



"Eating a sandwich? I'd never eat a sandwich sitting on a gravestone!"

"I know you wouldn't. It was only a dream. Anyway, suddenly the coffin lid began to open ... very slowly, and out came long white fingers with pointed nails followed by the head of the Count, his eyes shining in the moonlight. When he was half out, he looked up at us, and his mouth opened in a broad smile and I could see his teeth dripping with blood. Suddenly, he spoke in his funny Romanian accent, *'Welcome, my friends. I am happy ...'*. But before he had time to finish the sentence, there was a horrendous screech and down flew a vampire bat, which landed on his shoulder. It was the screech that woke me up. Very unfortunate. I don't have many dreams and I really wanted to see how this one would end."

"I'm rather glad you didn't. You said 'scream'. About what time?"

"I couldn't go back to sleep, so I lit a candle to read a bit of Edgar and I happened to look at my watch. It was precisely 2.34. Why?"

"Well, at about that time I heard a scream too. A long blood-chilling scream that seemed to rise from the very heart of the castle. It sounded hollow, as if it was coming from the bottom of a well. Quite disturbing!"

"Yes, it was, rather. It hasn't affected your appetite though."

"Quite the opposite. I haven't had an appetite like this for years. I do recommend this fishy stuff. Very tasty with brown bread and butter."

"Alfred, old chap, this whole business is awfully good fun, isn't it? Screams in the night. Ghosts on white horses. What next?"