



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-11-10
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: Straight to the top

Hi, my name is Amanda. I've always liked testing myself, seeing how fast I can run, how high I can jump, how quickly I can move my feet when I dance. I'm pretty thin, but I'm strong too! The guys know they can't make fun of me, because I can beat them at arm-wrestling. Most of them, anyway.

I belong to my local climbing club. In an old warehouse they have built 4 or 5 different walls, with lots of holds. You need strong fingers, good balance and concentration. One mistake, and you fall.

One boy did that, once, at my club. A long time ago, before I started climbing. He was called Chris and he was the best climber at the club. He was always trying to climb the highest wall, the one with an extra bit at the top that sticks out. The club have called it the impossible wall. So everyone tried it, and everyone failed. But Chris wouldn't give up, so they say, even though the club owners told him to stop.

You know, you never climb alone. You always have a partner. Someone down on the floor who is watching you, in case the automatic safety doesn't work. If you do fall, the safety leaves you hanging around in mid-air, looking silly. Your partner slowly brings you down, safe and sound.

Well, one day Chris broke into the club to climb the impossible wall. The dumb thing was that he went in alone. The next day they found him on the floor, dead. Did he make it to the top? I think so..

Anyway, no time to think about that, I'm halfway up the highest wall and clinging on with one hand. One toe is in a little hole to my left, but my right leg is waving in the air because it can't get a grip. After a few seconds it feels like I've found somewhere to put my knee, but if I press down on it I will be off balance. Do I dare?

quickly – snabbt
thin – smal
strong - stark
beat - besegra
arm-wrestling - armbrytning

climbing club -
klättringsklubb
warehouse - lagerlokal
holds - handtag

impossible – omöjlig

failed – misslyckades
even though – fastän

safety – säkerhetsanordning
mid-air – mitt i luften
silly – dum

the dumb thing –
det dumma

halfway – halvvägs
clinging – klänger sig fast
waving – viftar
grip – grepp

off balance – ur balans
dare – vågar



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Modern Ghost Stories

PROGRAMMANUS

PROGRAMNR: 102666ra 3

“Heh heh... you’d better be careful there. Push yourself out and you’re gone!”

I hear the voice, not whispering but not shouting either. It’s just like someone chatting to me in a café. But I shout down to Jeff, who’s holding my rope on the floor, just to check.

“Jeff? Did you say something?”

“Me?” says Jeff, who doesn’t talk very much. “No, not me! You all right?”

“Yes I’m fine, just hold on to that rope.”

I lift up my leg and push, and get to the next level, no problem. Hah! Then I do a dumb thing. They say you should never look down when you climb, but my mistake is looking up. At the top of the wall I see the bottom of a pair of sneakers. Someone is sitting up there!

At first I just stare at the sneakers. How could he have climbed past me? I didn’t see anyone, and besides, I’m the fastest climber at the club.

“Are you still down there? When will you make it up to the top like me?” says the guy wearing the sneakers.

Then I see where he is sitting. He’s sitting right at the top of the “impossible wall”. But how could that be true? I lean back to get a better view.

“Well, I can see you won’t make it today. Bye!” he says.

Suddenly I lose my grip. I’ve leant out too far! With a shout I start to fall backwards, away from the wall, down, down... until the safety rope does its job, and and I’m left hanging there in mid-air. Jeff jokes about it as he lets me down, but I hate it when that happens and I leave without saying a word.

I see a poster at the club. Rick Sanchez, a professional climbing star,

chatting – *snackar*
check – *kolla*

level – *nivå*

sneakers – *gympaskor*

stare – *stirrar*
fastest – *snabbaste*

wearing – *har på sig*

lean back – *luta sig tillbaka*

view - *sikt*

backwards – *bakåt*

poster – *affisch*



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is coming to give us a demonstration. It's a big thing, we don't get many stars out here! He's going to climb the "impossible wall". Hmpf, I'll believe it when I see it.

