



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2013-11-26  
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

## Script and Word list

### Signature

#### Modern Ghost Stories: Wraithlook.com

The word “wraith” can mean an apparition of a living person supposed to warn of his or her death or a visible spirit.

I was on my way to school. Usually I went another way, but not today. Today I wanted to walk past the little vase of flowers that somebody – not me – kept fresh. The photos tied to the fence, the cards, even the teddy bear. I didn’t always want to look, but some days I had to.

Christine had been my first real girlfriend. Most guys lose their girlfriends because they move away to college or something. Not many lose them to a car crash. I never saw Christine’s body after the accident (I was away with the basketball team that day) but I can’t get that picture out of my mind. Poor Christine, the truck ran right over her.

Life goes on, they say. But it’s not easy. Christine was blonde and funny and cute and clever, and I loved her. But now she was buried in the town cemetery, and I had to get on with school and sports and friends.

One day, about six weeks after the accident, I got a call from Jen, Christine’s best friend. She said she had something amazing to tell me, and I knew it had to be about our dead friend Christine. When we met after school, I was totally shocked by what she had to say.

“I’ve seen Christine,” she said.

“What? What do you mean?” I shouted. I was angry that someone would say stupid things like that. I had always thought that Jen was pretty dumb, but now I was sure.

“I don’t mean I met her in the street,” she said. “It was online. Let me

**wraith** – vålnad, gengångare  
**apparition** – (här): spökbild  
**visible** – synlig

**tied to** – (här): fastknutna vid  
**fence** – staket

**lose** – förlora  
**move away** – flytta bort

**truck** – lastbil  
**ran right over** – körde över

**buried** – begravd  
**cemetery** – kyrkogård

**amazing** – fantastiskt

**shocked** – chockad

**dumb** – dum

**mean** – (här): menar



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show you if you don't believe me!" We walked to her house and sat down at her computer up in her room. Jen said she'd been looking up Christine's name on the net, just to see what was there, and she'd found her mentioned recently. So Jen followed the link to a site I'd never seen before. It was called Wraithlook.com.

**mentioned** – nämnd  
**recently** – nyligen

We opened up the site. First it was black, then it turned to grey. And then up came the logo – *Wraithlook, find your friends. Wherever they have gone.*

"What is this?" I asked. But Jen just looked at me, and clicked on the next link. That's when I fell off the chair. On the screen was a photo of Christine, dressed in her favourite black and pink outfit, standing on a street corner.

**screen** – skärm  
**outfit** – kläder

"That's just an old photo someone's found," I said.

"No it's not! When did she buy that top? A week or two before she died, and she was wearing it when... when it happened," Jen said.

**was wearing it** –  
*hade den på sig*

Jen explained that you had to be a member of Wraithlook to see the whole picture. She said that she had thought about it, but she had felt scared, and stopped. Well I didn't know what to say. It was time for basketball training anyway, so I went home.

**explained** – förklarade

The next couple of days I had plenty to do, exams, a big basketball match and helping my mom with a new bookshelf. But that photo stayed in my mind. Was it really Christine? How could that be? Was it just a hoax, or some company looking for money?

**plenty** – massor

**hoax** – skämt

Three days later, I got a text message from Jen. She wrote: "Have joined site". As soon as I could, I called her. She talked really fast. "Martin, it's great! I found her picture, I found her! All I had to do was click on the Like icon, and we're friends again! She wants to come back! She asked me if she could come back and I wrote Yes!"

**text message** – sms  
**joined** – gått med

**icon** – ikon, symboltecken

"But Jen, think about this," I said. "How can she come back, for god's sake? She was crushed under a truck!"

**crushed** – krossad

"She'll come back. That's what Wraithlook's for! Getting old friends



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back together again! I'll call you when she gets here!" And she put down the phone. Sure, getting old friends together again, that's great, but when one of them is dead? That sounded totally crazy.

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

The next day at school I hung around, waiting for the chance to talk to Jen, but she wasn't there. I asked around but none of her classmates had seen her, so I guessed she was at home. Maybe she was too embarrassed to meet me. You know, I would have been, after making a fool of myself like that!

