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opening extract from

# Spooky Soccer

written by

## Malachy Doyle

published by

## Egmont Books Ltd.

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# Spooky Soccer



Malachy Doyle

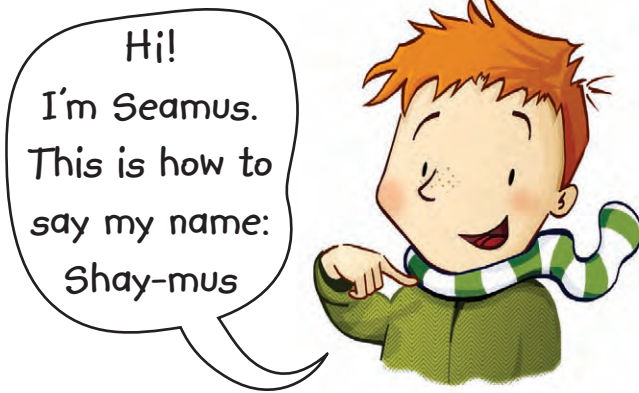
Garry Parsons

[www.egmont.co.uk](http://www.egmont.co.uk)

**To Teresa  
M.D.**

**To Cherine  
G.P.**

[www.malachydoyle.com](http://www.malachydoyle.com)



**EGMONT**

*We bring stories to life*

First published in Great Britain 2010

by Egmont UK Ltd

239 Kensington High Street, London W8 6SA

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ISBN 978 1 4052 4924 9

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library.

Printed in Singapore.

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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!’ yelled 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 ‘*Woooooooooooo!*’

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



Cool!

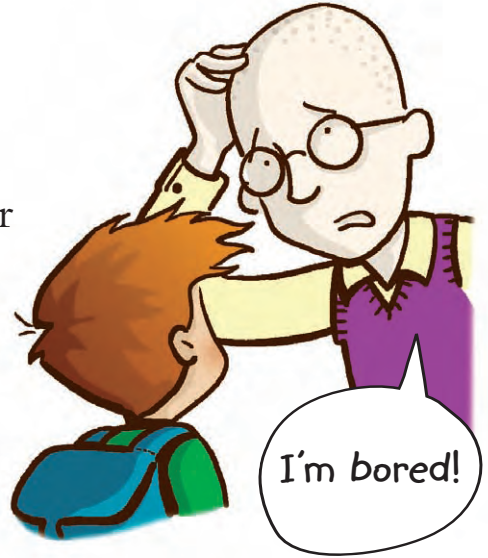


But in went Seamus, so in  
went his granda behind him.  
And what did they see but a load  
of fed-up ghosts.



‘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  
“Wooooo!”’



‘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.’

