

1: Claudia Winkleman has just announced some major Strictly Come Dancing news

Returning from a trip to Boston, Blindon unexpectedly finds Claudia in bed with another man. Running wildly through the streets, he suddenly turns into a werewolf. He seeks psychiatric help, but the psychiatrist, Dr. Caligari does little to change the situation.

There are a few details of the attack by the dog that you might find a bit gruesome. If you are waiting for original stories, we have some coming up soon! Read by Richard Scott. It would be a poor expert who could not give the date of a document within a decade or so. You may possibly have read my little monograph upon the subject. I put that at Mortimer drew it from his breast-pocket. I may say that I was his personal friend as well as his medical attendant. He was a strong-minded man, sir, shrewd, practical, and as unimaginative as I am myself. Yet he took this document very seriously, and his mind was prepared for just such an end as did eventually overtake him. It is one of several indications which enabled me to fix the date. At the head was written: A most practical, pressing matter, which must be decided within twenty-four hours. But the manuscript is short and is intimately connected with the affair. With your permission I will read it to you. Mortimer turned the manuscript to the light, and read in a high, crackling voice the following curious, old-world narrative: And I would have you believe, my sons, that the same Justice which punishes sin may also most graciously forgive it, and that no ban is so heavy but that by prayer and repentance it may be removed. Learn then from this story not to fear the fruits of the past, but rather to be circumspect in the future, that those foul passions whereby our family has suffered so grievously may not again be loosed to our undoing. This, in truth, his neighbours might have pardoned, seeing that saints have never flourished in those parts, but there was in him a certain wanton and cruel humour which made his name a by-word through the West. It chanced that this Hugo came to love if, indeed, so dark a passion may be known under so bright a name the daughter of a yeoman who held lands near the Baskerville estate. But the young maiden, being discreet and of good repute, would ever avoid him, for she feared his evil name. So it came to pass that one Michaelmas this Hugo, with five or six of his idle and wicked companions, stole down upon the farm and carried off the maiden, her father and brothers being from home, as he well knew. When they had brought her to the Hall the maiden was placed in an upper chamber, while Hugo and his friends sat down to a long carouse, as was their nightly custom. Now, the poor lass upstairs was like to have her wits turned at the singing and shouting and terrible oaths which came up to her from below, for they say that the words used by Hugo Baskerville, when he was in wine, were such as might blast the man who said them. Then, as it would seem, he became as one that hath a devil, for, rushing down the stairs into the dining-hall, he sprang upon the great table, flacons and trenchers flying before him, and he cried aloud before all the company that he would that very night render his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might but overtake the wench. And while the revellers stood aghast at the fury of the man, one more wicked or, it may be, more drunken than the rest, cried out that they should put the hounds upon her. But anon their bemused wits awoke to the nature of the deed which was like to be done upon the moorlands. Everything was now in an uproar, some calling for their pistols, some for their horses, and some for another flask of wine. But at length some sense came back to their crazed minds, and the whole of them, thirteen in number, took horse and started in pursuit. The moon shone clear above them, and they rode swiftly abreast, taking that course which the maid must needs have taken if she were to reach her own home. And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed with fear that he could scarce speak, but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy maiden, with the hounds upon her track. But soon their skins turned cold, for there came a sound of galloping across the moor, and the black mare, dabbled with white froth, went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Riding slowly in this fashion, they came at last upon the hounds. These, though known for their valour and their breed, were whimpering in a cluster at the head of a deep dip or goyal, as we call it, upon the moor, some slinking away and some, with starting hackles and staring eyes, gazing down the narrow valley before them. The most of them would by no means advance, but three of them, the boldest, or it may be, the most drunken, rode forward down the goyal. Now, it opened into a broad space in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by

certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. Houn - Hound of Baskervilles, page One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other twain were but broken men for the rest of their days. If I have set it down it is because that which is clearly known hath less terror than that which is but hinted at and guessed. Nor can it be denied that many of the family have been unhappy in their deaths, which have been sudden, bloody, and mysterious. Yet may we shelter ourselves in the infinite goodness of Providence, which would not forever punish the innocent beyond that third or fourth generation which is threatened in Holy Writ. To that Providence, my sons, I hereby commend you, and I counsel you by way of caution to forbear from crossing the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are exalted. Mortimer had finished reading this singular narrative he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and stared across at Mr. The latter yawned and tossed the end of his cigarette into the fire. Mortimer drew a folded newspaper out of his pocket. Holmes, we will give you something a little more recent. This is the Devon County Chronicle of June 14th of this year. It is a short account of the facts elicited at the death of Sir Charles Baskerville which occurred a few days before that date. Our visitor readjusted his glasses and began: Though Sir Charles had resided at Baskerville Hall for a comparatively short period his amiability of character and extreme generosity had won the affection and respect of all who had been brought into contact with him. In these days of nouveaux riches it is refreshing to find a case where the scion of an old county family which has fallen upon evil days is able to make his own fortune and to bring it back with him to restore the fallen grandeur of his line. Sir Charles, as is well known, made large sums of money in South African speculation. More wise than those who go on until the wheel turns against them, he realised his gains and returned to England with them. It is only two years since he took up his residence at Baskerville Hall, and it is common talk how large were those schemes of reconstruction and improvement which have been interrupted by his death. Being himself childless, it was his openly expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his own lifetime, profit by his good fortune, and many will have personal reasons for bewailing his untimely end. His generous donations to local and county charities have been frequently chronicled in these columns. There is no reason whatever to suspect foul play, or to imagine that death could be from any but natural causes. Sir Charles was a widower, and a man who may be said to have been in some ways of an eccentric habit of mind. In spite of his considerable wealth he was simple in his personal tastes, and his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall consisted of a married couple named Barrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper. James Mortimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect. Sir Charles Baskerville was in the habit every night before going to bed of walking down the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. The evidence of the Barrymores shows that this had been his custom. On the 4th of June Sir Charles had declared his intention of starting next day for London, and had ordered Barrymore to prepare his luggage. That night he went out as usual for his nocturnal walk, in the course of which he was in the habit of smoking a cigar. Halfway down this walk there is a gate which leads out on to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles had stood for some little time here. He then proceeded down the Alley, and it was at the far end of it that his body was discovered. One Murphy, a gipsy horse-dealer, was on the moor at no great distance at the time, but he appears by his own confession to have been the worse for drink. He declares that he heard cries, but is unable to state from what direction they came. Had the prosaic finding of the coroner not finally put an end to the romantic stories which have been whispered in connection with the affair it might have been difficult to find a tenant for Baskerville Hall. It is understood that the next-of-kin is Mr. The young man when last heard of was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune. Mortimer refolded his paper and replaced it in his pocket. Holmes, in connection with the death of Sir Charles Baskerville. I had observed some newspaper comment at the time, but I was exceedingly preoccupied by that little affair of the Vatican cameos, and in my anxiety to oblige the Pope I lost touch with several interesting English cases. This article,