After school I went back to Jen's home. She lived in a big pretty house on a corner, with huge bushes outside and a pool at the back. I walked up the path to her house. Usually the people around here kept their gardens very clean, but it looked like someone had spilt some dark liquid along the path, and on the steps on the porch. It was sticky!

I rang the bell. No answer. No Jen, or no mom. Not even her dumb poodle barking at me. I walked around the house a little bit but I was scared someone would see me and think I was trying to rob the place. So I left and walked home, wondering where Jen was. Maybe they had driven off on some family trip.

Back home, I sat down at my computer. Maybe Jen was right. Maybe it was time to check this out. I logged in and went looking for the site that she had joined, Wraithlook.com. *Find your friends. Wherever they have gone*, it said. So I joined up too, and looked up Jen's page. And there she was. But that picture! Jen was standing there with her arm around... Christine!

I took a deep breath and clicked on Christine's tag. I came to her page, and there she was, standing on a street not far from where she died. She looked so sweet, she smiled into the camera. She was standing in front of a café. A café that had opened two weeks *after* her accident.

**hung around** –  
*stannade kvar*

**embarrassed** – *generad*  
**make a fool of oneself** –  
*göra bort sig*

**huge** – *enorma*

**path** – *stig, gang*  
**spilt** – *spilt*  
**liquid** – *vätska*  
**porch** – *veranda*  
**sticky** – *klibbig*

**poodle** – *pudel*  
**bark** – *skälla*  
**rob** – *råna*

**driven off** – *kört iväg*  
**family trip** – *familjeutflykt*

**check this out** – *kolla in det*

**sweet** – *söt*

**in front of** – *framför*



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Under the picture there was a chat icon. I paused a moment, then I wrote "Hi! It's Martin!". What did I want? Why did I get into all this? I knew Christine was dead, I'd been to her funeral! Maybe this was all some huge hoax, maybe Jen was doing it to make fun of me.

But what if this was real? People have always been trying to get in touch with dead relatives and dead loved ones. This was just some new hi-tech method, I guess. What could go wrong?

A beep made me look at the screen. There was a reply from Christine! It said, "Hi Martin! Wanna be friends again? Great! I'm coming!" I felt strange. It felt as if the room was much colder. I could hear the wind outside of my window, the computer humming, and my heart was beating.

Outside, I heard something moving along the stony path to our front door. I looked out of my window but I couldn't see the path from there. I began to shiver, and I wanted to jump up and run, but I couldn't move. I heard those sounds come closer, then they moved up the steps to the porch. I heard a crash as something down there fell over.

She had written that she was coming. Was Christine, or something that had once been my girlfriend, on my porch? Had she/it paid a visit to Jen last night? Had Jen let it in?

Then I heard a knock at the door. Well, not a knock, more like something wet hitting the wood. My heart was beating fast. I looked at the picture on my computer screen, the sweet, smiling girl I'd loved, and before I could think twice I clicked. On the "Unlike" icon.

As soon as I did that, I heard a cry outside, and the sound of something sliding away from the door, down the steps, along the stones, until it disappeared completely.

I was shaking. I got up from my chair and went to the front door, but I couldn't open it to look outside. I knew I'd see what I saw at Jen's place. Whatever had been out there didn't belong in my life, nor anyone's. Not anymore.

**funeral** – *begravning*

**to get in touch with** –  
*att komma i kontakt med*  
**relatives** – *släktingar*

**beep** – *pip*  
**reply** – *svar*

**humming** – *surrande*

**stony** – *stenig*

**shiver** – *darra*

**knock** – *knackning*  
**fast** – *snabbt*

**cry** – (*här*): *skrik*

**sliding away** – *glida iväg*  
**disappeared** – *försvann*  
**completely** – *helt och hållet*

**front door** – *ytterdörr*



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Later, when my dad came home and asked me what the dark sticky stuff was on the porch, I said I had no idea, I'd been surfing on the net all evening. But I think it would be a long time before I ever went online again,,,

*stuff – ämne, material*

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

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