



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-01
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

ENGELSKAI
PROGRAMMANUS

PROGRAMNR: 102740ra 8

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: The Trip

Car door closing, engine starting.

"Welcome to your car. I will be with you on your journey. Let me guide you."

The sweet voice came out of the dashboard when Dad started the engine. Dad started laughing, and mum smiled and said "well they knew who was going to drive when they programmed that voice!"

I don't see how they could have known! Mum liked to drive too, so she might just as well have been the one doing the driving. But now she couldn't because she had broken one of her arms. It was covered in white plaster from just over her elbow right down to her hand, so only her fingers were sticking out.

I'm glad I haven't broken my arm. It must have hurt! Roads are dangerous, mum and dad have always told me that, so I don't cycle on big roads if I can help it. Even being in a car can be scary when you're going fast, but dad's a good driver. I get a bit carsick sometimes, but it's better if I have the window open a little bit. I like the fresh air.

"Exit the car park and take the first turn to the left" said the GPS voice, coming from just under a map on a screen, in the middle of the dashboard.

"Yes of course darling", said dad, and he laughed again when mum hit him lightly on the arm. "Be careful or I'll hit you with this next time!" she said, waving her plastered arm at him. Dad just laughed again, and he drove out of the car park and turned left, just like the voice had said.

Mum screamed "Look out!" and I just screamed as dad turned the

a dashboard –
en instrumentbräda

plaster – gips

carsick – åksjuk



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wheel off to the right as hard as he could! We just missed crashing into a car coming straight towards us! They drove on the left hand side of the road here in Cyprus, and dad had forgotten that! Once we were driving safely again, we all relaxed. We were ok.

Then I heard a giggle.

I wasn't sure where it came from. Mum and dad looked at each other and didn't say a word, and I just stared out of the window. But someone giggled, I'm sure.

We had rented the car to drive around the mountains in Cyprus. Some people don't know there are any mountains in Cyprus, they think it's all beaches and some old ruins. Well, we've seen some ruins (boring) and been lying on the beach and by the pool (fun), but now mum and dad are worried that we'd all get sunburn and so they decided to go driving. It's a nice car and the idea of having a GPS was something dad liked especially.

"Continue on this road for three kilometers, then turn right."

There she was again, that GPS voice. Dad laughed and we carried on. It was quite a straight road, so I looked out of the window and I wasn't scared of getting carsick. Outside, the countryside was dry, like a desert looks I should think.

We came to some trees and a little bit of green countryside, just as the voice told dad to turn right and take us inland, away from the sea.

"We're going up now. Are you ready for the mountain?"

"Yes mum," I said. "It's gonna be fun. Will it be cold?"

"Sorry Anna, what did you say? I was reading a guidebook", she replied.

I was a bit cross. After all, she was the one who asked the question in the first place! I told mum so and she told me she hadn't said anything, but I know she did. I heard it clearly.

a wheel – *en ratt*

the left hand side –
vänster sida

to relax – *att slappna av*

giggle – *fnitter, fniss*

to rent – *att hyra*

sunburn – *solsveda*

a desert – *en öken*

countryside – *landsbygd*
inland – *inåt landet*

cross – *sur*



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I went back to looking out of the window. It was getting greener, there were trees and stone walls and sometimes I could see through gaps and see farmhouses and people in black clothes and even a donkey! Dad started making ee-oor noises and I laughed and mum told him not to do it out of the window, someone might hear, so of course he wound down his window and did it even louder. It was really funny.

“Turn left after 200 metres. Don’t make fun of people here. After the turn, follow the road for 4 kilometres.”

I jumped up in my seat. I looked at mum and dad to see what they would say. How could the GPS computer know what dad had done? But they didn’t say anything at all, mum just pointed to the road sign where we were meant to turn off.

“Dad, did you hear what she said?”

“Yes darling, we’re on the right road, don’t worry. Soon be at the top.”

“No, when she told you not to make fun of people.”

“Haha... did she? Well I suppose even local cars have feelings!

I didn’t know what to say, so I just sat with my arms crossed and stared angrily into the driving mirror. When dad looked into it he would be sure to see me and say sorry.

But he didn’t. He and mum were talking about what to do on the mountain and what it was called and how many tourists there would be and so on and on. They weren’t listening to me.

“Turn right in 200 metres. You don’t deserve to enjoy my island. Continue straight ahead for 2 kilometres.”

“Dad!”

“Shhh, Anna,” said dad. “We’re talking and I’m trying to drive. You don’t want me to drive off the road, do you?”

I looked out of the window. We were starting to drive uphill. There

a gap – en öppning
a donkey – en åsna
a noise – ett oljud

to wind – att veva

local - härifrån

crossed – i kors

to deserve – att förtjäna
to enjoy – att njuta av

off the road – från vägen

uphill – uppför



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were more trees and when there weren't I saw the ground was a long, long way down.

"Keep following the road. The dangerous, narrow road. They can't hear me, Anna."

Did she say my name? I shouted, making a noise without even thinking about it. Dad must have heard that!

"Mum, Dad, she said my name! My.."

Just as I spoke, a bus drove past us, going downhill. It was on the other side of the road, but the mountain road was so narrow I thought the bus would drive straight into us, right between mum and dad and straight towards me! The whole car shook, it was so loud! The bus was going very fast, it disappeared almost as soon as I heard it.

"That was close! Haha.."

"Dad, turn that computer off!"

"Don't shout at me, didn't you see how close that bus was?"

"Oh, give your dad some peace so he can concentrate, Anna!"

The car was really close to the edge now, and we had come so far up the mountainside, I could see it was a long, long, long way down. Every few seconds the road would turn back on itself as it took us up the mountain, and dad turned the wheel around to stay on the road. Every time the GPS voice would make whooshing and screaming noises, as if we were on a rollercoaster at a theme park.

"Mum! Turn the computer off! It wants us to crash!"

"Be quiet now Anna. This is a difficult road, these turns are tight!"

Mum was right, and they were getting tighter as we got higher up. I heard the GPS voice giggling. Then, we made a big turn and came out onto a straight bit. I could see another sharp turn ahead of us, and behind it there was only blue sky.

narrow – *small*

edge – *kant*

whoosh – *vina, susa*
a rollercoaster –
en berg-och-dalbana
a theme park – *en nöjespark*



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“Drive straight ahead”

What was she saying?

“Drive straight ahead. Do not turn.”

“Dad! Don’t listen to her!”, I shouted.

“We’re almost there now darling. Straight ahead and we’ll be there,” he said. He held hard onto the steering wheel, keeping it steady.

“Yes, straight on,” said mum. “Then we can stop and see the view!”

What was she saying? We wouldn’t see the view, we would BE the view!

The turn was getting closer and closer, and the stupid voice was laughing out loud now! How could they not hear it? But mum and dad didn’t hear it and they wouldn’t listen to me. It was as if they were hypnotised!

I saw the red button that was flashing under the tiny map on the screen.

As we drove towards the turn I jumped up from the back seat, between mum and dad and hit the button with my hand. The laughing stopped. Mum grabbed me with her good arm as dad stamped his foot on the brake and turned the wheel. I shut my eyes, the tyres screeched... and our car stopped. Me and mum looked slowly out of the car window, at the blue sky and the steep, steep mountainside.

“It IS a nice view, isn’t it?” she said.

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.

to flash – (här): att blinka
tiny – liten

brake – broms
a tyre – ett däck
to screech – att skrika, tjuta
steep - brant

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