

BOOKISH MAGAZINE



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OCTOBER 2021

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Bookish Magazines



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I write speculative alternate history fiction, romantic urban fantasy, historical suspense novels as well as fun, educational, and bilingual books for children ages 2-14

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OCTOBER

Slight chill now felt in the air
Farmers are harvesting everywhere
Leaves changing colors on the trees
Then dancing around on the gentle breeze
By day everything brings delight
But it's not the case at twilight
Shadows grow with the waning sun
Leafless tree skeletons no longer fun
White misty fingers creep down the road
Fear causing heart to overload
Jack-o-lanterns on porches standing guard
Remaining brave is getting hard
Goosebumps crawling up spines
Hair stands on ends when the winds whine
By day, Halloween decorations are delightful
Night turns them into something frightful
Eeriness seeps into your bones
Never certain you are alone
Beware of the ghosts upon the grass
Sheet-ones don't move, real ones are fast

© [Cindy J. Smith](#)





All Saints Day

All Saints Day has a different meaning and customs in the country where I grew up. Every November 1st, graveyards all over Hungary are filled with families to remember their deceased relatives. They clean the gravesites and tombstones while adorning them with beautiful flowers. As darkness descends, the air is filled with autumn chill, they light commemorative candles to honor their dearly departed and pray for their souls. Even though this national holiday is not the most delightful event of the year, it is a deeply rooted tradition in Hungarian culture.

Watch the [VIDEO](#)



Happy Halloween



How did All Saints day become Halloween?

The tradition originated with the ancient Celtic festival of Samhain, when people would light bonfires and wear costumes to ward off ghosts. Soon, All Saints Day incorporated some of the traditions of Samhain. The evening before was known as All Hallows Eve, and later Halloween.

The origin of Halloween, watch the [VIDEO](#)



Stories for Halloween



Hallows Eve Magic



Hallows Eve Magic

By [Erika M Szabo](#)

“Grandma is here!” Sara, a cute eight-year-old girl in fairy costume shouted when she heard a car pulling into the driveway.

“Grandma you came!” Sara hugged her grandmother as soon as she stepped through the door.

The old lady hugged the little girl. “I wouldn’t miss *trick or treat* with you for the whole world.”

Sara pulled back and examined her grandma’s outfit. “Grandma, you always dress as a witch every Halloween. Why don’t you put on a different costume?”

“Because I’m a witch,” her grandma replied with a wink and shot a mischievous smile at her daughter who stood by the stove.

Mandy shooed her little fairy out of the kitchen. “Sara, go put on your sparkly shoes while I talk to your grandma,” and then she turned to her mother. “Mom, I have three this year. The first one is a bad man who lives at 21 Mayberry Street. He’s been beating his wife and daughter in his drunken rages for months and the poor woman is afraid to leave him because he threatened to kill her and the little girl if she ever leaves.”

“Got it,” the old lady nodded with a serious expression on her wrinkled face.

Mandy continued, “The next one is the shifty lawyer at 13 Viola Street. She twists and turns the law and uses dirty tricks to defend her clients. A rich child molester is free because of her. They both deserve punishment. My heart goes out to that little girl. She’s Sarah’s age and...” Mandy shivered. “I can’t even... He must be stopped, mom! He lives at 52 Madison Street in the big mansion.”

“Indeed, they do deserve to be punished,” her mother exclaimed and put on a bright smile as she heard Sara running down the stairs. Are you ready, pumpkin?”

“Let’s go, Grandma,” Sarah grabbed the old lady’s hand and pulled her toward the front door. “We don’t want to miss the best candy!”

The next day as the woman opened the front door at 21 Mayberry Street, she wondered where her no-good husband could be. She covered her bruised face and winced in pain. *He didn’t come home last night.* She thought feeling worried. *Probably he drank too much and sleeping it off somewhere. I hope he’ll be sober by the time he gets home; he doesn’t get too angry with me when he’s sober.*

She picked up the newspaper and as she straightened up, she spotted a large, rotten pumpkin on the bottom step. “This one is rotten already,” she mumbled. She picked up the heavy pumpkin and carried it to the compost box in the back.

A weak, angry voice shouted from the pumpkin, “Put me down, you stupid woman! It’s me, don’t you see? I’m gonna kill you, I will!”

But the woman didn’t hear the voice and as the pumpkin hit the pile of rotting vegetables in the box, it exploded into hundreds of little pieces. She filed a missing person’s report two days later, but she and her daughter didn’t miss him, at all. Deep down she hoped that he would never be found.

The lawyer who lived at 13 Viola Street had a court case the next day. She had everything prepared to confuse the jurors, but the first words came out her mouth was, “My client is guilty as hell.”

She stood there feeling horrified as everyone in the courtroom cheered. From that moment on, the woman couldn’t tell a lie. She lost all her clients, and nobody would hire her again.

The pervert at 52 Madison Street had an awful Halloween night. He kept hearing the cries of the child’s mother in his mind. The words she shouted at him when the not guilty verdict was announced, cut into his brain like a sharp knife over and over. *You deserve to rot in hell for what you did! You deserve to rot in hell for what you did!*

He heard the same words in his mind, day, and night. He couldn’t sleep, couldn’t eat, and couldn’t find a minute of peace. Days later he drove his Mercedes into a large tree at high speed. Did he finally find peace in death? Who knows? Just like in prison, maybe even the hardest criminals in hell hate child molesters.

A few days later Grandma stopped for a short visit. “Is everything okay?” she asked her daughter.

“Mom, everything is as it should be,” Mandy said, smiling.

“You know, I’m getting too old for trick or treating. It’s time for you to continue the family’s Hollows Eve Magic tradition,” the old lady announced handing her gnarly wand to her daughter. “Next year you go with Sara, and I’ll stay home to hand out the candy.”

© Erika M Szabo

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The Spider

By R.A. "Doc" Correa

The Spider has always been, the Spider will always be. Its' tangled, twisted web, weaves through all of eternity.

Travis Billings wakes as he bolts upright. His heart racing, sweat dripping off his chin. The sheets and blankets of his bed are soaked. That damn dream again!

It's been this way since the shooting five weeks ago, every night the same dream.

Each night he retraces his steps, every twist and turn of the uneven alley. Slowly creeping down the stairs, pistol at the ready. The shadowy figure in the dank hallway just outside the dim light of the flickering light bulb. Again, Travis calls out, "San Antonio PD! Raise your hands!"

Each time the shadowy figure starts to raise his hands, then the flash from the pistol that was covered by his sleeve. Travis feels the .50 caliber slug strike the trauma plate of his bulletproof vest. The pain! He falls, dropping his weapon. The shooter moves up to him, aims at his head. Then the sound, a chittering mixed with the rustle of dried twigs. The shooter looks up, he screams.

The massive chelicerae come out of the gaping pitch black hole in the ceiling, clamping onto the shooters head. He hears the mans skull crack, brains and blood ooze out of the torn flesh. Then he's gone, yanked up into the darkness.

Travis gulps in air as he starts to scream, but the pain from his broken ribs knocks him out.

After a few moments he barely regains consciousness. Through eyes filled with a reddish haze he sees the slender dark-haired woman in the form fitting black dress kneeling next to him. She gently places her fingers on his lips, then bend down and kisses him. He has never been kissed like this before. He feels he's falling into to a dark warm embrace that consumes his whole body.

She breaks the kiss, softly says, "At last I've found you." Then the mysterious woman picks up his radio. She keys it saying in a calm, almost cold, voice, "Officer down, basement of the St Joseph's Catholic Church."

She drops the radio, stands up and drifts down the hall until she stands under the hole in the ceiling. She reaches up, then in a blurry black fog she scurries up a 'rope' into the dark hole in the ceiling.

Travis blacks out again, waking when his partner and the EMTs arrive. The dream ends.

He shakes his head and looks at the clock, 3 am. No point in going back to sleep, I'll just have that damn dream again! Travis stands and goes to the bathroom.

As Travis showers he thinks about all that has happened since the shooting. When his partner visited him in the hospital, he told him the whole story. When he got to the woman using his radio to call for help his partner told him, "Dude, I didn't hear a woman's voice on the radio, I heard yours!" When he told his watch commander about the hole in the ceiling his boss replied, "Detective Billings we checked out the hole in the ceiling, there was nothing there. I had an officer crawl up there and look around, nothing. There is nothing up there."

While shaving Travis thinks back on his visits with the department shrink. They talk, they get nowhere. All the shrink ever says is, "Detective Travis the kind of trauma you suffered can cause these kinds of dreams. You have PTSD, serious PTSD. We have to find the underlying cause; you have to open up to this process or I can't help you." The shrink won't sign his ticket. Until he does Travis is condemned to desk duty.

He's dressed and ready for work, but it's only 4:30 am. His shift doesn't start until 8, and it's just desk duty, just more paperwork.

He closes his eyes and sees her face again. Then he sees those massive chelicerae grasp and crush her. No! I have to save her!

Travis goes to his closet and retrieves his two backup guns. He places one in his ankle holster and the other in his shoulder holster. Looking at the clock he sees he has three hours before his shift begins. The church is only fifteen minutes away, I have plenty of time.

He rushes out the door and hops into his beater. After fifteen minutes Travis pulls into the church parking lot. As he steps out of his car, he pulls out his Maglight and turns it on. Moving to the back of the church Travis moves down the stairs and into the hallway.

As he moves cautiously down the hall with his pistol drawn, he looks for the hole in the ceiling. There it is! Travis avoids moving under the hole, he sees the flickering of light. A candle?

She stands holding the candle. "At last, you've come." She beckons to him to follow her. The dark-haired woman enters the room at the end of the hall. The woman turns to him, steps up, and kisses him passionately. At first it is cold and hard, then he feels like his first kiss, the same thrill, the same intensity. He is falling, falling. She leads him to the bed in the room. She slowly undresses him and pushes him back onto the bed. "I've waited so long for you. I thought I'd never find you."

She slips out of her dress and crawls onto him. They meld together. She consumes him in passion. When the climax she lays next to him. "Sleep now my love, father of a generation." His eyes close, and Travis Billings drifts into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When Travis wakes, he tries to sit up, but he can't. He feels around with his hands and touches sticky cords holding him down. Looking to his right Travis sees a large lump covered by gossamer strings. Then he remembers from high school biology, That's a spider egg sack.

He hears a noise to his left and turns to look. The woman is standing near him, smiling. "Oh, my love, you're finally awake. Soon our children will wake too."

Travis hears popping and cracking coming from the egg sack. He looks over to see dozens of fist sized spiders clawing their way out of the eggs. They rush over and surround him. The spiders start to chitter, to his surprise Travis understands what they are saying. "Daddy, we love you!"

As Travis looks back at the woman the spiders swarm all over him and start to devour Travis. As he feels his consciousness slip away a tear runs down the woman's cheek. As the candle in her hand flickers, she seems to morph into a massive black widow, then back to the woman. "Good by my love," she whispers. Then the woman starts to chant...

... The Spider has always been, the Spider will always be. Its' tangled, twisted web, weaves through all of eternity.

© R.A. "Doc" Correa

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Amazing oil paintings by my talented, gorgeous daughter, Eszter Csaki.

See more [HERE](#)

I'm an extremely proud mom!



Mom's Scary Dolls

By [Erika M Szabo](#)

My mother loved her porcelain faced dolls and proudly displayed them in a glass cabinet. Although I never played with dolls other than my paper dress-up doll collection, and Mom forbid me to touch her dolls, I liked looking at their pretty dresses.

Until she got two new ones. Those dolls scared me and really freaked me out .

Their dead eyes seemed to follow my every move and made the little hairs stand up on the back of neck to the point that I did everything to avoid going into the room.

When I really had to enter the room, I ran to the cabinet and turned those two dolls upside down. Of course, my mother turned them back as soon as she noticed and reminded me again not to touch her dolls.

I even tried to leave the cabinet door open so my dog could reach them. Although he shred anything to pieces within seconds, he tiptoed away from the cabinet, and even when I threw one of the dolls to the floor hoping he would chew them to pieces, he ran out of the room.

No matter how many times Dad and I told my mom how creepy those dolls were, she laughed. "Don't be silly! There is nothing creepy about them, and they're so pretty."

Finally, Grandma came to the rescue two weeks later. As soon as she entered the room she shuddered and told my mom, "Those dolls are cursed! Get rid of them."

Mom didn't hesitate and stuffed the dolls in a bag, and to my delight, later that day dropped them off at the thrift shop.

A few days later my best friend, Gabi, told me in school, "My mother bought me two dolls for my birthday. They're so creepy looking that I'm scared of them, but I'm more scared to tell my mom that I don't like them."

A chill ran down my spine and after school I went over to Gabi's house. As soon as I looked at the dolls, I recognized them and told Gabi's mom, "My grandmother told us that those dolls are cursed, so Mom got rid off them."

Gabi's mom grabbed the dolls and threw them into the fireplace. Luckily, superstition saved us from being forced to look at those creepy dolls every day. © Erika M Szabo



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Full Moon Dare

By [Erika M Szabo](#)

As young teenagers, we always traveled in a pack. We did a lot of stupid things together and dared each other to do more stupid things. Well, we didn't eat Tide pods, jumping out of a moving car, sucking on shot glasses or anything that stupid, but we were pretty inventive too.

Usually, I made a joke out of it when the others dared me to do dangerous things such as jumping into the icy river but that mid-November evening, they called me a chicken one too many times, so I gave in.

The dare was to walk across the cemetery that only had two gates and was surrounded by stone wall. There was only one gate in and one gate out, there was no chance to cheat. Two older kids who did the dare the previous year became the self-appointed judges and walked to the opposite gate to wait for us rookies as we walked across one by one.

My friend, Steve, was brave enough to go first. We saw him for a little while walking down the close to a quarter-mile path between the tall headstones and dark mausoleums in the eerie light of the full moon.



Then we heard a loud thump and his muffled cry that gave us goosebumps. We looked at each other ready to go after him when he yelled out, "I'm okay! Just tripped over a bench."

A few minutes later we heard a cheer from the other gate and one of the older kids yelled, "Who's next?"

Okay, let's get this over with, I thought and crossed the gate. I was scared. Walking across the cemetery was a shortcut on the way home from school, and I'd used that shortcut a lot, but the headstones looked a lot taller and a whole lot scarier than in daylight.

