



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-08
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: the Crane

Craig could not sleep. That was nothing new, but tonight it was a problem because he had no batteries. Normally when sleep was a problem, Craig would read a book for a while. But he couldn't use the lamp by his bed - his parents would see the light under his bedroom 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 nervous. They wanted a normal son.

Craig was careful not to seem strange. He didn't want to worry anyone, especially his parents. So when he couldn't sleep he took a book and read it under the bedcover by the light of his torch. And at the slightest sound from the hall, like steps or arguing or crying, he would switch the torch off and close the book.

Tonight this was a problem, because of the batteries he didn't have. Craig lay awake. His mind was running around in circles like a dog chasing its tail. Outside it was raining, and the wind began to blow so hard that the window shook. Bonk! Went the glass, as if a bird had flown straight into the window. Which would not surprise Craig because he lived on the sixth floor of his apartment block.

The wind blew again. Craig got out of bed and went to the window. He looked out at the large space between his building and those on the other side of the giant hole in the ground. Craig thought it looked like a crater on the moon. A crater where men had landed, because they were building a new school and the hole was full of machines and huts and piles of stones. And the crane. The huge, tall crane that was towering over the hole like a giant letter T. The crane reached up as high as Craig's window. It was pointing away to the left, its lamps were on, but no work was going on in the middle of the night.

Craig watched the rain for a while, but soon he felt cold and he closed the curtains and crept back into bed. This time sleep was easier, and

for a while – *ett tag*

nervous – *nervös*

to seem – *att verka*

strange – *konstig*

worry - *oroa*

especially –

i synnerhet, särskilt

bedcover – *täcke*

torch - *ficklampa*

slightest – *minsta lilla*

arguing – *grälände*

switch off –

stänga av, släcka

lay – *låg*

tail - *svans*

shook - *skakade*

flown – *flugit*

apartment block - *hyreshus*

space – *(här): område*

giant – *jättestora*

crater - *krater*

huts – *(här): baracker*

piles – *högar*

crane – *(här): lyftkran*

towering – *tornade upp sig*

curtains – *gardiner*



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ENGELSKAI

Modern Ghost Stories

PROGRAMMANUS

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he started dreaming a rainy dream...a dream about giant mice, mice that had made a hole in his bedroom wall and stuck out their heads 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.

He woke up, rubbing his ear to get the mouse tongue goo out of it, but of course there was no goo, it was just a dream. Thank God! Mouse tongue goo was nothing Craig wanted to taste. But there was a squeaking noise. Outside. He jumped up again and looked out. No mice out there. Nothing, in fact. Except, that crane. Hadn't it been pointing to the left before? Now it was over to the right, over towards the shops on that side of the crater.

Had it moved? Was that the squeak? Craig looked at the little cabin on the side of the T, but he couldn't see anyone sitting in there. It was night time, after all. He must have been wrong, they wouldn't have left the crane loose so it could swing about in the wind, would they?

Craig curled up back in bed. He sighed and closed his eyes and pulled his bedcover over his head. He remembered how as a little boy he had built a camp by hanging blankets over the kitchen table and crawling inside, playing there for hours while his parents walked around, pretending he wasn't there.

Sometimes he would 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. Craig could still hear his mother's scream when she smelled smoke from under the kitchen table..

But now there was a light! Even under the bed cover with his eyes half closed, Craig saw the light flash through his room. He was scared. What was happening outside, in the rain? Who was shining a light?

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

What was happening outside, in the rain? Who was shining a light? He looked out from under the covers as it swept past again, shining

mice – *möss*
stuck out – *stack ut*
squeak – *pipa*

was licking – *slickade*

goo – *kladd*

noise – *oväsen*

cabin – *hytt*

loose – *lös*
swing – *svänga*

curled – *kurade ihop sig*
sighed – *suckade*
camp – *läger*
blankets – *filtar*
crawling – *kravlade*

pretending – *låtsades*

box of matches –
tändsticksask
tent – *tält*

flash – *lysa till*

shining – *lysa*



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through the blue curtains as if they weren't there.

A floorboard creaked and Craig heard the thing he was really 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 the door slowly opened.

"Craig? Are you reading in bed? We saw the light!"

Craig knew he had to answer, so he sat up slowly and said, "Whhatt.. dad? Mum? No, I was asleep."

"But we saw the light from your room!"

"Oh..yes.. I saw that too! It must be the 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 using the crane now?" His mother turned around with a sad look on her face. "Oh Craig, I thought we talked about this. You mustn't make up stories, dear."

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

"So you're saying the wind blew that great big 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? At the shop? Well, where is it now?" Craig looked out and saw that it was still pointing there. It hadn't moved. He looked up at his father and shrugged. It wasn't worth arguing about.

"Don't start reading now. Back to bed, straight to sleep, no messing about. Otherwise you'll be sleeping in our room - on the floor." His parents went out, and his mum gave him one final sad look before she closed the door. Why did he always feel so bad when they looked sad

floorboard – *golvräda*
creaked – *knakade*

quiet – *tyst*

you're joking – *du skämtar*
middle of the night –
mitt i natten
sad look – *ledsen min*

swung – *svingat*

locked it up – *last fast den*

shrugged –
ryckte på axlarna
worth – *värt*
messing about – *tramsande*

otherwise – *annars*
final – *sista*



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like that? It wasn't his fault that the crane was evil.

He heard a bonk. The noise of something knocking against the window, and not just the wind. Had his dad left it open? No, the room would be freezing. Perhaps it was just his imagination. Craig turned over again.

Until the bonk! sound returned, louder this time. Much louder. He looked over at the window to make sure that it wasn't broken. Then he checked out the hallway. His parents must have heard that! He was not sure if he should get up – what if there was something out there? Some monster, hanging onto the wall? Then before he could think, he heard 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 was causing the trouble, not him! He jumped out of bed and ran to the window, when there was a huge crash and glass smashed into the bedroom. Craig stopped. He could see a corner of metal moving, as the end of the crane began to back away from the hole it had made in the window. He had to stop it, he had to prove it was really the crane!

Craig jumped forward. He reached out to grab the crane before it left the window. He heard his mum scream as his hand grabbed onto the end of the crane, and he felt the cold, wet air as the metal moved, pulling him out into the night sky. Craig shouted something about being right, before his window was a long, long way behind him. His parents' faces slowly disappeared as he was swept around across the crater. He looked straight into the cabin, and the last thing he thought was how nice and warm it looked in that little glass and metal house. But it was empty. Very empty.

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

fault – *fel*
evil – *ond*

freezing - *iskallt*
imagination - *fantasi*

checked – *kollade*
the hallway – *hallen*

proof – *bevis*
causing – *orsakade*
huge – *enorm*
crash – *krasch*
smashed – *krossades*

prove – *bevisa*

forward – *framåt*
reached out – *sträckte sig ut*
grab – *ta tag*

disappeared – *försvann*
swept – *svept*
across – *tvärs över*
straight – *rakt fram*