

THE SCHOOL'S MYSTERY



Written and illustrated by
Sarah Sweeney

SEV Yayıncılık Eğitim ve Ticaret A.Ş.
Nuhkuyusu Cad., No. 197 Üsküdar İş Merkezi, Kat 3,
34664 Bağlarbaşı, Üsküdar, İstanbul
Tel.: (0216) 474 23 43 • Sertifika No. 12603

Redhouse Reading Set, The School's Mystery

© 2015 SEV Yayıncılık Eğitim ve Ticaret A.Ş.

Yazan ve Resimleyen: Sarah Sweeney
Yayın Yönetmeni: Ebru Şenol
Editör: Burcu Ünsal
Kapak ve İç Tasarım: Hüseyin Vatan

Birinci Baskı: Aralık 2015

ISBN: 978-605-9781-13-8

Telif yasası gereği bu kitabın tüm yayın hakları SEV Yayıncılık Eğitim ve Ticaret A.Ş.'ye aittir. Tanıtım yazıları dışında, yayıncının yazılı izni olmaksızın hiçbir biçimde kullanılamaz ve çoğaltılamaz.



REDHOUSE



SEV YAYINCILIK

Kütüphane Bilgi Kartı (CIP):

Sweeney, Sarah

Redhouse Reading Set, The School's Mystery

1. Çocuk Edebiyatı 2. Yabancı Dil Eğitimi 3. İngilizce

İstanbul, SEV Yayıncılık, 2015, 76 Sayfa

ISBN: 978-605-9781-13-8

Baskı: A4 Ofset Matbaacılık San. ve Ticaret Ltd. Şti.

Yeşilce Mah., Donanma Sok., No. 16 Oto Sanayi Sitesi, 34418,

Kâğıthane, İstanbul • Tel.: (0212) 281 64 48 • Sertifika No. 12168

BEFORE YOU READ

1. Have you ever thought about your school's history? Do you know any stories about students who went to your school in the past?

2. Do you believe in ghosts? Have you ever heard of haunted houses or buildings?

The story you are about to read is not a true story but it was inspired by real places and buildings that the author visited.

DON'T FORGET: There is a glossary at the end of the book where you can look up the meanings of the words you don't know.

CHAPTER ONE

I hadn't been to my primary school in years. Now that I am in high school, I had no reason to go there anymore, except for today. My mother asked me to pick up my little sister, Joan, who was taking a ballet class there.

So here I am, on a Saturday morning, standing at the front door of the school, like I used to when I was ten years old. No matter how old you are, I'm sure it is always the same: *Do I want to go in? Can I just stay outside?*

The school hadn't changed much since I was a kid. It still had two entrances and still no one ever used the second door. In fact, I think it might even just be a decoration. The school had recently been painted, so that was different.

Back when I was little, the school seemed very big and a little scary. Now it wasn't so big and definitely wasn't scary. That is, it wasn't scary unless you looked at the cemetery right next to it.

I looked at the cemetery. It was between the playground and the road. In the daylight, it really wasn't scary at all. I smiled remembering how scary I used to think it was.

We used to make up all kinds of stories about who was buried there because it was so small. My teacher once told us that there was only one family buried there. Children sometimes told stories about seeing ghosts when they stayed after school in the evenings. I wish I could say I didn't believe their stories back then, but I did.

Of course, now I don't. I know there are no such things as ghosts and I actually think cemeteries are kind of cool. It's fun to see who was alive a long time ago and to imagine that maybe they went to my school, too.

I looked at my watch. I was early. The ballet lesson wouldn't finish for thirty minutes. So I strolled over to the little cemetery.



There was an iron fence all around the six gravestones. There was a little gate too, but the hinges and locks had rusted long ago and wouldn't open. The grass was tall and some of the stones were hard to see. I climbed up on to the fence to try to get a better look.

When we were kids, the school custodian would climb over the fence to cut the grass, but it looked like it hadn't been done in years.

I leaned dangerously over the fence. I could almost see a name on one of the stones. *If I just get a little closer*, I thought to myself. I pushed on the fence a little harder, lifting my body up.

The wind moved and whistled past my face. It almost sounded like someone was talking. I smiled and mumbled to myself, "Must be the ghosts."

Then I heard the wind whisper my name.

