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Spooky Soccer

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Malachy Doyle

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Spooky Soccer



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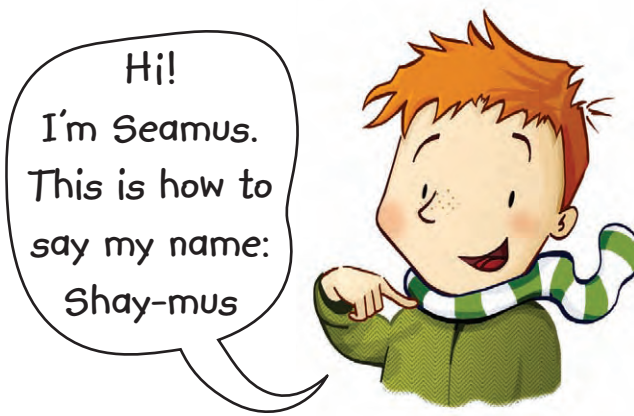
To Teresa

M.D.

To Cherine

G.P.

www.malachydoyle.com



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Red Bananas


Come on, Granda!



Ghostly Football

'Hey, Granda . . .' Seamus threw down his book. 'How's about coming out with me on one of my night-time walks?'

'Ah no,' said his scaredy granda. 'It's cosy here by the fire.'

But Seamus grabbed his torch and his bag, and his granda had to follow him.



‘What’s that sound?’ whispered Granda. But there was nothing to be heard but the hooting of an owl.



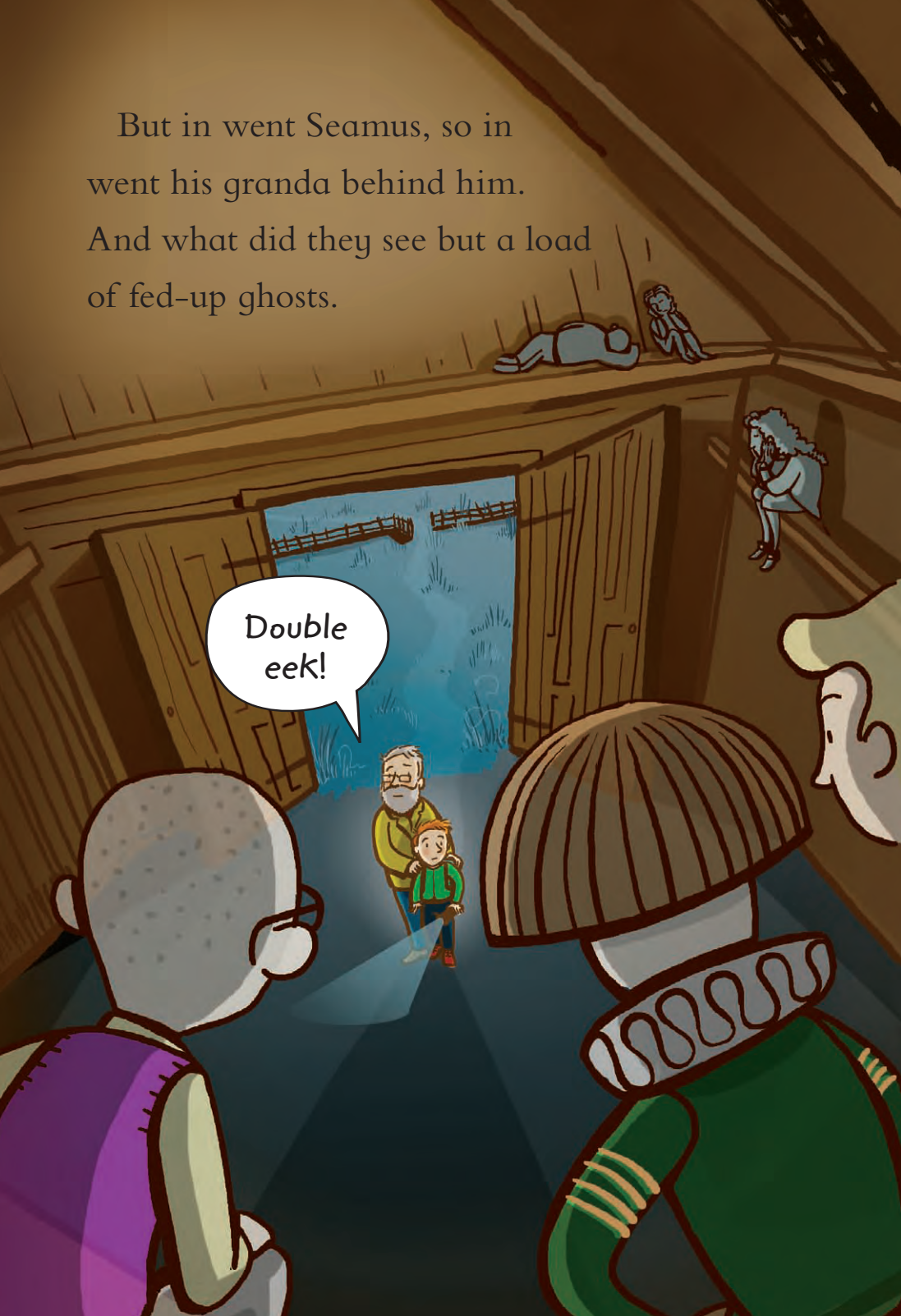
Then, ‘What’s that light?’ moaned Granda. But there was nothing to be seen but the twinkling of a thousand stars.

Then, ‘Help!’ yelped Granda. They’d come to an old barn and what did they hear from inside but the spookiest sound, like a cross between a mighty yawn and a ‘*Wooooooooooo!*’

‘Let’s go home and have a nice pot of tea,’ whispered Granda.

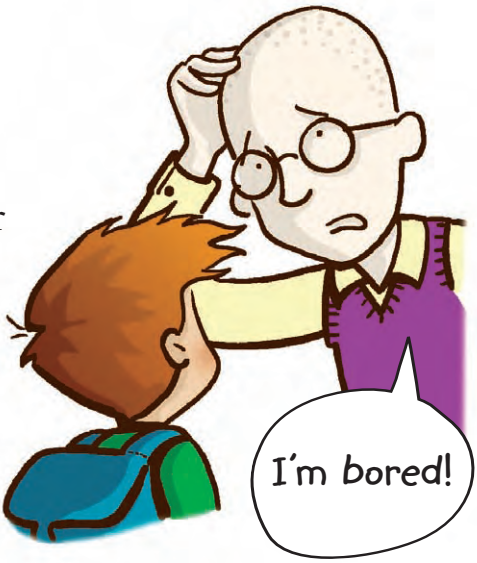


But in went Seamus, so in went his granda behind him. And what did they see but a load of fed-up ghosts.



‘What’s the matter?’ asked Seamus.

‘We’re bored out of our skulls,’ said a ghost. ‘All we ever do for years on end is sit about going “*Wooooooo!*”’





‘But why are you here? Why can’t you rest in peace?’ Granda asked.

‘To tell you the truth, we’re cowards,’ whispered another ghost. ‘We’re too scared to go up to the gates of heaven in case they send us down below, into the flames of hell. So we’re stuck here in this barn.’

