

From the peculiar events that only urban legends and dreams are made of. Can a lonely young man who is new in town and a lovelorn young lady find true and everlasting love together amid the horrific backdrop of a looming tragedy?

## **IMAGES OF MISS LINDFORS: An Ashtabula Love Story**

By Joseph Pasquarella

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MISS LINDFORS

AN ASHTABULA LOVE STORY

JOSEPH PASQUARELLA

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# Prologue

*October 2012*

It was a picture-perfect early autumn day in northeastern Ohio. Caroline and Joe, a married couple in their late forties, were motoring up the highway on their way to their one-night getaway in Ashtabula, in the heart of Lake Erie's beautiful and luxuriant wine region. The one-hour car ride would also provide the harried duo with some ample time to chat and catch up on each other's thoughts and feelings. They were destined for Di Matteo's Winery. The aromatic vineyard, which grew on six lush acres just about a mile from the shores of Lake Erie, also doubled as a quaint four-unit bed-and-breakfast-style inn, complete with a tastefully inviting restaurant and gift shop. The two were planning on a one-day respite of dining, wine tasting, and spending some peaceful time on the scenic lakefront. It was a break the two of them desperately were in want of.

It was not that they couldn't afford a longer, more extensively traveled vacation; it was the time away from their work that the two of them could not afford. Both had extremely onerous workloads. Caroline, a former nursing supervisor, now worked from home on her computer doing medical billing for some of the doctors she had previously been employed with at the hospital. Joe owned and operated a safety product distribution company. Both endeavors had the couple hopping, with no letup in sight. The one-day escape would have to suffice. Both would see to it that it would.

They arrived just before their 2:00 p.m. check-in time. The owner-operators of the establishment, Paul and Tracy, a married couple a few years Joe and Caroline's senior, invited them to stow their belongings in their room and then led them out back to show them around the picturesque estate. Paul explained that the business had been in the family for nearly forty years, when his father began it in 1973 by planting the vineyard. It took three years for the viticulture to be complete. "Then in 1976, we opened the winery. It has been my life ever since," Paul said as he pointed across the fertile vineyard. "In 1992, Tracy and I added the bed-and-breakfast."

"Well, it certainly is a beautiful place," Caroline observed.

"We've been harvesting a lot recently; this is a busy time of year for us," Paul added.

There were two more couples who had been booked at the inn for the night but were not scheduled to get in until after 5:00. Paul invited Joe and Caroline to come around the side of the inn and sit with him and Tracy under the vine-covered pergola and sample some of their delicious wines that were grown, vented, and bottled on the premises. Tracy graciously brought out a meat-and-cheese tray from the kitchen that was arrayed with a delectable selection of northeastern Ohio's finest varieties.

The four of them sat out there enjoying the atmosphere. The wafting full-bodied aroma of the lingering grape gleanings from the vineyard was pleasantly finding its way into everyone's olfactory bulb. Paul had brought out a new bottle of their favorite blush wine for the table to sample. He also brandished

a sweet red, a Riesling, and both a white and a pink Catawba. The generous host, his pouring hand at the ready, didn't leave a single bottle without being uncorked, as the four newfound wine buddies shared a relaxing time of conversation and laughter.

Joe mentioned how nice the area was and how ideal the weather was for them. Paul asked Joe and Caroline if they had any plans to run up to the lake later that afternoon. They answered in the affirmative as Caroline complimented the city's alluring surroundings.

"A lot of famous people came from Ashtabula," Joe noted.

Paul agreed and rattled off a list of well-known celebrities from the city who had made it big nationally. He and Tracy boasted of the two women from there who went on to become famous actresses. Another famous television personality hailed from there, as well. They nodded as Joe pointed out that a championship college football coach had grown up in that town, as well. "He played high school ball over at Saint John's on the east side of town," Paul confirmed as he pointed in the general direction.

They discussed the city's once-burgeoning harbor activity of decades prior when, as Paul pointed out, it was one of the nation's—if not the world's—busiest ports. "In fact, at one point, years ago it was the second only to Singapore in terms of sheer volume of both massive amounts of imported and exported material!" he exclaimed.

