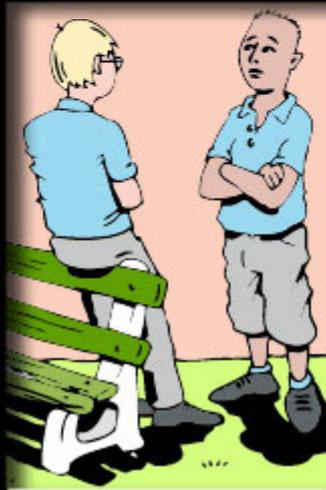


# DANNY AND SIMON



Danny had tried hard to make friends at school, but it hadn't been easy. Coming from the city, he had been branded an outsider; someone to be treated with suspicion and only included if absolutely necessary. When Simon moved into town, Danny saw the first real opportunity of finding a mate somewhere his own age. Simon was receiving the same treatment from the other boys and was eager to strike up a conversation, once Danny had approached him.

'You come from that haunted pub, don't you?' Simon said, with a grin.

'Don't tell me you believe in ghosts,' Danny replied, teasing his new friend.

Simon thought for a moment before he answered. 'I don't know, I've never seen one, but I prefer to keep an open mind about those things—you know, ghosts, flying saucers, monsters, stuff like that.'

Danny nodded in agreement.

'Mind you,' Simon continued, 'I wouldn't mind the chance of seeing a real ghost. My dad and me used to go ghost hunting before we moved here and bought the farm. Now he hasn't got the time. Besides, we never did find a real ghost. But if someone knew where to find one. . .'

'I wouldn't even know where to start looking,' Danny said, stumbling over his words, and keeping his fingers crossed.

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