

HAUNTED WINE TOUR AUDITION READING: LADY ON HILLWOOD

They say home is where the heart is. That a good home takes on a life of its own. But what happens when that life is lost? If that heart stops beating? If a lost life can become a ghost, is it then possible for a lost home to become a ghost house?

Not far from here, just across the fields, there sat an old stone house that once served as a tavern. A warm and inviting place filled with laughter and song. During the battles, it served as a field hospital. Screams and wailings echoed inside those walls. Blood soaked into the wood. It became common practice for wounded and dying soldiers to carve their initials into the floorboards, a reminder that they had once been men, and now were gone.