The conversation paused for a few seconds as the four of them enjoyed a delicious taste of wine from their several glasses. After a moment, Paul piped back up with suggestions of some of Ashtabula's strange urban legend tales. The two of them sat up and listened intently, their senses already piqued by the imbibed fruit of the vine, as he and Tracy spun a few yarns from the city's haunted past and present. "The ghost of Walnut Beach was a legend I remember hearing about," Paul said, beaming. When Joe asked him what that was all about, Paul went on to relate the old account of a ghostly figure of an elderly man who could be seen walking on the waters of Lake Erie, just off the coast of Walnut Beach on the west side of the harbor area. Paul went on to account how years ago the old man's ship had wrecked, and he had lost his entire family when they drowned. "They say that he's wandering around out there, searching for his lost family," Paul added, as Caroline and Joe became amused.

At Tracy's prodding, Paul continued on by telling everyone about Ashtabula's legendary haunted library. "I guess when it was under construction many years ago, a fire broke out and a few of the workers perished. Now they supposedly haunt the library."

Tracy chimed in by saying that books have been known to mysteriously fall from the shelves, and people attest to always feeling like they are being watched. Caroline jumped into the mix by telling them that the hospital she had previously worked at was haunted. "We never saw the ghost," she told them, "but we always heard a woman's whisper, very eerie whisper, like

she was trying to warn us from something. We always heard movement about the room, like footsteps.”

When Paul and Tracy reacted in playfully shocked surprise, Caroline turned to Joe and asked him if he remembered her telling him about the ghost. “We called her Martha—remember I used to tell you about her, honey?” Everyone chuckled and took another sip of the tasty wine.

“How about the story about that one guy in Ashtabula?” Tracy excitedly asked Paul. “What was his name, Paul? He lived here in the early or mid-1980s. It was a remarkable story.”

“Which one was that? The one about the guy who moved up here to the old Swedetown area off Columbus Avenue?”

“Yeah, remember?” Tracy queried.

“Oh, yeah,” Paul mused. “I remember. What was his name... David something... no, Daniel something. His last name began with a *D*.”

“Yeah!” Tracy exclaimed. “We have time. Tell Caroline and Joe about him. I always get goose bumps when I hear the story. It’s remarkable!”

Yes, it is,” Paul concurred. “It is quite a remarkable story.”

Paul leaned forward and grasped a freshly uncorked bottle of pink Catawba wine. “Everybody sit back, and I’ll pour you a glass of wine,” he playfully ordered. “Everybody relax and enjoy a nice glass of our finest Catawba, and I’ll regale you with this fascinating account of Daniel Du ... whatever his last name



was.” Paul poured everyone at the table some wine into their fashionable glasses and then set the bottle back on the table. He sat back and drew a long breath of air. He slowly exhaled, took a sip from his glass, and then gently set it back down. “Whether this story is true or make-believe, whether it is fact or pure fantasy, whether it really happened or whether it’s pure urban legend, I cannot say for certain. But it is quite a fascinating story. It all began in the autumn of 1984...”

# 1

*October 1984*

It was a tale that began on a beautifully sunny, early Saturday October morning in 1984, with thirty-four-year-old Danny Dubenion speeding up Ohio Route 11 in northeast Ohio's Ashtabula County in his old, albeit flawlessly restored, 1965 Astro-blue Buick Wildcat convertible. While heading up the scenic, brilliantly red and yellow splashed tree-lined highway, he was thoroughly enjoying the tunes emanating from his cassette tape filled with music from the 1950s and '60s. He was racing to meet the movers who were to join him at his newly rented century home on East Fifteenth Street, just off Columbus Avenue, in Ashtabula. It was an area of the old shipping town that, decades prior, was known as Swedetown because of its large influx of Swedish immigrants who arrived many years earlier to ply their trade in the shipping and railroad line of work.

Danny was moving to Ashtabula from Niles, Ohio, a city about fifty miles south the of the Lake Erie town. He was working in Niles as a quality control technician for a titanium-producing factory, a job that entailed performing various testing for the semiprecious metal that is used in jet aircraft engines and airframes, as well as weapons for the military and other high-tech functions. Danny was still working for the same company but had accepted a job transfer to its Ashtabula facility, where he would be making more money as the new assistant quality control laboratory manager and senior technician.

