

WRITERS BLOC



GLENVILLE STATE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
THE HALLOWEEN ISSUE 🎃 V17 N4 / 15 OCTOBER 2025

SPOOKY SEASON

Welcome to the special Halloween issue of *Writers Bloc*. We've got true ghost stories as well as tales and poems especially imagined for this spooky season. From silly camp that makes us laugh to serious topics that make us think, this issue has a little of everything. We hope you find it entertaining and informative. Extra special thanks to everyone who shared their tricks and treats.



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Views expressed in the *Writers Bloc* are not necessarily the views of GSU.

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www.glenville.edu/departments/language-literature

Banner photo by Jason Gum - Sidebar image by Perchance ai - Dracula image provided by David Grapes

FANGS AND FEDORAS

Alumnus Reimagines Bram Stoker's Dracula as Film Noir

The Little Kanawha Theater & Drama Club has been hard at work preparing for its upcoming production of *Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream*, a film noir style adaptation created by Glenville State University alumnus David Grapes. As a Glenville student, Grapes was active in the theatre program, which set him on a path that ultimately led to an extensive career in the theatre.

Today, Grapes is an award-winning director, actor, and playwright, he has provided administrative, financial, and artistic leadership for a wide variety of theatrical institutions including two professional regional theatres, a commercial bus and truck touring company, two nationally recognized university theatre departments, a variety of summer stock companies, and a number of large professional not-for-profit regional and civic theatres. He has produced more than 1,000 major productions that span nearly every genre of dramatic literature, and his work as a director has been seen from coast to coast. Grapes received the GSU Alumni of the Year Award in 2010. In appreciation for sparking his illustrious career, Grapes and his wife created the David and Dawn Grapes Theatre Production Endowment Fund at GSU to provide ongoing financial support for the production of live theatre productions at Glenville State University.

Grapes is currently an Emeritus Professor of Theatre at the University of Northern Colorado, where he served as the Founding Director of the School of Theatre Arts and Dance and Producing Artistic Director for The Little Theatre of the Rockies for 15 years. We had a wonderful conversation with Grapes recently and asked him to tell us about his connection to Glenville State University and his work in the theatre.

Grapes said, "I've always loved Glenville. I wouldn't have a career without Glenville State, College then, University now. I went to Glenville kind of at the middle of the Vietnam War. I was there from '69 to '72. The draft, the lottery, came into being while I was there. I ended up with a number of 259. But there were anti-war protests on campus. It was a very activist time. And it was probably a little larger in student population and a lot of theater folks. We probably had a group of 40, 50 active people. And we had a full-time theater [professor]. And then we would do one acts and some additional plays. And there were two social groups connected to theater.

It was a very exciting time. I was also involved in other things. I was the first program director of the radio station, and believe it or not, I was the voice of the Pioneers for basketball and football for three years. I was playing in rock and roll bands, too, at the time, so it was a busy life. I lived in Louis Bennett Hall for the first year and then eventually moved off campus. One of the reasons, I think, I got interested in theater in a serious way was a faculty member in English called Lowell Fredin who taught some of the most amazing classes. Here we are in Glenville, West Virginia, and he is teaching 17th-century drama. We're reading John Webster, we're reading Ford, we're reading Beaumont and Fletcher and Christopher Marlowe.



From the Tennessee Repertory Theatre production of *Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream*

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DAVID GRAPES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

And then I had Espy Miller for Shakespeare class, and I was one of his favorites because he loved to read Shakespeare out loud. He would play records of it, but he also liked to have people read out loud. So I got to play many wonderful roles in Espy Miller's Shakespeare class—I got to play Hamlet, and I got to play Richard III.

College gave me an opportunity to sort of grow and see what I wanted to be. I went to Glenville originally to be a lawyer. I was in pre-law, so I think I have an English minor. I think I have a history minor. At that time, you couldn't major in theater. It was a combination speech and drama major. So I took every theater course that I could take. And I took all the speech courses. There was interpersonal, there was public speaking, there was debate—whatever there was. I took all the English courses, particularly anything that had to do with drama or literature. I was involved with every play for four years, and it just put me on a path that I had never anticipated.

"So, I took all of those courses. And then I wasn't sure what I was going to do, but I knew that I was interested in theater. So, I thought, well, you need to go to grad school. At that time, I thought I was going to be an actor. So I went to school and got an acting/directing degree, an MFA, from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, which had a very hotshot program in that time. I mean, it's amazing how many really well-known people came out of that same era that I was in. And so I went and started directing. I'd already directed a number of plays. I actually directed a couple of things at Glenville, too, but didn't think of myself as a director."

We asked Grapes where he went with his MFA. He said, "I got an offer out of the blue from Parkersburg Community College, which is now WVU at Parkersburg. At that time they were looking to start a drama program, and I was a one-person department. And I thought, well, I'll just do this for a couple of years and I'll go act, but you know, different things happen. All of a sudden, I'm directing, and I'm in charge of theaters, and I'm fundraising, and I'm doing all those other things that lead you down a slightly different path. But ultimately that path started at Glenville."

Grapes held positions around the country after leaving West Virginia. "I went lots of places. After Parkersburg, I ran a theater in Billings, Montana, for a couple of years. Then I ran Madison Repertory Theater in Wisconsin." Later, when Grapes went to Kalamazoo, Michigan, to run a large theater, he met his wife. "I was there for eight years, [and] she had grown up in Michigan, so she kind of wanted to move. Grapes headed to Moorhead, Minnesota, and also ran the Mule Barn Theater in Missouri for a few years, but then moved on to Utah. "I ran this huge program at a theater called Tuacahn, which did these big outdoor musicals. I directed a show, and it was like directing a movie. I had 80 people in the cast. There were 28 horses, 2 teams of mules, 3 covered wagons, 600 fireworks, a water effect, lightning that struck. It was a Mormon story about Jacob Hamblin. And so I did that for a couple of years. And then I went to Artpark up in upstate New York and ran Artpark for a number of years. And then I went to the Tennessee Repertory Theatre and was there five years. And then I went to Colorado, and

we've been here almost 22 years. My wife is a professor of music history at Colorado State University."

While dreams of being an actor turned into a career as a director, producer, and academic, becoming a playwright came later in Grapes's life. He explained, "I didn't actually take to writing until, oh gosh, I was probably in my 50s. I wrote film reviews, play reviews, that sort of thing, and two plays in graduate school, but I didn't really write until I got to a theater in upstate New York. We had this little theater that was in a church that sat maybe 150 people, and we couldn't find material. We had already done *Forever Plaid* and *Patsy Cline* and all the little musical revues, which were popular in the theater and particularly with that audience. So we started creating those of our own. And then one day, Frank Sinatra passed away. I was watching the retrospectives, and they showed footage that I had never seen before from the BBC archives, in which he had recorded in London in front of a band and had

done this thing that was a concert, but it was very theatrical. It was like a little play. And I thought, hmm, that might be an interesting way to do a play. So we wrote a piece on that.