I kept walking throat constricted and felt the knots in my stomach, but I kept walking. Suddenly, I saw a dark shadow from the corner of my eye. I turned my head and there it was, backlit by the moon, a werewolf. I saw it clearly as it raised its head and howled. I froze and couldn't move a muscle. Although I screamed in my mind, I couldn't make a sound.

My fright and flight response kicked in and I ran. I've never run as fast in my entire life than that night. I jumped over graves and bumped into headstones. Hearing thumping footsteps behind me and heavy breathing made me run even faster.



Finally, I saw the gate and the three boys. I reached the gate heaving and my leg muscles aching. I stopped and looked behind me. "There is a... there was a..."

"Come here, boy!" I heard one of the older boys as he bent to scratch a panting Sheppard's ears. "Where have you been?"

It was a dog! Just a dog! There are no werewolves. I tried to calm my frazzled nerves.

"What was there? Why were you running so fast?" the boy asked.

"Oh, nothing. I just wanted to get this stupid dare over with." I croaked out trying to save my dignity.

© Erika M Szabo

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Spooky Articles





Why Do You Wake up at Night at Certain Times?

By [Erika M Szabo](#)

Can't sleep 6-8 hours straight without waking up?

If you're persistently waking up at night at the same time, it might be because your body and mind are trying to tell you something.

Waking up between 10 Pm and midnight:

Waking up at this time of the night might be **due to stress** and anxious thoughts throughout the day that hasn't been resolved before going to sleep. You might be feeling pressured at your job, in your family life, or you have a lot on your "to-do" list and having a hard time keeping up.

Waking up between midnight and 1 Am:

This is when your mind is dealing with **anger issues** and the pent-up, unresolved anger tends to wake you up at this time of the night. Anger might manifest itself as a bad dream or nightmare.

Waking up between 1 Am and 3 Am:

The feeling of hate is keeping you up around this time of the night that related mostly to **self-hatred**. You might hate being too fat, too skinny, not as pretty as you want to be, your aging body, having a medical condition, weaknesses of your personality, or situations you got yourself into.

Waking up between 3 Am to 5 Am:

Oh, the **witching hour**. In folklore, the witching hour or devil's hour is a time of night that is associated with supernatural events, whereby witches, demons, and ghosts are thought to appear and be at their most powerful. Nah, that's just folklore, but I guess waking up feeling anxious and scared, especially after a frightening nightmare, people thought it was the devil's doing. Waking up at this time of the night most like is due to the suffocating feeling of **being trapped** and you wish to break free from something constricting. Maybe trying to end a bad relationship but you don't know how, or it could also be fear of something such as the result of a medical test.

Easier said than done:

But try to relax before bedtime and make a mental note to deal with stress, anxiety, fear and self-hate issues the next day. Try to reason with your mind that those issues can't be resolved instantly and not even fast and most importantly while you're asleep. So, tell your mind to relax, have a restful sleep, and deal with the problems after you had your morning coffee.

Why do most heart attacks occur in the morning?

As you wake up, your body releases stress hormones to get your body up and going for the day. In addition, your body tends to be dehydrated by the time you wake up and for some people, this combination of added stress hormones plus dehydration may be enough to trigger a heart attack. However, drinking lots of water too close to bedtime can interrupt your sleep cycle and negatively impact heart health. You must drink enough water throughout the day to avoid dehydration and prevent excess water intake at night. © Erika M Szabo

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I Met My Muse in a Haunted Attic

Part 1 – The Meeting By [Suzi Albracht](#)

Have you ever had a close encounter with a ghost or spirit? If you had an experience, did it change you? I have, and it has greatly influenced both my writing style and my stories.

I have had experiences with ghosts and the paranormal all my life. From the ghoulie voices to the apparitions that seemingly appear out of nowhere, I have shivered my way through. But this ghost story is one I will never forget because it was the one time a ghost wrapped his cold, gnarled fingers around my throat. I didn't just see an evil spirit. I felt his wicked touch on my skin. That ghostly encounter turned out to have a golden mission because it transported me into the magical world of writing.

I was seventeen when I found out it was moving day, yet again. This time, it was because my mother was divorcing my stepfather. The situation was exceptionally awkward since she was moving in with a boyfriend and had no choice except to take her unwanted luggage – me – with her.

I was at school when my mother moved our things into the old house she had rented. Later that afternoon, she picked me up from my classes and drove straight to our new residence. I didn't get a chance to look around before she informed me that this was my new home

and that my room was upstairs in the attic. She said she expected me to spend all my time at home there. Then she shooed me to the door that led to the hidden bedroom.

To this day, I can still feel the ominous shivers that ran up and down my arms as I stared at the steep, rickety stairs that led to the third-floor converted attic. But I already knew my concerns would fall on deaf ears, so I trudged upstairs where I discovered a drab area with small, floor-level windows, no heat, and poor ventilation. My feeling of dread intensified.

I took one look at the room and ran back downstairs. I begged to be allowed to sleep anywhere but in that dreadful room. But my mother didn't want me around, so she yelled at me to go back upstairs and stay there. And that was that. So I went back up the stairs with my heart in my throat.

This time, I grimly noticed there were tiny, floor-level windows and no vents in the attic. Pulling the chain on the single light bulb hanging from the rafters in the middle of the room, I could see that it was sparsely furnished. Sheets and a blanket lay on an old, fold-up cot in the middle of the room. An empty bookcase sat in the corner. Sitting next to it, I could see the two boxes containing all my worldly possessions.

The light bulb was still swaying when something in the back corner caught my eye. I took a step closer, thinking it was just a shadow, some coat rack or dresser. But suddenly, my breath froze as my eyes lit on a shadowy figure swaying in the far corner of the attic.

Moments passed until a voice in my head screamed at me to run. Frantic, I stumbled toward the door and placed my trembling hand on the doorknob. At the last second, I turned to look behind me. No one was there. No ghost, no figure, nothing.

Reeling, I fell against the doorjamb, questioning if my mind was cracking. But the reality was that it didn't matter if I was falling apart mentally or even if there was a ghost or not. I was stuck. I didn't have any other place to go, and I had lots of homework to do. I knew that succeeding in school was my ticket out of here, and I needed to focus on that. So I convinced myself that even if there was a ghost, it wouldn't happen again.

With new resolve, I headed over to the cot and sat down. The mattress was thin and worn, so was the blanket and what passed for a pillow. Looking around, I stoically accepted that I had made a mistake. There was no one else in the room. I needed to forget about ghosts and do my homework. So with a weary sigh, I made my bed and pulled out my notebook. Life would go on.

The week that followed was nothing out of the ordinary. I even began to question whether anything had happened that first night. All seemed normal until I heard a strange noise as I opened the door to the staircase one night. This time, I wasn't concerned. I was already getting used to the various sounds the old house was making and figured the sound was just a settling-in noise. Hurrying up the stairs, I hoped to get a strong head start on my English assignment.

I had just stepped into the attic when a small piece of paper fluttering about on the floor caught my eye. It was a corner of one of my English papers. Picking it up and examining the fragment, I frowned. There were no chew marks from the mice who lived with me. Instead, it looked like someone had grabbed a corner and ripped it out of my notebook.

Then that strange noise came again, but this time it sounded like a low, menacing growl. Every hair on my body stood on end. I backed up as my eyes scanned the dark corners. Turning, I nearly stumbled and fell. I told myself that all I had to do was take a few more steps, and I'd be at the door.

And then that mind-numbing snarl stopped me dead in my tracks. I turned with my heart pounding.

I looked for movement, but there was none. I blinked and took a step closer. And another. It was then that I realized the thing I had seen was nothing more than a giant spider web that hung from ceiling to floor. My gut twisted in agony.

My logical brain told me to calm down and be realistic. I had no other options, nowhere to go, no one to help me, no one to believe me. I had to stay and gut it out.

Mere hours later, I would regret staying. **To Be Continued...**

© **Suzi Albracht**

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The Thief of the Night Sleep Paralysis

By [Lorraine Carey](#)

I'm no stranger to odd events. Since childhood, I've experienced Out of Body occurrences, not to mention a keen empathic ability to connect with spirits. It's no wonder I'd also experience the terrifying condition known as Sleep Paralysis.

Scientists, researchers, and sufferers all have their own explanation on what really causes sleep paralysis, (SP) but it still remains a mystery to most, while victims of this condition are left to resort to medical treatments, sleep centers and some go as far as hypnosis, pagan rituals, and other religious practices. When desperation sets in and one will go to great lengths for relief of this mysterious and frightening condition.

Science says

Most scientists claim SP is a basic brain glitch that occurs at the intersection between wakefulness and rapid eye movement, (REM) sleep. When asleep, our bodies alternate between NonRem and Rem Sleep. This transition controlled by chemicals pushes us between sleep and wakefulness.

This is a type of Parasomnia that involves a brief loss of muscle control that happens just after falling asleep or upon waking up. This is where hallucinations can occur. Yes— the creepy stuff.

Doctors will tell you the only relief is to follow a better sleep pattern, better diet, anxiety meds, or meditation. I have done all of these and have not seen any relief from this condition.

Despite what science says many different theories have evolved from various cultural beliefs such as:

- Varied forms of paranormal activity
- Black magic
- Mythical creatures
- The Succubus attack
- The Djinn
- Malevolent or spirit-like creatures

All out to steal your soul. Yikes!

Call it what you will, it remains a terrifying experience to the sufferer or shall I say, victim. Each encounter can be quite different.

There are two types of Sleep Paralysis

- Isolated sleep paralysis is when episodes that are not connected to a diagnosis are that of narcolepsy.
- Reoccurring sleep paralysis is experiencing multiple episodes over time.

What does it feel like?

Most cases claim that the body is in a frozen state and unable to move. Speech can also be affected by the inability to produce any type of sound. Hallucinations are common and may involve:

- The perception of someone in the room
- Chest pressure or a feeling of suffocation
- An out of body feeling or the sensation of flying

Episodes can last from a few seconds to twenty minutes and end on their own by interruption of another person's voice or being touched. SP can begin at ages seven to twenty-five. Eight percent of people experience this. There is a higher risk in a family that has had SP.

[Source](#)

My Experience

My first encounter with SP was back in my teens. My mother had it as well as an aunt and uncle. I remember long before I had my first attack my mother retelling her encounter in detail the next morning after an occurrence. My dad would have to push her to release her from this temporary state of paralysis. It was no surprise to her when I had joined the SP Team.

I remember being fully awake but unable to move any muscle and trying to shake myself out of this coma internally. It seemed to pass only leaving me terrified as to when the next one would occur. I had them off and on and then they stopped when I was married and moved to Arizona with my husband. I began to wonder if it really was some sort of demon in that house. I had warned my husband that if he heard moaning coming from me it was a signal to shake me.

Years went by and I began to have the episodes again in my late forties. Each attack was a bit more intense and different. They seemed to last longer and now I was sensing another physical being in the room. My husband was aware of my condition but never had to rescue me from my encounters. Sometimes I'd have at least four of them in a row; the worst part was when I was sleeping alone.

I'm well into my sixties now and currently living in Florida. I've had several attacks while in this house. A few weeks ago, I had one that was very different from the others. It began like most, with feeling frozen but what happened next scared the heck out of me. I could actually feel a body climb onto my stomach and lean on me! I could still breathe but felt intense pressure on my chest. It lasted for a short time. I remember waking my husband to tell him and he told me to go back to sleep.

All the details were very clear to me the next morning. I was still me but who or what was this being done in my bed?

Just as I was ready to send off this blog, I had to report another episode last night and it had to be the scariest one of all. I did feel as though I couldn't breathe and felt as though I was being strangled. I did manage to shake myself out of it but couldn't get back to sleep for fear it would strike again.

So here I am up at 5 a.m. having my calming Chamomile Tea and researching more information on this subject. The SP night thief managed to steal a few good hours of sleep once again.

© **Lorraine Carey**

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Book Teasers





**A cozy
supernatural
thriller**

ON AMAZON

Lauren has everything she'd ever wished for. Great career, financial security, loving husband, and devoted friends.

When her Raven spirit guide warns her of impending danger, she takes the omen seriously, but she doesn't have enough time to perform the protection spell her grandmother taught her. Someone breaks into her office and after the brutal attack and the Raven's repeated warnings, she knows her life is still in danger.

Who wants her dead and why?

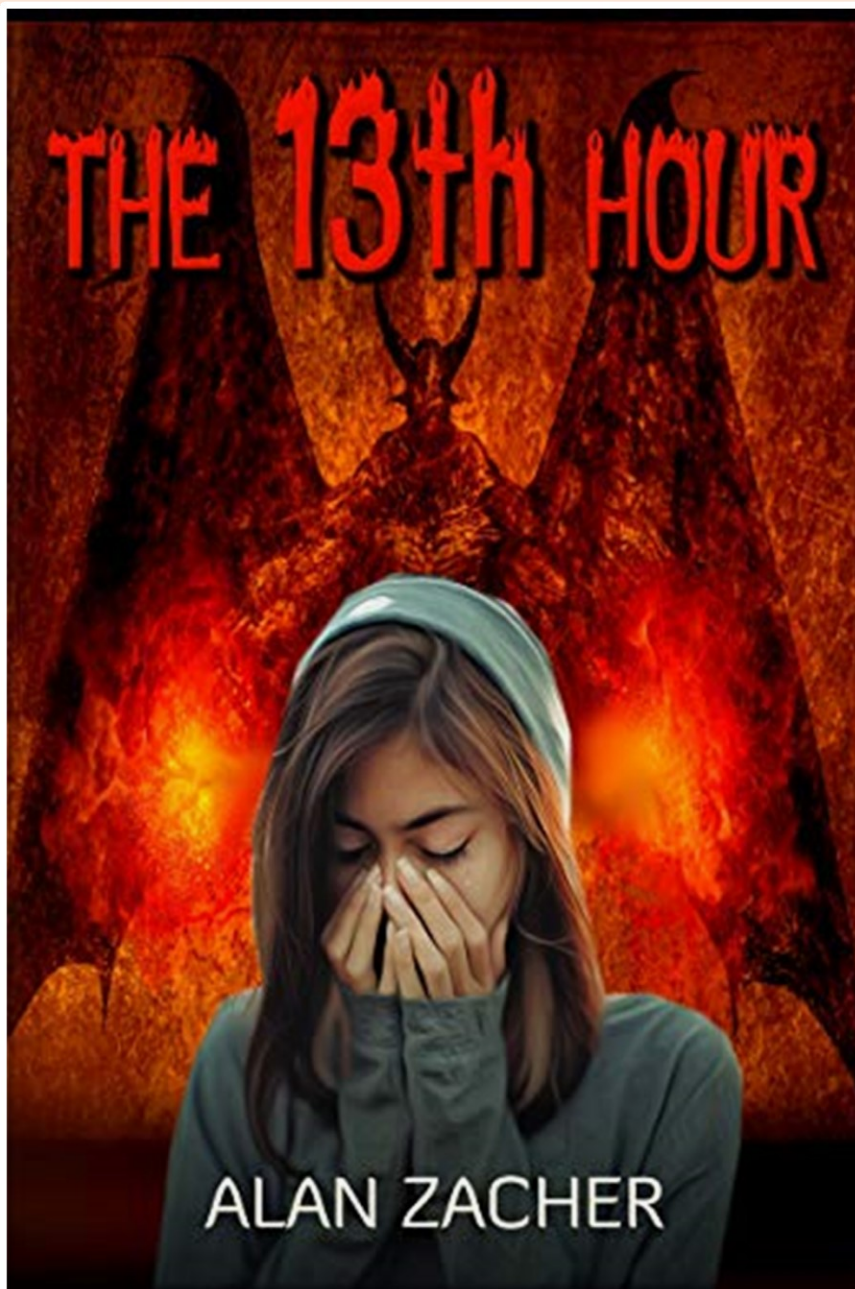
Lauren recognized the tune of her phone, but before she contemplated opening her eyes, Marcia answered it on the first ring. “She’s asleep,” She whispered. “No, she’s fine. She needs as much rest as she could get. When are you going to get here?” She was quiet for a few seconds and said before disconnecting the call, “I have to go home but I’ll try to come back later.”

