

Yikes, Ghosts!







## Timos turns seven

His hair is red,  
Massive glasses on his head.  
His body weak.  
Oh, Timos, what a geek!

He doesn't care what people say,  
Though they tease him every day.  
He feels like a king, strong and free;  
When things go wrong,  
he smiles with glee.

Timos doesn't say a lot,  
A giC to listen is what he's got.  
He hears those things that others  
don't, And sees those things  
that others won't.

He has a great ability,  
A knack, a giC, facility,  
To talk to ghosts who live beside  
The living ones from  
whom they hide.  
All of them have a kink or quirk;  
They get annoyed, they go berserk.  
Forgotten from another age,  
You'd better be patient  
with their rage.

At night you hear the crying  
From the crumbling walls.  
Those ghosts, forever dying,  
Echo through the halls.

They've all got a story to tell.  
By the end of the book  
you'll know them well.





## Bella Mozzarella

Up with the sausage on the shelf,  
Lives little Bella all by herself.  
Brie from France, salted pork,  
Licking clean every fork.

She loves ice cream, Chocolate,  
sweets, But can't abide  
Those healthy eats.

She starts cooking late at night,  
Pouring oil on every bite.  
Her potato chopped in massive  
bits; Burnt to a crisp,  
it seethes and spits.

They used to call her "Mozzarella"  
When she ate a whole paella.  
When angry, she would  
start to crave; Stu herself  
and rant and rave.

From all the eating  
she began to bloat;  
Was buried in a gravy boat.  
Now every moment is a treat;  
Every day a time to eat.

Now Bella eats and eats some  
more, Hunts Timos' rabbit around  
the floor; Shares with him her  
highs and lows, Her painful knees,  
her secret woes.

Timos listens with a melancholy,  
To sweet Bella's tales of folly.  
She's like her treats; sweet and  
fruity, And fat although her  
name means "beauty".





## Leo the Lethargic

A great tiredness would ensue;  
No-one knew just what to do.  
Up on the books he lay all sprawled,  
"Chronic Sleepiness" it was called.

From too much sleep he became  
Lethargic Leo, the perfect name.  
Sleepily he knocks his head,  
Does figures-of-eight around the bed.

In the garden, near the gate,  
The place where he would hibernate,  
A magpie let out a caw,  
And woke him, cutting short a snore.

Dizzy; with a buzzing in his ears,  
He tripped on a rake and  
managed to break  
His glasses, which he'd had for years.