Dozens of works later, Grapes is still writing. We asked him what he's been working on lately. "I wrote a very dystopian script as a TV pilot during Covid. It's not a happy script. It's about a world where everybody has cancer and there is a cure, but nobody will use it because it doesn't make enough money. It got optioned [by Sony] for a couple of years,

then went to Apple TV, and Apple TV thought it was too dark, so they weren't interested in it. So it's still hanging around. And then I'm working on a new musical revue called *Dream Lovers*. It's kind of that Paul Anka '50s kind of mid-century musical. That's probably a year, maybe two away, but we've been working on it for a while."

In 2021, Grapes was inducted into The American Theatre College of Fellows at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC. He currently serves as the Dean of the College of Fellows of the American Theater. Grapes noted this organization "is kind of like a hall of fame for theater people. There are 125 members currently, and we meet once a year to induct new members and sort of celebrate. It's 61 years old this year."

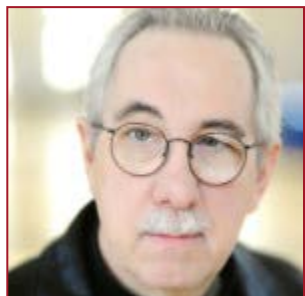
We talked about the generous endowment Grapes recently established for GSU. He said, "I was involved with every play for four years, and it just put me on a path that I had never anticipated. Went to graduate school from Glenville, and then I've been very fortunate to have a career in theatre ever since. So Glenville's been very good to me. I've always been connected to the university in one way or another. I understand the importance of alumni being involved in the life of the university even after they leave. I've been discouraged, to be honest, over the number of years that the theatre program didn't die, but certainly needed resuscitation, shall we say. So I tried to figure out what I could do, and the one thing that everybody always needs is money. So I set up an endowment to help the theatre program, which I'll continue to support, and hopefully we can make some things happen because without money, nothing is possible. Without the resources, you can't do anything."

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Northern Colorado University production of *Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream*

DAVID GRAPES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2



Grapes has graciously allowed GSU to stage *Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream* royalty free. The script has been reworked since it was first performed by the Tennessee Repertory Theatre in Nashville. We asked Grapes how he came up with the idea to turn *Dracula* into a film noir style play. He told us, "It comes from my very strong background in film. During the '80s, I was in Kalamazoo,

Michigan, and I was at a theater, but I also had a freelance gig as the film reviewer for the Booth newspaper chain. I did that for seven, eight years, and I was writing a film review a week or more sometimes. I've always loved film, and I've always been intrigued by film noir. [Our theater was] looking for something for the October slot, and we were looking at *Dracula* for a couple of years on the season selection, but we could not find a script that anybody was really interested in. There's a script that was created in the 1920s by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston. It's okay, but it's extremely melodramatic and very hard to play. And for a modern audience, not a whole lot of excitement. So [Robert Neblett and I] began talking, and I don't know how ideas come—might've been a dream, might've been something I ate, who knows. But the idea came to do a film noir adaptation. And once we sort of latched onto that idea, it came together pretty quickly.

"One of the things that I love about film noir is the idea of the narrator, the down on his luck detective who narrates the story. And I really liked that idea for *Dracula*, so then we had to decide, well, how are we going to set it? What made the most sense? And since film noir basically grew out of the '30s and '40s, we said, well, why don't we put it back into that period and then add the idea that they're making a movie and that's how *Dracula* gets to LA. And that was the inspiration."

Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream will run October 31 and November 1, 7, and 8, in the Fine Arts Auditorium. Grapes will be in the audience on November 7 and provide a Q & A. He said, "It'll be fun. You know, it's a little bit like sending your daughter out on blind dates. You're never quite sure what you're going to get. My shows have been done probably, I don't know, 650 times, not *Dracula* itself, but all the shows that I've written. You get fantastic productions, and you get productions which you maybe wish were better, but at least people see the work and hopefully you make some people in the audience happy."

Count Dracula attempts to join the workforce.



"I'm great with numbers, fluent in six languages, and only mildly flammable."

STAGING DRACULA

Jennifer Wenner, Senior Lecturer of Communications, is the director of GSU's production of *Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream*. Here's what she had to say about the experience.

"The production is going well, but we have experienced the normal college theater hiccups. Students realize they are busier than they thought and drop unexpectedly. We had one role that we were not sure we would fill, but it's a pretty solid cast so far, and the actors are amazing. Our second problem is stage. We are performing in the Fine Arts Auditorium, but rehearsing in a smaller space. We will have two weeks to finalize stage movements. And we will be looking for extra crew for the performances. Our set design has a lot of moving parts. Literally, a lot of it will move. As we get closer, we are all more excited—and very nervous."

*Dracula: The Case of the Silver Scream*

From a concept by David Grapes

Adapted for the stage by Robert Neblett and David Grapes

Directed by Jennifer Wenner

Set design by community member Keith Wenner

Costuming by GSU student Katelyn McGinnis

Cast

DET. ABE VAN HELSING, a hard-boiled private investigator

Elijah Carr

LUCY MURRAY, an actress

Kim Skinner

JONATHAN HARKER, a film writer and director

Sam Chambers

DR. JACK SEWARD, director of Whitby Hills Sanitarium

Jana Floyd Palumbo

NURSE MARY WESTFALL

Bri Myers/Taylor Abel

COUNT DRACULA, a European nobleman

Alex Sampson

RENFIELD, a madman

Mac Moore

DEAN QUINCEY, an actor

TBD

FEMALE PATIENT

Katelyn McGinnis/Marjorie Stewart

MINA HOLMWOOD, a studio accountant

Delainie Bosley

LORNA MILLS, an actress

Daphne Collins

JESSICA SHERIDAN, a gossip columnist

Daphne Collins

EMILY VAN HELSING

Daphne Collins

SIMMONS, an orderly

Darwin Rivas

NURSE WALLACE

Taylor Abel/Bri Meyers



WHO WAS SIS LINN?

Contributed by Jason Gum, Director of RFK Library and Archive

Sarah Louisa Linn was born at Fairmont, WV in 1853, daughter of Robert Linn and Sophronia (Newcomb) Linn. She was one of the first generation of people to attend the Glenville Normal School and graduated in the spring of 1877. During her last year of studies, she taught at the Sliding one-room school in the Sand Fork area of Gilmer County. Upon graduation, Miss Linn taught again at the Sliding school for the 1877-1878 school year. Over the next 27 years, she taught at several places throughout West Virginia. These places included Gilmer County, Randolph County, Fairmont Graded School, Mingo County, and Marion County.