Lauren was oblivious to the world for a few hours when a loud noise woke her. Her eyes popped open and saw the Raven on the windowsill. The black bird stared at her with its black pearl eyes and made a loud “kraa”. Not again! Please, what do you want now? She begged silently, a dreadful feeling flooding her.

Suddenly, Luke’s sinister, sneering face swam into her mind as a powerful vision, his eyes glowing with anger and hate. Behind him lurked in a haze, a longhaired figure. Lauren strained to make out the features of the blurry figure, but the vision disappeared within seconds. Lauren had no way of being certain if she was dreaming, or if it was a premonition her grandmother warned her about to pay close attention to. Eyes closed yet wide awake and her nerves on edge, she tried to make sense of her terrifying vision.

A nurse entered her room. Lauren watched her through half-closed eyes, uncertain why that specific nurse gave her a bad feeling. Nurses came and went all the time, but there was something telling her to be wary—most likely her strong intuition. With a syringe in her gloved hand, the nurse made her way over to Lauren’s bed, grabbed the IV tube and injected something into it. Lauren watched her eyes open just enough to see under the protection of her eyelashes. *A nurse would never inject anything into the line before wiping it with alcohol. She’s not a nurse.* Thoughts were popping in her mind sending her nerves on edge. *If she finds out that I’m awake, who knows what she would do before I can call for help. I can’t defend myself, not with broken ribs.*

With eyes still half-closed, Lauren slowly reached over to her left arm under the blanket where the IV needle was taped to her hand, trying to make her movements seem as natural as she could.



Occult horror

[ON AMAZON](#)

The Thirteenth Hour is the hour after midnight on All Hallows Eve, when Satan and his minions are most powerful—and dangerous! Thirteen teenage vampires kidnap a thirteen-year-old-girl, Emily, and are planning to sacrifice her to Satan during The Thirteenth Hour. A successful sacrifice would increase their powers thirteen-fold.

Will they find her? Can they save her?

No, Hurts wasn't Amanda's uncle. He remembered how on that day when he had first met her, he had yelled at her to stop knocking on the door and to go away, that he was close. But she kept knocking, and then opened the door and kept asking him if he was James Hurts, the private investigator, like the words said on the four windows. Amanda had seen those words from the street, and she desperately needed his help: her mother had been arrested the day before for stealing twenty million dollars from her place of employment, and Amanda wanted to hire Hurts to prove that she didn't do it. Without lifting his head from the couch, he told her, fine, that he got \$300.00 a day, plus expenses.

When she replied that she only had twelve dollars and sixty-seven cents, Hurts told her not to let the door hit her in the butt leaving, and added, "Sorry about your mom, kid. The police don't make mistakes."

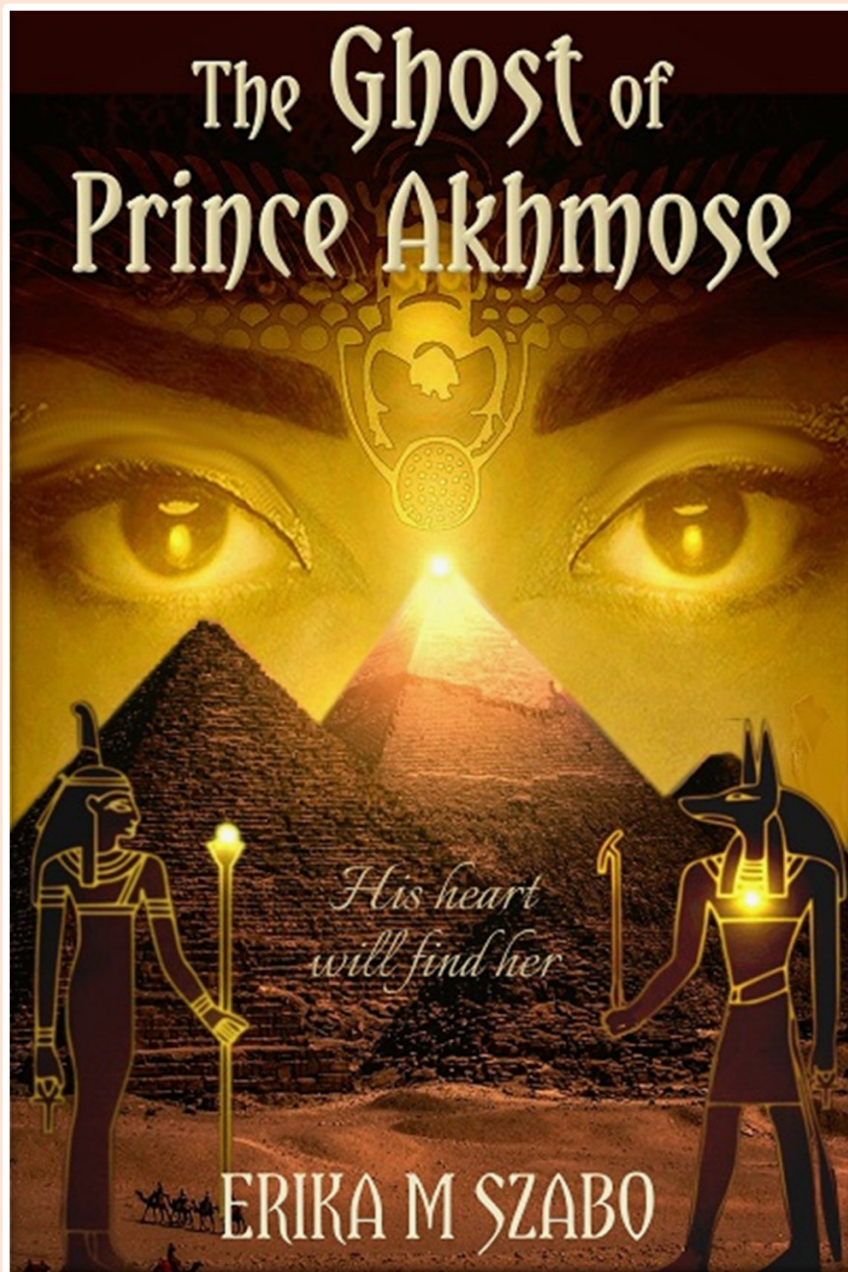
Amanda exploded. She began pounding the arm of the couch with her tiny fist, screaming, "Yes, they are! My mother didn't do it—and I want her out of jail!"

Hurts finally sat up. After wiping his unshaven face with his right hand, he said, "Kid, you see that coffee pot over there," pointing to the top of the cedar dresser. "Go turn it on. I need coffee."

Hurts did take her case—and, obviously, it wasn't for the twelve dollars and sixty-seven cents. He took the case because he admired Amanda's grit. He admired her guts; her strong will; her determination. He found her to be the most "aggravating" little girl he had ever met—she kept using jaw-breaker big words, like behooves; her father had died of colon cancer when she was nine, and she was going to be a doctor when she grew-up, and doctors had to have a large vocabulary—but he admired her. She reminded him of—of, well, him: James Hurts. NOT TO BESTED BY ANY MAN! Yes.

Yes, he took her case, and he solved it, too.

After interviewing Amanda's mother, her immediate supervisor, and the senior board member of the company, Mr. Theodore Williams—and there were six board members to the company—Hurts was convinced that Amanda's mother was innocent.



**Supernatural
ghost story**

ON AMAZON

A powerful curse cast thousands of years ago by the Grand Vizier to linger as a restless ghost among the living, forever.

By reading the hieroglyphs, Layla, a young Egyptologist, inadvertently breaks the curse and frees the ghosts of both Prince Akhmose and the Grand Vizier whose thirst for revenge is stronger than ever.

With Layla's help, can Prince Akhmose finally cross into the afterlife? Or perhaps, because of the charms of the mortal woman, he doesn't want to...

Egypt, 1198 BC

The riots at the border took less time than Tanakhmet expected, and after three grueling months, he was heading back to the palace. He longed for the comfort of his quarters and the servants who would wait on him every moment of the day. And he longed for his favorite slave. Her beauty was captivating, and he longed to see and possess her again.

He strolled through the palace, his footsteps echoing in the long corridors. How he missed the beautiful wall paintings and magnificent statues of the Gods that lined the wide corridors. He suddenly stopped as he spotted Anakhmun closing the door of Akhmose's quarters behind her. "I'll come back soon after I fed my baby," she called back through the half-open door. Her face was flushed, and a happy smile played in the corner of her lips. She froze as she turned and spotted Tanakhmet and leaned against the wall, shaking in fear.

He walked up to her and grabbed her arm. She winced at his grip but said nothing as he dragged her through the corridors toward his quarters. She knew that it was best to just be quiet and pray the cruel torture she was facing wouldn't last too long. He threw her onto the floor in his room, shouting, "What were you doing in Akhmose's room? You belong to me!" She lowered her head and whispered, her lips quivering, "His servant needed help with an embroidery."

He took a step back and observed her. "You're lying!" he accused and hit her across her face. Anakhmun whimpered and shrunk back but her coal eyes flashed with murderous rage hidden by her thick eyelashes.

This is not the sad, lowly slave I left three months ago. She seemed... happy. I must find out who made her cheeks rosy and put a smile on her face. He thought. "Leave! I'll send for you tonight." He dismissed her. He needed time to think of her punishment.

A look of relief crossed her face as she bolted for the door. Her footsteps were light enough that he could hear them, so he waited a few seconds before chasing after her. He was a warrior, and he knew how to lighten his steps and stay concealed behind the pillars.



Paranormal ghost
romance

[ON AMAZON](#)

I'm a dead guy. Before I died, I had dreams to heal the sick. I was also itching to start a family with my wife. But I died at twenty-six. That could have been the end for me, but the universe has an ironic sense of humor, and now I'm a ghost healing dead people. My people crowned me The Ghost Fixer.

But something terrible is happening. Ghosts are disappearing, and we don't know why.

Meanwhile, my alive wife's expecting, and we're not sure if the baby will be a ghost or not.

A shuffling, scuffling noise behind T.L. caught my attention. Because I lived in a hospital closet, I was used to hearing the Breathers going about their business out in the hall, but this sounded closer. I cranked my neck to see what was going on behind T.L. And what did I see? A line of fidgeting ghosts trailed out the closed door behind him. Young, old, tall, short, thin, portly, all from different decades and centuries... I swear I saw a caveman in the back of the line. Every type of ghost you could imagine was chattering away about their own issues, but none of them listened to anyone else.

Good golly. What is T.L. up to now?

I admit it always shocks me when I see a bunch of dead people in one place. It's because those who died before the 1900s look like they did when they were alive..

But those who passed after 1900, for the most part, look like they did at their moment of death. Unless, of course, someone educated them on how to present themselves like Luke did with me. This group was a strange mixture of centuries.

A couple of the post-1900s ghosts were a little stomach-churning to look at so, I pasted a pleasant smile on my face and avoided direct eye contact with them. I never wanted to hurt anyone's feelings.

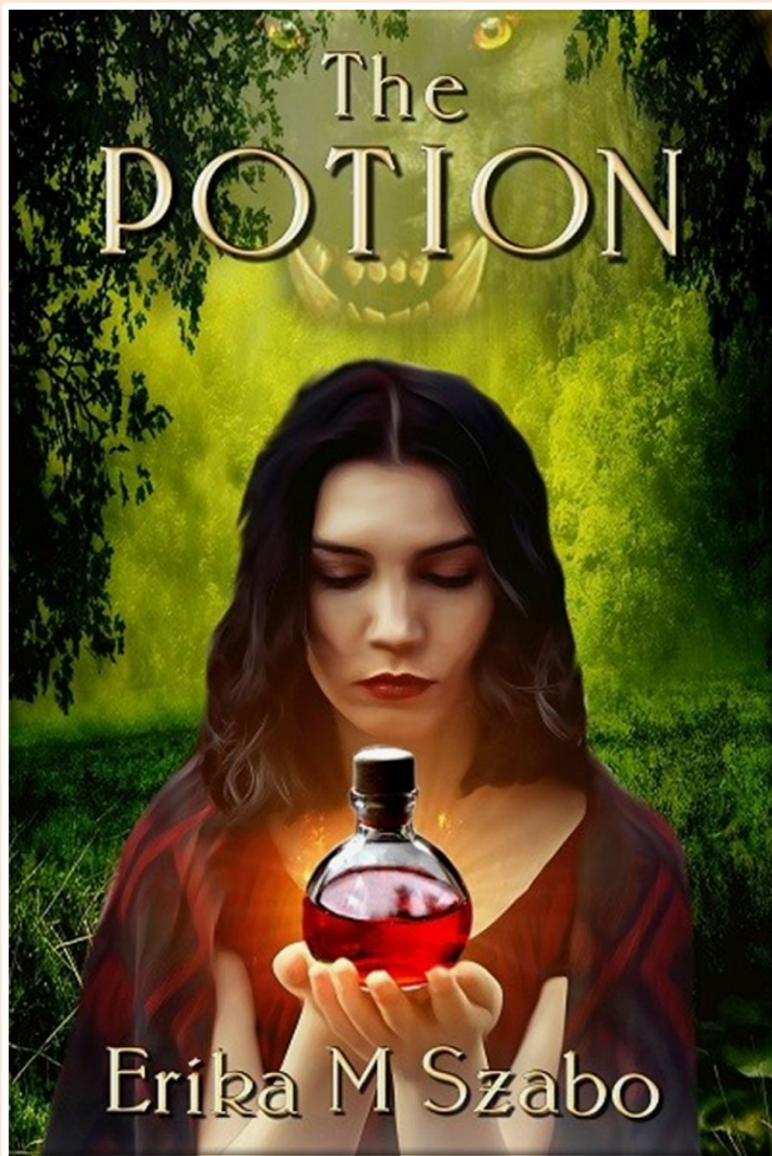
Yeah, I'm that kind of guy. I wear my heart on my sleeve.