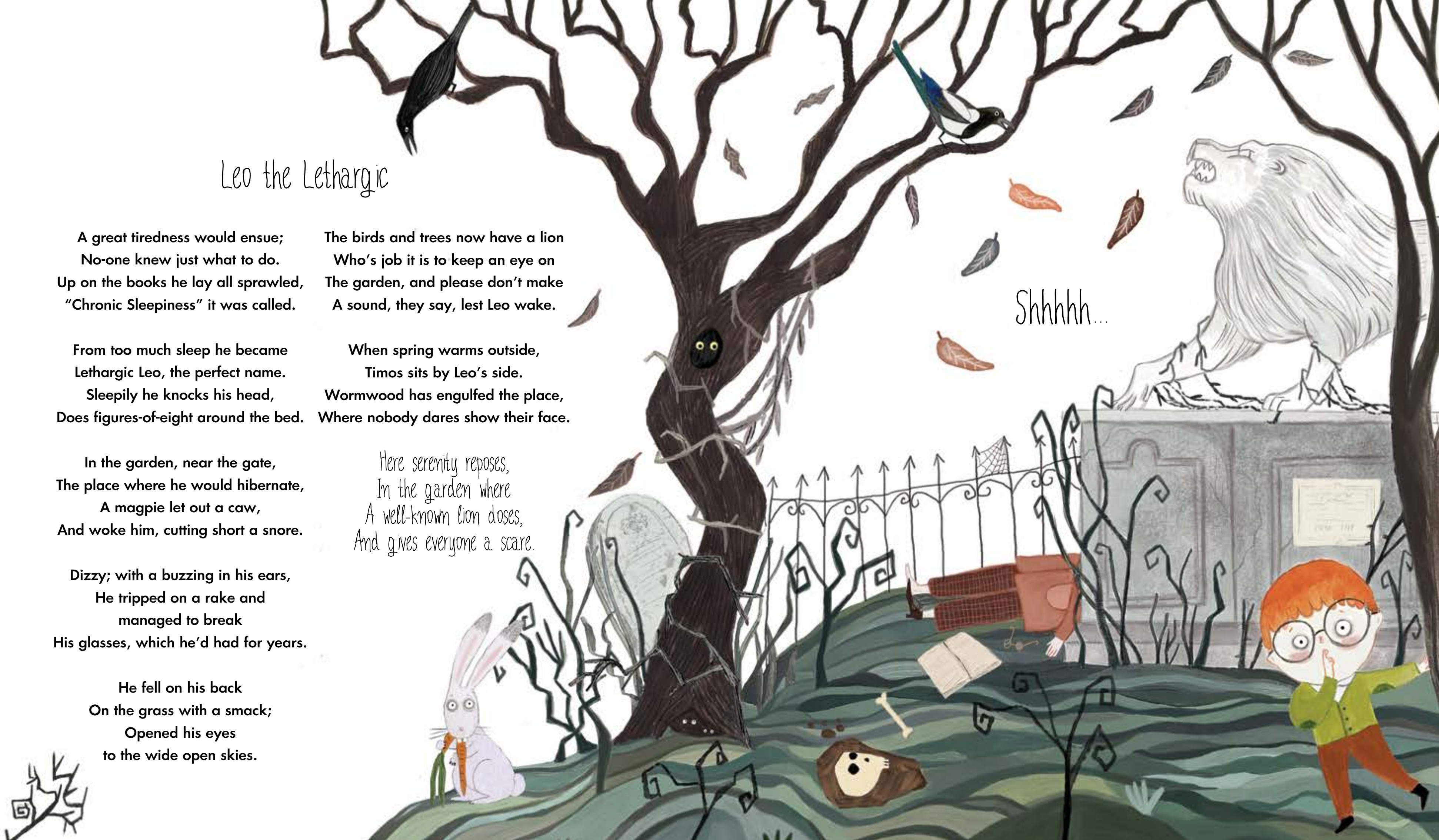
He fell on his back  
On the grass with a smack;  
Opened his eyes  
to the wide open skies.

The birds and trees now have a lion  
Who's job it is to keep an eye on  
The garden, and please don't make  
A sound, they say, lest Leo wake.

When spring warms outside,  
Timos sits by Leo's side.  
Wormwood has engulfed the place,  
Where nobody dares show their face.

Here serenity reposes,  
In the garden where  
A well-known lion doses,  
And gives everyone a scare.

Shhhhhh...







## Sandy the Scared

In a wardrobe painted green  
Opposite the bed,  
Hides Sandy, tall and lean,  
Now pale and very dead.

Lanky, tall, the legs of a hen;  
Looks around the age of ten.  
He's as thin as a piece of rope;  
As flat as an envelope.

One night, when all were scared  
Of the thundering rain,  
A flash of lighting swiCly flared  
And fried his feeble brain.

Sound asleep, dreaming of safari,  
In the untamed Kalahari,  
He never saw just how it ended  
As from the top bunk he descended.

This all happened long before;  
a hundred years or so, or more.  
Friday the 13th, long ago;  
A winter, cold and white with snow.

For hours he reminisces  
Of his cat, bejewelled with kisses;  
Of the bed, that made him sore  
And couldn't fit him any more.

He remembers a red  
butterfly  
Which escaped his  
childhood  
clutch,  
And his mother's  
beauty, which had  
dimmed with Time's unerring touch.

And although he huffs and sighs  
And icicles form around his eyes,  
Timos, with care, quiet and sweet,  
Covers him up with his sheet.

In his dreams he makes zebras tame,  
In the grasslands, wide and wild.  
Elephants, lions, all the big game;  
Feeling his mother grasp her child.

Sweet dreams, Sandy.





# Ruth the English Lady

Ruth the English Lady  
Until that fateful, autumn night,  
In 1907 when it caught alight,  
Nothing quite so dire had happened  
To the house which now lay blackened.

