lotsa other stuff.

Oh, yes, those scintillating girls sure could throw one great bash!
And everyone agreed that night—those girls just oozed panache.

Now, the purpose of this whole affair—if you’ll remember, friends—
was so that those enchanting girls
could choose between those mens.

yummy!
that was
good!



Well, you know I'm not a gossip—
I don't tell tales out-a-school—
but those men that night were so bewitched
they acted just like fools!



They dogged MISS AGNES-BEULAH
everywhere that poor girl went
and they pestered dear, sweet JEZEBEL
in her black canvas tent.



But the most
sought after sistah was
genteel TALLULAH-ROSE~
there was not one man who could
resist that wart upon her nose!

So the sistahs slipped
away and fled up to
their widows walk
to fix their make-up,
catch their breath
and have a little
talk...

They slumped
against the railing,
and decided there and then—
if this was how
their lives would be
they didn't need
no men!



"Well, goodness gracious!
Me, oh, my!"
gasped those poor,
worn out sistahs—
"Who knew it would be
so much work
to fend off all
those mistahs!"



But still...
they did love
the attention
all those handsome
men bestowed
(though they laughingly
suggested they should
turn 'em into toads).

So our three
girls decided
on that same day,
every year,
they'd go all out,
invite their friends
and hold a shin-dig
there!



darn,
party's over.



Their soirée became a grand event-folks just died to make the scene. It was put on every calendar and they called it "HALLOWEEN!"

Soon everywhere around the world, in every land and nation, folks began to hold their own October celebration...

Now, you may call it jealousy or simple affectation, but everyone aspired to match the GHOULYAH'S adoration...

Folks would wear a plastic wart with hair upon their nose attempting to look like the glamorous TALLULAH-ROSE.

Others donned a wig of kinky Curly orange hair, trying to capture JEZEBEL PECULIAH'S "savoir-faire."

Designers clamored for the right to market her black tent, and to be the first to bottle her unique skunk-cabbage scent.

("JEZEBEL" became the most desired scent to wear-the signature fragrance of cultured woman, everywhere!)

Soon it was the "thing to do" to dress for Halloween, as a "GHOULYAH" or a goblin or a count or king or queen.

And so it has continued up until this very day, that we celebrate each Halloween the "GHOULYAH sistah way!"

We carve our pumpkins carefully and light them with bright candles
(hoping that they won't be smashed by creepy, little vandals).



And we dress as mummys, ghouls and ghosts of souls long
since departed, emulating what
the lovely GHOULYAH sistahs started.

Though none so far can hold
a match to AGNES or
TALLULAH
nor capture
the true essence
of sweet
JEZEBEL
PECULIAH...



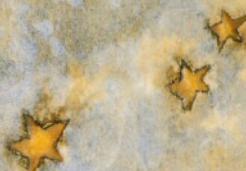
The beauty of the GHOULYAH girls
is still the aspiration
of every fresh-faced
little girl across this great,
big nation.

But I'm sure
that some of you
who have been sitting
with me here
wonder how I know so much
about that first affair...

Well, perhaps
you won't believe me
but each word is true,
I swear—and I tell ya
in all honesty...
I know cause...

I was there

...where
were
you?



The End

The true story of the
first Halloween...



honest!

made in the USA •