



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-11-10
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: Wraithlook.com

It was on the way to school, if I went a certain way. Most days I didn't go that way, but sometimes I couldn't help myself. I couldn't help walking past the little vase of flowers that somebody – not me – kept fresh. The photos tied to the fence, the cards, even the teddy bear. I didn't want to look, but some days I had to.

Christine had been my first real girlfriend. Most guys lose their first girlfriends to a rival maybe, or maybe they move away to college or something. Not many lose them to a jerk in a truck who mows her down in broad daylight. I never saw Christine's body after the accident (I was away with the basketball team that day) but I can't get that image out of my mind. How she must have felt crossing the road, seeing that huge, heavy mountain of metal coming straight at her. How it must have looked afterwards.

Life goes on they say. But it ain't easy. Christine was blonde and funny and cute and clever, and I loved her. I guess everyone says that, but I really did. I could see us together in five years, even 20. But now she was buried in the town cemetery, and I had to get on with school and sports and friends.

One day, about six weeks after the accident, I got a call from Jen, Christine's best friend. She said she had something amazing to tell me, and I knew it had to be about Christine. We had nothing else to talk about! But when we met after school, I was totally shocked by what she had to say.

"I've seen Christine," she said.

"What? What are you on?" I demanded to know. I was disgusted that someone, let alone a friend, would go around saying stupid things like that. I had always thought that Jen was pretty dumb, now I was sure.

a wraith –
en vålnad, en gengångare

a fence – *ett stängsel*

a rival – *en rival*
a jerk – *en drummel*
to mow down – *att meja ner*

a cemetery – *en kyrkogård*

to demand – *att kräva*
to be disgusted –
att avsky, att vara upprörd
let alone a friend –
en vän dessutom



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“I don’t mean I met her in the street,” she said. “It was online. Let me show you if you don’t believe me!” We walked to her house and sat down at her computer up in her room. Jen said she’d been looking up Christine’s name on the net, just to see what was there, and she’d found her mentioned recently. Jen followed the link to a site I’d never seen before. It was called Wraithlook.

to mention – att nämna
recently – nyligen

We opened up the site. First it was black, then up came the logo – *Wraithlook, find your friends. Wherever they have gone.*

“What the heck is this?” I asked. But Jen just looked at me, and clicked on the next link. That’s when I fell off the chair. On the screen was a photo of Christine, dressed in her favourite black and pink outfit, standing on a street corner.

what the heck –
vad i helsike

“That’s just an old photo someone’s found,” I said.

“No way. When did she buy that top? A week or two before she died, and she was wearing it ... when it happened,” said Jen.

Well I didn’t know what to do then, so I thanked her for the information and went home. It was time for basketball training anyway.

Over the next couple of days I had plenty to do, what with exams, a big basketball match and helping my mom with a new bookshelf. But that photo stayed in my mind. Was it really Christine? How could that be? Was it just a hoax, or some scummy company somehow making money out of people’s lost loved ones?

a hoax – ett skämt
scummy – tarvlig

Three days later, I got a text message from Jen. She just wrote: “Have joined site”. As soon as I could, I called her. She talked so fast. “Martin, it’s great! I found her picture, I found her! All I had to do was click on the Like icon, and we’re friends again! She hates it where she is, she wants to come back! She asked me if she could come back and I wrote Yes!”

“But Jen, wait, think about this. It must be some kind of scam,” I said. “How can she come back, for god’s sake? She was crushed under a truck!”

scam – svindel, skoj



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“She’ll come back. That’s what Wraithlook’s for! Getting old friends back together again! I’ll call you when she gets here!” And she put down the phone. Sure, getting old friends together again, great, but when one of them is dead? That sounded so crazy.

The next day at school I hung around, waiting for the chance to talk to Jen, but she wasn’t there. I asked around but none of her classmates had seen her, so I guessed she was at home.

After ending school with a gym session, I headed off to Jen’s home. She lived in a pretty big house on a corner, with huge bushes outside and a pool out the back. I walked up the path. Funny, usually the people around here kept their gardens spotless, but it looked like someone had spilt some dark, sticky liquid along the path, and on the steps on the porch too. Standards were slipping!

I rang the bell. No answer. No Jen, or her mom. Not even her dumb poodle barking at me. I walked around the house a little, trying to find some window, but they had some kind of neighbourhood watch scheme going on there, so I was scared someone would see me and think I was trying to break in. I left and walked home, wondering where Jen was.

Back home, I wondered. Maybe Jen was on to something after all. Whatever, it was time to check it out. I logged on and went looking for the site she had joined, called Wraithlook.com. *Find your friends. Wherever they have gone*, it said. I joined too, and looked up Jen’s page. And there she was. But it was the picture that grabbed my attention. Jen was standing there with her arm around... Christine!

So I took a deep breath and clicked on Christine’s tag. I came to her page, and there was her picture, standing on a street corner not far from where she died. She looked so sweet, smiling into the camera. She was standing in front of a café in town. A café that had opened two weeks *after* her accident.

Well, under the picture there was a chat icon. I thought for a moment, then I wrote “Hi! It’s Martin!”. What did I want? Why get into all this? I knew Christine was dead, I’d been to her funeral! This was all some huge hoax.

a session –
(här): ett träningspass

spotless – fläckfri
sticky – klibbig
a liquid – en vätska
a porch – en veranda

to bark – att skälla

scheme – schema, system



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But what if, what if this was something? People had been trying to get in touch with deceased relatives and loved ones for years. This was just the new, hi-tech method. And anyway, what could go wrong?

deceased - *avliden*

Beep

A noise made me look at the screen. There was a reply! It said, "Hi Martin! Wanna be friends again? Great! I'm coming!" From Christine of course. I felt strange, tense. It felt as if the room had become much colder. Sounds grew louder, my heart began beating.

tense - *spänd*

Scraping sound

And outside, I heard something being scraped along the gravel path to our front door. I looked out of my window but I couldn't see the path from there. I began to shiver, I wanted to jump up and run out of my room and even the house, but I sat there, rooted to the spot. I heard the scraping sounds come closer, then they moved up the wooden steps to the porch. In my mind's eye I could see the porch, the old chairs there, the garden tools, and as I did I heard a crash as something fell.

to scrape – *att skrapa*
gravel - *grus*

rooted - *fastvuxen*

tools – *verktyg*

She wrote that she was coming. Was Christine, or something that had once been my girlfriend, on my porch? Had she, or it, paid a visit to Jen last night? Had Jen let it in?

Knock

Then I heard a knock at the door. Not a hard knock, but a wet thud, and my heart was pounding, I could hardly think. I looked at the picture on my computer screen, the sweet, smiling girl I'd loved, and before I could think twice I clicked. On the "Unlike" icon.

thud – *duns*

Scream

As soon as I did that, I heard a wailing cry, and something being dragged back from the door, down the steps, along the gravel, until the sound disappeared completely. Still shaking, I got up from my chair and went to the front door. My

wailing – *klagande*



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hand hovered over the door handle, but I couldn't bring myself to open it. I knew I'd see what I saw at Jen's place. Whatever had been out there, it didn't belong in my life, or anyone's. Not anymore.

Later on, when my dad came home and asked me what the mess was on the porch, I said I had no idea, I'd been surfing on the net all evening. But I think it would be a long time before I ever went online again,,,

This ghost story was written and read by Keith Foster. Our sound engineers were Calle Nilsson and Christina Budde Roos and the music was by Nadine and Tanya Byrne. This was a UR production.

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to hover – *att sväva*

a mess – *en röra, oreda*