In that year, at that time,  
Lived a London lady in her prime.  
It was her lady-like manner to always keep  
A lighted candle by which she would sleep.

She is known by the name of Ruth.  
In the drawing room she replays her youth.  
Delicate, and beautiful.  
But very sad, albeit dutiful.

Ruth still wears her bridal dress;  
Ornate with lace, a grand success;  
Now tanned with age, dull, unpressed;  
No longer white; showing stress.

He who was coming  
But never arrived.  
The poor bride-to-be  
Of her lover deprived.

Sometimes Ruth speaks,  
Bringing colour to her  
cheeks; Then begins to sing  
Songs of love to welcome spring.

For her heart to bloom anew  
For birds and laughter to cut  
through the misery and trouble  
that Have plagued this sad aristocrat.

Timos listens to her songs;  
Riddles from a heart that pines  
and longs.  
His own is torn, wrenched  
open wide With sadness  
for this forgotten bride.

Good night, Lady Ruth...







## Willard the Terrible

In the night you hear a squeaking,  
Like wood on wood a-creaking.  
Daddy says it must be mice,  
But Timos knows now to think twice.

In truth, the answer's not so weird,  
Even though it has a beard.  
In the bathroom lives a ghost  
With a head that's twice as big as most.

He's a rowdy, boisterous fellow.  
Through his beard he likes to bellow.  
Hands like massive oars that thwack,  
He waves them as he roars, "Attack!"

Willard the Terrible was his name,  
Pirating the seven seas his game.  
Flushed down the pipes he lost his way,  
And popped up through the drain one day.

Down he went with his pirate ship;  
A vicious storm cut short his trip.  
Down he went, his beard a-trailing,  
Now "PLOP!" He's here, no longer sailing.

With dewy eyes he recollects  
The raids, the swag, his crew's respects.  
Back then, instead of GPS,  
He sailed by the stars with great success.

He wages war now in the tub,  
A plastic duck instead of a club,  
Hoists the curtain, "Wind!" he cries.  
Hangs from the chain; fire in his eyes.

To Timos now he seems amusing,  
Yet also brave, which is confusing.  
This dashing hero with the mighty nose;  
The pirate no-one could depose.

Ah, past glories...





## Margot the Spoiled

Margot the Spoiled  
On a chair up in the attic,  
Sitting permanently static,  
Unexpressive, deadpan, coiled  
In wait: Margot the Spoiled.

A voiceless ghost who died from tantrum;  
stewing and huffing; a selfish phantom.

Whatever you might say to her,  
Nice or nasty, praise or slur,  
You'll get a spray of angry "No"s  
Like a hailstorm spraying through a hose.

Oh that Margot! Pampered girl!  
When she steams with rage her  
eyebrows curl.

As a child she shunned affection,  
As though fearful of infection.  
In every person finding flaw,  
Attacking, screaming, waging war.

And yet, for such a dreadful brat,  
Such a tyrannical autocrat,  
There's always someone next to her,  
Calmly soothing, she strokes his fur.

When she sees her special rabbit,  
She cannot but up and grab it.  
She liCs him to her sweet caress,  
And snugly strokes away the stress.

Peace and rapture now displace  
The creases on her angry face.  
Her heart, once dull with anguish deep  
Can now beat freely, shine and leap.

Well done, Margot. The rabbit's yours.



## Laughing Linus

The noisiest phantom dweller,  
On his trampoline,  
Is found down in the cellar,  
Where he always makes  
a scene.

His name is Linus and he has  
His own trampoline act with  
pizzazz.  
With a stripy costume  
Like a bouncing balloon,  
Filling the circus with razzmatazz.

He could do twists in the air  
With spectacular flair,  
But it was the day when  
He tried to do ten,  
That he didn't take care. At the top  
of his jump  
He was stung on the rump  
By a spiteful gnat  
Whom he'd tried to splat.

He fell on his head  
and lay outspread,  
It was plain he was quite  
nearly dead.

This sudden event did not present  
However, occasion to brood;  
For he laughed the whole journey  
strapped to a gurney  
In the most delightful mood.

From all this hilarious mirth,  
He suffered a terrible dearth  
Of air, as he hiccuped to death.  
He drew his last breath,  
And floated like lint from the earth.