I guess one of them saw me looking and told the others because as one, their heads swiveled toward me, and they shouted out requests. I hated being rude, but I ignored them for the moment and turned to T.L.

"What's going on?"

"Sir, you have gained a massive following. Everyone is talking about how you rescued Cecilia and kicked the Siren's butt... all so you could bring Maggie and Elise's men back home where they belong."

I cringed. Gossiping ghosts never seemed to bode well for me. "We all participated. I was just one member of an entire team. It wasn't all me, T.L." T.L. patted me on the shoulder with one of his enormous hands. "We, and I speak for many others, see you as the hero you are. And now others, who desperately need help, have come to beg for your attention. Sir, they gave you a title. You are The Ghost Fixer."



YA supernatural fantasy
[ON AMAZON](#)

A love potion made with haste out of jealousy puts Dorian into a comalike state. A rare orchid that blooms only once a year could save his life, but the precious flowers are fiercely guarded by Liam and his werewolf pack. The acolytes of the coven are forbidden to enter the forest and the young apprentices volunteer to make the journey that will test their loyalty and courage. Will they succeed?

Candice spent the night pacing and sleeping in short fitful periods with vivid dreams. When she heard her grandmother's footsteps on the stairs, she dressed quickly and went down to the kitchen. I must tell her everything. Maybe she can help.

"We'll figure it out," her grandmother said after she'd heard the whole story, but Candice wasn't convinced.

They rummaged through the cabinet. Candice recognized the jar. "This is the one I put in the potion." She picked the jar up and showed it to her grandmother.

The old woman shrank back in fear. "Child, what did you do?"

"What? Grandma, you're scaring me!"

"These are pink rose petals laced with diluted nightshade essence. This is used for a curse and not for a love potion!"

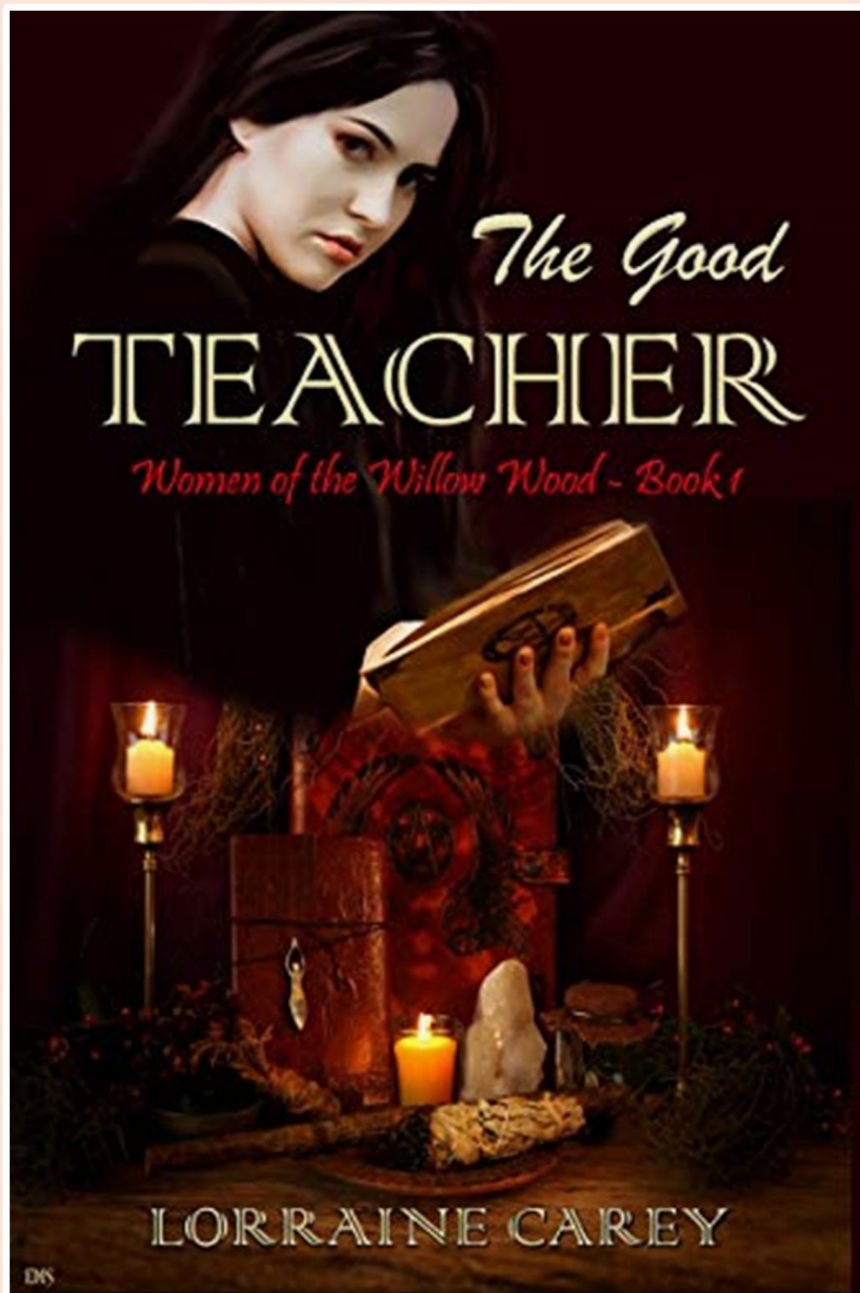
"Curse? What kind of curse? Is he going to be okay?" Candice cried out.

"I... I meant to use it once... on your mother. She was a drug addict, and I was angry at her for abandoning you. I changed my mind because the curse is powerful, dangerous, and it's unpredictable," the old woman admitted. The blood drained from Candice's face. "In my haste, I must not have read the entire label, and my mind only registered the words pink rose. I must get to the Coven and tell them what happened. I didn't mean to hurt him. I didn't mean for him to fall into a coma!" she cried.

"I'm coming with you," her grandmother decided, holding her book of shadows. "The curse is almost identical to the love spell except for the rose petals. I'm going to show it to the witches; maybe someone knows the counter curse."

Candice seemed scared but made up her mind. "I must confess to what I did, and we must find out if anyone has ever used the spell before. If they did, on whom, when, and why. Did they feel the same way, or did they suffer the same fate as Dorian?"

They left the house, and Candice drove to the Coven. A small part of her hoped the spell wasn't used on anyone, but the other part made her sick to her stomach at the thought that there could have been some poor soul lying in a hospital bed.



Supernatural trilogy,
Book 1

[ON AMAZON](#)

Undercover secret societies still exist today but none can compare nor match the power and magic of the Women of the Willow Wood.

They've got a few ancient deities who have their backs and have shared their secret spells to only those who are pure of heart. Enjoy this Supernatural trilogy in eBook, print and audio!

Principal Striker opened his door and said, "Come on in, Miss Reyes," before I could leave the office, and I just about spilled my coffee mug with my unsteady hand. He directed me to a chair next to Mr. Garza. He shot me a look and I was sure a lecture was in store for me. Mr. Garza shot me another look, smiled, and tipped his faded Lobo's baseball cap.

Striker's eyes were cold, his glare piercing, like a knife slicing through me.

"Mr. Garza tells me you've requested he be on the lookout for crows and possibly to set up some traps here, at school," he said. "Is this correct, Miss Reyes?"

"Y... yes. I've seen them. A few of my students have reported being dive-bombed by them during recess. They like to hang out in the Cottonwood tree on the north end."

"Let me tell you this, Miss Reyes. It is fall and yes, this is mating season for crows. We do have an abundance of them here, in Albuquerque, but Mr. Garza has better things to do than to spend his time on bird watch.

"Crow traps? Really? What are you thinking? One of the children could get hurt!"

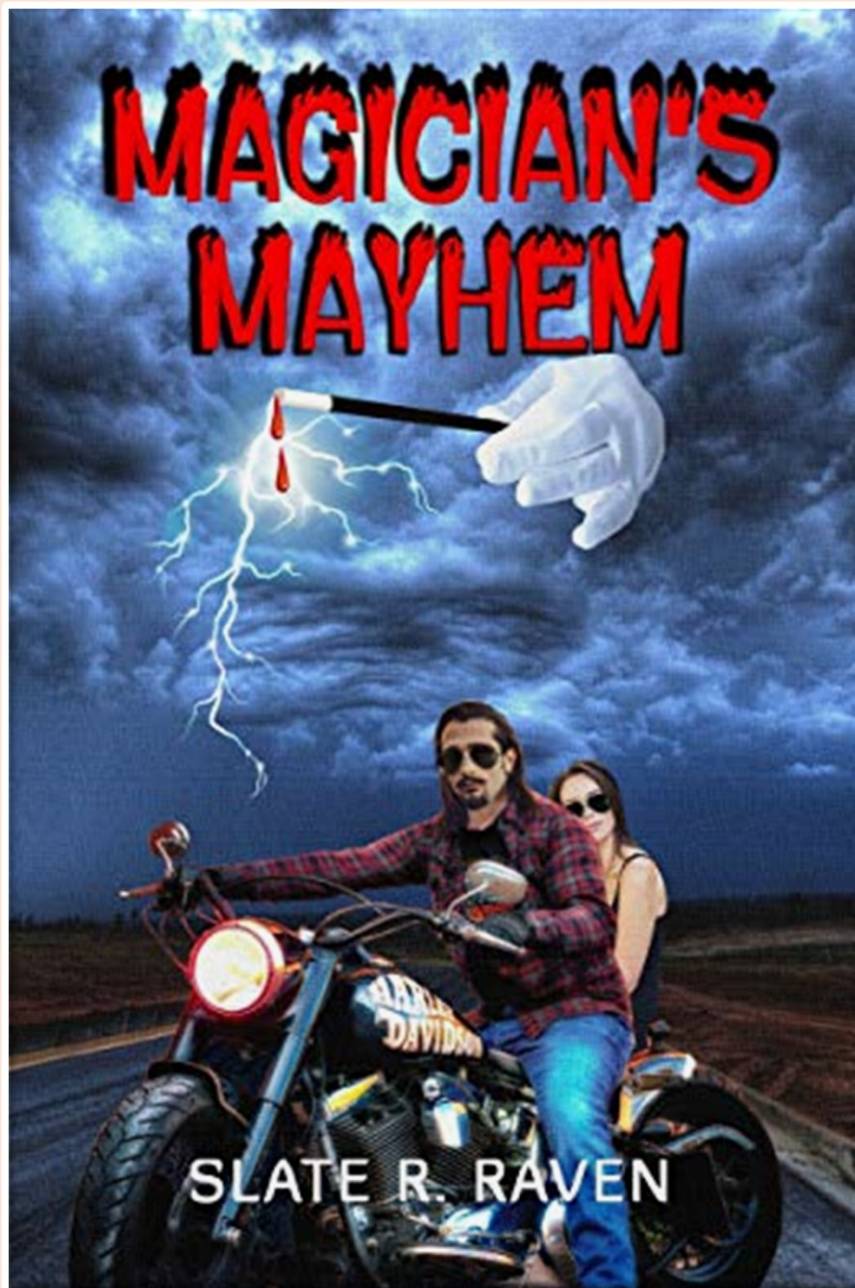
The wave of nausea returned. My mouth felt as if it were filled with cotton balls. "I...I'm sorry, but I was worried about the children."

"I have no other choice than to write you up for this, Miss Reyes. You were warned once already about approaching Mr. Garza without following proper procedure."

There was a sudden pop, and what sounded like glass breaking. We all turned toward Striker's back window to see that a slight crack had formed in the upper right corner. "What the heck?" Striker wailed. "Damn it! Must have been a kid out on the playground. I'm going out to talk to the teacher on duty. Miss Reyes, you will find a yellow slip in your mailbox to sign later in the day." He got up and walked out of his office.

I looked over at Mr. Garza, whose eyes seemed to have a funny glaze to them. Had he seen what I saw? Should I even bring it up?

There was a flash of black, and I was sure it was the crow. Mr. Garza got up and approached my chair. "I'm so sorry, Miss Reyes," he said. "You know how Mr. Striker is about policy. I never intended to get you into trouble."



**Supernatural
thriller**

ON AMAZON

Something is coming, evil has placed its avatar on the Earth. It's nothing that three friends would ever dream of having to encounter while enjoying a simple reunion at the lake one weekend.

Seems the entire United States of America is in a state of panic due to a surge of brutal killings by a ruthless and psychotic serial killer disguised as an old-style magician. He leaves his mark and revels in the devastating way he leaves his victims.

Without warning, the man whipped out a .44 Desert Eagle handgun and pointed it over Bane's shoulder at the bartender, Rick.

"Give me all the money in the register, and no one will get hurt," the man commanded.

Jessica ignited a piece of flash paper, causing a distraction. Making a very large mistake, the thief glanced in her direction, giving Bane a chance to take action. His instincts were honed to a razor's edge, making them just as powerful of a weapon as those that he often carried. Combining his instincts with his skills and other equipment, Bane became a walking battalion all unto himself.

