



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2013-06-02
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: the Kennel

Lynne had only worked at the kennel for a month, but she already felt like it had been a year. Early mornings, plenty of clean-up and always, always the sound of barking. She had always loved dogs, and had been desperate to get the chance to help out at the Lazy Hound kennels for some work experience. She wanted to be a vet. She went inside the kennels.

“Hello Lynne, how are you? Fine? Be gentle with them today, seems like they had a rough night,” said Mrs Turner, the owner.

“Hi Lynne, you’re almost early! Let’s take them out,” said Jackie, the dog carer in her usual sarky tone. Lynne smiled and nodded, which was about as much as she could manage so early in the day. Strangely, the dogs seemed to be feeling the same way.

Lynne had to pull them out of their cages, especially Rascal, the little Yorkshire terrier that was normally so loud. All the dogs - two Chihuahuas, an old Labrador and a very, very strong Rottweiler - strained to avoid passing the door to the clinic, pulling Lynne over to the other side of the passage. “Come on Rascal, and Willy and Nilly, and Blakey! Stop pulling like that King, out you go!” said Lynne.

Later on as she finished cleaning the cages with her big broom, Lynne thought back to what Mrs. Turner had said in the morning. What had she meant about the dogs having a rough night? She looked into the clinical room on her way out, but nothing in there seemed unusual, and none of the dogs were sick.

The light was dim. The humans had gone. Rascal walked around her cage a few times, checking that everything was in order. She lay down in the corner on her blanket.

plenty - *massor*

to bark – *att skälla*

work experience – *praktik*
a vet (veterinarian) –
en veterinär

gentle - *mild*

rough – (*här*): *hård, svår*

a dog carer –
en hundskötare
sarky (sarcastic) - *spydig*

a cage – *en bur*

to strain – *att anstränga sig*
to avoid – *att undvika*

a broom –
en kvast, sopborste

dim – *dunkel*



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Rascal's ears pricked up. The sound came back, the sound she remembered. The door, the door to the cold room. The others began to notice, Willy and Nilly and King, even old Blakey. Finally all the dogs were running in circles, biting the cages, growling and barking and screaming until something ran between the cages so fast they couldn't see what it was.

The next morning things were even quieter. All these dogs that used to jump up at her to get out and run around, hung back in their cages, making it hard for Lynne to get their collars on. Eventually she got them all hooked up, and pulled them all out into the field. Apart from King. The big black Rottweiler weighed almost as much as she did, and despite all her pleading and pulling, Lynne couldn't get King out of his cage.

Mrs. Turner walked in and all three of them stood looking at King, who was sitting stubbornly in his cage, a rubber bone poking out of his mouth. It made him look very silly indeed, but there was no mistaking his refusal to 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 at all – the dogs were meant to come out twice a day. But Lynne had to agree there wasn't much more to be done. She locked up King's cage and together with Jackie took the others out for a long walk in the misty morning.

After half an hour they turned around and started back. Suddenly, before the kennels even came in sight, Rascal stopped and whined. She went crazy, barking and pulling, then looking back at Lynne as if begging her to let her go. The walk back was a struggle, and when they got to the kennels all the dogs were at it. Lynne was scared, she'd never seen the dogs acting like this.

Jackie handed the leads over to Lynne and opened the big door to the cage area. She went inside. The dogs had gone quiet, so Lynne heard quite clearly when Jackie whispered, "Oh no...".

Later on the vet, Geoff, came out of the clinic room and took off his white coat. "It was his heart," he said to Lynne, Jackie and Mrs.

to prick up one's ears –
att spetsa öronen

to growl – (här): att morra

a collar – ett halsband
to hook up –
(här): att haka på
apart from – förutom
despite – trots
to plead – att be, vädja

stubbornly – envist
rubber – gummi
to poke out – att sticka ut

refusal – vägran

an accident – en olycka

twice – två gånger
to agree – att instämma

misty – dimmig

to whine – att gnälla

a struggle – en kamp

a lead – ett koppel



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Turner as they stood waiting for his verdict. "His heart had stopped, quite suddenly. He wasn't an old dog so that's strange. I'll send the animal ambulance round." Lynne felt tears in her eyes. Geoff gave her a friendly squeeze on the shoulder and a comforting smile. He shook Mrs. Turner's hand and walked away.