Danny was still single and, although his parents still lived in the area, he was relatively unattached and figured he would make the move and take advantage of the opportunity. After all, Niles was only fifty miles away, so he could visit often enough. Besides, Danny was heavily involved with the Niles Historical Society, as well as the McKinley Presidential Library and Museum. Fifty miles was definitely not enough to keep this history lover away from his monthly meetings and annual festivities at these two places where he served on the committee of each.

Danny continued his hurried trek into Ashtabula and East Fifteenth Street. His anxiousness to arrive there promptly had less to do with him not wanting to keep the movers waiting as it did with him not wanting to leave his precious cargo inside the moving van unsupervised. Danny was a huge collector of antique furniture. Everything, such as his antique dresser and desk, as well as his vintage 1870s Birdseye triple-mirror maple vanity—not to mention his exquisite Victorian rosewood etagere – was on that van. The thought of these priceless treasures sitting in the van in a strange neighborhood awaiting his arrival was a bit unsettling, to say the least. Danny, who was an old-fashioned throwback to a far earlier time, also had many valuable antique photographs on the van. Authentic photos of Presidents William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes and other famous Ohioans from nearly a century past had graced his walls at his home down in Niles and were being transferred to his new place in Ashtabula. He had some of them with him in his car, as well as his rare coin collection, but much of his

collection had to be put into the moving van. He would not rest easy until he was reunited with his priceless treasures.

Danny's fears were allayed as he reached his new address and pulled into the driveway and found that he had arrived ahead of the movers. When they pulled in a few minutes after he did, Danny was already inside of the partially furnished house clearing the way, preparing a wide path for them in order to help them bring in his valuables unscathed. After a couple of hours, the job was promptly and professionally finished with not a single scratch to any item.

After the movers were paid and had departed, Danny began to feel hungry. He decided that he had better drive around the area and find something to eat before he took on the task of unpacking and rearranging all his stuff. Acting on a tip and directions from one of his new neighbors, Danny headed back to Columbus Avenue and headed south a couple of miles toward the city's downtown area to a Greek-style diner called Garfield's. There he enjoyed a plate of fine diner fare that included one of the biggest and juiciest cheeseburgers he had ever eaten in his life. Danny always enjoyed a delicious burger, but with Garfield's addition of fine Greek seasoning included into the mix, it was one of the tastiest ones he had ever experienced.

Heading out of Garfield's parking lot for the quick jaunt back to his new digs, Danny was treated to a treasure of classic Americana. He swung around the block and gazed directly face-to-face with the famous Flying Saucer Gas Station. The quaint relic from the '60s displayed a large flying saucer atop the little

pay window office booth that had spiraling, flickering lights that attracted motorists from blocks away. The saucer itself resembled the *Jupiter 2* spaceship from the old television show *Lost in Space* from the 1960s. It was a glorious sight to behold for the relic-loving Danny. Although he had enough gas in his old Buick, he pulled up out of sheer appreciation and topped off his tank for a couple of bucks. His old but well-maintained Wildcat fit in nicely with the scene and drew a few thumbs-ups from the other patrons of the unique station.

After he topped off his gas tank, Danny decided to quickly find a grocery store in order to stock up on some food for home. When he was finished, he drove home and started unpacking and rearranging his fine antique furniture. Later he went for a quick and refreshing stroll through his new neighborhood. Much later, after toiling all evening moving and cleaning his treasury of antiques, he had a snack then decided to call it a night. His first day in his new adopted city was in the archives. Danny soon was fast asleep for the night.

The next morning, on Sunday, Danny decided he would get in his classic car and explore the sights of Ashtabula. First on his agenda was a return trip across town to Garfield's to enjoy a divine omelet breakfast. While there enjoying the fine Greek-style fare, he had a friendly chat with a patron who, when Danny told him that he was new in town, offered a few suggestions about places for Danny to check out. He gave Danny quick directions on how to get to the historic harbor area to view the famous lift bridge after he had let the patron know how much he appreciated local history and how involved he was in the

Niles area historical institutions. The man also offered him directions to Lake Shore Park on the city's east-side shore.

