



"Halloween Special"

My arrival in **Manchester**, Vermont on All Hallows Eve started ominously. I continued down **Bayley Hazen** road and pulled my car up to park at the old hostel, the headlights cutting through the fog. I stepped out and took a deep breath of fresh **Vermont Ayre**; my lungs stung. The **Black Moon** provided no light in the darkness. I observed my surroundings, taking note of a peculiar **Red Hawk** staring at me from a nearby tree. In a moment's notice, it took flight and headed straight for me and **Barely Buzzed** my shoulder. The hairs on my neck stood up. Feeling that I wasn't alone, I turned quickly on my heels but met only silence and blackness. I quickly grabbed my things and plunged into the hostel. A note left on the counter had my name and room number. Without taking time to contemplate the lack of greeting awaiting me, I grabbed the key and headed for my room, not wanting to linger. That night, I slept restlessly, tossing and turning often. The silence was periodically broken by what I could only assume were **Drunken Hooligans** up to mischief outside my window. As I clenched my eyes shut to force myself to sleep, again, I felt I wasn't alone. I turned on the old tv to distract myself, but found the fuzzy black and white images only more troubling. Some Halloween special featured a **Comte** fighting off the **Diabolo** in the **Abbaye de Belloc**. I'd seen it before. His endless prayers to **Sainte Nectaire** and **Sainte Maure** proved fruitless when at last, he gave into the tempting smell of blood that ran through the blue-veins of a **Drunk Monk** who had passed out in a quite alley. I reached out to turn the power off, only to feel a breeze on my arm that subsequently sent a **Truffle Tremor** down my back. My arm recoiled immediately and I felt a **Pierce Point** in my chest, like a panic attack. Breathing heavily, I slowly rolled over in bed. The apparition wasn't clearly defined, but his presence was undeniable. Was it the revolutionary war scout **Moses Sleeper**? "**Holey Cow**" I thought as I became **Hopelessly Blue** that my future looked bleak. But just as the apparition had come, he was gone. Although I didn't think I fell asleep, to my **Heart's Desire**, I awoke the morning of Halloween unharmed. I "**Cantalet**," I thought jumping out of bed. I refused to stay another night knowing that evening that children would dance in the streets donning costumes and appearing like everything from a little **Munster** to a **Caveman**. Without looking back, I threw my things in a bag. Instinctually, I grabbed the **Bad Axe** next to the fire hose in the hallway and headed for the car. Speeding down the road, I headed for a nearby **Brigid's Abbey**. I wasn't sure where I'd be that evening or what was in store for me....only time would tell.

Evil Repellent

Don't want to be overtaken by Munsters? Looking to overcome evil spirits like those mentioned above? The remedy? Come eat the cheeses with these namesakes - which are guaranteed to act as demon repellent!

Cheese-y Events & News

Monday, Nov 6 - Celebrate Snack Bar's 3rd anniversary with a special 4-course dinner (with an option to add in wine pairings!) by Chef Thomas Reeh. You have til the end of today to [purchase tickets!](#)

Wed, Nov 7 (7pm) - [Sommelier Cinema](#) showing of The Godfather at the Lake Creek Alamo Drafthouse. Movie, Wine, And Cheese!

Did you enjoy the numerous events featuring local craft beers during the 2012 Austin Beer Week! Well, the beer community is seeking your [feedback](#).

Stay Spooky!

John & Kendall

Kelly, Brad, Courtney, Paul, Victoria, Dan, Traci, & Kara



ring us 512 531 9610

visit us Tues-Sat 11-7 | Sun 12-5 | Closed Mon

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