
G h o s t H u n t e r s

b y

M a r t i n C u s a c k

They crept through the haunted inn at three in the morning expecting to die of fright. For the occasion they had brought a top flight spiritualist to the vigil, and he wasn't going to let them down. Every now and again he would appear to go into a trance-like state,

'Knock once if you're there and twice if you're not,' he boomed liked some Victorian fire and brimstone preacher.

The hunters stood wide eyed and opened mouth. Now they knew for certain that ghosts exist. Then one of the more cynical members of the group turned to the spiritualist frowning.

'Well,' she said 'is there a ghost or isn't there?'

The spiritualist screwed up his eyes and looked up to the ceiling, and then he snarled

'Yes, there is, and he's an habitual liar!'