In June of 1905, Sarah Linn married I.L. Chrisman. She was 52 years old at this time and subsequently retired from teaching. It is believed that married women did not teach at this time. According to court documents, Sarah "Linn" Chrisman claimed that her husband abandoned her in a little less than 6 months. She indicated that he had no reason, but he had left in December of 1905. In 1909, she filed for divorce, and it was granted. The judge also gave her the permission to take her maiden name back.

There is little known about what Sarah Linn did from 1909 to 1919. It is widely believed that she may have run a boarding house for female college students from her home. This may only be an assumption because her house was located so close to the college. Another belief is that she began making and selling wine, but there has been no record discovered which indicates this. Court documents do indicate that she had accumulated a fairly large estate at the time of her death.

In February of 1919, Sarah Linn was found beaten to death in the bedroom of her home at the age of 65. A bloody, seasoned club was found nearby her body. No money or any valuables were noticed to have been missing. A few months later, a reward was offered for information pertaining to the murder. A flyer was circulated and ads were placed in newspapers. The murderer or the murderers were never apprehended. Several different theories have surfaced over the years. The most popular theory is that the person or persons involved in this crime were part of a local, elite family and a cover-up took place. In 2003, Robert F. Kidd Library personnel received information that added to this theory. This information is included within the collection.

Five years after the murder, Sarah Linn's house was bought by the college and torn down to make room for new structures. These new buildings included Verona Mapel Hall and Robert F. Kidd Library. Verona Mapel Hall has been razed, but the original Robert F. Kidd Library was renamed Clark Hall and is still in use, as of 2010.

The murder of Sarah Linn became a popular story in Glenville and the surrounding area. Over the years, several individuals have said that they encountered a ghost throughout the campus which they believe to be Sarah "Sis" Linn. These tales have varied in nature but are still very popular throughout the student body and the surrounding community, especially during Halloween.



OUR HAUNTED CAMPUS

If you haven't yet heard the stories, here are a few.

In February of 1919, when Sis Linn was found bludgeoned to death in her home, the murder was dubbed the "Foulest and Most Bloodthirsty Crime Ever Perpetrated in Gilmer County" by *The Glenville Democrat*. Over the years, stories have emerged claiming Sis Linn's ghost haunts the campus spaces close to where her home once stood.

Dean of Education Connie Stout had an experience in Clark Hall. "It was just before the summer session started, and I was in my office on the top mezzanine," Stout said. She was grading papers when she heard a horrible noise. "It sounded like metal chairs being thrown around and as if people were moving metal desks." She said that the noise lasted for ten to twelve minutes. "I thought it was the secretary moving things around downstairs." She stopped grading papers and thought for a moment...it was odd because the noise sounded like it was coming from downstairs, upstairs, and the space behind the offices. So she decided to go downstairs to see what was going on. Before she got to mezzanine two, she thought to herself, "What if this is Sis Linn?" Just as she had that thought, the noises stopped and there was complete silence. She left and found the secretary who had been out of the building for over an hour; Stout had been in the building alone.

Associate Professor of Education Dr. Kevin Cain was working late one evening alone in Clark Hall. He was in his office on the second floor when something peculiar happened. "I heard metal chains dragging on the floor and then the sound of a door closing; it sounded like a prison door closing," Cain said. He then took his work and left the building for the evening. "After that, I started taking my work home all the time!"

It's not only Clark Hall that is haunted. Sis Linn's grave is located in the campus cemetery, though you may want to avoid it until winter as a recent visitor reported that it's currently surrounded by poison sumac. Such was not the case several years ago, when Associate Professor of English Melissa Gish and Tara Cosco, a former Assistant Professor of Education at GSU, visited the cemetery late one fall evening. Cosco had been working late in her second-floor office in Louis Bennett Hall when the lights on the entire floor went out. Cosco heard the sounds of doors slamming and metal filing cabinets crashing. She texted Gish, whispering, "Sis is here." Gish raced to campus and within minutes met a terrified Cosco at the back door of LBH. None of the switches on the floor worked to turn on the lights, so Cosco and Gish toured the building with a flashlight to see if an emergency call would be necessary.

When the duo reached the third floor, the residents (police officers in training lived there at the time) reported that they had not heard anything unusual and that their lights had not gone out. Gish suggested Cosco visit Sis Linn's grave to request that Sis not bother her anymore.

Shaken, Cosco initially refused, begging Gish to walk her to her car, but Gish pressed for an ad hoc seance in the cemetery. Cosco finally relented, and the two journeyed into the darkness. At first, the air was still, and everything was quiet. When they approached Sis Linn's gravesite, Cosco shivered, whispering that she felt a cold breeze flow right through her, and Gish described the invisible, icy hand that she felt gripping her fingers. The pair stood frozen in the cemetery. Cosco was terrified. Gish was delighted. Apparently, Sis wanted to visit, but Cosco grabbed Gish's arm and cried, "We're getting the hell out of here!"

POETRY FEATURE

Nosferatu (1922)

The forbidden hand reaches out as shadow from shadow.
Somewhere there are eyes that stare too wide to close.
As if in a dream, we no longer inhabit heaven or earth.
The world is blurring into untouchable fog, a ghostly thud
of padded foot on a stiletto thin moonbeam.

This is the pressing demon, the owl's claw around its field mouse.
We can tighten muscle and lip to thwart this plague-bringer,
this filth, this needle-toothed sanguisuge, this winged thing
that will not fly, but the creeping terror will not pass.
The veins writhe at each clinched bite.

If we could open our mouths to speak of this, nothing else
would come slithering out.

— Jonathan Minton
Professor of English

Author's note: Some of the phrasing is adapted from Dana Goia's
"Vampire's Serenade," W.D. Snodgrass's "As a Child Sleepless," and
Han Byung-Chul's *Undinge*.

The Romanian Prince

spune-mi minciuna
Vreau să le aud . . .

I have slept too long among the stones and dust.
Tonight I rise in the warm wash of moonlight,
make promises to maidens in white gowns,
hear their soft voices behind pulsing blood:

spune-mi minciuna
Vreau să le aud . . .

I tell them lies they wish to hear

Vampyre

Turn this white blossom over in your hand,
the stigma, moist, inviting, dripping sweetness—
restorative nectar, the juice of everlasting youth.
She said her name was Faith, and she put all she
had into you. The taste of her reminds you of the first
time you took a life, drank it in, to extend your own
seven hundred years ago.

— John F

Note: John F's poems first appeared in *Dragonspeak* Volume 1 (2018),
a sci-fi, fantasy, and horror anthology of works by members and fans
of the GSU Science Fiction & Fantasy Guild.



