



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2013-06-02  
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

## Script and Word list

### *Signature*

#### **Modern Ghost Stories: Straight to the top**

Hi, my name is Amanda. I've always liked testing myself, seeing how fast I can run, how high I can jump, how quickly I can move my feet when I dance. I'm pretty thin, but I'm strong too! The guys know that they can't make fun of me, because I can beat them at arm-wrestling. Most of them, anyway.

I belong to my local climbing club. In an old warehouse we've built 4 or 5 different walls, with lots of holds. The holds are all called different things: crimpers, edges, handles, jibs, jugs, knobs, pinchers and sidepulls. They are shaped so you can grab them, some of them with your whole hand and others with just your thumb and a couple of fingers. You need strong fingers and good balance and concentration. One mistake, and you fall.

One boy did that, once. A long time ago, before I ever went there. He was called Chris and he was the best climber at the club. He was always trying to climb that impossible wall. The highest wall, with an extra bit that leans outwards. The club called it the impossible wall so everyone tried it and everyone failed. But Chris wouldn't give up, so they say.

You see, you never really climb alone. You always have a partner. That's someone down on the floor who is watching you. If you fall, your safety rope stops you. Instead you hang around, feeling a bit silly, and your partner then can bring you down, safe and sound.

One day Chris, he broke into the club to beat that impossible wall. The dumb thing was he went in alone. No-one knows if he made it, they just found his body on the floor. He climbed high enough for the fall to kill him, anyway. I reckon he made it.

Still, right now I'm not meant to be thinking about that, I'm halfway up the highest wall and clinging on by one hand. Luckily it's my stronger

**arm-wrestling** – *armbrytning*

**a warehouse** – *en lagerlokal*  
**hold** – *grepp*

**to grab** – *att gripa*

**a mistake** – *ett misstag*

**to lean** – *att luta*  
**outwards** – *utåt*

**safety** – *säkerhet*  
**silly** – *fånig*

**to reckon** – *att förmoda*

**to cling** – *att klänga sig fast*



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hand, my right, pinching a hold with my thumb and three fingers. One toe is in a little hole to my left, but my right leg is waving around in the air, feeling for somewhere it can get a grip.

“Heh heh... you’d better be careful there. Push yourself out and you’re gone!”

I hear the voice, it’s not whispering but it’s not shouting either. It’s like someone chatting to me in a café. But I do shout down to Jeff, who’s holding my rope down on the floor, just to check.

“What? Did you say something?”

“Me?” says Jeff, who doesn’t say very much at the best of times. “No not me! You all right?”

“Yes I’m fine.

I hook my leg up and push, and get onto the next level, no problem. Then I do a stupid thing. They say you should never look down when you climb, but my mistake is looking up. Right at the top of the wall I see the soles of a pair of sneakers. Above them is a cheeky face with sticky-out hair and a hip-hop cap.

At first I just stare at him. How could he have climbed past me? I didn’t see anyone, and besides, I’m the fastest climber at the club.

“You still down there? When are you gonna make it up to the top like me?” he says.

Then I see where he is sitting. He’s right at the top of the extra section, on the peak of the “impossible wall”. But how could he be? I lean back to get a better view.

“Well, I can see you won’t make it today. Bye!” he says.

Suddenly I feel a funny sensation in my tummy, and my fingers scratch at the holds as my grip loosens. I’ve leant out too far! With a shout I start to fall backwards, away from the wall, down, down... until the safety rope does its job, and I’m left hanging in mid-air. Jeff jokes

**to pinch** – *att klämma*

**a grip** – *ett grepp*

**to chat** – *att prata*

**to hook** – *att haka fast*

**a sole** – *en sula*

**cheeky** – *uppnosig*

**a peak** – *en topp*

**a sensation** – *en känsla*

**a tummy** – *sl. en mage*

**to scratch** – *att klösa*

**mid-air** – *mitt i luften*



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about it as he lets me down, but I hate it when that happens and I leave without saying a word.

I see a poster at the club. Rick Sanchez, a pro climbing star, is coming to give us a demonstration. That's a big thing, we don't get many stars out here! But he's going to climb the "impossible wall", that's what everyone says. I'll believe it when I see it.