Bane swiftly brought his right arm up, batting the gun skyward. The weapon discharged; the smell of gunpowder filled the air. Pieces of the ceiling crashed down atop the bar as the bullet rocketed through the drywall. With a serpentine and nimble attack that would leave a crocodile cringing, Bane took advantage of the weapon's direction; he slammed his elbow into the robber's solar plexus, knocking the wind out of his foe. He leaped onto the foot of his enemy as he stood up shattering bones. Everyone else was completely stunned by the sudden attack; all stood in awe as Bane throttled the man. He quickly slapped the bottom edge of his hand into the man's throat.

Bringing his knee up into the man's bloody face, Bane shattered the felon's jaw like a bag of eggshells. The gun fell from the man's listless hand, as Bane finished the fight with a vicious snap kick to the man's groin. The power of the blow could be felt throughout the bar, seeing as the man was briefly lifted off the ground from the sheer force of the strike. Pain enslaved the man and left him rolling around across the tile; he began vomiting up the contents of his stomach with each spasm.

Bane's eyes flashed dangerously, and a chilling smile crossed his face; his breathing was ragged and heavy. Jess was very disconcerted by what she was seeing. She had long known that Bane had a problem containing his temper but had never borne witness to his rage prior to that day. His finger tightened around the trigger, all eyes stared at the handgun waiting for it to dispatch the thief.



Paranormal suspense

[ON AMAZON](#)

He's a scientist looking to make his mark. He never expected to discover spirits and magic...

Shy, awkward Kaine Martin yearns to put a shine on his professional reputation. So when he receives an email from a researcher who disappeared a decade ago searching for a lost African tribe, the young anthropologist jumps at the opportunity of a lifetime. But as the university agrees to organize an expedition, the introverted scholar is haunted by ghosts warning him not to undertake the treacherous journey. Ignoring the ominous portents, Martin meets his legendary colleague at the edge of the African rainforest. But deep in the jungle lies a secret – one the ambitious professor can never reveal, if he wants those around him to survive.

Jason placed his mobile phone back in his pocket and continued looking through the amber color of his whiskey. Stay away from me, kid... and stay away from Her.

He raised his hand to caress the stubble on his chin. "I suppose I'll have to clean myself up a bit before the meeting; if they see me this way, they'll never give a cent of credibility to my story, and if I were them, I wouldn't either."

He stood up from the chair, gulping his whiskey and slamming the glass on the table. "I'm leaving! I'm going to town," he announced.

Omar considering whether he was already too drunk to go anywhere. "Do you need a ride, Boss?"

"Are you worried I could kill myself?" Jason replied, wobbling to the exit.

"You and someone else who has no intention of dying so soon." Omar glimpsed at a young man at the end of the bar counter, signaling him to follow Jason.

The young man hurried to help Jason as he was exiting the place. "I will drive you wherever you need to go."

"Thank you, kid. I was thinking to go and have a haircut, but first, it would be wiser to have a shower, even just to sober up. What do you think?"

The young man smiled, amused, as he helped Jason reach the car. "That would be a wise choice, but maybe you would need to quit drinking so much."

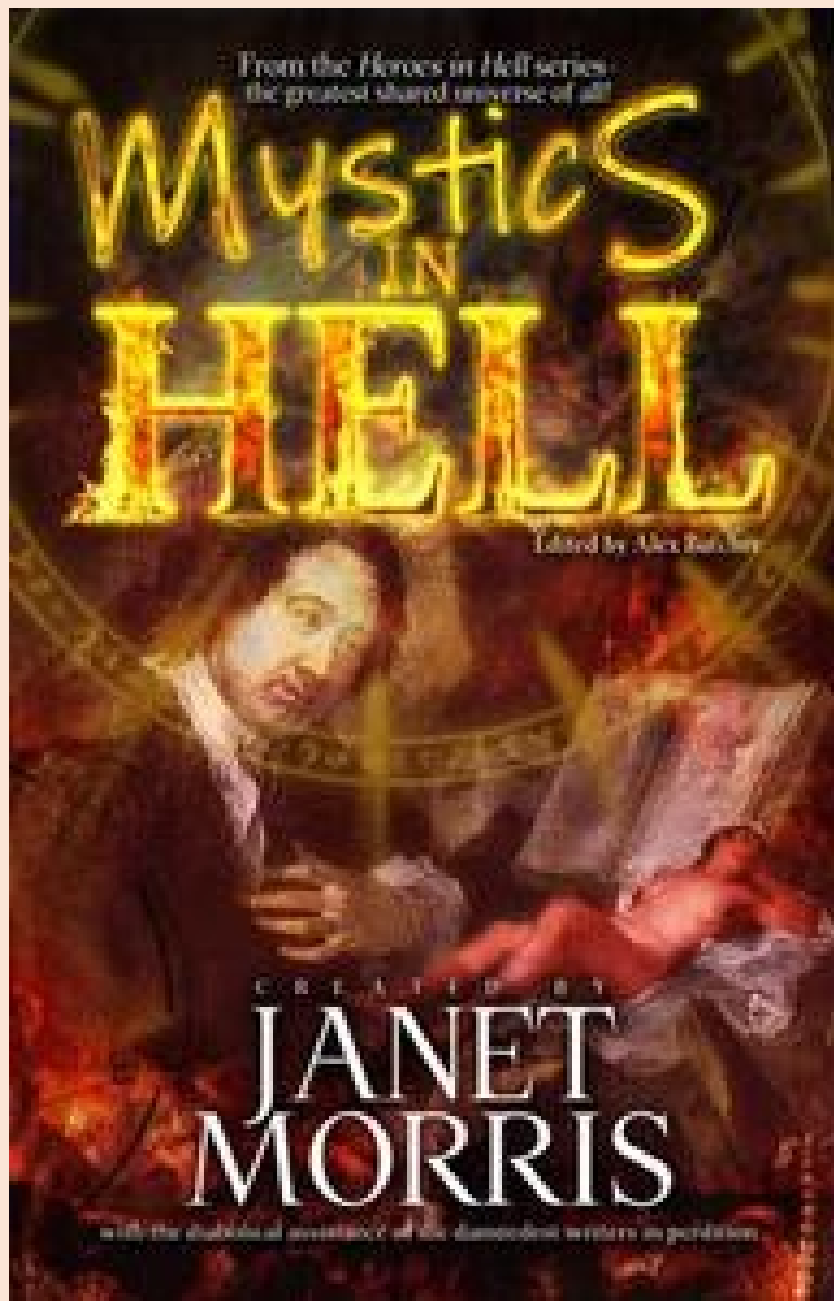
He stopped and scrutinized the young man through narrowed eyelids.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Akiki."

"Well, Akiki, I'll tell you one thing. I never got married to avoid having someone telling me what I should or should not do. Yet, also in this case, I still find those who are in the position to manipulate my life. I don't need another one." Jason offered him Akiki an angry glare, feeling too bitter and tired, to engage into an argument about what would have been better for him and for his health.

"The only cure for all my troubles would be the chance to go home. Do you know how it feels being so far from home and not allowed to return?"



Dark fantasy/horror
ON AMAZON

Mystic Madness!

Join the doomed on their vision quests in eleven stories by the damnedest writers in Perdition: Janet Morris; A.L. Butcher; Joe Bonadonna; Andrew P. Weston; Gustavo Bondoni; Seth Lindberg; Tom Barczak; Michael H. Hanson; Louis Antonelli; Christopher Crosby Morris.

Mystics in Hell is the latest volume in the notorious Heroes in Hell series of anthologies and novels created by Janet Morris.

From the Abode of Woe – A. L. Butcher featured in Mystics in Hell
Cassandra, daughter of a king and prophetess of Troy, whose visions had foretold the fall of the city-state, pronounced, “I see mayhem on our doorstep. And death. Everywhere I look I see death, but it does not take a seer to foretell that.”

She stopped, gazing into the distance, and her voice went low. “That building will fall, and if it does, we will be the gainers, Calchas. I see it as a shell, nothing more, a giant hell-stone monster sinking into the mud. And one that will bring the customers our way. No one will dare attack or question us again. We will find some sanctuary with the spitter-of-fire and the bringer of death.”

Calchas shrugged, “It’s hell, we are all dead, child. And that fool Henry Prince will bring strife to our door, without a doubt. Why the Department of Disassembly and Destruction granted him that misplanning permission I have no idea, but it’s ruining our business. No one wants to game with that noise melting the eardrums. Look at the damned place . . . it’s ugly. That’s not even a real temple.

“It has no finesse; temples are here for those brave enough to venture down that particular route.” Calchas was not convinced the temple would be easy to get rid of and shook his head.

He called to a figure scurrying past their door in soiled monkish robes. “Assisi — what think you of yonder building? It shall kill business, think you?”

The monk paused and kicked at something near his foot. “That it will – and bring the rats, and the hell-cats and all manner of beasties. I hate animals, but they love me,” the old man grumbled. He glared at the partially built monstrosity. “Tis ugly. Everything in Hell is ugly.”

“Probably, but what is there to do, Assisi?” Calchas asked his neighbor, eying the man with some pity.

“Buggered if I know,” responded the old fallen saint, and went on his way, shivering at the thought of all the hell-creatures on his doorstep.



Golden Book Award Winner,
spooky and funny heroic fantasy
adventure for middle-grade
children

By Erika M Szabo and
Joe Bonadonna

[ON AMAZON](#)

Nikki and her impish cousin, Jack, find a mysterious black pumpkin in the forest on Halloween. A wise talking skeleton, Wishbone, tells them that the ghosts of the Trinity of Wishmothers are trapped inside the pumpkin and can't be freed without their wands.

The children offer their help, so the skeleton takes them on a journey to the world of Creepy Hollow to retrieve the three wands he hid long ago in Red Crow Forest, the Tower of Shadows, and the Cave of Spooks. Ghoulina, the beautiful vegetarian ghou, and Catman, who was once a man, join them on their quest. They must face danger and conquer evil every step of the way as they search for the Wands before the wicked Hobgoblin and his henchman, a Tasmanian Devil, can get their hands on them.

This is a fun, humorous and touching story for kids, with plenty of character interaction woven into a backdrop of scary danger, heroic action and lessons to be learned.

Nikki admired the young woman's lace gloves and sparkling rings and thought: She really likes turquoise. Goth. She's definitely Goth. *She's so pretty with her pale face, and her clothes suit her very well. She's a lot taller than me, too. I wonder how old she is. She looks about eighteen-ish,* Nikki guessed, impressed by the older girl's clothing and behavior.

Wishbone desperately wanted to avoid the tall woman's eyes, which were filled with pity and sorrow. He nodded to Nikki and Jack. "Let me introduce these very special children, my dear," Wishbone told the tall woman. "Nikki found my Key Stone to the Ectomagic Gate. Jack found the black pumpkin and brought it back with us."

The black, humanlike cat took a step forward and said excitedly, "Wonderful! My name is Otto, but I prefer to be called Catman. I'm the caretaker of Wormbelow."

"How come you look like a cat and can talk like a person?" Jack asked.

"That's because I am a person. Or was, I should say," said Catman. "You see, long ago I had a black cat named Poe, whom I was very fond of. He lived all of his nine lives and then got sick and was close to death." Tears formed in his eyes, and he turned around.

Noticing Otto's distress, Wishbone said, "The only way to save Poe was for Otto and Poe to become one person."

"That is so cool," Jack said.

Catman wiped his eyes with his paw and turned around to continue his story. "So, the Trinity of Wishmothers granted my wish, and now Poe and I are one. We are Catman."

Nikki and Jack clapped their hands. "Awesome!" she said.

The Goth girl flashed a smile at the children with her plump blue lips and introduced herself. "My real name is Hannah, but I prefer to be called Ghoulina. It suits me much better; don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said Nikki.

"Me, too," said Jack.

"And my first name is Bob," said Wishbone. "But since I became the Silver Skeleton, everyone started calling me 'Wishbone.' I don't mind. I kind of like it."

The Haunted Bakery of Seven Pines



Storybook for
children 4-12

[AMAZON](#)

According to the hundred-year-old legend, children disappeared in Seven Pines every year to never be found again. People suspected that the old bakery in the woods was under the spell of evil forces and warned their children not to go near the old building.

Best friends Albert and Timmy were mean bullies, and nobody liked them. One day a group of children that were fed up with the daily torture of name calling and pushing and shoving, dared them to go into the old building at night to see if it's really haunted. Albert accepted the dare and although Timmy had his doubts, he went along with his best friend.

What will they find in the old bakery?

Is the legend true and they will disappear forever as many children did who had entered the building?

Albert immediately charged at the children and shouted, "Which one of you monkeys ratted me out to the principal? If you don't fess up, you're all gonna pay for this!"

Donny didn't back off and said to Albert, "Leave them alone! Prove it to me that you're tough, but not by hurting smaller kids. I have a challenge for you."

"Yeah? So, what's that challenge, fat boy? Huh?" he took a step closer trying to intimidate Donny.

Albert's insult made Donny angry, but he continued, "We dare you to check out the old building in the woods at night, to see if it's really haunted."

"Dare accepted!" Albert shouted without thinking.

Timmy winced when Albert foolishly accepted the dare and the legend flashed through his mind. What if it's true? he thought, but he couldn't leave his best friend standing alone. "We're not afraid of anything!" He added.

"We're the coolest kids in town," Albert boasted and shook his long bangs over his eyes.

Timmy wasn't so sure and kept thinking. What if my parents find out? I'm in trouble already, I'm sure the principal is calling my parents right now. And what if the legend is true? Grandma said that when someone entered the old building they never came out.