Closet Monster, sketch by Melissa Gish
Reprinted from *Dragonspeak* Volume I (2018)

"Through all this horror my cat stalked unperturbed. Once I saw him
monstrously perched atop a mountain of bones, and wondered at the
secrets that might lie behind his yellow eyes."

— H.P. Lovecraft
The Rats in the Walls



Meowzy, photograph by GSU Alumnus Cody Mullens (1994-2023)
Reprinted from *Dragonspeak* Volume I (2018)

HORROR THAT FEELS TOO REAL

Contributed by Ivanyeli Martinez De La Paz, Field Forensics Major

The short story “Whatever Takes Us” by Aigner Loren Wilson tells the story of two kids facing bathroom bullying and a world where something monstrous hunts children at night. It’s horror, but what makes it powerful is how much it reflects the reality of our society. The scariest part of this story isn’t the supernatural; it’s how accurately it shows the cruelty of being different. At one point Wilson’s protagonist describes how “the girls heads pop under the stall like worms, in and out, giggling as sweat rises to the surface of [her] dark skin.” This isn’t a monster—it’s harassment in a place meant for privacy and safety. That hit me hard because it mirrors what happens in real life. Trans and nonbinary people are targeted in bathrooms, schools, and even through laws that try to erase their existence. Wilson’s story uses horror to show us that the real monsters are often people and systems that enforce bigotry.

What stood out to me most is how close the fiction feels to reality. The rules in the story such as curfews, the fear of being outside at night, and adults ignoring the truth look a lot like the ways society builds walls instead of solving the harm it causes. The horror works because it exaggerates the truth we already live with. Finishing the story left me unsettled but also determined. It’s a reminder to support and stand with trans and queer people so they can live without fear. Everyone deserves safety, respect, and a chance to exist freely without monsters, real or imagined.

Read the short story here: www.nightmare-magazine.com/fiction/whatever-takes-us/

HUMANS ARE THE SCARIEST MONSTERS

Contributed by Kiarra Weaver, Field Forensics Major

The short “The Sound a Rabbit Might Make” by Bruce McAllister appears in the online magazine *Nightmare*. This story gives the reader an unsettling vibe right from the start. It makes the reader feel like something isn’t right. The narrator starts out sad but soon becomes scary and eventually homicidal. This is the kind of stuff that makes the spooky season and Halloween so fun and enjoyable. It’s not all about jump scares or costumes. People want stories that mess with their head a little. They want to feel fear in a safe way. Readers want to explore fear from a distance. The narrator in McAllister’s story reminds us that the real horror lives in regular people’s messed up minds. McAllister’s story reminds us that humans are the scariest monsters. This idea sticks with the reader long after the story ends. “The Sound a Rabbit Might Make” reminds me of watching a horror movie. And the story takes on a bigger meaning by connecting it to the spooky season. It reminds us that Halloween stories are interesting because we can face our fears secondhand. McAllister shows that true horror often comes from common experiences. This just makes his story so chilling and unsettling.

Read the short story here: <https://www.nightmare-magazine.com/fiction/the-sound-a-rabbit-might-make/>

RFK LIBRARY EVENTS

Library Silent Auction Fundraiser

Starting at 10:00 a.m. on Thursday, October 30, and running through 3:00 p.m. on Friday, October 31

Silent Auction Winners will be announced at 3:00 p.m. on Friday, October 31. Winners need not be present to win, but they should plan to pick up their items by Friday, November 7, unless other arrangements are made with the RFK Library Director.

Halloween Treats & Student Costume Contest

Candy & Treats on Friday, October 31, from 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Stop by to have your picture taken for judging.

Costume Contest Winners will be announced at 3:00 p.m. and need not be present to win (winners will be contacted).

George Dudding, Paranormal Researcher & Author

4:00 p.m. on Thursday, October 30

The RFK Library is pleased to welcome back author George Dudding for an evening of folklore and mystery. A native of West Virginia and Glenville State University alumna, Dudding brings Appalachian legends to life through his writing, focusing on local cryptids, haunted tales, and mountain folklore. From the elusive Mothman to eerie ghost stories passed down through generations, his books explore the strange and unexplained of the Mountain State. Come celebrate the spooky season, just in time for Halloween!



Vlad Tepes visits a mirror shoppe.



“I’m just not seeing anything I like.”

FICTION FEATURE: MY ROOMMATE, CARMILLA

Contributed by Catherine Kong, Assistant Professor of English

My memory of Carmilla begins with a drowsy, rainy October afternoon in Glenville, West Virginia. I still remember the first time I saw her from the hallway of my dorm—she was slightly leaning against the wooden door of my room. The new wall paint was lightly tinted with a yellowish undertone, which made her pale skin even paler. She was slender and graceful, with thick, luxurious dark hair pouring down to her delicate shoulders. And the thin beam of sunlight refracted from the high window—though almost cloaked by the heavy rainy cloud—actually carved a beautiful silhouette for her.

As many may know, my campus, Glenville State University, is quite small, so between classes and events, students already kind of know everybody in the year, soon after the semester begins. But strangely, I don't recall having seen Carmilla anywhere, although I do know that my room has an empty bed, and she might be my roommate?

"Hi! How are you?" I waved to her. "Are you my roommate?"

Standing outside my door lethargically, she raised her head. Her beautiful, dark, deep eyes instantly pierced into the bottom of my mind, sending a quick shiver down my back. Then she asked, "Could I come in with you?"

"Oh sure!" I nodded, and smiled at her, although I was still trying to recover from the weird shock she brought to me...Was she just staring at me? I mean, from such a sweet, delicate face?

During the first couple of nights, we had some genuine conversations with each other. There was something about this girl that made me feel quite attached to her, even though she was so new on campus that she claimed that she did not know anyone here at all. Carmilla told me that she had a rare condition of being sensitive to light and motion, which made it hard for her to enjoy bright days or to pick up speed and move like everyone else, and to make it worse, she paused, almost choking with soft quiet sobs, and told me "I am from Slovenia, and I don't have family around, except you...you are here for me..." She raised her voice, which was as sweet as it had always been, while trying hard to calm herself down. My heart sank along with her falling tears, and I was about to go over to give her a hug, but before I could notice, she was already sitting right beside me on my bed. Her well-manicured oval-shaped fingernails, pale with light gloss over them, were gently pressing the edge of my hand...once, twice, soft, soft, cold touch.

