

Chapter 1 : Haunted Places in Hideaway, Texas

"The Ghostly Hideaway" is the first in a trilogy of ghostly tales. Ed Wroe is framed for grand theft by Norman Jones, his friend and partner in the cabinet making business. They discover Jones is a liar and Ed is acquitted, but when they want to talk more to Jones, he has left the country.

Cloverport, KY All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any means now known or hereafter devised without the written permission of the above-named publisher is forbidden. This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to actual persons or events is purely coincidental. The trouble was he had known Norman Jones since they were both children. The two of them had graduated from Fairmont High together and had subsequently gone into business as partners. And it was a most lucrative enterprise, too. The town of Fairmont, North Carolina had a lot of new construction going on as well as a great deal of remodeling work, too. Edward had been extremely proud of Wroe and Jones Contractors and equally proud of the work they did. They had even been written up in the local trade journal and some of their work had been photographed and praised in glowing terms. He was totally flabbergasted when the police came for him. He had known the police officers, all three of them; had gone to school with one of them and to church with the other two. What kind of joke is this? What makes them think I did it, anyway? She thought there might have been an accident or something. When she saw the four men heading for the police car, she called out to them. What could they possibly have arrested Eddie for? She called their attorney and Frank assured her he was on his way out the door. After that, things had got out of hand in a hurry. They had executed a search warrant and when they looked through his work truck, they found a silver coffee urn wrapped up in a towel and stashed in his toolbox. Edward kept trying to decide who might have wanted to frame him for this. Was it remotely possible that one of the other local contractors had needed that job badly enough to try to discredit him? Of course, any whisper of dishonesty on his part would ruin his reputation, maybe permanently. He just knew he was innocent; but how on earth would he prove it? They let him out on bail but he still had no idea what to do to start to clear his name. Then his attorney told him the prosecution claimed to have an eyewitnessâ€”someone who saw Edward stealing the items from the house. That certainly had him puzzled. When the trial began, they called the fingerprint expert who swore the print on the key left in the door did indeed belong to the defendant. The police sergeant told how the search warrant had turned up the silver coffee urn belonging to Joe Mills hidden in his work van. Joe Mills swore that the item belonged to him and that numerous other items were also missing from his house, at least twenty thousand dollars worth. Jones, can you tell us what happened on the evening of March 14? Edward and me, we had a couple of questions that needed answering about the work we were doing. We needed to know if he wanted new trim put up in the room we were remodeling or if he wanted us to try to piece together the trim that was there and put it back up. I stood there with my mouth hanging open and watched as Edward carefully placed the bag in the back of the truck and pulled away from the curb. This was his friend, his partner, his long-time buddy telling lies about him and it would probably be enough to get him convicted of the crime. So I followed him. As I said, I followed him. I saw him go to the bus station and while I watched, he rented a locker and put the bag in the locker. But before he put it in the locker, I saw him rummage around inside the bag and take something from it and put it under his coat. After he locked up the storage compartment, he went back to his truck. I continued to follow him. I could see him through the front picture window when he got to the living room and took off his cap. Edward could tell them why his thumbprint was on the key. This was no spur-of-the-moment thing; Norman had planned it. It sure looked as if it would work, too. How could he discredit his ex-friend? Norman had to have planted the coffee urn in his truck, too, but he could think of no way to prove that, either. Ed was flat-out screwed unless he thought of something fast. Jones, during what period of time is my client supposed to have done these things you claim you witnessed? Is that your statement? His wife was in there and they talked a few minutes, turned out the lights and, I suppose, they went to bed. Wroe was still up with lights on in the living room at around eleven or a little after. You were positive, you said, about that. Wroe lives on Second Street. How long would you say it would take to get from Elm

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Street to Second Street? That would mean, counting the time you said he spent poking around in the back of the van, it had to be after eleven when he got in the house. And you said they talked a few minutes before they turned out the lights. That would mean, would it not, that Mrs. Wroe was still up in the living room after eleven and probably closer to eleven-thirty? Is that not a logical conclusion, Mr. No further questions, Your Honor. When the clerk called court into session on Monday, Ed was feeling considerably better. I call Joe Mills to the stand. There had been some trim in that room and Mr. Wroe was asking if I wanted to re-use it or if they should buy new trim. After that, it was necessary to decide what kind of trim I wanted them to put up in the room. He had a list of widths, finishes, styles and the prices on each. It required quite some time to go through all that.

Chapter 2 : My Ghost Story - Wikipedia

The Ghostly Hideaway by Doris Hale Sanders "The Ghostly Hideaway" is the first in a trilogy of ghostly tales. Ed Wroe is framed for grand theft by Norman Jones, his friend and partner in the cabinet making business.

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Chapter 5 : The Haunted Hideaway Illinois

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Chapter 6 : The Ghostly Hideaway by Doris Hale Sanders

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Chapter 7 : Georgia O'Keeffe Desert Tour | The Hideaway Report

emerald giggles with a silent g spotted a Ghostly Field Mouse here, earning 2 Diamonds! (2 hours, 15 minutes ago) emerald giggles with a silent g watered the Halloween Flower.

Chapter 8 : Visiting the Ghost Village of Craco, Italy | Indelible Memory | Hideaway Report

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Chapter 9 : Peace Begins with Us - Fairyland

miles from Hideaway, TX The church and nearby cemetery are believed to be haunted. The bell at the church sometimes rings by itself at night, and people have reported hearing ghostly singing and laughter.