

# Halloween

1. Adjective

2. Noun

# Halloween

At school today, I went dressed as a homeless dude. It was a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ easy \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ for me.

There's not much difference between my good and bad clothes, so I pretty much look half-homeless anyway.

And Penelope went dressed as a homeless woman. Of course, she was the most beautiful homeless woman who ever lived.

We made a cute couple.

Of course, we weren't a couple at all, but I still found the need to comment on our common taste.

"Hey," I said. "We have the same costume."

I thought she was just going to sniff at me again, but she almost smiled.

"You have a good costume," Penelope said. You look really homeless."

"Thank you," I said. "You look really cute."

"I'm not trying to be cute," she said. "I'm wearing this to protest the treatment of homeless people in this country.

I'm going to ask for only spare change tonight, instead of candy, and I'm going to give it all to the homeless."

I didn't understand how wearing a Halloween costume could become a political statement, but I admired her commitment. I wanted her to admire my commitment, too. So I lied.

"Well," I said. "I'm wearing this to protest the treatment of homeless Native Americans in this country."

"Oh," she said. "I guess that's pretty cool."

"Yeah, that spare change thing is a good idea. I think I might do that, too."

Of course, after school, I'd be trick -or-treating on the rez, so I wouldn't collect as much spare change as Penelope

would in Reardan.

"Hey," I said. "Why don't we pool our money tomorrow and send it together? We'd be able to give twice as much."

Penelope stared at me. She studied me. I think she was trying to figure out if I was serious.

"Are you for real?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, okay," she said. "it's a deal."

"Cool, cool, cool," I said.