



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-11-24
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: The Crane

Rain against a window

Craig was finding it hard to sleep. Not that that was anything new, but tonight it was a problem because he had run out of batteries. Normally when sleep was a problem Craig would grab a book to read for a while. But he couldn't use the lamp by his bed - there was too big a chance his parents would see the light slipping out under the door. And they didn't like that. They didn't like it when he couldn't sleep. They didn't want a kid who was neurotic.

So Craig was careful about appearing strange or unusual. He didn't want to worry his parents. So when he couldn't sleep he took a book and read it by the light of his torch, facing away from the door. And at the slightest sound from the hallway, like steps or arguing or crying, he would switch the torch off and close the book.

That night Craig lay awake, thinking of nothing in particular but unable to stop his mind racing around in circles like a dog chasing its tail. Outside, the rain fell steadily, and the wind began to blow so hard that it was forcing the window to move in its old frame. Bonk! Went the glass pane, as if a bird had flown straight into the window. Which wouldn't be surprising if it did happen, as Craig lived on the sixth floor of his apartment block.

Craig got out of bed and went to the window. He looked out at the huge space between his building and those on the other side of the giant hole in the ground. To Craig it looked like a crater on the moon, a crater where men had landed and were building the first lunar base. Right here though, they were building a new school and the hole was full of machines and piles of gravel.

And the crane. The huge, tall crane that towered over the hole like a giant letter T. The crane that reached up, right up to the level of

a crane – *en lyftkran*

to slip – *att glida*

neurotic – *neurotisk*

to appear –
att framstå, verka

unusual – *(här): annorlunda*

a torch – *en ficklampa*

slight - *svag*

switch off - *släcka*

to race – *(här): att rusa*

steadily - *stadigt*

a window frame –

en fönsterkarm

a glass pane – *en glasruta*

an apartment block –
ett hyreshus

huge – *enorm*

a crater – *en krater*

a lunar base – *en månbas*

a pile – *en hög*

gravel – *grus*

to tower – *att torna upp sig*



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Modern Ghost Stories

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Craig's window. Right now it was pointing away to the left, its lamps lighting up the building site, although no work was going on in the middle of the night.

After watching the rain smack against the glass for a while, Craig felt cold and he crept back into bed, closing the curtains behind him. This time sleep was no stranger, and he drifted off into a rainy dream... a dream about giant mice, mice that had made a hole in his bedroom wall and stuck their heads out to squeak at him, louder and louder. One squeak was so loud and so close that Craig felt sure the mouse was licking his ear. And it was a very, very big mouse too.

He woke, rubbing his ear to get the mouse tongue goo out of it, although thankfully that part of the dream did not turn out to be real. Mouse tongue goo was nothing Craig was keen to taste. But there was a squeaking noise. Outside. He jumped up again and looked out. Outside his window he saw no mice, giant or otherwise. Nothing, in fact, except... the crane. Hadn't it been pointing to the left before? Now it was over to the right, over towards the supermarket on that side of the crater.

Had it moved? Was that the squeaky noise? Craig looked at the little cabin on the side of the T, but he couldn't see anyone sitting in there. Why should they, so late at night with no building work going on? He must have been mistaken, they wouldn't have left the crane loose so it could swing about in the wind, would they?

He curled up in bed again. He sighed and closed his eyes, pulling his bedcover over his head, enjoying the cosiness of the little world he just made. He remembered how as a little boy he had built small worlds for himself by hanging blankets over the kitchen table and crawling inside, playing there for hours while his parents walked around outside, pretending he wasn't there.