you say, contains all the public facts? I had the further motive that Baskerville Hall, as the paper says, would certainly remain untenanted if anything were done to increase its already rather grim reputation. For both these reasons I thought that I was justified in telling rather less than I knew, since no practical good could result from it, but with you there is no reason why I should not be perfectly frank. For this reason I saw a good deal of Sir Charles Baskerville. With the exception of Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, and Mr. Stapleton, the naturalist, there are no other men of education within many miles. Sir Charles was a retiring man, but the chance of his illness brought us together, and a community of interests in science kept us so. He had brought back much scientific information from South Africa, and many a charming evening we have spent together discussing the comparative anatomy of the Bushman and the Hottentot. He had taken this legend which I have read you exceedingly to heart—so much so that, although he would walk in his own grounds, nothing would induce him to go out upon the moor at night. Incredible as it may appear to you, Mr. Holmes, he was honestly convinced that a dreadful fate overhung his family, and certainly the records which he was able to give of his ancestors were not encouraging. The idea of some ghastly presence constantly haunted him, and on more than one occasion he has asked me whether I had on my medical journeys at night ever seen any strange creature or heard the baying of a hound. The latter question he put to me several times, and always with a voice which vibrated with excitement. He chanced to be at his hall door. I had descended from my gig and was standing in front of him, when I saw his eyes fix themselves over my shoulder, and stare past me with an expression of the most dreadful horror. I whisked round and had just time to catch a glimpse of something which I took to be a large black calf passing at the head of the drive. So excited and alarmed was he that I was compelled to go down to the spot where the animal had been and look around for it. It was gone, however, and the incident appeared to make the worst impression upon his mind. I stayed with him all the evening, and it was on that occasion, to explain the emotion which he had shown, that he confided to my keeping that narrative which I read to you when first I came. I mention this small episode because it assumes some importance in view of the tragedy which followed, but I was convinced at the time that the matter was entirely trivial and that his excitement had no justification. His heart was, I knew, affected, and the constant anxiety in which he lived, however chimerical the cause of it might be, was evidently having a serious effect upon his health.

2: Claudia's Spells and More

Claudia visits her old high school friend Eva the zombie in Dracula's castle and drastically changes the lives of all the monsters staying there.

Edit Athel Baelborne has set up camp outside the ruins of Baelborne Rock. When spoken to, he will explain that he has inherited an estate from his father, Maurice Baelborne, and was disappointed to find that the estate was a haunted ruin. He will ask the Vestige to search the ruins and find the ghost preventing him from entering. Ghostly appearance Search the ruins, which will contain multiple Imps. Taking the journal will trigger the appearance of a female ghost, Claudie, who will read aloud from her journal about her forbidden love to her master, Maurice. The second location will have a Broken Necklace, which will trigger the appearance of the two ghosts again once taken. The third location holds a Bloodstained Tunic. She has accused Claudie of stealing her necklace from her son. Maurice will simply stand back, refusing to defend Claudie, and instead will say that she might have stolen the necklace as a result of possibly being overworked. The events of the scene will show that Claudie was taken and locked within tower while she was alive. Report back to Athel, who was injured after attempting to enter the ruins. Findings in the tower Once in the Mages Guild, ask Eilina for the location of a spirit summoning book. She will direct the Vestige to the library upstairs. After finding the book, *The Reality of Spirits*, Tsiniuc will warn the Vestige of the dangers of spirit summoning. He will explain that he has heard that they have entered the ruins of Baelborne Tower, and offers advice given to him by his master. Tsiniuc will offer to help the Vestige in summoning the spirit so as not to undo the Baelborne curse, and will ask questions regarding the spirit. Answering the questions wrong will cause Tsiniuc to withdraw his offer. The correct answers in this order are: Claudie, A necklace, and either Revenge or Love. Bury the belongings If Tsiniuc retracts his offer, he will simply suggest that the Vestige should go to Themon Mine behind the Daggerfall Cathedral. Once the items are buried, her spirit will appear. She will appear distressed, and will explain that, while she was alive in the tower, she also carried an unborn baby, and prayed for her child to be saved. They then placed a curse on the waterfall in Baelborne Rock, located near the Lady Stone. She will beg the Vestige not to break the curse. Afterwards, the Vestige can choose to either break the curse or tell Athel to leave the ruins. Activating the Daedric Warding Stone at the bottom of the cursed waterfall will break the curse and trigger the appearance of Tachnim, the Daedra that Claudie had made a deal with. In order to break the curse, Tachnim will need to be killed. Afterwards, report back to Athel, who can be found in Baelborne Tower. He will tell the Vestige that a man had fallen through the tower from the sky, and that he is being nursed for his injuries. Afterwards, Athel will reward the Vestige with the Baelborne Signet and a leveled amount of . If the Vestige chooses not to break the curse, they can return to Athel and tell him to leave. Doing so will cause him and his guards to turn hostile and attack. She will say that the curse will remain, and that she had never asked what had happened to her child, but is comforted to know that Tachnim still honors the bargain. Afterwards, she will reward the Vestige with the Baelborne Signet and a leveled amount of .

