

HAUNTED WINE TOUR AUDITION READING: STORYTELLER

It was the dead of night when a young man, robbed of his boyhood by the horrors of the war, fled his camp, deserting his brothers in arms. Now don't think too harshly of this youngin'. He wasn't running away because he was scared, he was running home 'cause he was in love. See, his momma had been writing him letters and she said that his girl had been seen around with another fella. There was even talk of marriage. No sir, he could not wait in some cold and smelly camp while his love was stolen away from him.