

# GRAB YOUR FREE LAST MINUTE HALLOWEEN MASK



## INSTRUCTIONS

1. Cut along the dotted line on the outside edge of the Squirrel Mask.
2. Cut out the black part of the eyes.
3. Cut 2 "X" shaped holes in the desired location to place your string (or similar).
4. Enjoy!



Deep in the forests of Kentucky dwells Bearilla. Undisturbed by the likes of humans, he spends his days roaming the woods collecting herbs and roots and honey in search of the perfect flavor to mix with the fizzy water bubbling out of the ground beside his cave. His only friend is Sue the squirrel; she isn’t afraid of his fearsome, dagger-like teeth. One day, Sue found Bearilla injured. He’d encountered humans in his woods and tried to share his bubbly swamp water with them.

“Everyone’s afeared of me and my wolf mouth and bear claws!” Bearilla cried.

“Leave me alone before I snap you up like the monster I am! Git away, Sue.”

Wise beyond her years, Sue left her forest and followed the whispers from other woodland critters about the dark parts of the world where no one goes and the creatures that lurk in them. In Louisville, Sue found one legend sitting on the bridge over Pope Lick Creek singing softly to himself.

“Aren’t you scared I’ll lure you to your death?” the creature asked Sue.

“Naw,” Sue said. “Your voice is pretty as a peach. You must sing for my friend who’s lonely and sad.”

“Wouldn’t he be scared of me?” the creature asked.

“Bless your heart,” Sue laughed. And so, the Pope Lick Monster followed Sue around the country. In the north and the south, the east and the west, they met famous figments and legends and brought them back to Bearilla’s Kentucky cave.

“Bearilla?” Sue squeaked.

From his cave, Bearilla emerged to find a party of misfit creatures ready to caper and revel with him. Pope Lick sang, Chupacabra cavorted, and Bigfoot danced with Mothman while Bearilla shared his fizzy water with everyone.

“I reckon we do this again!” Mothman said.

“And I’m fixin’ to bring bottles so we can bring Bearilla’s swamp water home with us!” agreed Bigfoot.

And many years passed with the friends meeting and singing and dancing and bringing home bottles of Bearilla’s water, until the day when Bigfoot forgot to bring bottles. Distraught, the creatures asked Sue to help once again. Sue led Bigfoot to a small bottling company in Winchester, KY where the owner was hard at work late one night.

“Don’t be afraid,” Sue squeaked. “My name is Sue, and this is Biggie. We need help!”

“My name is George Wainscott,” the owner said. “I don’t have much time. I have a flavor but there’s still something missing, and the fair is in a few days...but, how can I help?”

“We need bottles!” Sue chirped, “We have the fizziest water you’ve ever tasted. If you give us some bottles and caps, we’ll share with you.”

“Lead the way,” said George, picking up a case of empty green bottles and tucking a tiny vial in his pocket, and the unusual trio walked into the wilderness. Days later and just in time for the fair, George stumbled back into Winchester holding a single bottle of the soda never before tasted. He told stories about squirrels and monsters and trading bottles for bubbling swamp water that gave his new flavor that magic fizz, but no one believed him...until now.