3: The Curse of Claudia () - Cast - IMDb

About the Book. Claudia visits her old high school friend Eva the zombie in Dracula's castle and drastically changes the lives of all the monsters staying there.

Quality love spells, Compassionate service Accurate, honest readings Magic cannot be guaranteed, I am required to say this is for entertainment purposes only. Click here for our Privacy Policy About me From when I met my first spirit guide, I became self-taught in order to strengthen my abilities. I practiced witchcraft for a very long time. Afterwards, I worked on my clairvoyance and clairsentience by meditation and getting in touch with my spirit guides daily. It helped a lot, however, taking in the elements of nature is what really made me stronger and confident in my technique. My spirit guides were a bit frightening at first, but I reassured myself that I was blessed with this gift and to embrace it. As I got older, I took the chance and got in touch with being a medium. I have also taught myself how to do chakra balancing and aura healing. Services Love Spell If you find yourself slipping away from the one you love, my love spells can help strengthen your love and ensure that it lasts. I also work on issues surrounding the relationship in order to keep the love strong - such as communication problems, distance, trust issues or infidelity. If you wish to create love with someone new or from the past , Please contact me explaining this further. Soulmate Spell I believe that in our lives, we all have the one who is meant for us. Our path may change, but in the end what is meant for us will always find its way. There are some exclusions to this, but overall, there is someone for everyone. If you find yourself unhappy with the current love interests in your life and want to meet your soul mate, please consult me to discuss this further. Reconciliation Spell Looking to get back with someone from the past? Please do keep in mind that moon phases do matter heavily when it comes to this spell, so when you ask is definitely important. Custom Spell These are mostly done when the problem is relatively complicated or if you need multiple things covered at once. If there are certain things you desire and you need results faster than usual, this is the best route. I have a large assortment of potions, herbs, oils, crystals and candles to suit many situations. This must be clarified during consultation. Banishing Spell For a lingering person or entity in your life. In order to completely banish them from your life and ensure they no longer come around and affect you, a banishing spell is required. Client may be instructed to do some things but not anything too difficult if required. Afterwards, a spell for protection is the best move in order to keep yourself safe. Spell Removal Are you worried that you may be cursed? Please consult me to discuss this. There are plenty of signs that point towards magic with ill intent being done, however like any spell this requires a lot of looking into to see the true depth of it all. This can also be done for correction if a spell has backfired from a different spell caster. Love Reading Curious to know how someone feels about you? I am always deeply connected to you and whoever is involved before proceeding. Wanting to know if there are better opportunities out there? Allow me to clear your mind and put you at ease. I will let you know all the possibilities for you to succeed and which paths require what actions. If you want to know about where your career is going, I can also explain that in depth for you. All things related to career strictly are covered in this reading. I offer time frames, advice and a follow up.

4: 02 Baskervilles: The Curse of the Baskervilles - Storynory

Get this from a library! The curse of Claudia. [Edward Miller] -- Claudia visits her old high school friend Eva the zombie in Dracula's castle and drastically changes the lives of all the monsters staying there.

