

Crossing Over?

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This is a true story.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/humor/-crossing-over-.aspx>

I cannot recall if I ever related this story on here as I couldn't find it. So with Halloween right around the corner, I feel compelled to tell it.

This incident occurred sometime in the late-'70s when haunted houses had become the in thing for many organizations to help fund their other projects, I think that the Jaycees were among the first to discover it.

I joined one of the local haunted attractions sponsored by the Jaycees and was accepted by the group of high schoolers that were charged with setting up the rooms despite my being at least four or five years older than them.

Good publicity helped the crowds to swell year after year and assisted us in obtaining items and funds from local businesses. Soon the Jaycees were besieged with requests for Count Dracula to visit some local school or business. This came on the heels of my appearance on the 5 o'clock news. It was the lead story of Dracula arriving at the airport to kick off the opening of the Jaycees haunted house.

This was way before 09/11 and TSA. I was escorted to a gate and waited until the TV film crew arrived. I stepped off the jetway surrounded by a group of stunning stewardesses, that's what they were called back in the day. There were no male crew members except the pilots and every female working the cabin was playboy model pretty.

It was two days later I was informed that I had a half a dozen visits including one radio station scheduled for the following day. That meant eight hours of talking and dressing like Count Dracula. I was up at around nine and applied my makeup and donned my tails tux and cape.

It was a great day of visiting schools where I read a Halloween story to a group of kindergartners and was an interview subject to a group of 6th graders who were interviewing Count Dracula at their radio

station.

I must have visited several corporate offices and posed for pictures with some of the stunning secretaries as well as all the board members. The day passed quickly and soon it was time to open the haunted house up. I was no longer an actor but was the chairman of the project and didn't need to wear a costume, but there was no time to go home and change.

So I basically let the house run itself under the watchful eyes of my co-chairman and a handful of relief actors while I terrorized those waiting in line. It was well after 1:00 am before I got home. Now I was still living with my parents due to bouts of unemployment and lack of finding a decent rental property and the half bath located off the side door of their house became my makeup room.

Now my parents spent the weekend at their cottage on the lake so I didn't have to worry about waking them up.

I flipped on the light switch and set my makeup case on the toilet seat and hung my cape on the towel rack. When I looked in the mirror there was no reflection. I stood there stunned for a moment looking before I turned my head and stared at the curtain on the back of the side door. When the door was fully open it blocked the entrance to the half bath.

The curtain had the same look and texture as the wallpaper of this small room. I stared into the mirror again and raised my hands to my face, there was no reflection. What had happened? Had I crossed over due to too many hours portraying the undead count?

I touched the ornate frame that held the mirror in place and discovered that the glass was missing, only the frame remained hanging. Feeling relief I proceeded to remove my makeup using the small mirror I carry in my makeup case.

When my parents returned home on Sunday night I asked them about the mirror in the half bath. My dad told me he had accidentally broken it and rather than leaving the frame on the floor where I or someone else might trip on and risk breaking it he simply hung it back up.

Despite everything being explained I took the precaution of wearing a crucifix under my tux shirt whenever I had the need to spend an extraordinary amount of time dressing and sounding like Count Dracula.

