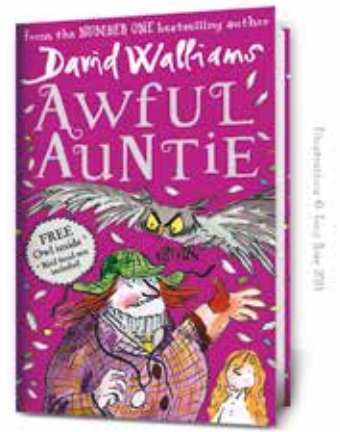


David Walliams

AWFUL AuNTiE



Haunted House Story

I can respond imaginatively to what I have read and write imaginatively focusing on creative uses of language and on how to interest the reader

'After a while she could see something glowing. At first she couldn't make out what it was, but as she moved more coal out of the way she realised it was a pair of feet. Dirty-looking feet that were somehow lighting up the cellar. Now she could see what she was doing, the girl quickened her pace. Soon all the coal had been pushed aside and standing right in front of her was a light in the shape of a boy.

The figure was wearing shorts, a shirt, and his outfit was topped off with a cap. Over his shoulder he was holding a brush. He had clearly been a chimney sweep, a boy who in the olden days was sent to crawl up chimneys to brush away the coal dust. Now presumably his full-time occupation was 'ghost'.

"Well, that took ya a while!" he said with a cheeky smile.

Stella couldn't believe her eyes. She had been right all along. Those noises she heard in the middle of the night were a ghost. Saxby Hall really was haunted. (pages 143 – 144)

Write a short story about an old house being haunted by ghosts – who are the ghosts? Where have they come from? How did they die? Why are they haunting the house? What do they do? Are they funny or scary?