

The Post-Halloween Ritual

The morning after Halloween is in some ways just as fun as the actual night. It's the time honored tradition of tallying up the goods and assimilating them in some sort of calculated way into our lives. The process looks something like this:

THE DUMPING: This is the most exhilarating part of the process.



THE SURVEY: Now is the time to get a good look at the treats to see what they have to work with.



THE SORTING: Snickers with the Snickers. Starburst with the Starburst. Getting things in order an important step in the process. No mingling chocolate with the chewy candy or lollypops—everything has its place. George, our dog, supervises the process.



THE DADDY TAX: This is levied in order to keep Dads from having to stoop to begging or worse—stealing candy.



THE NEGOTIATIONS: This is a very, very tricky business that's ramifications could last a lifetime. I still get fired-up thinking about the raw deal I got from my brother involving a dubious trade I was talked into of my Reeses (A Halloween "E" Ticket) for two of his Abba Zabbas.

*(Note: daughter is still wearing her costume, which she wore to bed. *nominate me for mom of year*)*



THE TRADE: I didn't want to get involved, but a Twizler for King Size Butterfinger? Another case of the older sibling getting the better deal. ****Sigh****



And so it goes...