While I had to run from classroom to classroom during the day, Carmilla, on the other hand, spent most of her time indoors, working on her online courses. I seldom saw her out or spending time with her during the daytime. The autumn in Glenville was indeed gorgeous, surrounded by the voluminous mountains. The trees isolated the city but also framed a beautiful ring of nature, colorful leaves falling, making crispy, light sounds when I walked on them. Carmilla, for only once, insisted she needed to get out of the room and wanted me to accompany her to Old Glenville Cemetery behind Louis Bennett Hall. Why the cemetery? I thought that was a little bit strange, but it was really hard to reject a request coming from Carmilla's sweet voice and mauve lips. Again, this cloudy day was a little bit rainy, which, I guess, would be ideal for her rare condition. We held hands with each other and walked toward the cemetery. The last ray of daylight seemed to be in a hurry to get out of the hillside of the cemetery. The sky darkened faster than it normally did, and the long, overgrown grass seemed to absorb all the living energy and sounds near the area—it was eerily quiet. But Carmilla was happy; she did not look like a college student who just wanted to get spooky during Halloween month; her gait was faster than usual, and she moved back and forth between those unmarked tombstones like a smooth breeze of wind. I was just standing

there, frozen, not feeling like walking along with her, and I even felt there were some invisible hands growing out of the hollow ground, and they were about to drag me down to the underworld.

But again, Carmilla was happy. If I could use a simile to describe her right now, which was quite at odds with my current situation, it would be—she was chirping and flying between the tombs like a bluebird waking up from the first ray of sunlight in spring, ready to burst all the energy into the bright day. While I was still plotting another metaphor in my mind, trying to understand the whole scenario, Carmilla already glided behind me, and I could smell her scent, a mixture of cedarwood and berries, with a tiny trace of metallic note. She held me from behind with both arms wrapped around my waist and rested her delicate face on my left shoulder, giving my ear a sensation of electric shock, but her breath was soft and sweet, "Thank you for taking me here. I feel like home." I could feel my blood from all over my body running hotter and faster than it ever was, and it all gathered near Carmilla's soft, sweet breath or her fine lips. I did not really talk, but my heart was racing, and I felt her arms pressing me just a little bit harder in the moment of silence...

The semester had been busy—I had to stay up late to finish assignments and rushed to go to bed—and the extended darkness following the dropping temperature did make it hard for me to sleep well. I knew that Carmilla's light was off quite early, and I decided not to wake her up while insomnia crept into me. I covered my head over with several blankets. I believe I must have fallen asleep at that point, wrapped up with multiple layers, but it was about the same moment, asleep while awake, I felt like I was being watched—a familiar dark staring just scanned through my body, and I didn't think my bed was mine anymore...it became a deep, vast, burial ground, but it was also alive, about to suck me in and devour me once and for all like a hungry beast. It had to be a long, exhausting sleep paralysis, as I knew when I tried to wake up from this terrible sensation, I was suppressed on my chest, paralyzed. My eyelids fought hard to open up, but they seemed to be quite heavy and out of my control; with the sliver of vision, in struggle, I sensed the room seemed to be darker than it used to be. My body seemed to cease to fight or to break off the tremendous pressure over my chest, and I was sucked back into the prolonged darkness, like I was already in a chamber where its end just got darker and darker.

A little bit of pain first ran through my ears, and in the darkness, I felt like it came from my chest, where the pressure was, and later, the spot of pain gradually became fiery and then numbing, wetting with some kind of uneasy moisture...and I was shaking but still being pressed...In this agonizing moment—I guess it was because of the profound numbness from my chest—my other senses seemed to be enhanced, and somehow I smelt a slight scent, a familiar and distinct dark scent I recalled from Carmilla's hug with me in the cemetery. I could not feel my legs or whether they were still attached to me or not, but the last thing I knew was that while the pressure finally seemed to be released from my chest, the left side of my leg was being scratched upon, slightly, but a soft, soft, cold, scratch.

Carmilla seemed to be a little bit more at ease with the days like this, the deep autumn with cloudy, gloomy days one after another, but my sleep paralysis or insomnia or whatever it was at that point, did not get better. Almost every other night or several nights of the week, I would feel the familiar excruciating pain and pressure in my chest; and when I woke up, the room was so quiet, door closed, and the dim moonlight poured down through my window pane, creating a light shade on the other side of my bedroom and a slight scent identical to

“MY ROOMMATE, CARMILLA” CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Carmilla’s lingered. With this poor sleep, I could not really keep up with the courses during the day, and in fact, I had to admit, I felt like my vitality, my dear life, was being drained away in this nonstop nightmare. It got quite worse at one point, so I had to ask for leave in some of my classes because the continuous pain and terror sprawling from my sleepless nights started to cling to me when I was even awake.

I was in a rather desperate mood, wishing the strange ailment would just go away, although the doctor’s visit proved that I might be just a little bit anemic. It was about the end of October, and I heard that the construction was about to start near the old cemetery on campus. A lot of people had said the school needed to do something about it because of its deteriorated condition. I remember I just entered the room that day, and Carmilla, while the sun was indeed out, was in fact sitting squarely in the living room. I was shocked, but she seemed to be a little bit inert, and I could tell something was wrong. Her dark curly hair shone gorgeously under the light, while, back against the high window, her face was under the generous shade, pale, and her lips trembled.

“Why do they have to do anything about the cemetery? ...Why?” She was rather agitated, and her voice became a little bit sharp.

“People say they need to do—” Before I could finish my sentence, she snapped at me with a sudden burst of tears—“But!”—and suddenly she became softened and melancholy. “I know...” she quietly replied. Carmilla then turned toward the direction of the cemetery, without saying anything else for the rest of the day. Her dark eyes stared toward the direction of the cemetery, like going into some void. For some reason, I was indeed feeling this sense of unspeakable sorrow, like Carmilla, as she was about to break apart.

The following night, I rarely received a sound sleep. Although the pain in my chest still rested on me, it was rather unnoticeable after my long day of study.

It still feels like a dream. I remember I woke up in sharp coldness one morning. It was still dark. While I finally stabilized myself from my deep sleep, I could not believe that the high window of my dorm entrance—the very same window Carmilla was standing still for a long time the other day—was wide open, and the cold, nasty raindrops with heavy wind just hailed into my room. The door of Carmilla’s room was ajar. In shock, thinking there could be a burglar in my dorm, I rushed in to check Carmilla. It was, in fact, my first time entering her room, and to my surprise, I did not see any computer or luggage, or any things that seemed to suggest she’d ever lived here. The bed, from day one, I remembered, stayed the same, without even wrinkles on the sheet. Her window was wide open like the rest of the dorm, with cold air gushing into the room, fresh but strong. The rain poured in, dampened the unused curtain and bedsheet quite a bit. A sense of loss surged through me...how much I wished I could just smell the lightly woody, slightly metallic scent from Carmilla right now.