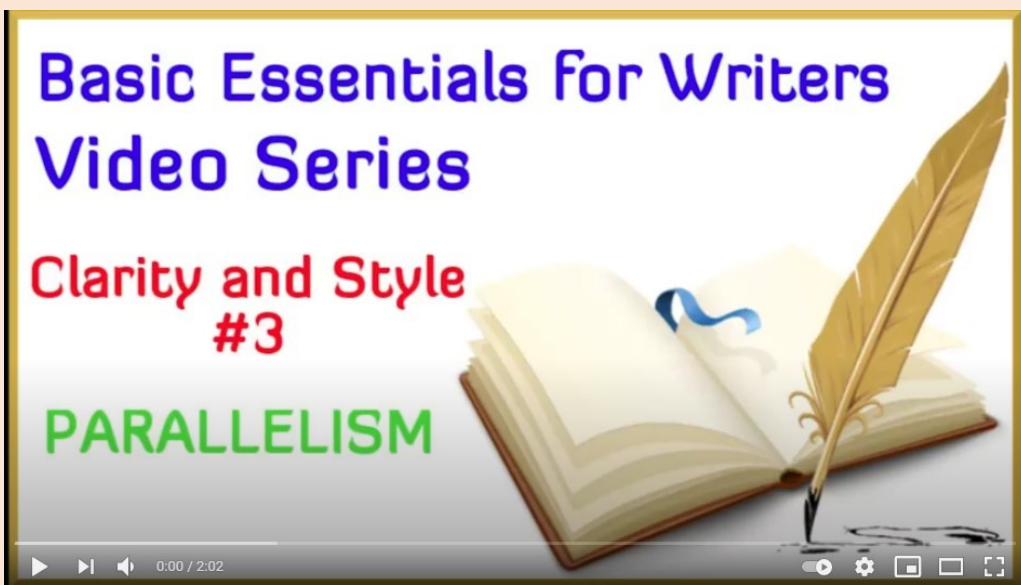
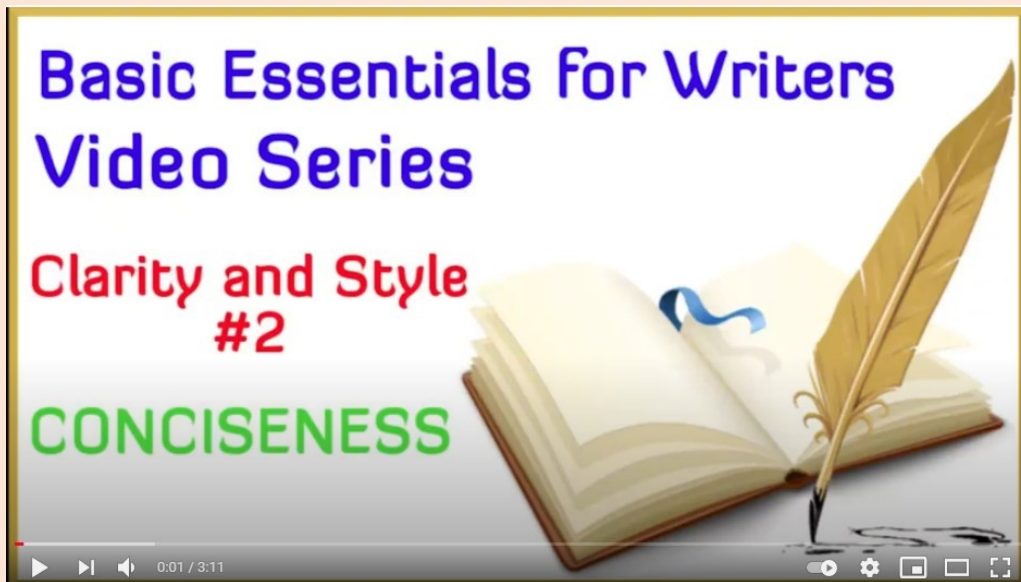
Scared as he was, he couldn't let the kids think that he's a coward and gained some courage from Albert's self-assured behavior. "Yeah, fat boy and strawberry-freckle-face. We're not afraid of anything!" He yelled, but then whispered to his friend, "Right Albert?"

"Come on! Don't be a chicken," Albert whispered back. "What could happen to us? The building has been empty for a long time. Nobody's there." He assured Timmy.

The children clapped and cheered. "Okay. Let's do it on Friday night." Donny suggested after the cheers died down.

Albert and Timmy had worked out a plan during the week. They had told their parents they were going to each other's house for a sleepover. Their parents had no objection because it wasn't a school night, and the boys always spent their free time together.

Watch tutorials on my [YOUTUBE](#) channel



Libros en español



Una poción de amor hecha con prisa por celos

La poción



**Una novela de
fantasía sobrenatural**

AMAZON

Una poción de amor hecha con prisa por celos pone a Dorian en un estado de coma. Y una rara orquídea que florece solo una vez al año podría salvarle la vida, pero las preciosas flores están ferozmente custodiadas por Liam y su manada de hombres lobo. Los integrantes del Aquelarre tienen prohibida la entrada al bosque y los jóvenes aprendices se ofrecen como voluntarios para realizar el viaje que pondrá a prueba su lealtad y coraje. ¿Tendrán éxito?

Candice pasó la noche caminando de un lado a otro y durmiendo en cortos períodos irregulares con sueños vívidos. Cuando escuchó los pasos de su abuela en las escaleras, se vistió rápidamente y bajó a la cocina. Debo contarle todo. Tal vez ella pueda ayudar.

—Lo resolveremos—, dijo su abuela después de escuchar toda la historia, pero Candice no estaba convencida.

Rebuscaron en el gabinete. Candice reconoció el frasco.

—Este es lo que puse en la poción. —Ella agarró el frasco y se lo mostró a su abuela.

La anciana retrocedió de miedo.

—Niña, ¿qué hiciste?

— ¿Qué? ¡Abuela, me estás asustando!

—Estos son pétalos rosados de rosa mezclados con esencia de sombras nocturnas diluida. ¡Esto se usa para una maldición y no para una poción de amor!

— ¿Maldición? ¿Qué clase de maldición? ¿Él va a estar bien? —Candice gritó.

—Yo... quise usarlo una vez... sobre tu madre. Era una drogadicta y estaba enojada con ella por abandonarte. Cambié de opinión porque la maldición es poderosa, peligrosa e impredecible—, admitió la anciana.

La sangre se drenó de la cara de Candice.

—En mi apuro, no debí haber leído toda la etiqueta, y mi mente sólo registró las palabras rosa y rosados. Debo ir al Aquelarre y decirles lo que pasó. No quise hacerle daño. ¡No quise que cayera en coma! —exclamó.

—Voy contigo—, decidió su abuela, sosteniendo su libro de las sombras. —La maldición es casi idéntica al hechizo de amor, excepto por los pétalos de rosa. Se lo voy a mostrar a las brujas; tal vez alguien sepa cómo contrarrestar la maldición.

Candice parecía asustada, pero había tomado una decisión.

—Debo confesar lo que hice, y debemos averiguar si alguien ha usado el hechizo antes. Y si lo hicieron, sobre quién, cuándo y porqué.

¿Correspondieron los sentimientos de la otra persona, o sufrieron el mismo destino que Dorian?

ERIKA M SZABO

Su corazón encontrará a su alma gemela



El fantasma del príncipe Akhmosé

Una acogedora historia
de fantasmas

[AMAZON](#)

Una poderosa maldición lanzada hace miles de años por el Gran Visir. Tanakhmet maldijo al príncipe Akhmosé para que nunca entrara en el Campo de Juncos, el paraíso celestial. ¿Por qué quería que el príncipe permaneciera para siempre como un fantasma inquieto entre los vivos? Al leer los jeroglíficos, Layla, una joven egiptóloga, rompe inadvertidamente la maldición y libera los fantasmas tanto del príncipe Akhmosé como del Gran Visir, cuya sed de venganza es más fuerte que nunca.

Con la ayuda de Layla, ¿podrá el príncipe Akhmosé finalmente cruzar al más allá?

O tal vez, hipnotizado por los encantos de la mujer mortal, no quiere ...

Egipto, 1198 a. C.

Los disturbios en la frontera tomaron menos tiempo del que Tanakhmet esperaba, y después de tres meses agotadores, estaba regresando al palacio. Anhelaba la comodidad de sus aposentos y de los siervos que lo esperaban a cada momento del día. Y anhelaba a su esclava favorita. Su belleza era cautivadora, y anhelaba verla y poseerla de nuevo.

Paseaba por el palacio, sus pasos resonando en los largos pasillos. Cómo había extrañado las hermosas pinturas murales y las magníficas estatuas de los dioses que bordeaban los amplios pasillos. De repente se detuvo cuando vio a Anakhmun cerrando la puerta de los aposentos de Akhmose detrás de ella.

—Volveré pronto después de alimentar a mi bebé—, dijo a través de la puerta medio abierta. Su rostro estaba sonrojado, y una sonrisa de felicidad le bailaba en la esquina de sus labios. Se congeló al voltearse y ver a Tanakhmet y se recargó contra la pared, temblando de miedo.

Se acercó a ella y la agarró del brazo. Ella hizo una mueca por su agarre, pero no dijo nada mientras él la arrastraba a través de los pasillos hacia sus aposentos. Ella sabía que era mejor callarse y rezar que la cruel tortura a la que se enfrentaría no durara mucho tiempo.

La tiró al suelo en su habitación, gritando:

— ¿Qué hacías en la habitación de Akhmose? ¡Me perteneces!

Ella bajó la cabeza y susurró, con los labios temblando.

—Su sirviente necesitaba ayuda con un bordado.

Dio un paso hacia atrás y la observó.

— ¡Estás mintiendo! —la acusó y la golpeó en la cara. Anakhmun lloriqueó y se encogió de nuevo, pero sus ojos como el carbón brillaron con rabia asesina oculta por sus gruesas pestañas.

Esta no es la triste y humilde esclava que dejé hace tres meses. Ella parece... feliz. Debo averiguar quién la hizo tener mejillas sonrosadas y le puso una sonrisa en su cara, él pensó.

— ¡Vete! Te haré llamar esta noche. —Él dio el permiso para que se retirara. Necesitaba tiempo para pensar en su castigo.



Una acogedora novela de
suspense sobrenatural

[AMAZON](#)

Lauren tiene todo lo que siempre había deseado. Gran carrera, seguridad financiera, esposo amoroso y amigos devotos.

Cuando su guía espiritual Raven le advierte del peligro inminente, ella toma el presagio en serio, pero no tiene tiempo suficiente para realizar el hechizo de protección que le enseñó su abuela. Alguien irrumpe en su oficina y después del brutal ataque y las repetidas advertencias del Cuervo, ella sabe que su vida está en peligro.

¿Quién la quiere muerta y por qué?

Lauren reconoció la melodía de su teléfono, pero antes de contemplar la apertura de los ojos, Marcia lo contestó en el primer anillo. —Está dormida —susurró ella—. —No, ella está bien. Necesita tanto descanso como pueda. ¿Cuándo vas a llegar aquí? — Ella estuvo callada por unos segundos y dijo antes de colgar la llamada, —Tengo que ir a casa, pero voy a tratar de volver más tarde. —

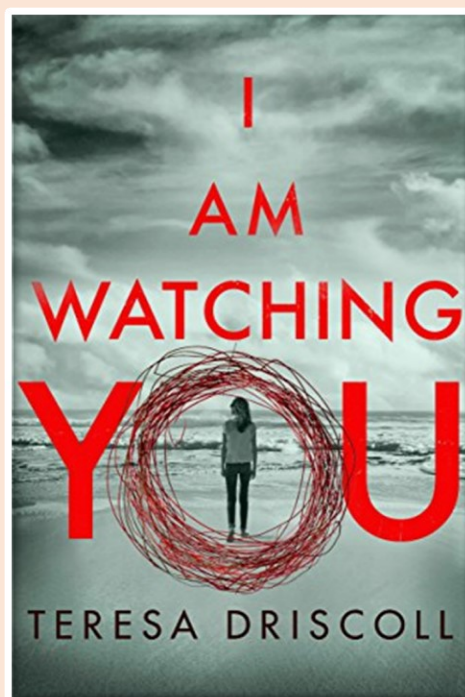
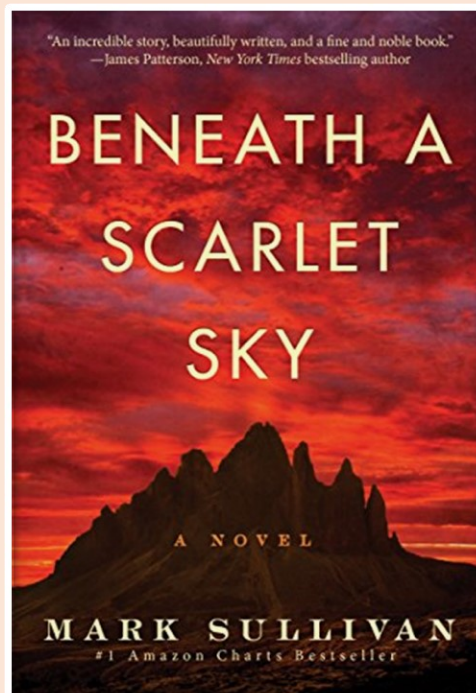
Lauren era ajena al mundo durante unas horas cuando un ruido fuerte la despertó. Sus ojos se abrieron y vio el cuervo en el alféizar de la ventana. El pájaro negro la miró con sus ojos de perla negra e hizo un fuerte —kraa". ¡Otra vez no! Por favor, ¿qué quieres ahora? Ella rogó en silencio, en una sensación de terrible ahogo.

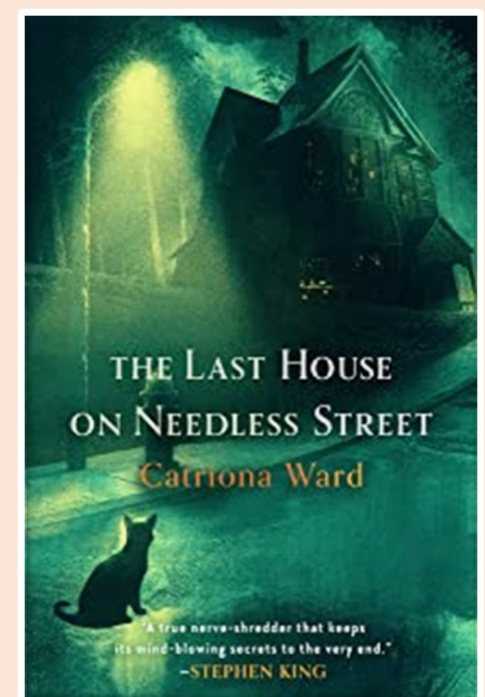
De repente, la cara siniestra y burlona de Luke nadó en su mente como una visión poderosa, con los ojos resplandecientes de ira y odio. Detrás de él acechaba en una neblina, una figura de pelo largo. Lauren se estresó para hacer las características de la figura borrosa, pero la visión desapareció en cuestión de segundos. Lauren no tenía forma de estar segura de si estaba soñando, o si era una premonición a la que su abuela le advirtió que prestara mucha atención. Ojos cerrados pero muy despiertos y sus nervios al borde, ella trató de dar sentido a su visión aterradora.

