

WHITEY THE GHOST

A story adapted by Carole L. Cooney

Setting: The house of Sheba

Characters:

Whitey, a young ghost

Sheba, the mother ghost

Narrator: The night sky was brilliant with sparkling stars. The moon was full and the “Man in the Moon” smiled brightly. Only the howling wind rushing through the leafy trees made Whitey shiver.

Whitey: Ooooh, oooooh! I’m cold and I’m hungry. I wonder what there is to eat in the refrigerator. Mother! Mother! Where are you?

Sheba: I’m busy right now, Whitey. Come to me in living room by the fireplace.

Narrator: On his way to the living room, Whitey passed the kitchen.

Whitey: I know what I can do. I’m so hungry, I’ll just get some food from the refrigerator. I can barely reach the refrigerator door handle. Ugh! It sure is hard to open.

Narrator: With a push and a pull, the refrigerator door popped open.

Whitey: Ooooh... I see some of my favorite food. Celery! A huge bunch of celery!

Narrator: Quickly, Whitey gobbled down a huge amount of crisp celery. As he licked his lips, he floated past the hall mirror and looked at himself.

Whitey: (loudly) Ohooo, Noooo!

Narrator: Staring back at him was a GREEN ghost.

Whitey: Mother! Mother! There is a GREEN ghost in the mirror!

Narrator: Whitey ran to the living room door.

Sheba: Who are YOU, standing in the doorway? Get out of here GREEN ghost. You are not *my* little ghost. He has a clean WHITE sheet on. Go away!

Narrator: Whitey walked sadly back to the kitchen.

Whitey: (sadly) Mother’s voice made me so sad. (sighing) Oh well... I’m still hungry. What else can I find to eat?

Narrator: Whitey looked at the food and saw a whole package of strawberries. He anxiously ripped the bag open and ate and ate and ate.

Whitey: These berries are so sweet and so delicious I can't stop eating them.

Sheba: (calling) Whitey! Whitey! Are you coming?

Narrator: Once again Whitey floated into the hallway and as he was passing the mirror he looked and saw a RED ghost.

Whitey: (howls) OHoooo, Noooooo!

Sheba: What is the matter, Whitey?

Narrator: Whitey runs to his mother and she screams.

Sheba: (screaming) Get out of here RED ghost. You are not *my* little ghost. He has a clean WHITE sheet on. Go away!

Narrator: Whitey returns to the kitchen. He is so very, very sad. When he opens the refrigerator door and takes out a large bottle of milk. He drinks and drinks and feels so much better. Whitey floats back toward his bedroom and passes the hall mirror. He is afraid to look but finally he looks. What does he see? He sees a little white ghost. He is so happy he zooms to his mother.

Sheba: (screams) Is that you, Whitey? Is that you in your clean WHITE sheet?

Whitey: YES, MOTHER! IT'S ME!

Sheba: Well, there were two strange ghosts here tonight. One was green and one was red. Come closer and let me look at you. Yes, I know this is YOU and YOU are my little WHITE ghost!

Narrator: Whitey's mother was so happy, she let Whitey spend the entire night in the living room by the fire place, all comfy and cozy!

Suggestion: Students may add other fruits and vegetables to the story so that Whitey changes many different colors.