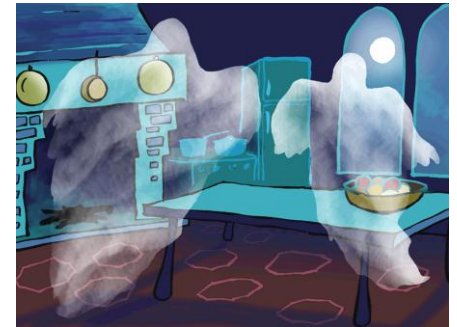
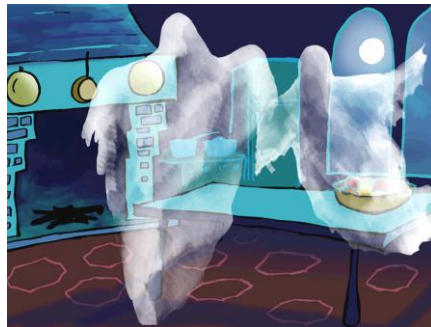
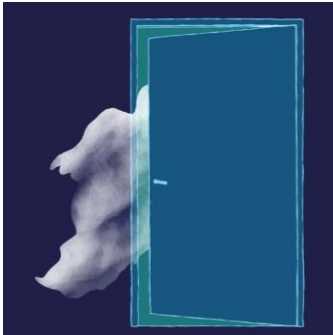


Conversations in the haunted manor house: Domestic scene



Regina : Will you stop **going** in and out and **slamming** the doors? Can't you come in through the walls like everyone else?

Harold the Hideous : What about yourself? Would you mind not **flapping** your bedsheets like some bride's veil?



Regina : Don't keep on **talking** about brides. It reminds me of my disastrous marriage. Just as well I managed to get rid of you with this dish of poisoned mushrooms.



Harold the Hideous : Well done, you murderer! Look at the results: we're stuck together and will keep on **arguing** for eternity



Regina : No, that's your fault. Do you deny **poisoning** my wine the same day?



Harold the Hideous : Watch out! Here come Lady Snooty's awful nephews. Let's disappear and avoid **meeting** them. Arrrgh!

Conversations in the haunted manor house: *Child's play*

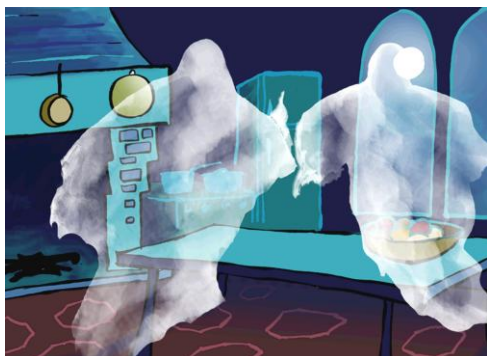
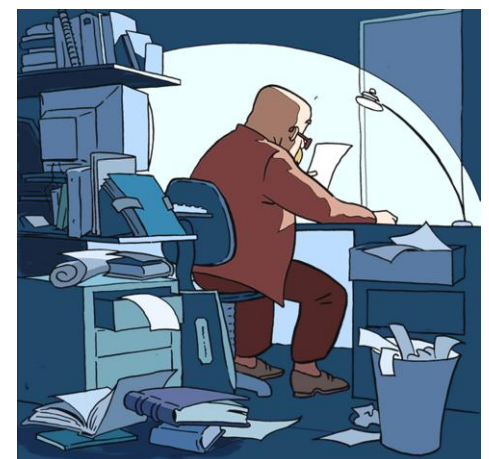


Harold the Hideous : Ouch! My poor old bones!

Justin : I got one, Nan! He tripped on his bedsheet: look, here is a piece of it. On our way downstairs, shall we risk **showing** it to our cousin Simon? His bedroom is just below this room. I suggest him everything we know: he was Professor Heritage's student at University and he still keeps in touch with him. I'm sure Simon wouldn't mind **involving** the University. They should be interested: imagine **getting** historical evidence directly from the participants!



Annabel : Indeed! I remember **hearing** that Professor's Hermitage was an expert on the Middle Ages. He should enjoy **discussing** the period with our two nervous ghosts! Also, Simon keeps on **looking** for a topic for his new book. He could write an historical detective story about the crimes committed by our two idiots. I'm sure they wouldn't mind **being** in the spotlight once again.



Justin : Do you really think they committed crimes? How do you know?

Annabel : Easy! Have you stopped **listening** to their arguments? They are always accusing each other. What's more, they are afraid of everything. Their conscience can't be clear!

Conversations in the haunted manor house: *Those were the days!*

While sipping a quiet cup of mulled wine in the kitchen of the manor, two ghosts *enjoy remembering* the good old days...



Regina : Do you **remember settling** here? We travelled slowly in our ox-drawn carriages. What a relaxing way to see the world!

Caribert : We travelled here, maybe, but not to this manor house. Our own castle was much more solid . I **admit believing** that it would last for ever, but the passing centuries proved me wrong....Everything is different now.



Regina : Yes, but do you remember the fun we had then? I **kept on throwing** annoying people in the dungeons. You never **put off murdering** dissidents or **postponed hanging** disobedient subjects.....If we **fancied doing** anything, we just went ahead. Our power was absolute.



Caribert : It was good while it lasted. Unfortunately, it was for such a short time. We have been ghosts for much longer and during that time, everything has become so boring! **Imagine inventing** laws, democracy, parliaments, MPs..Where's the fun in that?



Regina : What about their speeches and election manifestos? Not half as exciting as absolute power. I **gave up listening** to them long ago. You should tremble, not sleep, while your leaders speak!

Caribert : Very true. I can't **avoid thinking** that there is nothing like a little bit of torture to make life worth living. It may not be pleasant while it lasts, but it's so good when it stops!

Regina : Ah, the rack, thumbscrews, iron maidens, ah poisons, dungeons, sheriffs...!

Caribert : Those were the days.....



Conversations in the haunted manor house: *An unlikely encounter*



Miss Thorn is the governess of Lord Snooty's nephew and niece during the holidays. Instead of falling asleep, she **imagines dealing** with the consequences of their latest jokes. After tossing and turning in her bed for two hours, she **considers going down** to the kitchen to make herself a soothing cup of tea. Then she **stops hesitating**, puts on her dressing gown and tiptoes down the stairs. She carefully **avoids making** any noise.

She gently pushes the kitchen door open and sees our two ghosts quietly **drinking** their mulled wine. She **stops walking** and screams. She **considers fainting**, but instead **risks rushing** back up the stairs. She **keeps on screaming**. Regina shoots up the chimney. Harold, as usual, tries to escape through the door, but he can't **avoid crashing** into a stool and he falls headlong on the tiled floor.