I know the cure! We should be done in twenty-four hours at the latest. This is the first fic I wrote for Raydia Week ! Rayla gripped her knife, squinting into the dark. She slipped off the rock she was perched on, and crept towards the woods. The sound had come from her right. She started running that way, using trees to kick off of and stay unheard. She was ready to fight off whatever attacked Claudia. She gained higher ground, hopping between branches, saw a purple light glowing in the distance, and heard Claudia scream again. She jumped back onto the ground, now knowing exactly where to go, running up behind Claudia and pulling out her knife, ready to slash at nothing. And then after that happened I was walking back, and an owl flew out of nowhere! Can you believe it? Do you know the cure? Ugh, let me guess we have to climb a mountain? Rayla instinctually brought her own hand to her nose, as warmth crept into and along her cheeks and nose. Well, according to the locator spell I cast. Her leg throbbed painfully, but the wind and hair blowing in her face were almost enough to distract her from it. Then some got in her mouth. She struggled to cough it out. It definitely did not taste like moonberries. She started to shift a bit and gripped onto Rayla even tighter. Then she realized that Rayla may be choking, so she loosened her grip. Then it looked like they were about to run into a tree, and she yelped and held onto her tightly again. Rayla was so fast. That was really nice of her. Rayla started to slow down, and Claudia could make out the cave that was nearing. When they came to a halt, Rayla squatted and Claudia used her good leg to lower herself onto the ground. Rayla sat down with her, panting. Her leg was really hurting. Remind me to try and pick it again afterwards. They made their way into the cave at a walking pace, and Claudia probably hugged Rayla a bit closer than was necessary. How did her hair smell this good? The pain in her leg started to become a throbbing numb feeling, which was probably worse in the long run, but a relief for now. Well, in that case, thank you! Claudia felt her shoulders rising and falling with every breath as they trudged forwards. The cave was darker than she remembered, and it was really chilly. A sharp pain went through her leg and she let out a yelp. Claudia started getting a bit light-headed, and she lent into Rayla, breathing in her nice smelling hair. The pain was starting to numb again, but so was her consciousness. She had to stay awake if she wanted the cure. The cure she needed the cave flower where were they? I can do that. Claudia looked at the flower. It was yellow, with red tips. Claudia yelped again when her leg touched the ground. Rayla hit her fist on the ground next to the flower. I have a crush on Claudia, is that was you wanted to hear!? She was also in excruciating pain. Please just tell me what to do. Rayla rocked back and forth, twirling her thumbs and watching the pot cook, and Claudia sleep. She had managed to revive Claudia for enough time to make the potion, which required a twenty-two hour wait period, and essentially a spa treatment. The steam smelled sweet but was almost sharp enough to sting. Callum had woken Rayla up around ten minutes ago, letting her know that the twenty-two hours was almost up. She glanced down at Claudia again; her face seemed to stir. She groaned and opened her eyes. Rayla instinctually stuck out her hands, catching Claudia in her lap. I need to tell you something! Are you still hurt? I never got to say that I like you too! They were matched in temperature. It was like a dream, Claudia was so soft, and she loved holding her.

5: Legacy of Baelborne Rock | Elder Scrolls | FANDOM powered by Wikia

The vampire bat--a Dracula type--spots the horror just as it is about to descend upon his gloomy, rotting paradise. Chipper Claudia, in an Audrey Hepburn sheath, scarf and sunglasses, drops in on.

6: Edward Miller (Author of The Curse of Claudia)

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7: Claudia Winkleman addresses Strictly Come Dancing curse

*Curse of Claudia [Edward Miller] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Claudia visits her old high school friend Eva the zombie in Dracula's castle and drastically changes the lives of all the monsters staying there.*

8: The Curse of a Mushroom - ghostmaya - The Dragon Prince (Cartoon) [Archive of Our Own]

Author/creator: Miller, Edward (Edward Ward) Format: Book and Print: Edition: 1st ed. Publication Info: New York: Crown, Â© Description: 32 unnumbered pages.

9: Pontius Pilate's wife - Wikipedia

If you find yourself slipping away from the one you love, my love spells can help strengthen your love and ensure that it lasts. I also work on issues surrounding the relationship in order to keep the love strong - such as communication problems, distance, trust issues or infidelity.

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