Later that day, I heard that while the reconstruction of the old cemetery was in progress, some people swore that while they were moving the coffins and tombstones during the day, they saw a fresh corpse, a beautiful woman with dark hair wearing Victorian clothing, fall out of a dilapidated coffin. They instantly moved the coffin—with the corpse sealed back inside—to somewhere else, considering this a real archaeological wonder worthy of further research projects. At the same time, I was worried about the mysterious disappearance of Carmilla, so I went back to check with our residency assistant. It was

surprising that my RA told me nobody was registered in my dorm, and she had never heard of a girl whose name was Carmilla. She searched the online system, but no results were returned. She was concerned about me, asking if I needed anyone to go up to my dorm. Weirdly, I felt a sense of relief. I smiled and declined her offer.

On my way back to my dorm, I felt like I could still feel that Carmilla was just hovering near my door, her dark, glossy hair running generously across her delicate shoulders when she slightly raised her head to talk. Unconsciously, I pressed my chest. Unlike all the wild dreams that had kept me paralyzed many nights before, I could indeed feel and touch myself. Near the left side of my chest, a little bit above my heart, I felt some sort of dent, slightly visible with two dots appearing on the same side. When I pressed the area, I felt the sensation go straight to my heart, like an electric shock, fiery and painful, and my chest just faintly twitched. The feeling was strangely familiar, though; it reminded me of how Carmilla gently pressed my hand with her polished fingernails that night. Ironically, the fading pain made me smile, and my memory went back to the rainy, drowsy afternoon when I first met Carmilla in Glenville, my roommate whom I never saw again.

Author’s Note: This fictional piece was inspired by the Anglo-Irish author Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu’s novella *Carmilla* (1872), a masterpiece of the Gothic Revival during the Victorian period. The setting, the plot, and the characters may accidentally echo our real world, but the story is a full fictional work.

How they escape from their graves and return to them for certain hours every day, without displacing the clay or leaving any trace of disturbance in the state of the coffin or the ceremonies, has always been admitted to be utterly inexplicable. The amphibious existence of the vampire is sustained by daily renewed slumber in the grave. Its horrible lust for living blood supplies the vigor of its waking existence. The vampire is prone to be fascinated with an engrossing vehemence, resembling passion of love, by particular persons. In pursuit of these it will exercise inexhaustible patience and stratagem, for access to a particular object may be obstructed in a hundred ways. It will never desist until it has satiated its passion, and drained the very life of its coveted victim.

— Sheridan Le Fanu, *Carmilla*

Carmilla was first published in the magazine *The Dark Blue*, London, 1871. Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu was born in Ireland on August 28, 1814. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He became a lawyer in 1839 but soon abandoned law in favor of journalism. His *Purcell Papers*, written while still a student, demonstrates his proclivity toward the supernatural. Between 1845 and 1873, he published some 14 novels. Among the best known are *The House by the Churchyard* (1863) and *Uncle Silas* (1864). *In a Glass Darkly*, published in 1872, contained five long stories which are considered by most critics to be his best; among them was *Carmilla*. After the death of his wife in 1858, Le Fanu became a recluse. He died in Dublin on February 7, 1873.

— Raymond T. McNally, *A Clutch of Vampires*

Borrow *Carmilla* by Sheridan Le Fanu from the Internet Archive at <https://archive.org/details/carmilla00lefa/mode/2up> or https://archive.org/details/carmilla0000lefa_g4x7/mode/2up

When you finish Le Fanu’s book, move on to *Hungerstone* by Kat Dunn (2025), a “compulsive feminist reworking of *Carmilla*.” This book is available at WVDeli:

<https://wvdeli.overdrive.com/wvdeli-glenville/content/media/10715633>

THE HAMMER HOUSE OF HORROR'S VAMPIRE LEGACY

Hammer Film Productions was a British studio founded in the 1930s. In the '50s and '60s, its stylized takes on classic monsters earned it the nickname Hammer House of Horror. Many kids growing up in the '70s discovered Hammer's gothic horror films on local Saturday midnight TV shows. Their vampire films, in particular, redefined the genre. While the studio closed in 2000, many of its films remain cult favorites, especially those featuring a pre-Saruman Christopher Lee as the terrifying yet tempting Count Dracula.

Hammer's vampire legacy began in 1958 with *Horror of Dracula*, starring Peter Cushing as Professor Van Helsing opposite Lee's Dracula. Directed by Terence Fisher, the film was a bold and colorful departure from Universal Studios' black-and-white vampire films of the 1930s. With its intense violence, erotic overtones, and lush Technicolor cinematography, *Horror of Dracula* shocked audiences and became a major success, spawning a long-running series of vampire films.



Widely available to rent or watch free with ads at Fandango at Home: <https://athome.fandango.com/content/browse/details/Horror-of-Dracula/9681>

Christopher Lee returned to play Count Dracula in *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* (1966), *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* (1968), *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1970), and *Scars of Dracula* (1970). While the quality and tone varied across the series, Lee's menacing performance remained a consistent highlight. Unlike Bela Lugosi's 1930s aristocratic, hypnotic Count of Universal's films, Lee's Dracula emphasized a more monstrous, predatory creature. His British accent was also a departure from Lugosi's now-stereotypical Hungarian accent.



Hammer explored other vampire stories outside of Dracula, including *The Kiss of the Vampire* (1963), in which a young honeymooning couple's car breaks down, sending them to seek shelter with a very creepy aristocratic family. Astute horror fans will note similarities to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Watch free at the Internet Archive

Dracula: Prince of Darkness https://archive.org/details/dracula-prince-of-darkness-1966_202406

Dracula Has Risen from the Grave <https://archive.org/details/dracula-has-risen-from-the-grave>

Scars of Dracula https://archive.org/details/scars-of-dracula_202107

The castle used for many scenes in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* was Oakley Court, a Victorian Gothic country house in England—the same castle used in *Kiss of the Vampire*. Watch this Hammer classic free on Tubi, Plex, and the Creature Features YouTube channel:

https://youtu.be/htTKKldpgSE?si=B3xvE_FxFTK34uK_

In the 1970s, Hammer pushed boundaries further with the Karnstein Trilogy, which follows the drama and dread of the noble Karnstein family of Austria. The series includes *The Vampire Lovers* (1970), *Lust for a Vampire* (1971), and *Twins of Evil* (1971). Loosely based on Sheridan Le Fanu's *Carmilla*, these films mixed daring lesbian vampire themes with Hammer's signature gothic sensuality.