Una enfermera entró en su habitación. Lauren la miraba a través de los ojos medio cerrados, sin saber por qué esa enfermera específica le dio un mal presentimiento. Las enfermeras iban y venían todo el tiempo, pero había algo que le decía que fuera cautelosa, probablemente su fuerte intuición. Con una jeringa en la mano enguantada, la enfermera se dirigió a la cama de Lauren, agarró el tubo intravenoso e inyectó algo en él. Lauren vio sus ojos abiertos lo suficiente como para ver bajo la protección de sus pestañas. Una enfermera nunca inyectaría nada en la línea antes de limpiarla con alcohol. No es enfermera. Pensamientos estaban apareciendo en su mente enviando sus nervios en el borde. Si se entera de que estoy despierto, quién sabe lo que haría antes de que pueda pedir ayuda. No puedo defenderme, no con las costillas rotas.

Books for Halloween







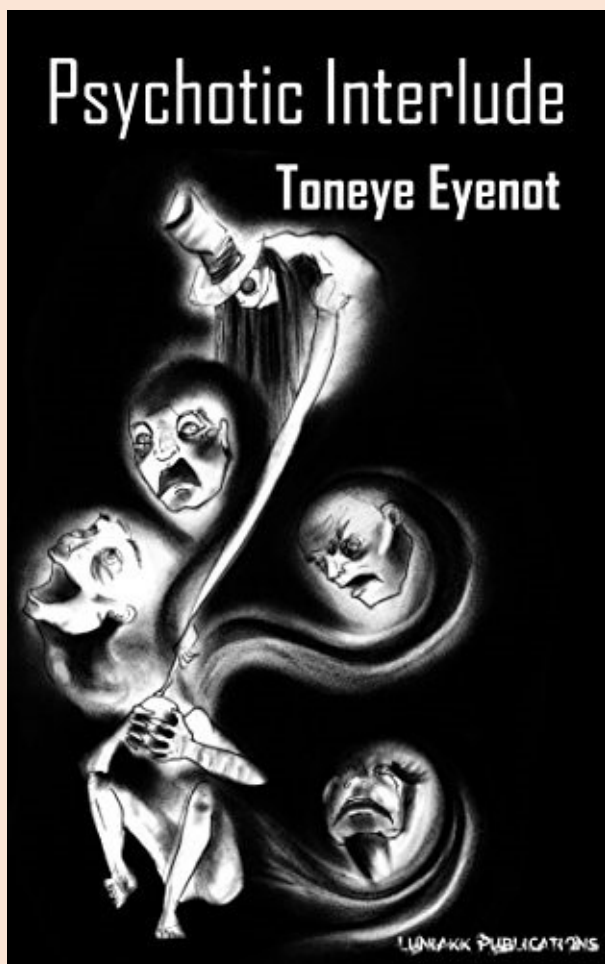


Horror story

The year is 1888, and the place is Whitechapel, in the very heart of London. But the heart is bleeding. A mysterious killer is stalking women of the streets - his true name is unknown, but his legend will go down in history. This is a short tale of Jack the Ripper.

18 rated for scenes of violence.

[ON AMAZON](#)



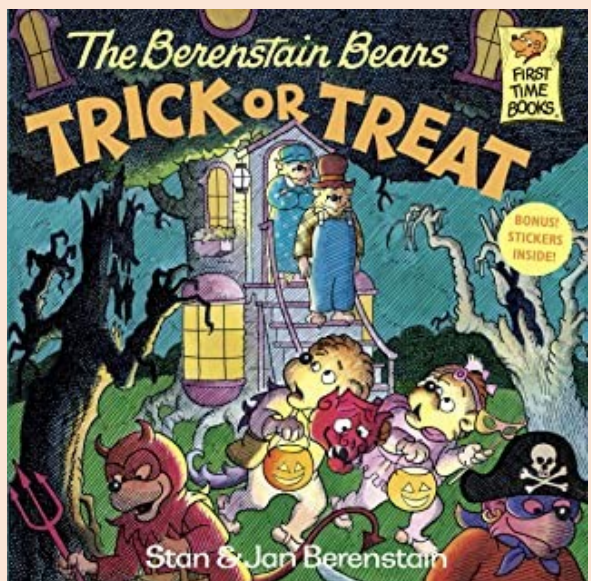
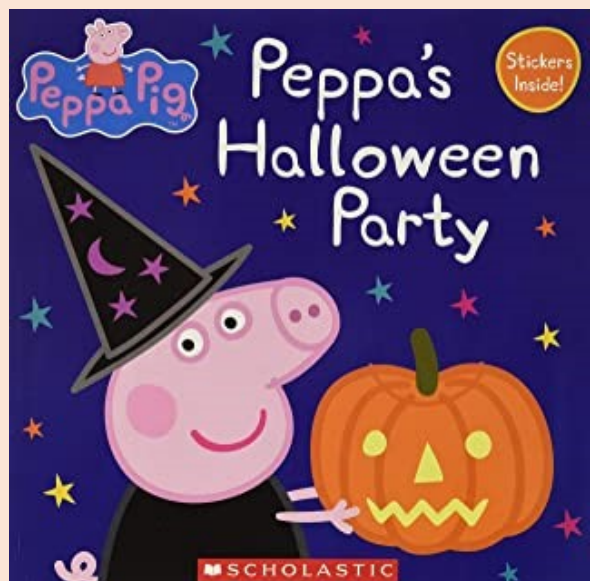
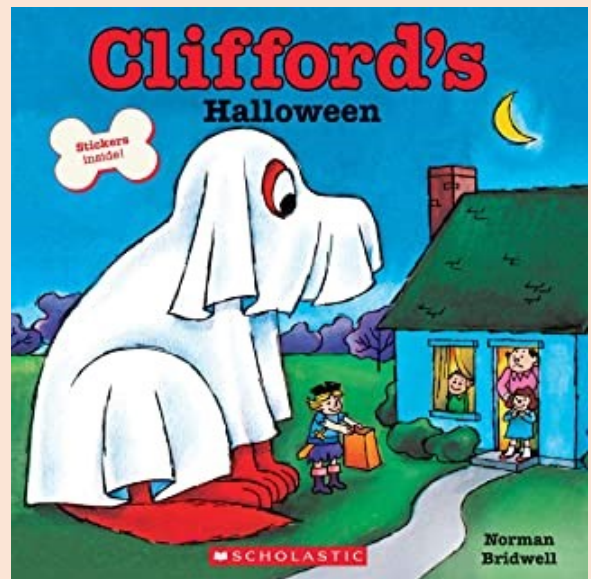
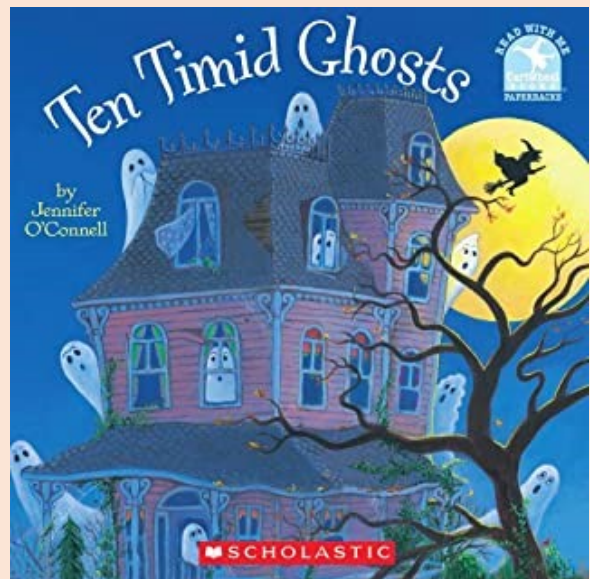
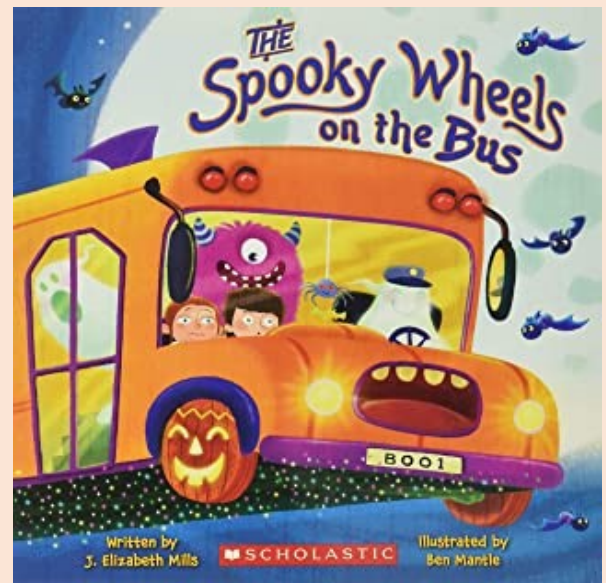
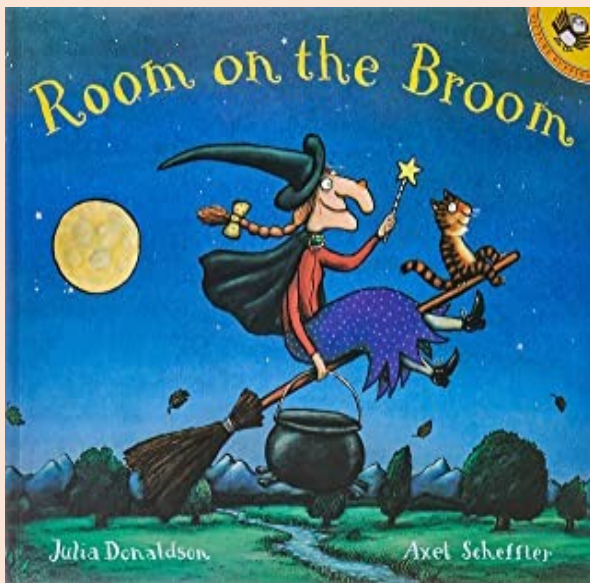
Horror short stories

Toneye, being of sound mind and body, takes no responsibility and makes no excuses for Eyenot's trigger-happy rampage throughout this collection. You will be disturbed, horrified, traumatized even, by the contents of this book. From the opening 'experiment' all the way through to the final flight of poor Brian, making it through unscathed will be an admirable feat indeed. Psychopaths...Human Monsters – Nobody is immune. Nobody is truly safe. Enjoy this spiraling descent into your very own PSYCHOTIC INTERLUDE.

[ON AMAZON](#)

Children's Books for Halloween

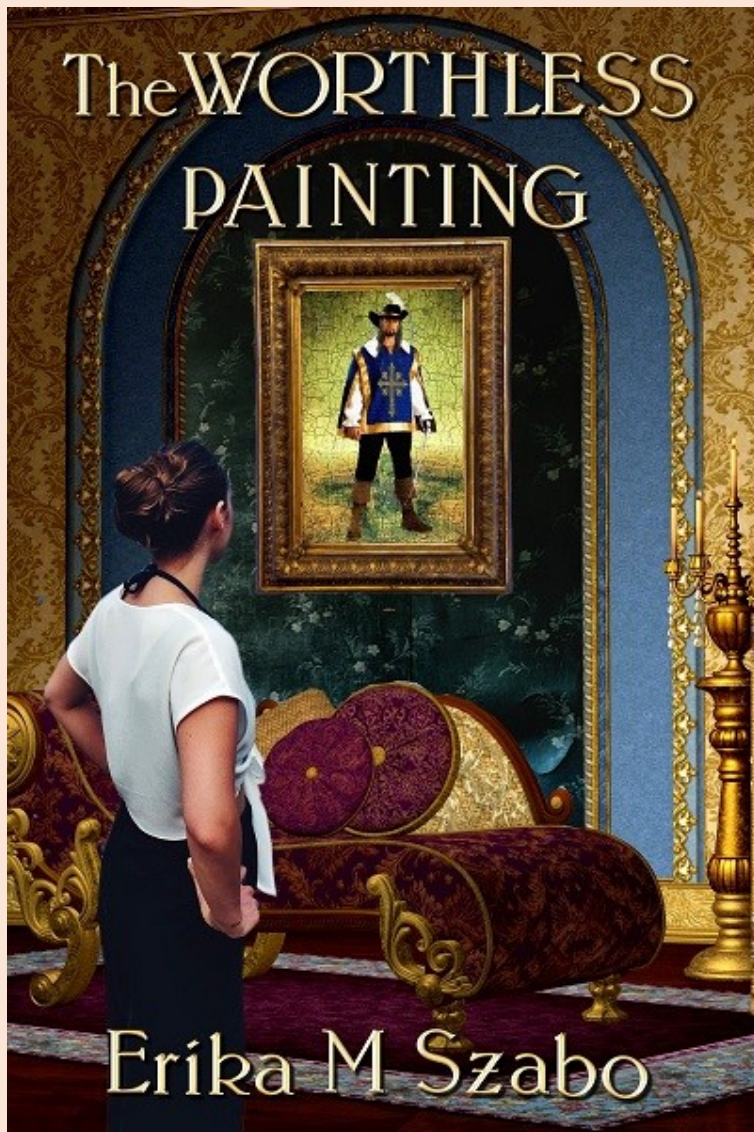




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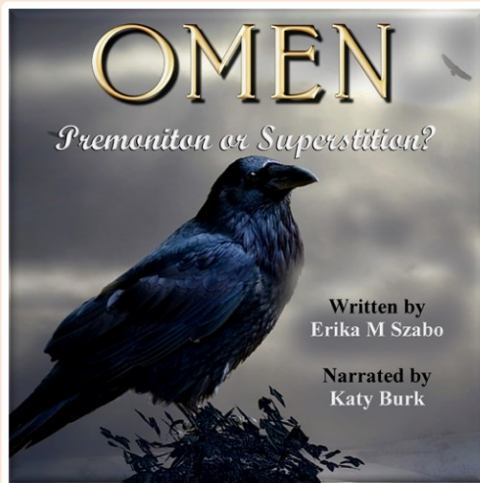
Small-town cozy mystery

When Danielle finally quits her boring accountant job and opens an Antiques & Stuff store, her life changes for the better. But soon, her happy life starts to spin out of control when the snobbish new owner of the Couture mansion brings a seemingly worthless painting into her shop. The ownership of the painting is questionable, and the town's future is threatened by the plans of the ruthless, rich owner who wants to build a leather factory on the estate, too close to town. An unexpected visitor arrives, and he may possess the much-needed solution to everyone's problems in this quaint little town.

