



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-12-29
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: the Kennel

Lynne had worked at the kennel for a month. She had always loved dogs, and was so happy to help out at the Lazy Hound kennels for some work experience. She wanted to be a vet, so working in a kennel would teach her a lot.

She climbed out of the bus in her boots and old jacket and walked into the kennel, to the cages where the dogs were kept. Some dogs stayed just during daytime, but others slept there while their owners were away.

“Hello Lynne, how are you? Fine? Oh, be nice to them today, seems like they had a bad night,” said Mrs Turner, the owner of the kennels.

“Hi Lynne, you’re early! Let’s take them out,” said Jackie, who looked after the dogs. Lynne smiled and nodded, she felt tired that morning, and the dogs seemed tired too. They weren’t barking and running around like they usually did. She opened the doors and put the leads onto their collars.

Lynne had to pull them out of their cages, especially Rascal, the little Yorkshire terrier that was normally so active. The dogs didn’t want to go past the door to the kennel’s clinic, so they pulled Lynne over to the other side of the room. “Come on Rascal, and Willy, and Blakey! Stop pulling like that King, out you go!” said Lynne. She almost fell into the mud as the dogs ran out into the fresh air.

Later that day she cleaned the cages with her big broom. Lynne thought about what Mrs. Turner had said in the morning. What had she meant about the dogs having a bad night? And why were they scared of the clinic room? None of the dogs were sick. She decided to ask Mrs. Turner the next day.

It was dark. The humans had gone. In the other cages, her pack was

kennel - hunddagis

work experience – praktik
vet (veterinarian) – veterinär

climbed – klättrade
boots – kängor
cages – burar
were kept – hölls
during - under

seems – det verkar som
owner – ägare

looked after –
såg efter, vaktade
tired - trött
barking – skällde
leads – koppel
collars - halsband

past - förbi

mud – lera
the fresh air – friska luften

broom – kvast, sopborste

meant - menat
scared – rädda
sick - sjuk

pack – flock



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settling down for the night.

Rascal's ears stood up. That sound came back, the sound she remembered. The scary sound. Rascal didn't want to look, but she had to. The others began to notice, the Chihuahuas, King the Rottweiler, even old Blakey. All of them were staring at the door, the cold place. King ran around and began to bite his cage. Rascal felt her heart beating so loud it almost drowned out the whining she heard everywhere.

When Lynne came back in the next morning, it was even quieter than the day before. All these dogs that used to jump up at her now sat still in their cages. They didn't want to go out, making it hard for Lynne to get their collars and leads on. At last she got them out into the yard, where she let them run. But King was too strong. The big black Rottweiler weighed almost as much as she did, and Lynne couldn't get King out of his cage.

Jackie and Mrs. Turner came into the dogs' room, and stood by the clinic door and the big freezer box next to it. They all stood looking at King, sitting in his cage, a rubber bone in his mouth. It made him look very silly, but he wouldn't move.

"Ok, leave him in there. Maybe he'll come out in the afternoon," said Mrs. Turner. "We don't want any more accidents." That didn't sound very good – the dogs were meant to come out twice a day. Lynne closed King's cage and she and Jackie took the others out for a long walk. Once they came out into the fields, the dogs began to act normally: the Chihuahuas jumped over each other, Blakey sniffed everything and Rascal played with a stick.

After a while, they turned around to go back. But before they reached the kennels, Rascal stopped and sniffed the air. She whined, looking around as if not sure about something, then she ran as fast as she could, until her lead snapped tight. She went crazy, barking and pulling, then looking back at Lynne as if begging her to let her go. When they got to the kennels all the dogs were crazy. Jackie was trying to calm them down and Lynne was scared. She'd never seen dogs being like this.

Jackie handed the leads to Lynne and went inside. The dogs went

was settling down – gjorde sig i ordning
remembered – kom ihåg

notice – lägga märke till

were staring - stirrade

bite – bita

beating – slå

drowned – dränkte

the whining - gnällandet

quieter – tystare

yard - gård

weighed – vägde

rubber – gummi

silly – dum

accidents – olyckor

twice – två gånger

fields – fälten, ängarna

act – (här): uppföra sig

sniffed – vädrade

stick – pinne

snapped – (här): ryckte till

barking – skällde

begging – tiggde

crazy – galna

calm them down –

lugna ner dem

handed – gav



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quiet, so Lynne heard clearly when Jackie said, "Oh no...".