The Vampire Lovers is free on Tubi, the Roku Channel, and the Internet Archive: https://archive.org/details/the-vampire-lovers-1970_202406

Lust for a Vampire is free on Tubi and the Internet Archive:

https://archive.org/details/lust-for-a-vampire-1971_202405

Twins of Evil is free on Tubi, Plex, and the Internet Archive:

<https://archive.org/details/twins-of-evil-1971>

While not part of the series, some remnants of the Karnstein lore can be seen in *Vampire Circus* (1972), one of Hammer's most bizarre vampire tales. This film drops a troupe of vampiric traveling circus performers with a hankering for children's blood into an isolated Serbian village. This film is free to watch on Xumo Play, Tubi, Plex, and the Shout! Studios YouTube channel:

<https://youtu.be/fMbG7lnzccI?si=WHKAffLMH8-nNQC8>

By the mid-70s, audience tastes shifted away from gothic horror toward modern monsters such as Leatherface and Michael Myers, leading to Hammer's decline. But the studio's vampire films left a lasting influence on horror cinema. Their blend of blood, atmosphere, and sexuality paved the way for vampires such as Lestat, *Twilight*'s Edward Cullen, and those in HBO's *True Blood*. So grab your popcorn and celebrate the spooky season with Hammer's bold vampire legacy featuring the unforgettable presence of Christopher Lee as the definitive cinematic Dracula.



The Satanic Rites of Dracula (1973) is free on Xumo Play, Tubi, Plex, Amazon Prime, and Daily Motion:

<https://www.dailymotion.com/video/x9crsyz>

WEIRD QUESTION of the WEEK

For our Halloween issue, we asked: "What gives you the willies?" A few of our younger respondents asked, "What's that?" Apparently "the willies" is a term that's fallen out of common usage, which prompted us to provide a little background on the phrase:

That sudden, jittery feeling—like when you glimpse a shadowy figure in the hallway or hear footsteps when you're home alone—is often called "the willies." One theory on the phrase's origin links it to the 1840s ballet *Giselle*, in which a young woman dies of heartbreak after being deceived by her lover. She joins the *Willis*, ghostly spirits of women betrayed before their wedding day. In the ballet, these vengeful apparitions haunt the woods at night. The eerie spectacle of the *Willis* may have left the ballet's audiences so unnerved that the term "the willies" was born to describe that same spine-tingling fear.

Journie Curtis - BA-Undeclared
"Spiders and snakes!"

Kordell Lewis - Business Major
"Clowns give me the willies."



Nikki Kirk - Lecturer of Education
"I recall the terrifying and creepy haunted houses that were hosted in Louis Bennet Hall during my time as an undergraduate at GSU. I had the worst (or rather, the best) jump scares of my life in those halls! The legendary campus ghosts were always portrayed including civil war soldiers, marble boy, and the tragic story of Sis Linn. After the event, the staff and students who worked the Haunted LBH would always share stories of the unexplained happenings from the evening; items unexpectedly moved, sounds coming from areas without occupants, eerie voices, and more. As I prepare for my first spooky season on campus in almost 20 years, the memory of this experience gives me the 'willies.' You definitely won't catch me on campus after dark on Halloween."

Ashley Crook - Early Education/Multi-Categorical SPED Major
"Talking in front of a big group of people."

Ann Reed - Registrar
"Not much gives me the willies because I love all things spooky, as well as horror/thriller/slasher movies, but.....if anything comes close to giving me the willies it would be those nasty nothing but all legs and large antennae little creatures called Cave Crickets. They lurk in the dimly lit recesses in my cellar just out of sight and find it entertaining to take a flying leap at me every once in a while. They catch me by surprise every time. They give me the heebie jeebies."

Alex Rogerson - Biology Major
"When I'm playing video games like *Dead by Daylight* and the slasher almost catches me, I completely panic and end up just turning off the game. I go into a mental convulsion."

Darcy Pickel - Wildlife Management Major
"The ocean. You never know what's in there. And now I have a new fear: listening to Alex talk about that game!"

Alyssa Hall - Field Forensics (CRJU) Major
"People who chew with their mouth open."

Kon'Trel Hamn - Field Forensics (CRJU) Major
"What really gives me the willies is being in a dark, empty building at night. The silence makes me uneasy, and every little sound—like a creak in the floor—feels like someone else might be there even when I know I'm alone."

Duane Chapman - Vice President of Enrollment & Student Affairs, Associate Professor of Art, Head Men/Women's Boxing Coach
"Carney Folk!!!!!! Carnival People!!!!!! I mean, they give me the willy creep!!! It's a complete occult vibe from the old black-and-white movies I guess growing up."

Tatem Brown - Music Education Major
"If I'm scared of anything, it's wasps."

Amanda Chapman - Associate Professor of English
"Rabid animals. Very little scares me more than the possibility of contracting rabies."

Ivanyeli Martinez De La Paz - Field Forensics (CRJU) Major
"Big bugs."

Jennifer Wenner - Senior Lecturer of Communications
"When I was a kid, walking at night with my cousins and siblings, my older cousin Bobby told me that the bats flying around could get caught in your hair. That idea never left me. As an adult, I had a cat that would catch bats and bring them in the house. I would run around trying to shoo them out with a towel on my head, so they would not get into my hair. My husband saw me and laughed. a lot."

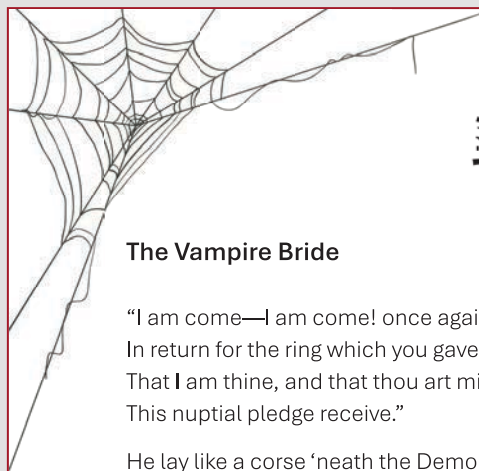
Kaidyn Holcomb - Biology Major
"Spiders."



Schuyler Chapman - Associate Professor of English
"The idea of a void? (not a particularly squeamish person.)"

Melody Wise - Professor of English
"Just about everything, which is why I sleep with a nightlight. And yes, as many of you know, I read a lot of horror."

Fred Walborn - Professor of Psychology
"People who ask stupid questions."



The Vampire Bride

"I am come—I am come! once again from the tomb,
In return for the ring which you gave;
That I am thine, and that thou art mine,
This nuptial pledge receive."

He lay like a corse 'neath the Demon's force,
And she wrapp'd him in a shroud;
And she fixed her teeth his heart beneath,
And she drank of the warm life-blood!

And ever and anon murmur'd the lips of stone,
"Soft and warm is this couch of thine,
Thou'lt to-morrow be laid on a colder bed—
Albert! that bed will be mine!"

— Henry Thomas Liddell

VAMPIRE TALES: OLD & NEW

Check out these books that celebrate the weirdness and wonder of vampires. They're all available at WVDeli through the RFK Library!

