



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-22
 PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: No substitute for life

Mr. Brown was sick. Again. Maybe it was our fault. I guess the strain of teaching us would make most people sick. But what did they expect? French was a boring subject and you just had to play around sometimes. It wasn't anything personal. And as he was sick it meant... a substitute teacher! A sub!

Subs were more fun than Brown because they didn't know us. They weren't prepared for our tricks. Throwing paper, passing notes, making each other's phones ring, trips to the toilet, asking silly questions.. We just liked a game.

So we were excited to see who would turn up when we sat in classroom 110C. It was an old room in an old school building. The windows in our room didn't shut properly and the books were all torn and curled up like old cabbage. Me, Mike, Davey and Janey sat at the back, so we had the best view and we could play around the most.

So that morning we were all chatting away when we heard a voice from the desk at the front. It was almost a whisper, but it was heard by everyone. I looked up. There was a teacher at the desk, although I hadn't heard the door. It was a woman, quite young, in a long black skirt and white blouse. She had her hair tied back in a bun, and wore sunglasses that made it hard to see her eyes.

"Good morning class. Bonjour! Alors, maintenant," she started saying. "Je m'appelle Madame Lutin". Lutin, didn't that mean rabbit? I asked Janey, and she giggled. Mike and Davey laughed too, and I collapsed with my head on the desk, laughing my ass off. Then suddenly I felt something cold, like someone had opened a fridge right in front of me. I turned my head, and right next to me I saw the back of that black skirt. The sub teacher was standing there, looking at Janey.

I leaned back on my chair to see what would happen. Somehow I was

fault – *fel*
strain – *ansträngning*
expect – *förvänta sig*
subject - *skolämne*

substitute teacher - *vikarie*

prepared - *förberedda*
passing notes –
skicka lappar
silly - *dumma*

excited – *spända på*

properly – *ordentligt*
torn – *slitna*
curled up – *ihoprullade*
cabbage - *kål*

chatting away –
snackade på
desk – (*här*): *kateder*
whisper - *viskning*
although - *fastän*

tied back – *knutet bakåt*
bun - *knut*

Alors, maintenant –
(franska) Nu så
Je m'appelle –
(franska) Jag heter
giggled - *fnittrade*

fridge – *kylskåp*

I leaned back –
jag lutade mig tillbaka
somehow – *på något sätt*



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-22
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PROGRAMNR: 102666ra 9

glad that it wasn't me having to look up into this woman's face. Janey looked scared. The sub said something to her, so very, very low I couldn't hear it even though I was only a metre or so away.

Janey's face went as white as the teacher's blouse, and she shut her mouth. Her eyes were wide open and it seemed like she couldn't take them off the sub's face. After a few seconds I felt that black skirt move away, and Janey sat completely still.

"Janey! Janey?" I whispered. "What's wrong?"

No answer. She just sat there, and Madame Lutin was talking again. The rest of the class had shut up and it was quieter in there than I'd ever heard before. Not even Mr. Brown ever made us this silent! I decided to do something about it!

I made a piece of paper into an aeroplane. OK, it wasn't so original, but the classics work every time. I threw the plane - and I know how to throw paper planes. I've had practice! It was sailing beautifully over the heads of the guys in front of me, to the corner of the room. The class was looking up at it! Here we go, I thought!

Until it stopped. I mean *stopped*. In mid-air. Then the teacher walked between the desks and reached up, and grabbed it. She screwed it up and threw it away. And when she screwed the paper up, it didn't make a sound.

"Oh, sorry miss, I didn't expect air traffic control!" I said loudly. Now, normally the class would laugh at that sort of joke but this time - not a giggle.

"*Davidd?*" She said it in a French accent, which annoyed me. I stood up. "Yes Miss?" I answered.

"MadAME Lutin," she said as she moved slowly towards me. I felt my legs getting weak as that coldness grew around me again. "You have been naughty, little boy," she whispered. Close up she smelt funny. Old, like libraries. "In my day you would have been tied to a post, so everyone could throw mud and sticks at you. But sadly this is no longer so. Instead, you will report to the headmaster's office.

blouse - *blus*

completely - (*här*): *absolut*

shut up - *tystnat*

silent - *tysta*

I decided -

jag bestämde mig

a piece of paper -

ett papper

aeroplane - *flygplan*

beautifully - *vackert*

corner - *hörn*

mid-air - *mitt i luften*

screwed it up -

knycklade ihop det

air traffic control -

luftfartskontroll

joke - *skämt*

annoyed - *irriterade*

weak - *svaga*

coldness - *kyla*

naughty - (*här*): *stygg*

smelt funny -

luktade konstigt

libraries - *bibliotek*

post - *stolpe*

mud - *lera*

headmaster - *rektor*



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-22
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Maintenant!”