After breakfast and the nice chat were finished, Danny heeded the directions and headed straight down Lake Avenue for the harbor. He was more than pleasantly surprised when he saw the sign to turn right on Bridge Street and headed into the harbor district. Old-style alehouses and seafood places, as well as old bookstores and antique shops, greeted the enthusiastic newcomer. It was like taking a trip back to an old New England whaling town. As he drove a few more blocks downhill toward the Ashtabula River at the nadir of the harbor, Danny's eyes lit up as he came upon the famous lift bridge. The historic Bascule Bridge, with its massive concrete counterweight that is manipulated so the span can be tilted upward almost fully perpendicular as to let watercraft in and out of the harbor's river marina, was built in 1925. The bridge's talented designer, New York City engineer Thomas E. Brown, had also designed the Eiffel Tower elevator.

So enamored by this impressive structure was Danny that he promptly pulled into a nearby parking lot to get out and walk around and see it on foot. The bridge was only one of two just like it that still remained in Ohio. After feasting his eyes and senses on the bridge, he decided to walk back up the hill and peruse the many fine store and saloon fronts that occupied this unique hillside harbor.

There had been a couple of antiquated, tough old bars still remaining from the town's old shipping days. Some newer, family-friendlier sports bars were also onsite, as well. Danny

had listened intently as the patron from Garfield's had told him that this was once one of the nation's busiest ports. He had explained to him how even back just a few years prior that Ashtabula was a great two-way port. Iron ore was shipped from the upper Great Lakes in huge ore boats to the harbor, which in turn were unloaded and then transferred into many railroad hopper cars for trips southward to the hungry blast furnaces for the steel mills of Youngstown, Pittsburgh, and Wheeling. Once unladen, the train cars were stuffed with the rich coal from Appalachia and sent back up to the harbor for transport by ships in return to the upper Great Lakes – a great reciprocal industry for the hometown port.

Danny ambled slowly up and then back down the sloping harbor areas, taking in the sights and watery aroma of this old-style Lake Erie waterfront town. Although it was Sunday and most of the shops were closed, he was still in full enjoyment as he let it all soak in. His amazement hit its zenith when he passed by the Harbor Antique Emporium and gazed from the shop's old-world picture window to view the priceless wares inside. Danny vowed that during the coming week, one day after work, he would return when the shop was open and check out the charming antique store. By the looks of it, it appeared that it might be able to help him add to his impressive Victorian-era furniture collection.

When he was done looking around, Danny asked a passerby about directions to Lake Shore Park. The friendly denizen gave him quick and simple instructions, and soon Danny was off. He motored across the lift bridge, which spanned the mouth of the

river, in full view of the massive arched waterfront coal conveyor into the east side of town, and then continued on the shore road for about a mile or so. Soon, he reached the entrance and turned left into the scenic park.

Danny drove through the winding and picturesque entranceway and reached the shoreline parking lot. He got out and strolled around the beautiful coast, taking in the wonderful scent of the gentle breeze-tossed water. From his vantage point, he could see the harbor silhouetted by the immense coal conveyor. Harbor boats littered the surrounding waters near the port's entrance. Scores and scores of railcars, some empty, others fully laden with black coal, sat motionless, others jostling, awaiting their next assignment. Off in the distance stood the impressive lighthouse. It was situated atop its sturdy foundation, jutting out from the northern end of the western breakwater. What a fascinating sight for this history buff to enjoy.

Danny strode along the beach shoreline towards the smaller eastern breakwater and paced atop the massive rocks that led out a short distance into the lake. Danny looked around and was enamored with the sights and sounds of the beachfront with the seagulls bellowing and the breeze-propelled waves gently crashing as they met the shoreline. The wonderfully placid sounds of nature intermixed with the machinations of the harbor's industrial life was music to Danny's ears. He stood virtually motionless for a few minutes while drinking it all in.