"What about King's owners? Should we tell them that he ran away like .." Jackie started to say. "JACKIE!" Mrs. Turner shouted so loud that Lynne jumped. "Go and fix King's cage now! Remember who rules here!", she yelled.

King's cage looked so empty. As she started to clean it out, Lynne saw something red under the straw. It was King's old rubber bone, chewed almost clean through.

Rascal sniffed the others, and let them sniff her as they ran around on the grass. Rascal told them of the cry she heard when they had been out walking, when King's death howl had warned her of the danger that even his great strength was no defence against.

That evening Lynne hung around after work, until everyone had gone home. Then she took out her keys and unlocked the back door and went in. What had been worrying the dogs? She unlocked the clinic door, and crept inside.

After looking around for almost half an hour, she had found nothing unusual, apart from some black candles and a knife made out of bone. She left the room and walked between the dogs' cages as quietly as she could. Rascal began whining in her sleep, her legs running as if she was dreaming of chasing a cat.

Suddenly the room was freezing. It felt like the thermometer had dropped from 20 degrees to zero in just a few seconds. Lynne's heart beat fast as she looked around the big room. She saw nothing, but she felt a presence.

Now all the dogs were awake, all growling or whining, all looking towards the clinic door. But she had been in there and found nothing... Then Lynne had an idea. If she couldn't find the problem, perhaps a dog could. Their senses were so much sharper than hers.

a verdict – en dom

a squeeze – en kram
comforting – lugnande

to rule – att härska

straw - halm
to chew – att tugga

to sniff – att vädra

to howl – att yla
defence – försvar

a presence – en närvaro

senses – sinnen



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She opened the lock to Rascal's cage.

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

She watched as the little terrier padded closer and closer to the clinic. Lynne felt the danger grow, as if something behind the door was waiting. Then to her surprise, Rascal stopped before she reached the door. Instead the dog stood, growling, in front of the freezer beside the door. Everything went quiet, then Lynne felt a jolt of pain as something brushed by her, no, *through* her.

We want no more deaths, brothers and sisters. This ends now.

Rascal began to howl. She sat, threw back her head and howled with all her might. The sound scared Lynne as much as anything she had ever heard. Then one by one the other dogs joined in with the howling.

Rascal jumped up and stood with her front paws against the freezer box. Lynne felt the fear fade away, and she walked up to Rascal and scratched the terrier beside her ear. Lynne summoned her courage and opened the freezer, lifting up the lid. Inside she saw packs and packs of dog food, then she reached in and lifted the sacks around until she saw them.

One was an Alsatian. Underneath was a poodle, and then a collie. Each one of them wrapped in black cloth, with strange, satanic symbols in white and red.

Lynne remembered suddenly what Mrs. Turner had said to Jackie. *Remember who rules here!* She closed the lid and turned and picked Rascal up. She hugged the terrier tight, then laid her back in her cage. Lynne went to the shop and found the mobile number she wanted on a business card. She rang it.

"Hello, is that Geoff, the vet? This is Lynne, at the Lazy Hound kennels? I'm sorry to call you so late, but I've found something really strange. Oh great, thank you! Yes, I'll wait here."

All the dogs were calm now, and old Blakey was yawning. Lynne

to pad – *att traska*

a jolt – *en stöt, chock*
to brush – *att stryka*

with all her might –
av all sin kraft

to summon –
(här): att samla
a lid – *ett lock*

an Alsatian – *en schäfer*
a poodle – *en pudel*
to wrap up – *att svepa*
cloth – *tyg*

to yawn – *att gäspa*



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whispered “Good night” to them before she went back to the shop to wait for Geoff’s car to arrive.

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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