Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: Playing the game

Explosions

Ade laughed to himself as the tank burned up. He'd thrown the grenade perfectly, and the tank was a wreck, all black and broken. The men inside were all dead. Well, if there had been any men. But there weren't, not really. After all, this was only a computer game, and all the men were just megabytes and pixels.

"Well done men," said the captain of Ade's squad. "On to the next target!"

"Yes sir!" Ade shouted. Although actually the captain couldn't hear him - it was just the game, the program, talking. Ade wasn't playing online because he didn't like playing multiplayer with other people, he didn't want anyone to know he was involved with war games. And there was one person in particular who Ade didn't want to know the truth.

 "Adrian! What are you doing? Are you doing your homework?" Ade's dad was an army veteran who had left the army after being injured in Iraq. He did not like wars, and he didn't like his son playing war games.

"Yes dad! Don't worry! I'm working!" shouted Ade. He wasn't really lying – he'd done all that day's homework earlier. Ade loved his dad very much, and although he didn't dare say so, he admired his dad's army action. So much so that he'd given his character in the game his dad's real name. He was called Jack. An ordinary soldier, Private Jack.

"Squad! Attack!" shouted the captain. Ade concentrated. His squad was meant to attack a house to capture a flag. He ran in through the back door, but just as he ran in there was a big bang. He'd run into a

laughed – *skrattade*	
tank - *stridsvagn*	
grenade – *granat*	
wreck - *vrak*	
squad - *grupp*	
target - *mål*	
although - *fastän*	
involved – *inblandad i*	
in particular - *särskilt*	
army veteran - *krigsveteran*	
injured - *skadad*	
war games - *krigsspel*	
admired - *beundrade*	
army action – *tjänstgöring i armén*	
character – *(här): rollfigur*	
ordinary – *vanlig*	
Private - *menige*	
capture a flag – *fånga en flagga*	

trap, and his character Jack was dead! But that was just part of the game, and after a few seconds, Private Jack came back to life. As he started moving again, another soldier turned to him and spoke.

"You got killed again Jack?"

Ade was surprised. The other soldiers in the game didn't speak much, and they never used his character's name. They just shouted things like Attack! and, Look out! And they all looked the same too. But it felt like this one was looking straight at him, from the screen.

"You'd better stay alive now, otherwise Jack will die for real! Ten lives eh? That's all you've got. Haha.." The soldier turned away and ran off, leaving Ade totally shocked. What did it mean, die for *real*? Was something wrong with the game?

However, Ade didn't have much time to think because his squad came under attack from some more tanks, and he had to run and shoot and hide as fast as he could. Even so, it was a big attack and Private Jack got killed twice, coming back to life to fight on.

As he ran to his comrades to get back to the flag, Ade heard another soldier shouting.

"Eight more times and Jack's dead lads! All gone! Shame, he made it through one war but this one'll get him!"

A cold shiver ran down Ade's back as he bent over the desk in his bedroom. They were talking about him! No, not him. Made it through one war? Who..

Knock on the door

"Adrian?" There was a knock at the door. "Do you want some hot chocolate?"

"Err.. No dad, I'm fine." Ade liked hot chocolate but his dad sometimes poured in too much cocoa powder. An explosion during the Iraq war had left him with a false hand made out of plastic and it wasn't always easy to control.

trap - *fälla*	
surprised - *förvånad*	
was looking straight at him *tittade rakt på honom* **screen** - *skärm*	
otherwise – *annars*	
shocked – *chockad*	
came under attack – *attackerades av*	
twice – *två gånger*	
comrades – *kamrater*	
lads – *slang: grabbar* **made it through** – *klarade sig igenom*	
cold shiver – *kåre*	
poured - *hällde*	
false hand – *handprotes*	

Made it through one war….?