He continued his shoreline stroll, pausing occasionally to absorb the early autumn sky extending down the sunny horizon,



offering an amazing reflection upon the slightly choppy water. Danny thought that he was beginning to grow fond of his newly adopted town. He suddenly began to feel somewhat melancholic, however when he began thinking of how nice it would be to have a sweet young lady in his life to share it all with. Although being single had its advantages, it would just be a great thing, he mused, to have someone at his side to enjoy his new life with.

Danny walked around for a bit more and then decided to head back home and finish the task of moving in. On the way back, he turned left onto State Road and drove through the heavily industrialized section of town. As he ambled up the street and over multiple railroad tracks, he read the names from the sign of the different factories he passed. It suddenly occurred to him that he wasn't too far from where his new job was located. When he reached East Twenty-First Street, it was confirmed. He took a right-hand turn onto the road, and within a few seconds, his new place of employment came into full view. He hung a left into the parking lot and rolled up to the security guardhouse and stopped his car.

Danny got out and introduced himself to the guard as the new quality control assistant manager while simultaneously producing for him his company identification badge. The sentinel offered a hearty handshake and gave a quick tour of where Danny would park and which building to enter the following morning for his first day on his new job. After the quick orientation, Danny got back into his car and zipped down East Twenty-First Street to Columbus Avenue, turned right, and

drove six blocks down to East Fifteenth Street and landed back at his new abode.

Danny pattered around and rearranged his antique furniture. He set up his old rolltop desk and armoire in the front spare bedroom, which he planned on converting into a den. He tidied the place up a bit and then made himself something to eat. He spent the rest of the evening relaxing and watching some old television shows. He arranged his clothing for his first day on the job in the morning. He set his alarm clock and drifted off to sleep. So ended his first weekend in Ashtabula.

The next day, Monday morning, Danny arrived at his new job. He had been with the company as a lab technician for twelve years at its Niles facility. When the position for senior technician opened up in Ashtabula, his experience as a certified sonic inspector, as well as with performing tensile strength testing and titanium metal heat treating and hydrogen analysis—on top of his time working with the company’s metallurgist in metal etching in various acid solutions and ammonium bifluoride—sealed the deal for his getting the job and transfer. It was a good move for him financially. He just had to get used to the new surroundings. Being single, a new town and a new position portended a nice fresh start for him.

His initial day went well. He met his new coworker, Richie Kelleher, who astutely oriented him to his new surroundings and showed him the ropes on a couple of operations in which he had never experienced back at the Niles quality control lab. It was both a fruitful and enjoyable first day for Danny. He and Richie hit it off well and had a lot of things in common. They

enjoyed the same old music and appreciated old cars, as well as a deep affinity for history.

After work, Richie offered to buy Danny a beer or two at the East Sixth Street Café. He and Danny shot a couple of games of pool while sipping on some suds. The two of them naturally talked about work and their respective futures there. They also chatted about the usual guy things—cars, football, and of course, women. Danny tendered that he would like to meet a special lady up there and someday settle down.

Richie soon tagged Danny with the nickname “Wildcat” because of his spiffy car. “Look, Wildcat, why do you want to settle down? You’re too young yet,” he razzed. The two continued their billiard game. “Roy mentioned at work today that you are involved in the historical society down in Niles,” Richie chimed as he sank the ten ball into the side pocket.

“Yes, I am,” Danny retorted. “The McKinley Memorial Library, also,” he added.

“We have plenty of history up here, as well,” Richie offered. “The Ashtabula Maritime Museum, for example, and the Civil War monument near the downtown area.”

“I’m very big into the Civil War!” Danny replied. “I’m into that whole era.”

Richie informed his new pal with a great deal of civic pride in his voice that Ashtabula was the northern terminus for the Underground Railroad, as well. “The houses are still standing

where they hid the slaves before helping them sail across the lake into Canada and freedom.”

Dany boasted that President William McKinley had been born in Niles. Richie missed his next shot. Danny eyed the table to line up a good shot for himself.

“In fact, I’ve studied that whole era from the Civil War up to 1901 when McKinley was assassinated,” Danny added as he took a crack at the two ball narrowly missing the pocket.

“We’ve had a couple of famous people born here, as well,” Richie shot back with a snicker as he prepared his next shot.

