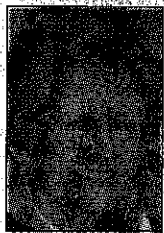


The ghost of Lake Keowee

Bill liked the one-room cabin he had rented on Lake Keowee. It didn't have all the distractions of the dorm at Clemson, and after cramming for exams, he decided to join his buddies at a Halloween party at the Marina. Not one for costumes, he grabbed a jacket,



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jumped in his boat and headed for the Marina.

His buddies greeted him with pizza and beer. A hard-rock band with violent guitar riffs and thunderous drums reverberated through the room. This was just what he needed.

Everything got quiet as an old woman took the microphone. She told ghost stories that made your skin tingle and the hair stand up on

the back of your neck.

She talked about an old inn, now resting at the bottom of the lake. A two-story Victorian house, it had become a speakeasy during Prohibition. Al Capone kept the inn well supplied with gin and often stayed there when things got too hot in Chicago.

The innkeeper's daughter, Eileen, was beautiful and often entertained at the inn. Her signature song was "You Made Me Love You." Capone took her to Chicago to sing at a speakeasy on Rush Street. Capone had his rivals, and he had tried to eliminate his biggest enemy, Bugsy Moran, with the St. Valentine's Day massacre. To retaliate, two of Bugsy's men walked into the speakeasy on Rush and opened fire with tommy guns. Eileen was killed.

However, sometimes, when there is a full moon, people have heard Eileen's voice drifting across the lake, softly singing, "You Made Me Love You." It is said that Eileen often leaves a single white rose floating on the water.

Later, Bill got into the boat and headed home, but a dense fog surrounded the boat and Bill couldn't see anything through the swirling fog. He caught a glimpse of the twinkling lights of the Marina, so he decided to return and wait for the fog to lift.

The Halloween party had settled down. His buddies had left, and now a jazz band played the blues. Bill sat down at the bar and ordered a beer. The bartender laughed. "Very funny," he said, and slid a shot glass filled with gin down the bar. A man two stools ahead of him caught the drink and drank it in one gulp. The bartender nodded, "Gin supplied by Al," he said, and sent a second drink skidding down the bar. The man, who was wearing a fedora and smoking a large cigar, caught the drink, but this time, passed it down to Bill. "Hey," said Bill, "who are you, Al Capone?" The man nodded. "Nice scar," said Bill.

He saw her sitting at the end of the bar. With short black hair and fringe bangs, she was sipping gin and smoking a cigarette held in a long ebony cigarette holder edged in rhinestones. She was wearing an emerald satin dress wrapped in black fringe that swayed and twirled as she walked toward him. Their eyes met just as the music transitioned into "You Made Me Love You," and suddenly they were dancing, slowly swaying to the haunting melody.

The man dressed like Al Capone made his hand into a gun and laughed as he pulled the trigger.

The room went dark and Bill felt dizzy. He swayed, then steadied himself. The next thing he knew, he was sitting in the boat as it drifted aimlessly in the middle of the lake. A single white rose lay on the empty seat.

LYNDA SAYS "Boo!" She can be reached at lyndaabegg@charter.net.