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Stories for Halloween sample
NOT FOR SALE

STORIES FOR HALLOWEEN

Level 2 - A1/A2 Starter (2) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

Copyright

Stories for Halloween
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Introduction

The bus stopped at the Mount Washington Hotel in New Hampshire. Five people were waiting. They got on the bus, and it drove away. It was early evening, and it was snowing heavily.

"It usually takes three hours from here to Boston," said the bus driver. "But I think it will take longer because of the snow. We don't usually have snow at the end of October. Or if it does snow, it only snows a little. This big snow storm is unusual for this time of year."

They travelled for about two hours. Outside, the snow was falling. Everything was white. The people on the bus could not see the trees by the side of the road. The bus moved more and more slowly.

The driver was talking to his bus company in Boston. He was watching his GPS monitor carefully. Then he said, "I'm sorry, folks. We will have to stop for a while. This is called a whiteout. I can't see the road. I can't see if any car or bus is coming towards us. It is very dangerous. There is a roadside picnic area ahead. I will drive in there. We will wait until it stops snowing."

He drove the bus into the picnic area.

"How long will we have to wait?" asked a young woman with red hair.

"Maybe two hours," answered the driver. "Maybe longer. It will stop snowing in about two hours, but there will be a lot of snow on the ground. Maybe we will have to wait until the snow plough comes and moves the snow."

"Why don't you all come to the front of the bus? I have cookies and chocolate. I have a machine to heat water. I will make some coffee."

The people moved to the front of the bus.

"Let's introduce ourselves," said one of the men. "I'm Charles Watt. I'm from Boston. I am in this area on business."

The young woman with red hair spoke next. "I'm Pamela. Pamela Morton. I went to visit my mother. She lives in Conway. I live in Boston too. I am a little worried about my son. He is staying with friends."

"Can't you call them?" asked Charles.

"I tried, but my cell phone isn't working. I guess there is no reception here in the forest."

"I'll send a message to my office," said the driver. "The office will contact your friends. Does anyone else want to send a message?"

"I'd like to send a message to my wife," said Charles. "I don't want her to worry."

The bus driver took the phone numbers and messages from Pamela and Charles, and spoke to his office.

"Now I will introduce myself," said the driver. "I'm Ben Silverman. I have been driving buses for more than thirty years."

"And I'm Stefan," said a young man. "I work with computers. I have been on a hiking vacation."

An older woman spoke next. "I'm Susan Swanson. I'm on vacation."

"Are you Irish?" asked Pamela.

Susan smiled. "Yes. I come from Dublin."

There was one more passenger. He was an old man. He was wearing a hat. He looked very happy and cheerful, but he didn't speak.

"And you are...?" asked the bus driver.

"Who?" answered the old man. "Oh, me? I'm sorry. I was thinking. I'm Jack. Everyone calls me Old Jack. I'm from England. I travel around collecting ghost stories. I was staying at the Mount Washington Hotel because they have a very interesting ghost there."

"Oh! Tonight is Halloween, so tell us the story!" said Susan.

Old Jack laughed. "No. I don't think I will tell you that story. I want to put it in my next book! But I will tell you another story. I think it is interesting."

-----END OF SAMPLE-----