Sometimes he'd have a torch in there too, when it was evening and the lights were turned off. And then there was that one time, that bad time, when he'd taken a box of matches inside instead, to feel like it was a real camping tent out in the wilderness. Craig could still hear his mother's scream when she smelled smoke from the kitchen table...

to smack – *att smälla*

to drift off – *att driva iväg*

to squeak – *att pipa*

goo – *gegga, kladd*

keen – *ivrig*

a cabin – *(här): en hytt*

to curl up – *att kura ihop sig*
a bedcover – *ett täcke*
cosiness – *hemtrevlighet*

wilderness – *vildmark*



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Squeaky noise

But now there was a light! Even under the cover with his eyes half closed, Craig saw the light flash through his room. The floorboard creaked. Then sure enough came the thing he was scared of – his father’s voice. “Craig? Are you playing with your torch? Are you awake?” Craig kept quiet, hoping they would give up, but no chance. The door opened slowly. “Craig? Are you reading in bed? We saw the light!”

Craig knew he couldn’t keep up the pretense, they would just pull back his covers. So he sat up slowly and spoke in as sleepy a voice as possible. “Whhatt.. dad? Mum? No, I was asleep.”

“But we saw the light coming from your room!”

“Oh..yes.. I saw that too! It must be the crane. The building works crane outside. It must have flashed past the window.”

“The crane?” asked his father, walking to the window and looking out. “You’re joking, aren’t you? It’s the middle of the night, who would be operating a crane at this time?” His mother looked at him with a sad look on her face. “Oh Craig, I thought we’d talked about this. You can’t make up stories about cranes, dear.”

“But it WAS the crane. It must have swung past my window! It was over by the supermarket before, perhaps they haven’t locked it up properly! It’s very windy.”

“So you’re saying the wind blew that heavy building crane past your window.”

“Yes! It must have done!”

“All right, come over here then,” said his father. “Where did you say the crane was pointing? Toward the supermarket? Well, where is it now?” Craig looked over to the left, ready to point out the stupid crane, but to his surprise it wasn’t there. It stayed over to the right. He looked up at his father and shrugged. It wasn’t worth carrying on with

to creak – *att knaka, knarra*

keep up the pretense –
fortsätta låtsas

to operate –
(här): att manövrera

properly – *ordentligt*

to shrug –
att rycka på axlarna



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the argument.

“Don’t you start reading again now. Back to bed, straight to sleep, no messing about. Otherwise you’ll be sleeping in our room on the floor.” With that his parents left the room, his mum gave him one final sad look before she closed the door. Craig felt like the bed was sinking underneath him, and even though he wrapped himself up in the covers, he couldn’t get warm. Why did he always feel so bad when they looked sad like that? It wasn’t his fault that the crane was evil.

Thinking about how he would get back in his parents’ good books, Craig fell asleep. The noise of something brushing the window, and not just the wind. Had dad left it open? No, the room would be freezing. Perhaps it was just his imagination.

Then the sound at the window returned, louder this time. Much louder. Craig jumped up in his bed, his mouth wide open in surprise. He looked over at the window, making sure it wasn’t broken. But no, there was no jagged hole in the glass. He checked out the hallway. His parents must have heard that noise!

There had been a noise at the window. He wasn’t sure whether to get up – what if there was something out there? Some creature? Then before he could think again, his mind was made up by the sound of footsteps in the hallway. Yes they were coming back, they had heard! This time Craig had to have proof that something outside the house was causing the trouble, not him!

He leapt out of bed and ran to the window, when suddenly a crash was heard and the window broke open into the bedroom. Craig stopped, stunned. He could see a corner of metal moving, as the end of the crane began to back away from the broken window. He had to stop it moving away, he had to prove it was really the crane!

Craig jumped forward, reaching out to grab the silent crane before it left the window. He heard his mum scream as his hand held onto the steel of the end of the crane, and he felt the rush of cold, wet air as the metal moved, pulling him out into the night. Craig remembered shouting something about being right, before his window was behind him, his parents’ faces slowly disappearing as he was swept around

to mess about –
att ställa till med något

underneath – *under*

jagged – *ojämn*

proof – *bevis*

stunned – *paff*

steel – *stål*



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across the crater. He looked ahead into the cabin, and the last thing he saw was how cosy it looked in that little glass and metal house. Even though it was quite empty.

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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