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opening extract from

Ghost for Sale

written by

Terry Deary

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Ghost For Sale

By Terry Deary

4u2read

Streatley, Berkshire, England 1937

Ghosts are supposed to be scary things. They shock and terrify the people who see them. So why do so many people actually try to see a ghost? Visitors flock to haunted castles, book rooms in haunted hotels and even try to buy a haunted piece of furniture ...

Chapter 1

Mrs Rundle’s Brainwave

Mr Rundle sat at the breakfast table of The Dog and Duck. He noisily drank a cup of tea, chewed at a piece of toast and studied the adverts on the back page of the newspaper. Mrs Rundle sat opposite and read the headlines on the front page.

“I see the Chinese are sending 300,000 troops to fight the Japanese,” she said.

“Very nice, dear,” her husband replied.

Mrs Rundle blinked. She frowned. “I do wish you’d listen when I’m talking to you,” she snapped.

“Yes, I read it in the paper.”

Mrs Rundle buttoned up her cardigan fiercely.

“There is a large hairy spider crawling up your nose to eat your brain!” she said.

“Really, dear?”

“But it’s run out because it can’t find any brains in there.”

“Ah, that’ll be right dear,” Mr Rundle nodded and turned the page.

“I’ve put poison in your tea,” she went on sweetly.

“Good grief!” the man cried suddenly.

Mrs Rundle jumped. “I was only joking. I only said it to make you sit up and listen!”

“Would you believe it?” he gasped.

“Believe what?” the flustered Mrs Rundle said.

“It’s Mrs Barclay over at Carterton Manor!” he cried.

“What’s she done now?”

“Placed an advert in the paper!”

“How exciting,” Mrs Rundle sighed.

“No, listen! It says ...

FOR SALE – Haunted wardrobe. I will be glad to deliver this to anybody interested, complete with ghost. The ghost will be more at home if it is made to feel welcome. Please write to Mrs Barclay, Carterton Manor, Oxford.”

“I always thought she was a funny woman,” Mrs Rundle said.

“She’s a wonderful woman and so charming, you said. Even though she has enough money to buy half of Oxfordshire,” her husband reminded her and lowered the newspaper. He stuck a pipe in his mouth and tried to light it without setting fire to his huge and curling moustache. There was less chance of him setting alight to his hair because he had very little.

“Buy it, Mr Rundle,” his wife ordered.

The man opened his mouth and his pipe almost fell into his teacup. “What on earth for?”

“We’re having this inn rebuilt, aren’t we? It’ll add interest to The Dog and Duck. People will come from miles around to stay in a room with a haunted

wardrobe," she told him. She folded her fat arms and dreamed.

"Where do we put it while The Dog and Duck is being rebuilt?" asked her husband.

"In the shed at the bottom of the garden. I'll phone Mrs Barclay now before somebody snaps it up," Mrs Rundle announced. "You can do the washing up."