

THE PAST TENSE

Here is the start of a short ghost story by Matthew Green but written in the present tense. You need to change the verbs to past tense and then continue the story in your own words.

Dead Trial

Sergeant Walter Eaton **stands** at the Police Station reception desk busying himself with whatever it is that Police do when they're manning reception, when a person literally **walks** in through the door.

Now, to clarify, the door **is** never opened and there **is** no gap for anybody to climb in through. He actually **passes** through the wood without causing any damage at all.

The man **walks** over to Walter and **says**, "I'm here to report a murder."

Walter **notices** that the man **is** slightly transparent. He **can** see the far wall through the man's skull.

"Okay," Walter **says**, "What is the name of the person who was murdered?"

"Richard Thomas," he **replies**.

"And what is your name, and your relation to the murder victim?"

"My name is Richard Thomas, and the murder victim is me."

Walter **is** confused. "What?"

"Observe," **says** Richard, as he **passes** his hand through the Sergeant's chest.

"I really don't think we have any regulations regarding this sort of thing, let me get the chief."

Richard **sees** Walter disappear to the back of the station. After a few minutes he **hears** a muffled argument going on.

Walter **pushes** the Chief through to the reception area and **says**, "See for yourself."

The Chief **composes** himself and said: "So sonny, you claim to be dead eh?"

Richard **is** very polite. "Yes sir."

Now continue the story in your own words.

THE PAST TENSE

Here is the start of a horror story by Virginia E. Zimmer, but written in the present tense. You need to change the verbs to past tense, then continue the story in your own words.

AN ACTIVE IMAGINATION

The thud **comes** again.

Rose **clicks** the television silent, straining her ear against the storm that **splatters** the roof with a mixture of rain and hail. Tentacles of delicate fog **scrape** across the window glass seeking shelter from the gale winds.

The soft thump **comes** from the basement, as though someone, or something, **has** knocked a book to the floor. Rose **grips** the arms of the chair and **curses** her husband for leaving her alone on a night like this, knowing she **is** fearful of storms, empty houses and prowlers, however imaginary they might be. She **has** already lit every lamp and overhead light in the house, but they **fail** to dispel the damp, dreary feeling of impending doom.

Her husband Jimmy **has** nagged her about getting a dog to keep her company on the nights he **works** late, but Rose **will** not hear of such a thing. What if the dog **gets** rabies and **goes** mad while she **is** alone with him? Her small delicate frame **will** be no match for a snarling, crazy-in-the-head animal who **will** shred her to pieces with its gnashing teeth.

The television screen **flickers** in muted silence as it **runs** the news story again, warning the public about the man with the knife. He **has** been evading the police for weeks, leaving behind no clues about his how he slaughters women who **are** home alone.

But Rose **knows** where the man **is**. He **is** in her basement skulking around in the dark with the butcher knife between his teeth.

Now continue the story in your own words.

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Notes

The original versions of these stories may be available online at:

Dead-Trial

<http://europa.spaceports.com/~freesrch/gs-grange/matthew-green/dead-trial/>

<http://www.angelfire.com/mo/aahz/Trial.html>

<http://www.geocities.com/pheonixwrites3/dt280901cg.html>

An Active Imagination

<http://www.thechamber.20m.com/custom3.html>

http://www.cyberteacher.hpg.ig.com.br/x_contos_active_imagination.htm

Alternatively, try searching at www.google.co.uk (Hint: you can put the story titles in speech marks for more accurate results).