“Like who?” Danny grinned.

“Remember Father Guido Sarducci from *Saturday Night Live*?” he quizzed.

“Yeah, you mean Don Novello?” Danny answered.

“Yeah, he’s from here, and that lady from the 1950s who hosted some kind of horror movie show or something – Vampira... Maila Nurmi was her name – she was born in Finland but grew up here,” Richie gushed.

The two finished their game and had one more beer for the road while chatting for a few more minutes at the bar.

“This one’s for the Kaiser!” Danny shouted as he raised his beer bottle high in the air.

“What was that for?” Richie asked as he laughed.

“My Grandpa Ed used to do that all the time. He was in World War One,” Danny replied with a chuckle.

Richie hoisted his bottle in response. “Here’s to the Kaiser.”

When they finished their beers, they both headed for home. Danny got home and had a bite to eat and then just relaxed. Thus ended his first day at his new job.

The following day after work, a few of their coworkers joined them at the cafe for a few beers and more than a few laughs. It was still early in the game, but Danny started to feel like he had made a good career choice with the move. Afterward, he drove to Garfield’s and treated himself to his favorite cheeseburger. Danny was quickly starting to fit in with the regular gang over there, as well. The old-timers really took to this young throwback from another era. They also took a liking to his old car. He stopped for a quick shot of gasoline at the adjacent Flying Saucer Gas Station, where he was also fitting in well with the gang over there, when he was done at Garfield’s.

The rest of the workweek continued to go well for Danny. On Thursday, after a quick beer at the East Sixth Street Café, he took a quick jaunt to the nearby harbor to finally get a chance to check out the antique shop he saw on Sunday when he was walking around there. From the second Danny walked inside the weathered, aging emporium, he was instantly enchanted. He found the walls and tables graced with old railroad and Great Lakes shipping artifacts. Old lanterns, photos, and vintage glassware from maybe a century past bedecked the archaic,

musty interior of the building. The relics from the once-glorious harbor life ignited his passions and piqued his appreciation of the great historical significance of the whole region. He exchanged pleasantries with the elderly white-haired attendant who was manning the cash register.

In the back of the structure, there was some antique furniture. As Danny walked toward the furniture, he paced by some old photos, trying to see if he recognized any of them. There was a photo of the old Swedish Pastry Shop with its kitschy sign in front of it. It looked to be from maybe the early 1950s. The pastry shop was still operating on the city's west side. Danny ambled to the back to gaze at the old furniture. The elderly attendant asked Danny if he needed any help finding anything. Just as Danny assured him that he was fine and was only browsing, he turned and saw it. As soon as he laid his eager eyes upon it, it had him mesmerized, and he stood frozen, beholding its beauty.

It was a large walnut Victorian pier mirror standing immaculately at about seven and a half feet tall.

The attendant quickly perceived Danny's hypnotical attraction to it and hurried to his side. "That's the original finish," the man boasted. He introduced himself to Danny, informing him that he was the proprietor of the shop.

"It sure is stunning!" Danny answered as he shook the elderly shop owner's hand. The man pointed to the mirror and eloquently described it as if he were a Cadillac salesman praising and assessing his fine wares.

“As you can see,” he proudly submitted, “it is graced with pressed acanthus-leaf crown molding on top, with picture-frame molding.” He continued to train his flowing hand and elaborate on the elegant egg-and-dart molding and turned drop finials beneath the incised carved faces on each side, as well as on the top. He expertly described the original beveled glass mirror and the scrolled sconces with beautiful block rosettes that possessed skillfully turned three-quarter columns extending down the sides.

If he were trying to do a sales job on Danny, he needn't have bothered. Danny was already sold and definitely smitten by it. He inspected the mirror's backing and found it to be in very good condition. It was all in very good condition, very well preserved. An illegibly inscribed tarnished brass plate was fastened to the backing of the mirror that was figured to be the brand name or possibly one of the previous owners' names that had been engraved upon it.