She backed away, still looking at me, like some 3D film effect. I could not stop following her, walking forwards, until I was outside the classroom door.

Once I was out of the room I began to think about what she had said. What did she mean with tying me to a post, in her day? That sounded like a threat! I decided to do just what she had said, to go to the headmaster. And tell him that I had been threatened with violence! That would put her in real trouble.

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

I walked down some stairs and along corridors, checking in through windows to see what was going on in the other classes.. Over there was chemistry, there was music and, wait a minute! In room 45B there was a woman with a white blouse, a black skirt and sunglasses! Teaching some class of spotty 4th graders! I stood outside the door, trying to get a really good look at her, when the door opened and a kid came out. I grabbed him by the collar.

“Ow! Get off me!” he said, but I had him in a good grip.

“Shut up,” I said. “Who’s the teacher in there?”

“I don’t know, Mrs. Luton or something. She’s a sub!” he said in a shaky voice. “Let me go! I’ve only got two minutes to go to the toilet, or she’ll do something nasty!”

I let the kid go, and he ran off to the loo. So she had this class frightened too? But how could she be in two lessons at once? Did she have a twin sister, or was I dreaming?

Soon I had come to the headmaster’s office, and I was just going to knock when his door opened and something hit me. It wasn’t like actually bumping into someone, more like an electric shock would feel. My thoughts stopped. Right in front of me was Madame Lutin!

forwards – framåt

threat – hot
violence – våld

what was going on –
vad som hände
chemistry – kemi

class of spotty –
(här): ett gäng med
småpluttar
collar – krage

grip – grepp

shaky – skakig
nasty – otäck

loo – (slang) toalett
frightened – skräm
twin – tvilling

knock – knacka
hit – slog
bumping into – dunsas in i
shock – chock



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-22
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Modern Ghost Stories

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PROGRAMNR: 102666ra 9

She looked me up and down, and reached up to her glasses.

“Aha so it is you. You run into ladies, like some goat on a farm. Do you know how to use your eyes?”

She pulled her sunglasses down over her nose. But behind them was nothing. Nothing. Just two black, empty sockets, sucking me in like cold, windy caves. Everything went dark.

I woke up in the headmaster’s office. I was sitting in a big leather chair, and old Mr. Macdonald was waving a newspaper in my face.

“Ah, David Miller. So you’re awake! Good, good. And I think this time that you’ve learnt a lesson without hearing any lecture from me, so off you go, it’s lunchtime soon.” He sat down and turned away from me, as if telling me it was all over. But not for me!

“Who was that woman, Mr. Macdonald? She was at my class, and she was here, and she was..”

“Ah, yes, Madame Lutin. This is a poor school, David. We don’t have any sponsors, we need new books and some computers would be nice. But with so many teachers taking sick days, I have to bring in substitutes all the time, and they cost so much money!”

“Now don’t tell anyone this, but that lady is the answer. This place has always been haunted, you know, some ghost from the 17th century or something. A woman and her son died together here. In fact there’s a book about it in the school library, but you lot never go in there, do you!”

I nodded. That was true.

“Madame Lutin is saving us! A teacher who can take two or five or ten classes at one time.. And she doesn’t need to be paid! Oh, apart from one small thing, I’ve agreed to lock up a student in the cellar, next to her skeleton, once a year. Now, your name is on my list of possible victims, so don’t give her any more trouble. Now, off you go, I have reports to fill in.”

goat – *get*
farm – *bondgård*

sockets – *ögonhålor*
sucking me in – *sugandes in mig*
caves – *grottor*

leather – *läder*

was waving – *viftade*

awake – *vaken*

lecture –
(här): en straffpredikan

haunted – *hemsökt*
17th century – *1600-talet*

you lot – *såna som du*

nodded – *nickade*

apart from – *bortsett från*
lock up – *läsa in*
cellar – *källare*
skeleton – *skelett*
once – *en gång*
possible – *möjliga*
victims – *offer*
reports – *rapporter*



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I left his office and closed the door. A ghost as a sub? No wonder a paper plane didn't work. Hmm, how about if I made one out of a Bible page? Walking off to lunch, I began to think up some new ideas.....

page - sida

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

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