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Opening extract from
Ghost for Sale

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Ghosts are scary. They shock and terrify anyone who sees them. So why do so many people try to see a ghost? Lots of people love to visit a castle or stay in a hotel that has a ghost. Some people would even buy a wardrobe with a ghost in it ...



Chapter 1

Mrs Rundle's Brainwave

Mr Rundle was eating his breakfast at the Dog and Duck inn. He drank a cup of tea, bit into his toast and looked at the adverts on the back page of the newspaper. Mrs Rundle sat on the other side of the table and read the headlines on the front page.

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

“Very nice, dear,” Mr Rundle replied.

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

“Yes, I read all about that in the paper,” Mr Rundle said.

Mrs Rundle leaned forward. “There is a great big spider crawling up your nose to eat your brain!” she said.

“Really, dear?”

“But it’s run off again because it can’t find any brains in there,” she went on.

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

“I’ve put poison in your tea,” Mrs Rundle said next.

“Good grief!” Mr Rundle yelled.

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

"Would you believe it?" he shouted.

"Believe what?" Mrs Rundle said.



“It’s Mrs Barclay!” he cried.

“What’s she done now?”

“She’s put an advert in the paper!”

“How exciting,” Mrs Rundle said with a sigh.

“No, listen! It says ...

“‘FOR SALE – Wardrobe, with its own ghost. I will be happy to deliver this to anyone who wants to buy it. The ghost will be more at home if it is made to feel welcome. Please write to Mrs Barclay ...’ and then it gives the address.”

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

“But you said she was a wonderful woman and very charming, even though she was so very rich. Don’t you remember?” Mr Rundle

put down the newspaper and stuck his pipe in his mouth.

“Buy that wardrobe, Mr Rundle,” his wife ordered.



Her husband opened his mouth and his pipe almost fell into his teacup. "What on earth for?"

"We want to make the Dog and Duck a bit smarter, don't we? It'll add interest to the place. People will come from miles around to stay in a room that has a wardrobe with a ghost in it," she told him. And she folded her fat arms.

"But where will we put it while we've got workmen in the Dog and Duck?" asked her husband.

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