“I'm sold!” Danny gleefully exclaimed, “This will be the crown jewel in my antique furniture collection!” When Danny asked him what year the mirror was made, the shop owner replied that it was definitely post-Civil War era. His educated estimate was that it was from around 1880, possibly a year or so before. The mirror was selling for \$550, but the owner of the shop let Danny have it for an even \$500 because the item had been sitting in there for a very long time. Besides, he was taken by the way Danny appreciated the fine antique and was honored to give him the discount.

Danny thanked him and lamented that he had no vehicle large enough to bring the mirror to his house. Danny offered him a deposit on it and promised the owner that he would come by the next day with his coworker's pickup truck and complete the transaction. The kind elderly man honored Danny's humble request, receiving a check from him for half of the amount, with the other half receivable upon pick up the next day.

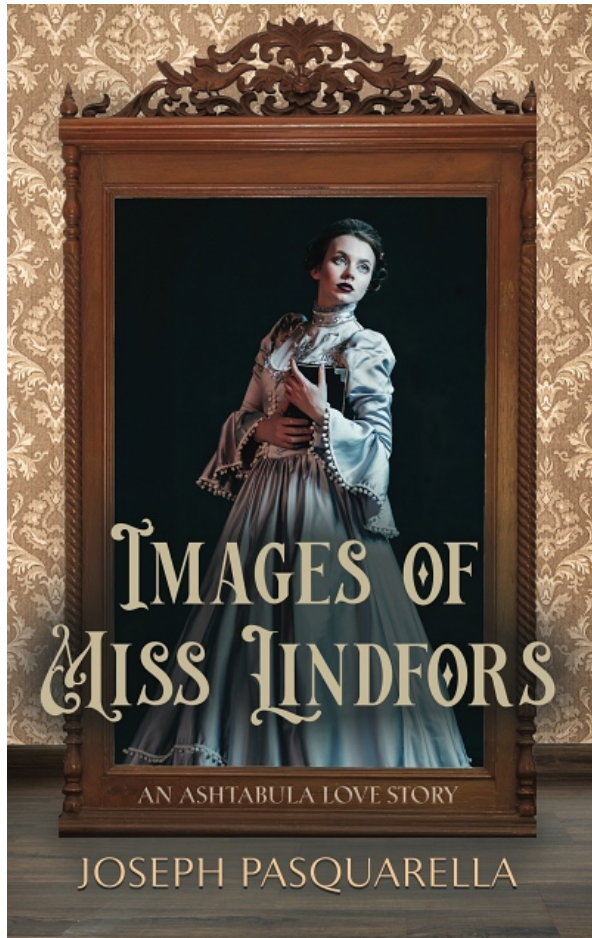
Danny flew home and immediately phoned Richie and explained his dilemma. Richie assured his new buddy that he and a couple of coworkers, Lucky and Wild Bill from the shipping department, would go with him after work the next day and help him bring it home. The following day seemed to drag, as Danny wished to hasten its end so he and his friends could get the mirror to his house. The anticipation was driving him mad. Finally, the day and his first week there drew to a close. Richie, along with the other two, met Danny in the harbor and helped him load his newly purchased treasure into the pickup truck. Danny closed the deal with the shop owner by giving him the remainder of the money he owed him, while Richie and the other two carefully, at Danny's heartfelt pleading, buttoned everything up securely. They drove slowly and gently to Danny's new residence.

The two helped Danny and Richie muscle the impressive and bulky mirror into and around the house, and the four of them strained to stand it up in the front spare bedroom den. Richie remarked that it was a good thing that those old houses had been built with nice high ceilings to accommodate such a tall piece of furniture. Danny positioned his newfound treasure



just right, angling it in the corner. He pointed out to Richie the tarnished brass nameplate on the back, telling him he was going to use brass compound to try to lift the engraving to the surface. He beamed as he stared proudly at his newly acquired masterpiece. It was the *coup de grace*, the *piece de resistance* of his already grand antique collection. It was the capstone to a great first week in his new life, his new town, and his new job.

Little did Danny know at the time, but that post-Civil War era antique mirror he had just purchased for \$500 would be the best investment he had or would ever make.



From the peculiar events that only urban legends and dreams are made of. Can a lonely young man who is new in town and a lovelorn young lady find true and everlasting love together amid the horrific backdrop of a looming tragedy?

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