

# Sticky Treat

by Angie

William looked through his recipes, trying to decide what he should make for Halloween *this* year. He always made something that was a little messy, because the children seemed to expect it. It just wasn't Halloween without sticky fingers.

He had looked through his collection of cards and notes, but everything had been done before – too often. He finally took down an old blue cookbook that had belonged to his mother, a hard bound volume whose pages were falling out, the reason he had not opened it in a very long time. He kept promising himself he would fix it, but had not got around to it.

His mother had inspired him long ago, but this book had never been consulted. The recipes were ancient, and each page had a little saying at the bottom. Many were just not something he would make, for various reasons, largely supply. Back in those days, some meats or carcass parts supplied a cheap meal. Not so anymore. But desserts – there might be one he could use.

He opened the book at random and a piece of paper fell out. Grunting, he picked it up from the floor and regarded the writing on the lined paper, likely a piece of foolscap – now why did they call it that, and wasn't it amazing that he remembered the term?

The recipe, because what else could it be, in his mother's handwriting, was for Butter Raisin Bars. He sat down on a stool in amazement and read the recipe.

How had he forgotten this? He remembered them as a child. They were sweet, gooey and absolutely delicious, a butter tart as a bar. And easy to make. He always kept a good supply of raisins around, for cooking, for putting on cereal, or just for snacking.

William smiled.

He made three large pan of the bars and then cut them into small managable squares. He placed them neatly on some paper plates a Helper had sent down – meaning no dishes to wash - and arranged them on the treats table with large bowls of popcorn and apples, the latter thanks to his sister Agnes on her farm.

Orchard apples were not uniform, like those in supermarkets, and mostly smaller, but for that reason the children loved them. It became a challenge to find the weirdest, and each got many laughs before they were eaten. A worm hole or two – or even a worm - didn't worry them on Halloween. All part of the fun. On this night, they could have two or three - and that was a treat in itself.

The squares were a success. William, standing guard over the table to make sure the supply was replenished, while glaring good-humouredly at the children to be sure no one took more than a single piece, was gratified. Extra helpings were fine when everyone had had one. His bars were seeing many return visits – and many uses of the wet towels he had supplied on a tray for the inevitable sticky fingers.

As the plates emptied, he suddenly realized he hadn't had one himself. He grabbed one of the last, and ate it with relish. Yes, that was the taste he remembered! He would have to make them again - perhaps for Winterfest or Christmas.