



9. Read and understand the following ghost phrases and expressions:

- (a) To give up the ghost-- to die or to stop trying
- (b) A ghost of a chance-- a poor chance, not likely to happen
- (c) The ghost at the feast-- something or someone that spoils your enjoyment by reminding you of something unpleasant
- (d) Ghost town-- a town where most people have left-abandoned and deserted
- (e) Ghost-write- to write for someone else
- (f) Lay the ghost of something/somebody (to rest)-- to finally stop being worried or upset by something or someone that has worried or upset you for a long time
- (g) Ghost image -- secondary image, esp. one appearing on a television screen as a white shadow, caused by poor or double reception or by a defect in the receiver
- (h) the ghost of a smile - faint trace of a smile
- (i) As white as a ghost- very pale or white in the face

Now complete the following story by using the appropriate phrases in the blanks given below:

I was alone in a place that bore a deserted look like that of a _____. I increased the pace of my footsteps as I walked through the dark forest. I felt someone walking behind me. I turned immediately and spotted the contour of a figure in the form of a _____.

It smiled at me wickedly .I started shaking with fear and perspiring profusely when I felt its skeletal hand upon my neck. I woke up with a start, relieved that it was only a nightmare.

This was not the first time I had had one. It had all started when I had watched the horrendous horror film with a eerie ghost character that had a scary ghost of a smile on its face.It had been almost a month. The strange thing was that I saw a similar face at the station the next morning. That was uncanny.

I was to attend a dinner at my friend's at Northanger Abbey that night. I had decided to narrate my experience to the group that would assemble there although I knew there was _____ that they would be convinced.

After everyone had finished pouring their drinks to themselves, I cleared my throat and started narrating my spooky experience. However, every one of the group started accusing me of being _____ and held me responsible for spoiling the spirit of revelry. I gave up the ghost and sat quietly waiting for the party to be over. Back at home, the fears returned .I knew I had to talk about my experience to somebody to feel better. I have now decided to _____ and publish my experience under a pseudonym. Only then can I _____.

Answer:

I was alone in a place that bore a deserted look like that of a ghost town.

I increased the pace of my footsteps as I walked through the dark forest. I felt someone walking behind me. I turned immediately and spotted the contour of a figure in the form of a ghost image.

It smiled at me wickedly. I started shaking with fear and perspiring profusely when I felt its skeletal hand upon my neck. I woke up with a start, relieved that it was only a nightmare.

This was not the first time I had had one. It had all started when I had watched the horrendous horror film with a eerie ghost character that had a scary ghost of a smile on its face. It had been almost a month. The strange thing was that I saw a similar face at the station the next morning. That was uncanny.

I was to attend a dinner at my friend's at Northanger Abbey that night. I had decided to narrate my experience to the group that would assemble there although I knew there was a ghost of a chance that they would be convinced.

After everyone had finished pouring their drinks to themselves, I cleared my throat and started narrating my spooky experience.

However, every one of the group started accusing me of being the ghost at the feast and held me responsible for spoiling the spirit of revelry. I gave up the ghost and sat quietly waiting for the party to be over. Back at home, the fears returned. I knew I had to talk about my experience to somebody to feel better. I have now decided to ghost write and publish my experience under a pseudonym. Only then can I lay the ghost.

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Writing

11. Do you think a story has an atmosphere? Complete the following blanks to make up your ghost story by choosing the correct options.

A Ghost Story

She opened the _____ (secret door/ spaceship's hatch/ door of the cottage/ cemetery gate/ door of the castle/ cockpit) _____ (brashly/ loudly/ silently/ stupidly/ fearfully/ joyously).

Standing in front of her was a _____ (terrifying/ handsome/ smelly/ anonymous/ tiny/ huge/ bossy) _____ (policeman/ spy/ apparition/ witch/ prince/ wizard) with a _____ (wand/ rose/ rod/ knife/ scythe/ coded message) in his/ her (its) _____ (ghoulish/ bony/ beautiful/ fair/ manly/ gloved/ magical) hand.

Now that you have shared a ghost story/anecdote as well as completed a guided story in the class, create your own Ghost story on the basis of the starters given below:

- (a) Stephen knew he would never sleep. The noises, those horrid sounds, would keep him awake...
- (b) Tap, tap, tap. Was it the branches of the nearby tree, or fingernails against the window?
- (c) People often say, 'There's no such thing as ghosts....'

Answer:

A Ghost Story

She opened the cemetery gate silently.

Standing in front of her was a huge apparition with a scythe in his

bony hand.

M G road was unusually lonely and deserted. It generally is crowded at the time. It was only half past six in the evening. Maybe the unusual downpour had forced people to leave their offices early. Darkness had descended earlier than the usual. Stephen had to stop and wait for the storm to halt. He had to break his journey that night. The weather did not seem to favour him. He spotted a motel and pulled in. He turned the car into their driveway. His room was on the top floor. Stephen knew he would never sleep; new places always unsettled him. As he tossed and turned in the bed, he heard strange noises. The noises died down after sometime, they returned again. Those horrid sounds were keeping him awake. He decided to investigate. Suddenly, he heard tap, tap on the window pane. Was it the branches of the nearby tree, or fingernails against the window? Stephen could not see anything. Maybe it was just a figment of his imagination. He tried going back to sleep; however, the incessant tapping on the window pane kept him awake. Maybe it was a ghost. The storm seemed to abate a little. Stephen decided to go for a walk. The motel was all quiet except for a faint light at the reception. Stephen saw a frail figure bent over a book, probably trying to read something in that faint light. Stephen was happy. He had company now. He approached the reception. The old man's back was against him. Stephen cleared his throat to get his attention. As the old man turned around to face Stephen.....Stephen screamed in horror....he had no face....there were just balls of fire in his eye sockets. Stephen ran out of the motel and sped away in his car.

And they say, 'There is no such thing as ghosts'.

***** END *****