

Laurie had just returned from a Halloween party at the house of one of her high school classmates. She was really tired, and said a quick good night to her mother, went upstairs to her room, and shut the door. She put on her night clothes, turned out the light, and got in bed. Pale moonlight coming through the window lit the room softly. She stared at the ceiling as her eyes began to get heavy. She thought about the party and a scary movie they had watched that had made her uneasy.
"It was just a movie. Go to sleep."
Suddenly, she heard a loud knocking at the door downstairs. Then she heard her mother say in a startled voice, "Who are you! Get out of here! Help!!"

Laurie heard a muffled scream and then silence! She caught her breath, jumped out of bed and ran for the door. Before she could get to it she heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Heavy footsteps!

She didn't get to the door to lock it and turned around in a panic. Feeling trapped, she ran for the bed, and crawled quickly under it. She clasped her hands over her mouth to stifle the scream she wanted to make. She heard the heavy steps approach the door and stop. There was dead silence for what seemed like an eternity and then the doorknob slowly turned. The door opened and someone came in and stopped in the middle of the room. She squeezed her eyes shut, and held her breath. After a few moments of terror, a large hand grabbed her ankle and pulled her from under the bed.

She was face down and screamed as she was grabbed roughly and pulled to her feet. A hand (or was it some sort of paw ?) clamped firmly over her mouth. She was turned roughly around and looking into a pair of euil-looking yellow eyes whose pupils were not round but black slits. The face from the nose sown was covered with a scarf. It said in a rough voice that was almost a whisper, "We've been looking for you for two hundred years. Now, we finally have you!" She twisted her head free and screamed!

"Laurie, wake up, Honey!"

"What....?" Laurie gasped. She looked at her mother with disbelief.
"Thank, God!" she thought as she hugged her mother. "Only a bad dream!"

Relief! She had fallen asleep after all.


Hal Scott is one of Square Beans's beloved regular customers - a true F.O.S.B., if you will. He is the author of a new book, The Garden of Allah: The Making of
Savannah St. Clair, available for purchase on Amazon. We are so grateful for Hal's contributions to our newsletter, our shop, and for the joy he brings to The Bean Team every single day.

## [MDOLPTANT DATIES

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& \text { * fuailable October 20-31* } \\
& \text { SNICHEDS LAJJJE } \\
& \text { Espresso + Mocha Sauce + } \\
& \text { Peanut Butter Powder }+ \text { Garamel Sauce }+ \\
& \text { Milk of Choice }
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> CANDJED DUMDJTNLAJJE Espresso + Pumphin Spice syrup t

> White Mochas Sauce + Honey t Milk of Choice