Later on, the vet, Geoff, came out of the clinical room and took off his white coat. "It was his heart," he said to Lynne and Jackie and Mrs. Turner. "Strange. He was young and strong. I'm sorry, but that's all I can say." Geoff shook Mrs Turner's hand and walked away. On his way he noticed that Lynne was crying, and he patted her on the shoulder.

"Shall I call the owners?" said Jackie. "No!" said Mrs. Turner, in a voice that really scared Lynne. "I'll do that. Remember who has the power!" For a second Lynne thought Mrs. Turner's eyes were black.

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

Jackie went to King's cage. She started to clean it out, but Lynne saw something red under the straw. It was King's old rubber bone, chewed to pieces.

"If he had a bad heart it didn't stop him biting through this thick rubber, biting it to pieces," Lynne said. "You saw how Rascal acted before out there. What's going on?"

"I don't know," Jackie said. "I just want to clean this up and get out." She sounded hard, but she had to blow her nose twice when she was packing up King's stuff in a box for his owners.

Rascal sniffed the others as they ran around on the grass. Rascal told them about what she heard when they had been out walking, when King's death howl had warned them of the danger he saw.

That evening Lynne went back to the kennels. She unlocked the back door. What was worrying the dogs? What had scared King to death? It had to be something in that clinical room. The dogs didn't want to go anywhere near it. She unlocked the clinic's door, and crept inside.

She looked around for a while, but the only unusual things Lynne found were a box of black candles and a sharp knife with a bone

clearly – klart och tydligt

coat – rock

noticed – lade märke till
patted – klappade

the power – makten

straw – halm
chewed – tuggad
to pieces – i bitar

get out – komma härifrån
blow her nose – snyta sig
stuff – saker
box – låda

howl – ylande

unlocked – låste upp
was worrying – oroade

crept – smög

unusual – ovanliga
candles – ljus



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handle that wasn't really a medical tool. She heard the dogs making a noise and she went out to their cages.

Lynne was shocked. The room was freezing. It was like the thermometer had dropped from 20 degrees to zero in just a couple of seconds.

The dogs were all growling or whining, all of them looking towards the clinical room door. But she had found nothing in there! What was happening? Lynne had an idea. If she couldn't find the problem, perhaps the dogs could. She opened Rascal's cage.

"Go on girl, show me," she whispered.

Rascal heard the other dogs warning her. But she told them she had to stop the danger.

Lynne watched as the little terrier went closer and closer to the clinic. She shivered. It felt like something behind the door was waiting, waiting... Then to her surprise, Rascal stopped before she reached the door. Instead the dog stood and growled in front of the freezer beside the door. Everything was quiet. Then Lynne felt something go *through* her. It seemed to run around the kennels, making all the dogs bark in fear.

No! This must stop.

Rascal began to howl. She howled as loud as she could. The sound scared Lynne more than anything she'd ever heard. Then the other dogs joined in. It was like being in the middle of a pack of wolves.

Rascal jumped up and stood with her front paws against the freezer box. Lynne felt the fear inside her go away, and she walked up to Rascal and scratched the terrier behind her ear. Rascal looked up at Lynne with her big, brown eyes. Lynne opened the freezer. Inside she saw packs of dog food. She reached in and lifted the packs until she saw... until she saw... them.

One was a German Shepherd, an Alsatian dog. The side of the dog's head had been crushed and the fur was covered in dried blood.

handle – *handtag*
tool – *instrument*
noise – *oljud*

freezing – *iskallt*
degrees – *grader*
a couple of – *några*

were growling – *morrade*

perhaps – *kanske*

show – *visa*

shivered – *ryste*
surprise – *(här): förvåning*
reached – *nådde*
instead – *istället*
freezer – *frys*

paws – *tassar*
fear – *rädsla*
scratched – *kliade*

packs – *förpackningar*

German Shepherd, Alsatian
– *schäfer*
crushed – *krossat*
fur – *päls*



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Beside that was a poodle, and a collie. They were all wrapped up in black cloth, with strange Satanic symbols painted on them.

Lynne remembered what Mrs. Turner had said when King was alive. "We don't want another accident,".

Lynne closed the lid, turned and picked up Rascal in her arms. She hugged the terrier tight, and then put her back in her cage. She went into the shop to call the police.

This human has a good smell. At last we can sleep.

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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poodle – *pudel*
wrapped up – *insvepta*
Satanic - *satanist*
cloth – *tyg*

lid - *lock*