**Fear, Horrors and Halloween**

*Match words and definitions:*

spooky - ghostly in a way which causes fear

frightened - bones

ghost - a woman thought to have evil magic powers

haunted - an apparition of a dead person

witch - a place visited by a ghost

pumpkin - when children go from door to door in fancy dress asking for sweets

trick or treat - a big orange vegetable which is hollowed out and made to look like a face

skeleton - afraid



Is fear a good thing?

What would happen if we were fearless?

How do you react to fear?

Do you like being scared?

Do you like watching horrors?

When were you last afraid of something?

What were you afraid of as a child?

Do you think that people live in fear?

**THE HAUNTED HOUSE**

*Listen and choose True, False, or Don’t Know. Correct the false ones.*

The house belongs to them. T / F / DK

The story happened at a snowy night. T / F / DK

He saw some fingerprints at the front door. T / F / DK

His wife found her reading really interesting. T / F / DK

His wife’s mobile phone had no coverage. T / F / DK

His wife screamed terrified alone in the house. T / F / DK

*Listen again and answer the questions:*

1. What did he hear when they had just gone to bed?
2. Who was at the front door?
3. Who screamed suddenly while he was downstairs?
4. According to the voice, what kind of crime had happened there?
5. What happened to the lights in the house?
6. Why did he leave the house?
7. Why wasn’t he able to get back in?
8. What did he see coming out of the house?

*Finish the story:*

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**Reading A: The Death Car**

It was a cold, rainy night in September. George and Marie Winston drove on a country road towards their friend’s house, the Harrisons. They were going to a dinner party. As they drove, they listened to a local radio station.

About five kilometres from their friend’s house, the music on the radio stopped. There was a special news announcement. "A man escaped from prison this evening. The man, John Downey, is a murderer who killed six people. He is large, strong and dangerous. People should keep their doors and windows locked, and call the police if they see anyone acting strangely."

"A crazy killer. And he's out there somewhere. That's scary." Marie said.
"Don't worry," said George. "We're almost at the house. Anyway, we have more important things to worry about. This car is losing power. It must be the battery."

As he spoke, the car began to slow down and the engine stopped. George stopped the car under a large tree.
"Damn!" said George angrily. "Now we'll have to walk in the rain."
"But that'll take an hour," said Marie. "And I have my high-heeled shoes and my nice clothes on. They'll be ruined!"

"Well, you'll have to wait in the car while I run to the nearest house and call the Harrison’s. Someone can come out and pick us up," said George.
"But George! Did you forget what the radio said? There's a crazy murderer out there! You can't leave me alone here!"
"You'll have to hide in the back of the car. Lock all the doors and lie on the floor under this blanket. No one will see you. When I come back, I'll knock three times on the door. Don't open it unless you hear three knocks."

George opened the door and walked into the rain. Marie locked the doors and sat under the blanket. She was frightened.

A few minutes later, she heard a noise. It was coming from the car roof. She listened, holding her breath. Then she heard three knocks, one after the other, on the roof. Was it her husband? Should she open the door? She heard another knock, and another. This was not her husband. It was somebody else. She was shaking with fear, but she didn’t move.

The knocking continued -- bump, bump, bump.
Many hours later, as the sun rose, she was still in the car. She had not slept. The knocking didn’t stop. She did not know what to do. Where was George? Suddenly, she heard the sound of three or four cars, racing down the road. Finally, someone had come! Marie sat up quickly and looked out of the window.

There were four police cars with lights flashing. Several policemen jumped out. One of them ran to the car as Marie opened the door. He took her hand.

"Get out of the car and walk with me to the police car. You're safe now. Look straight ahead. Don't look back. Just don't look back."

Something in the way he spoke filled Marie with fear. She could not help herself. About ten metres from the police car, she stopped, turned and looked at her car.  George was hanging from the tree above the car, a rope tied around his neck. As the wind blew his body back and forth, his feet were hitting the roof of the car -- bump, bump, bump.

**Reading B: The White Dress**

It was the night before the high school graduation party, and Clara didn't have a dress to wear. Her father was dead and her mother was a waitress, so they didn’t have much money. Life for Clara was difficult.

Today, Clara went to a funeral home to say goodbye to an elderly neighbour who had died a few days ago. Inside the funeral home, Clara saw a young girl, about her age, in a casket. Clara noticed the dead girl’s dress was very pretty and brand new.

While looking at the dress, the manager came in the room and said it was time to leave. He told Clara this girl would be buried tomorrow morning. After the manager left, Clara walked down the hall to the room and found her dead neighbour.

A few minutes later, she heard a lot of crying. Someone had fainted in one of the rooms, and everyone, including the manager, ran to help. Suddenly, Clara had an idea. She went into the room with the body of the young girl, opened the casket, removed the white dress from the girl’s body. She put the white dress in her school bag and walked out of the funeral home. Nobody had seen her steal the dress.

As she was walking home, Clara was thinking about her actions. Was it wrong to steal from a dead person? Especially a dead person who would never be seen again. She decided the world was not fair. Why was it okay for some people to have anything they wanted while others could not buy a nice dress? She thought there is no right or wrong, no good or evil. There was only money and poverty. The next night, she put on the white dress and went to the graduation party.

Clara was having a good time at the party. She danced a lot and many friends said she looked nice in the white dress. Suddenly, Clara’s knees and elbows began to hurt. Later in the evening, her muscles became stiff. She couldn’t walk or move very well. She thought there was something wrong with the dress, so she went into the bathroom and looked at it. She couldn't find anything wrong. So she put it back on.

As Clara danced, her body became cold and stiff. She fell down on the floor and couldn’t move. The ambulance was called, and she was taken to the hospital. The doctors said she was dead - but she was alive! She could hear every word that was said. She just couldn't move or speak.

The next day, she was lying in a funeral home wearing the white dress. Her family and friends visited her coffin. They were crying. She tried to move and shout, but she couldn't.

The manager in the funeral home came in and closed the casket. The next day, the casket was taken to the graveyard. Clara could hear the gravediggers working.

"Did you hear what happened at the funeral home yesterday?" said one of them.

"No, what?" said the other as they threw shovels of dirt onto Clara’s casket.

"A worker in the funeral home heard a knocking sound in one of the caskets. She opened the casket, and a young girl climbed out. She said someone tried to hurt her with voodoo magic. Someone gave her a dress covered with zombie powder, so she looked dead but she wasn't."

"Huh," said the first gravedigger. "I wonder what happened to that dress."

And then Clara couldn't hear anything else…