The Vampire Chronicles by Anne Rice includes *Interview with the Vampire*, *The Vampire Lestat*, and *Queen of the Damned*. The entire series is available at WVDeli:

<https://wvdeli.overdrive.com/wvdeli-glenville/content/media/567395>

Mr. Darcy, Vampyre by Amanda Grange “starts where *Pride and Prejudice* ends and introduces a dark family curse. A dark, poignant and visionary continuation of Austen’s beloved story, this tale is full of danger, darkness and immortal love. Borrow this book from WVDeli:

<https://wvdeli.overdrive.com/wvdeli-glenville/content/media/264409>

The Night Library of Sterndach by Jessica Lévai (2021) follows Kuni-gunde, “destined to become the next in a long line of Heller clan vampire hunters—but her soul is drawn to books, poetry, and the vampire Graf. Set in 1960s Europe, *The Night Library of Sterndach* is an unabashedly melodramatic opera-in-sonnets that weaves a sweeping, suspenseful tale readers won’t be able to put down.” Publisher’s Weekly suggests that “[r]eaders looking for something different among the crowded field of vampire love stories will appreciate the poetry and language of this brief tale as much as the sweet romance.” Borrow this book from WVDeli

<https://wvdeli.overdrive.com/wvdeli-glenville/content/media/6015075>

Excerpts from *The Night Library of Sterndach*

The Graf extends his hand. She takes it.
He says, “I’ve chosen to surround
Myself with precious things, which makes it
My honor, showing you around.”
“The honor’s mine,” she says, and follows
Him through the chamber’s aisles and hollows.
She seems calm, but inside? A storm.
Oh, Oma lies. His hands are warm.
The books are treasures, vast, uncounted.
He draws her deeper in, to show
The works has has in folio
By Plutarch and by Kircher. Mounted
In frames above are pages ripped
From some Tchaikovsky manuscript.

“You’re curious. It is inviting,”
He says, revealing teeth, “I fear
My bite’s perhaps not as exciting
As you’re imagining, my dear.”
A little part of Kinge panics.
She’s not considered the mechanics
Of fangs and flesh in this whole flirt.
She stammers, “How much does it hurt?”
“A little. But I can...distract you.”
His gaze sweeps over her. Her face
Grows hotter. Back to his embrace
She goes. He asks, “Does that attract you?”
“Oh, yes,” she says. He nods. “I see.
Then we’d best do this properly.”

A CLUTCH OF VAMPIRES

In the vast genus of horrible beings, vampires belong to a distinct order. Unlike other monsters and demons, they exist alone—utterly alone in the twilight region between life and death. Whereas the werewolf is a living human who has undergone change into a beast, and whereas the Frankenstein type of monster is alive—albeit not in the usual sense—the vampire is not alive at all. Nor is it dead, as are ghosts and poltergeists. It also differs from the zombi (sic), a dead body that functions not through its own volition but through the will of a sorcerer. Indeed, among the many horror creatures, only the vampire fully merits the term “undead.” According to the natural course of events, it really should be dead, but its body will not decay. Unable to return to dust, and driven to maintain its peculiar existence, the vampire wanders the earth, seeking sustenance in human blood.

— Raymond T. McNally

A Clutch of Vampires

New York Graphic Society, 1974

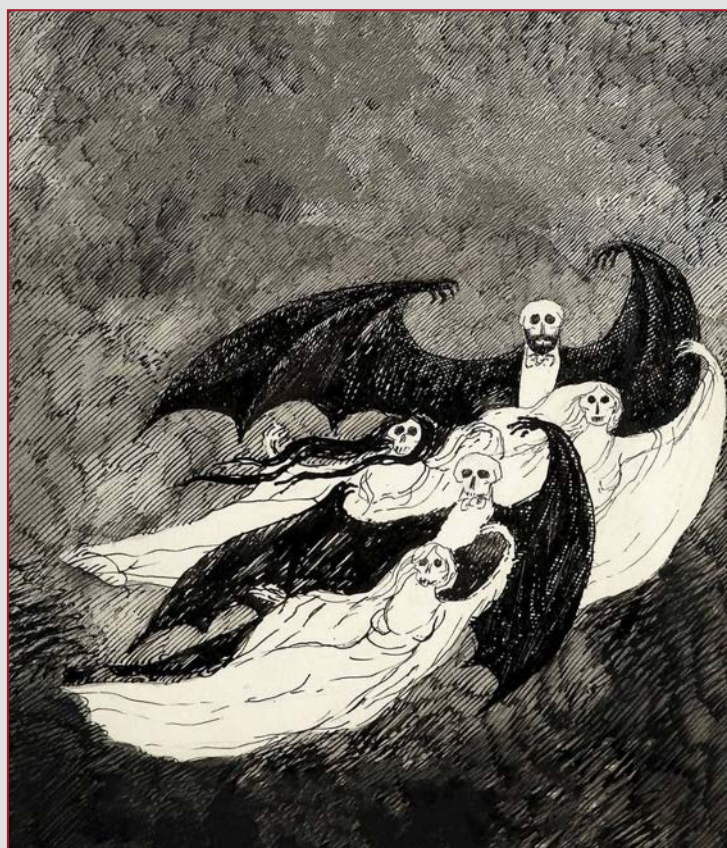
Borrow this book from the Internet Archive

<https://archive.org/details/clutchofvampires00tion/mode/2up>

Мертвые путешествуют быстро

— trans. The Dead Travel Fast —

Engraved over the tomb of Countess Dolingen of Gratz, Styria, 1801



Edward Gorey

Illustration from *A Clutch of Vampires* (1974)

Glenville State University Department of Language & Literature,
Appalachian Studies Program, and the Robert F. Kidd Library

Little Kanawha Reading Series

Thursday, October 23, 2025

Join us at 4:00 p.m.

Robert F. Kidd Library

Everyone welcome!

This event is

FREE



Jason Gum

Author of two pictorial works, *Glenville State College* and *Heroes Among Us: The West Virginia Veterans' Legacy Project*. He has also been a guest contributor for West Virginia's history and culture publication, *Goldenseal*.



Bob Hutton

Author of the award-winning book *Bloody Breathitt: Politics & Violence in the Appalachian South* (UP Kentucky, 2013). His essays have appeared in *Jacobin*, *History News Network*, and the *U.S. Intellectual History Blog*, and he frequently reviews books for *The Journal of Southern History* and *West Virginia History*.



Kaitlin Ensor

Associate Professor of Psychology and Chair of the Social Science Department. She writes science fiction in her spare time, and she is planning to host a world-building fiction workshop online in November as part of the Little Kanawha Reading Series Workshops Program.

Readings are Streamed on the GSU YouTube channel

www.youtube.com/channel/UCj8JJvWCB5ksZirQzCINnpQ

The Little Kanawha Reading Series provides a showcase for a diversity of literary forms and voices in order to acknowledge and enrich the cultural heritage of Appalachia and the communities around the Little Kanawha River.