On the day, I make sure I am at the front of the crowd. Oh Sanchez looks cool, with a beard and long hair. He's got a tight jersey and bicycle shorts and waves to everybody.

### *Cheering*

He gives us a little speech and tells us he is going to make the impossible wall easy. Yeah, right, Mr. Sanchez.

He starts off fast. He is five metres up in a flash, hanging from one hand while he turns around and blows a kiss to us all. I stick out my tongue.

Ten metres up, and I have to admit he is impressive. Smooth moves, good upper body strength, and legs that he can lift as high as a ballet dancer. Around me the guys clap when Sanchez pulls off another cool move. But now he's slowed up a bit – he's come to the impossible extra section of the wall. I see him pausing, choosing his route.

It's a tricky one, it means he has to jump to the next footholds. Not many people have the strength or the control to do that, but Sanchez manages it. After a couple of easier holds he comes to the ledge that means he has to climb outwards. He is underneath it, spread out in an X shape, when he pulls one hand on the ledge and drags himself up. We all hold our breath, no-one has ever done this before.

Sanchez pulls, and the top of his body is over the ledge. It looks like he's going to make the wall after all. Then he stops, his head snaps backwards like someone's punched him. There's a pause, and silence in the hall, before Sanchez slowly falls backwards and he's halfway down the wall before they let him down.

**a pro** – *sl. ett proffs*

**at the front of** – *längst fram*

**a speech** – *ett tal*

**to stick out the tongue** –  
*att lipa*

**to admit** – *att erkänna*  
**smooth** – *mjuk, jämn*

**to pull off** – *att klara av*

**a route** – *en väg*

**tricky** – *knepig*

**to manage** – *att klara av*  
**a ledge** – *en avsats*

**to snap** – *(här): att rycka*  
**to punch** – *att slå*



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Under the beard and long hair, Sanchez's face looks white now as he walks through the crowd. Someone shouts out to him to tell us what happened, what went wrong, but he just says the Spanish word "muerte".

Three nights after that big show, the club has said no-one should try the impossible wall any more. They're going to tear it down next month. That's why I'm here on my own. I hid away in the showers and waited for everyone to leave. Now it's just me and that wall.

Well I check my shoes and the rope, and off I go. I don't have a partner on the ground, but I've got my safety rope, so I shouldn't fall all the way.

"Come on little girl, come on up!"

I hear his voice, but I don't look up. Somehow I don't want to see those sneakers, not yet. It feels weird to be in this big hall all alone. I channel my inner spider and I scoot up the wall, like a superhero.

5 metres, 7 metres, and now 10. I'm up to the impossible wall and I thank Mr. Sanchez for showing me how to make the next step. I position my body just like he did, take a deep breath and push, grabbing onto the holds. I miss with my left hand and for a moment it feels like I'm not going to make it.

"Higher, just a bit higher."

The voice tells me where to put my hand, and suddenly I'm on track again. I climb up to the ledge and hang, my shoulders shaking with the strain. I just know I don't have the strength to pull myself over, I'm going to have to climb down – but I can't! That would be just as hard.

I throw one arm over the ledge, searching for a handhold. I find something, and I grab on. This is the hardest part, because I have to let go with my feet and just rely on my arms. I close my eyes and let go. I throw the other arm over the ledge, and search for the second hold. But it's not there! My fingers slide on the concrete, I can feel myself slipping.

**muerte** – *död*

**to tear down** – *att riva ned*

**to channel-** *att kanalisera*  
**to scoot** – *att kila*

**strain** – *ansträngning*

**concrete** – *betong*



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Until something grabs my wrist. It pulls my arm, it guides me until I find the hole that is put there as a hold. I pull with both arms, straining harder than I've ever done. I feel something on my back, helping me over. I make it, up onto the top, and lie there for minutes, just breathing. Slowly my body returns to normal, and I sit up. I'm ready to say something, to speak to the boy who helped me. But I laugh at myself, because of course there's no-one here. No boy, no ghosts. Just me, on a ledge, almost high enough to touch the ceiling.

Oh, there is one other thing. A dirty, empty, lonely, sneaker.

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.

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ceiling - *innertak*