On the big day, I make sure I am at the front of the crowd. The star looks cool, with a beard and long dark hair, and he waves to everybody. He tells us he is going to "make the impossible wall look easy". Yeah, right, Mr. Sanchez.

Well, he starts off fast. He's 5 metres up in a flash, and turns round and blows a kiss to us all. I stick out my tongue. Every time he stops, he tells us what kind of move he is using.

10 metres up, and even I have to admit he's good. Smooth moves, strong arms, and legs that he can lift as high as a ballet dancer. Around me the guys cheer when Sanchez shows us another cool move. But now he's getting slower – he's come to the impossible top part of the wall.

It's difficult, because he almost has to jump to the next footholds. Not many people are skillful enough to do that, but Sanchez does. Soon he comes under the ledge that means he has to climb out, away from the wall. He is underneath it, spread out like a big X, he puts one hand on the ledge to pull himself up. We all hold our breath. No-one has done this before.

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

We all hold our breath. No-one has done this before. Sanchez pulls, and the top of his body is over the ledge. It looks like he's going to make it after all! Then he stops, and his head moves backwards like someone's punched him. There's a pause, and silence in the hall, before Sanchez slowly falls back. He's halfway down the wall before the safety stops him and they can let him down slowly.

Sanchez's face is white as he walks away. Someone shouts out to him to tell us what happened, what went wrong, but he just mutters the Spanish word "muerte".

crowd – (här): publik
beard – skägg

in a flash – blixtsnabbt
blows – blåser
stick out ones tongue – lipa

admit – erkänna
smooth – mjuka
ballet dancer – balettdansör
cheer – heja

skillful – skickliga
ledge – avsats

underneath – under

hold ones breath –
hålla andan

punched - slagit

muerte – död



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After that big disappointment, the club says no-one should try the impossible wall any more. They're going to tear it down next month. That's why I'm here on my own. I hid in the showers and waited for everyone to leave. Now it's just me and that wall.

I check my shoes and my gear and the rope, and off I go. I don't have a partner on the ground, but I've got my safety rope all right, so I won't fall all the way, unless some accident happens.

"Come on little girl, come on up!"

I can hear his voice, but I don't look up. Somehow I don't want to see those sneakers, not yet. I make my moves, I reach for the holds, I dig my toes in hard. It feels weird to be in this big hall all alone. I feel like a spider climbing up the wall, like a, like a superhero.

5 metres, 7 metres, now 10. I'm up to the impossible part and I thank Mr. Sanchez for showing me how to make the next step. I position my body just like he did, I take a deep breath and I push with both feet, grabbing onto the holds. I miss with my left hand and for a moment it feels like I'm not gonna make it.

"Higher, just a bit higher."

The voice tells me where to put my hand, and suddenly I'm on track again. I climb up to the ledge and hang. My shoulders are so tired! I know I don't have the strength to pull myself over.

I throw one arm over the ledge, searching for a handhold. I find something, and I grab on tight. This is the hardest part, because I have to let go with my feet and just use my arms. I close my eyes, cry out and let go. I throw the other arm over the ledge, and search for that second hold. But it's not there! My fingers slip and I can feel myself falling.

Until something grabs my wrist. It pulls my arm, it guides me until I find the hole that is put there for a hold. I pull with both arms, harder than I've ever done before. I feel something on my back, helping me up. I make it, up onto the top, and I lie there for minutes, just

disappointment –
besvikelse
tear down – *riva ner*
hid – *gömde*

gear - *utrustning*

accident – *olycka*

weird – *konstigt*

push – (*här*): *skjuter ifrån*

on track – *på rätt väg*

slip – *halkar*

wrist – *handled*



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breathing.

Slowly my body returns to normal, and I sit up. I'm ready to say something, to speak to the boy who helped me. But I laugh at myself, because of course there's no-one here. No ghosts, no boy. Just me, sitting on a ledge, almost high enough to touch the ceiling.

Oh, there is one other thing. A dirty, empty, lonely, sneaker.

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

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laugh at – *skrattar åt*

ceiling - *innertak*