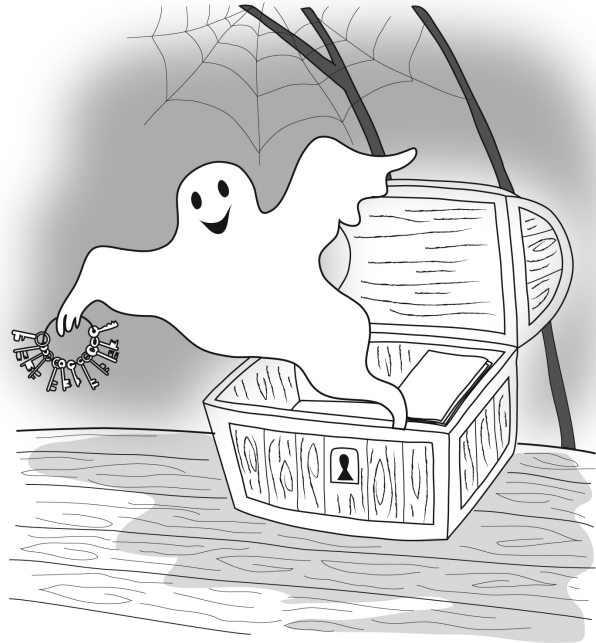


From *The Little Ghost* by Otfried Preussler

The little ghost had lived in Eulenstein Castle for hundreds of years. He was one of those harmless little ghosts who haunt places by night, and never hurt anyone else unless they are provoked.

During the day, he slept up in the attic in a heavy, iron-bound oak chest. The chest was well hidden behind one of the big chimneys. No one knew it really belonged to a ghost.



But at night, when the Town Hall clock struck twelve in the town of Eulenberg at the foot of the castle, the little ghost awakened. On the very last stroke of twelve, he would open his eyes, stretch and yawn. Then he would put his hand under the old letters and legal documents he used for a pillow, and bring out a bunch of keys. There were thirteen keys; the little ghost always carried them around. He would wave them at the lid of the chest, and immediately the lid would begin to open of its own accord.

Now the little ghost could climb out of the chest. He always bumped into the cobwebs; no human being had visited this remote attic for years, so it was covered with cobwebs and was dreadfully dusty. Even the cobwebs were full of dust. Showers of dust came tumbling down, if anything touched them.

"A-tishoo!"

Every night, as the little ghost climbed out of the chest, he would bump into the cobwebs, get some dust up his nose, and sneeze. He would shake himself once or twice, to make sure he was really awake. Then he would float out from behind the chimney and begin his nightly haunting.

Like all ghosts, he weighed nothing at all. He was light and airy as a wisp of mist. Luckily he never stirred without his bunch of thirteen keys, or the least breath of wind might have blown him away to goodness knows where.