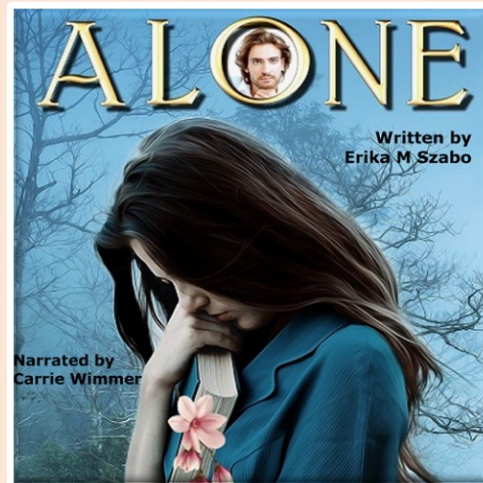
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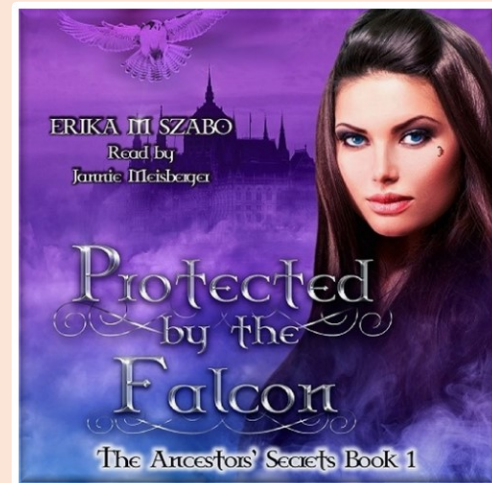
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Supernatural
memories



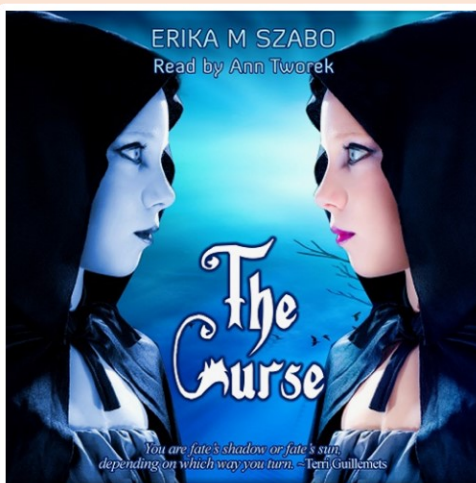
Dystopian love story



Epic fantasy

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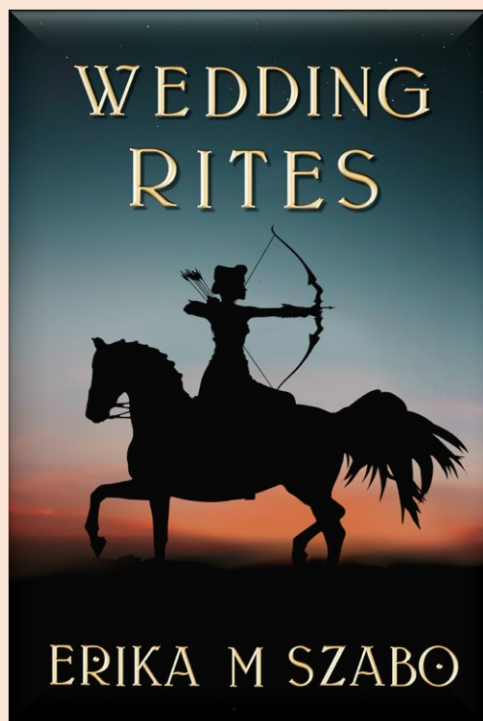
Alternative history
suspense



Children's book



Supernatural fiction



Read my free short story on
[Kindle Vella](#)

The wedding of Kira and Tula is highly unusual, it happens in 426, in a Hun village in the Carpathian Basin. Completing the rituals against a jealous girl and her power-hungry father's ominous plans is not for the faint-hearted. Their success would not only unite the couple in love but would secure a powerful ally to their clans as well.

Part 1

Kira's wedding in the Carpathian Basin, in the year 426.

The Hun village resembled a beehive, buzzing with excitement. It was the wedding day of the chief's daughter of the Wolf Clan to the nephew of King Rua, the strongest warrior of the Horse clan. Unlike most arranged marriages when the bride and groom meet on their wedding day, Kira and Tula knew each other since they were babies. Their families visited each other's villages often to strengthen the alliance between the clans. To their fathers' delight, Kira and Tula fell in love when they were teenagers.

The wedding day was the happiest yet most stressful day of their lives. They'd been prepared for the crucial test before the marriage ceremony but knowing that their clan's future depended on their success, heavily weighted on their shoulders. Tula stood on the heavy carpet of the guest Jurta, a tent-like structure that was built in the Hun villages across the land. The wooden frame covered by heavy animal hides provided comfortable homes and protection from the elements for the people of the clan. "Are you done, mother?" he asked growing impatient as his mother fussed over his outfit.

“I’m done,” his mother said taking a step back, looking at her handsome boy with admiration.

“Son,” his father looked up. Sitting on a large pillow, he calmed his nerves by sipping alcoholic Kumis, the Hun’s favorite drink of fermented horse milk. “Our clan’s future depends on you today.” He continued.

“Not helping!” his wife shouted. “Don’t you see he’s nervous enough already?”

“I know, but...” the middle-aged man grumbled. “The unity between the two clans is vital to our survival. If the spirit of the ancestors decide to make them fail the test, we’re doomed. My clan doesn’t have enough warriors to protect us.”

“I know.” Tula’s mother sighed. “But it’s up to the great spirit of the ancestors now.”

At the other side of the village, Kira pulled the heavy leather door covering aside and glanced at the Jurtas that were lined up in a semicircle, leaving a broad plaza in the middle. She glanced up at the tall wooden pole that stood in the center of the square. It had intricate designs carved into it and was painted with brilliant colors. On top of the pole stood a giant carved falcon called Turul. It was a sacred symbol, the protector of the Hun clans, standing with wings open wide as if it were getting ready to take flight. *That’s where I’ll have to prove that the right man was chosen to be my mate.* Kira thought letting the door cover slide back into place. She turned and started pacing on the thick carpet-covered floor of the Jurta, anxiously wringing her fingers. Soft light coming from the opening at the ceiling shone on her green, delicately decorated calf-length tunic that she wore with loose black trousers.

“You’re going to wear a deep path on that rug!” her mother laughed, a beautiful, statuesque, dark-haired woman who slowly rose from a curved sofa-like piece of furniture.

“You have nothing to be nervous about. Tula is a good man. He’ll make you happy. And besides, I told you what to expect on your wedding night, and the medicine woman trained him well. He knows what to do.”

“Mother!” Kira exclaimed, feeling embarrassed. “I’m not worried about *that part*. I’m worried about failing the test and turning myself into a pariah. People in the village will never let me forget if I fail.”

“Everything will be fine. The sacred Turul will protect you.” Her mother assured her but couldn’t hide her worry.

A group of middle-aged women entered the Jurta with armfuls of clothes. As it was customary, they drank quite a few cups of fermented horse milk, which made them giddy and a little unsteady on their feet. They chatted while dressed Kira in baggy white trousers and tucked it into her butter-soft leather boots and helped her to put on a long, kaftan-like overcoat that was adorned with flower designs and protective runes. They braided jasmine flowers into Kira’s shiny, dark hair and placed a fur-trimmed pointy hat on her head decorated with pearls and precious gems.

“Tula is a lucky man,” a plump woman said looking into Kira’s eyes, smiling while adjusting her braids. “You look beautiful.” She took a step back and looked at the blushing young girl.

A lanky boy burst in pushing the leather cover of the Jurta’s entrance aside. “Everyone’s ready!” he shouted as he flashed shy, admiring glances at Kira.

Kira took a deep breath to calm her frayed nerves. She looked at her mother who stood beside her. The drums sounded, announcing the start of the ceremony. Kira took a deep breath and forced a smile. Gathering her courage, she slowly walked toward the door beside her mother.

Continue reading Part 2 on [Kindle Vella](#)

News



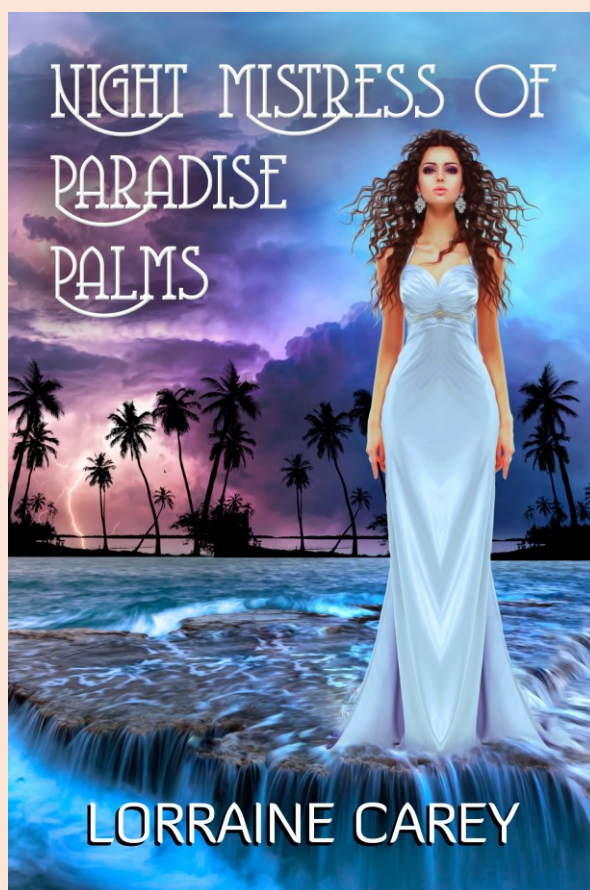
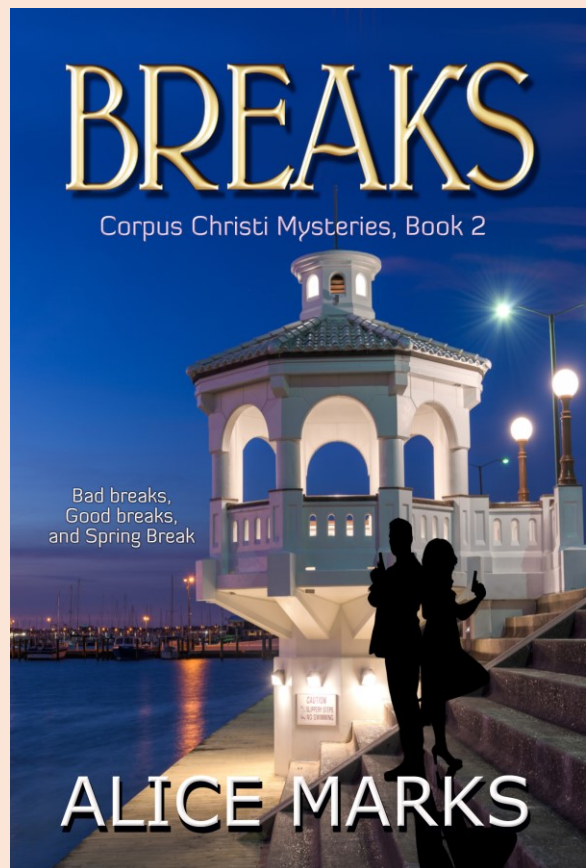
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12 Words Story Writing Contest



A fun way to test your story writing skills. If you can write a story in 12 words that triggers the imagination of the reader, you can write anything!

**You can enter your stories until October 15.
Vote for the best stories already entered.**

[ENTER YOUR STORIES](#)

Which stories are the best?

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Which ones tell the best stories in 12 words?

- ☐ Story 1: "What's the worst that can happen?" Pandora asked. She opened the box.
- ☐ Story 2: Lifting his cup he cried out in pain. Darned spoon! Forgot, again.
- ☐ Story 3: Joe called sick. Met his boss on the golf course. He's fired.
- ☐ Story 4: Have a nice day sounds nice. Enjoy your next 24 hours, not.
- ☐ Story 5: Sign says: Eggs, duck! Methinks: What? Dislexic signmaker? Then it hit me.
- ☐ Story 6: Lorraine was in trouble. She placed the gun to her head, wondering.
- ☐ Story 7: She waved. I smiled. Divya also smiled. I am invisible to her.
- ☐ Story 8: Adulting is like vegetable soup. Life gave me fork to eat it.
- ☐ Story 9: Paranormal conference: "Question for the mind reader." Joe said sitting down quietly.
- ☐ Story 10: She meant danger; I knew it from the moment she took attendance.
- ☐ Story 11: High on a rise, overlooking a crystal lake, the stallion surveyed his domain.
- ☐ Story 12: The trail to the top was hot , suddenly snowflakes swirled around her.

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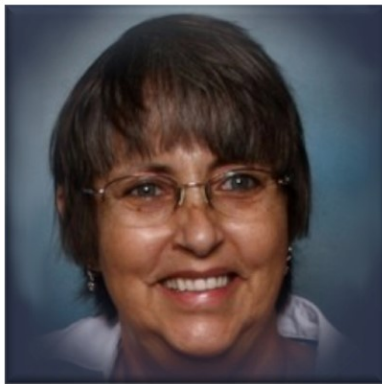
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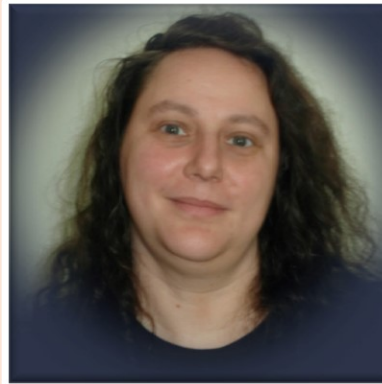
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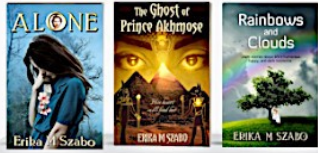


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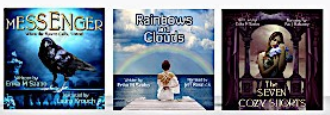
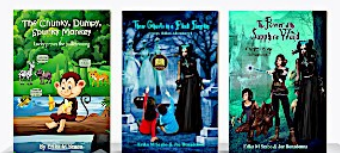
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