His dad! They must mean his dad, Jack, in real life! If Ade died ten times in the game, his dad would die for real! Ade panicked, his hands froze, and as he did so a grenade exploded, killing his character a third time.

froze – *frös, stelnade*

"You'd better be a bit more careful buddy," said a soldier as he came back to life again. "Or Jack won't have much longer, will he?"

careful – *försiktig*
buddy – *kompis*

Ade frowned. He'd show them! He was good at this game, he wouldn't die so easily next time.

frowned – *rynkade pannan*

END OF PART 1

Music

TIME FOR PART 2

He concentrated as hard as he could, keeping an eye out for enemy soldiers and hiding every time he heard an explosion. After twenty minutes or so his character was still alive, but Ade was getting a headache and a stiff neck.

to keep an eye out – *att hålla utkik efter*

headache - *huvudvärk*
stiff neck – *stel nacke*

Shot

Then there was a shot from behind him and Private Jack died again. "What?" cried Ade. "But I was safe …"

"I'm sorry Private," said a soldier. "It looks like you got shot by your own side. That's a shame, but these things happen in war."

that's a shame – *det är synd*

"But, but…." Ade was confused. If he could even get killed by his own side, how could he survive? It didn't matter how well he played. This had to be someone playing a horrible joke, someone was hijacking his computer! Ade reached down and pulled out the internet cable so that he was offline.

confused – *förvirrad*

joke – *skämt*
to hijack – *att kapa*
reached down – *sträckte sig ner*

"Come on Private Jack! Keep up, only six deaths to go!"

NO! It didn't help, whatever was happening was inside the game itself. He was stuck! Unless… an idea popped into his head. Something he should have done when all this started. He started to turn off the game.

"Oh"

"Don't try leaving us now," said the soldier.

"That's right," said the captain, joining in. "If you turn off the game or the computer, or if your dad turns off the computer, then it's the same as dying ten times. You'll never see your Jack again."

Light swept across the screen. Ade swung his chair around, and saw that his dad was in the doorway, the light from the hall was behind him. "Adrian, you're playing that stupid game. I can see you are. What have I said about that?" he said.

"Sorry dad, but I did do my homework! I just thought I'd play for a while before I went to bed."

His dad sighed. "All right, fifteen more minutes. Then I'm turning it off, do you hear me?"

"Yes dad," said Ade.

Explosion

He jumped as he heard an explosion from the computer game, which meant his character had died again. He waited impatiently for his dad to close the door, and the second he did Ade turned back to the game.

He played brilliantly, better than ever before. Fast and clever. But it didn't help. War had never felt more real to Ade. Before he hadn't cared if his character got killed, but now he felt it every time. 4,3,2…. Now he only had one life left! The next time he got shot or blown up, his dad would die in real life!

unless – *såvida inte*

swept across – *svepte över*
swung – *svingade*

impatiently – *otåligt*

brilliantly – *briljant*
clever – *listig*

blown up - *sprängd*

"Are you nervous Jack? You should be, you're in trouble now.. haha.."
The soldier seemed to have a nasty smile on his face. "And your dad
can't save himself either. If he touches the computer, well, he's gone!"

a nasty smile – *ett otäckt flin*

"No! No! Don't kill my dad!" shouted Ade, tears in his eyes. "Stop it,
stop it!" He only had one life left, what could he do? In the game the
enemy was getting closer and if they didn't get him then someone on
his own side would! He didn't stand a chance!

Bwwooohhh

Suddenly the computer screen went dark, and all the sounds of the
game sank away like water down the sink. Ade stared at the screen,
his mouth wide open. Had he turned it off by mistake? But then his
dad..

sink – *vask*

"Adrian, what did I say? I said 15 minutes."

Ade turned around. By the bedroom door stood his dad, holding the
electric plug he had pulled out of the socket. But he was still alive!
How had he survived? The soldiers had said he would die if he
touched anything to do with the computer.

electric plug – *stickkontakt*
socket – *vägguttag*

Then Ade saw exactly how his dad was holding the plug, and he
smiled. Now he knew why his dad hadn't died. He breathed a sigh of
relief.

a sigh of relief –
en lättnadens suck

"I'm sorry dad, I'm going to bed. And don't worry, I won't play war
games anymore."

Music

This Ghost story was written and read by Keith Foster. Our sound
engineers were Calle Nilsson and Christina Buddee Roos and the
music was by Nadine and Tanya Byrne.

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