Although he floated a mile  
He still had a smile  
And bounced on his trampoline still.  
Bouncing, his love,  
That fits like a glove,  
Continues to gives him a thrill.

Timos keeps the rhythm,  
While Linus jumps between  
The worlds of here and aCer  
On his beloved trampoline.

10 twists in a row...







## Boring Baroness Bertha

Above a suit of armour in the hall  
A lady in a portrait on the wall;  
Who, if you dare to make a peep,  
Will bore you and your  
rabbit half to sleep.

Her name should have been  
Baroness Bore,  
Because with her stories  
she made everyone snore,  
But instead "Bertha" was chosen,  
although it was clear  
She was a person most humdrum;  
tiresome and drear.

Three gentlemen of fame  
Made Bertha their dame.  
They escaped with their lives  
To find other wives.

Now Bertha tells stories so flat,  
So insipid, stale and lifeless that  
You want to go and dunk your head  
In a vat of boiling lead.

To pass down the hall  
You have to silently crawl,  
Keeping close to the wall  
To escape her drawl.

As soon as she spies you  
She brazenly tries to  
Trip you up with her armour  
And get you to charm her.

In order to lull her  
Timos spins tales  
That would floor an insomniac  
With their tedious details.

His ruse is successful  
And he leaves Bertha snoring  
No more need for the stressful

Gauntlet of boring.



## Things Get Tricky

Things Get Tricky  
As Timos was teaching Sandy to read,  
The pupil's ability gathering speed,  
A sudden sound drew them from the page:  
Timos' father shouting with rage.

He couldn't find his wallet nor  
His glasses, which were in the drawer.  
He'd looked and looked, was going spare,  
So much that he'd got toothpaste in his hair.

He told Timos straight,  
"That's it! Enough!  
"I've had it with this spooky stuff!"  
He marched outside to impale  
A sign on a stake that said "FOR SALE".

They would leave that night  
And from the haunted house take flight.  
From its gloomy air that froze  
Your whole self from head to toes.

Everywhere the same..







## Ivan the Icy

For all this, of course, it was the same  
Ivan who was to blame.  
He lurked, hidden, sly, unseen Behind  
the bedroom dressing screen.  
His heart solid, chilly, fast;

His breath a frozen icy blast.  
So cold and proud that he remained  
Ignored and shunned, despised, disdained.

From his frosty lack of will,  
He was continuously ill.  
So much so that his skin went green  
Like a frog or a runner bean.

Bitter, sour-faced,  
His mouth screwed shut.  
As though with the taste  
Of a bad hazelnut.

He wanted no-one near him,  
And if they pushed their luck,  
He'd kick the dresser madly,  
Until it came unstuck.

He wished them gone;  
To vanish, "poof!"  
And leave his highness all aloof.

However, one night Timos caught  
Him sobbing, frantic, stricken, fraught.  
And from his bitter lip  
He heard sweet, lovesick language slip.

A forgotten battle where he lost,  
In the deep Siberian frost,  
A fair damsel whom he couldn't save;  
Beautiful and kind, a frozen grave.

Oh, that's all.







Goodbye, everyone.

Timos trudged upstairs to pack  
His few belongings in a sack,  
And bade farewell to his hosts  
His friends, his confidants, his ghosts.

In the darkness of the night  
They embraced him long, embraced him tight.  
Gave him giCs, a kiss, a pin,  
A crumpled sheet, brown and thin.

And before Timos leC  
For another land,  
He turned and looked  
And raised his hand.

In the empty house were heard  
Whispers, sighs, a ghostly word;  
The doors, windows, walls, foundations  
Creaked and groaned with strange vibrations.

In the diary it was written  
Tuesday the 13th of June.  
All those ghosts so smitten  
Held a party under the moon.

"Farewell our friend, so good and kind,  
We'll meet just as before.  
The chance will come with stars aligned,  
And together we will be once more."

"I love you all! I won't forget!"  
Timos cried, his eyes all wet.  
His words rang out across the night  
Like sad music they took flight.

The car moved off and Timos too,  
Leaving those pale spirits who  
Were leC with a recollection  
Of his friendly, warm affection.

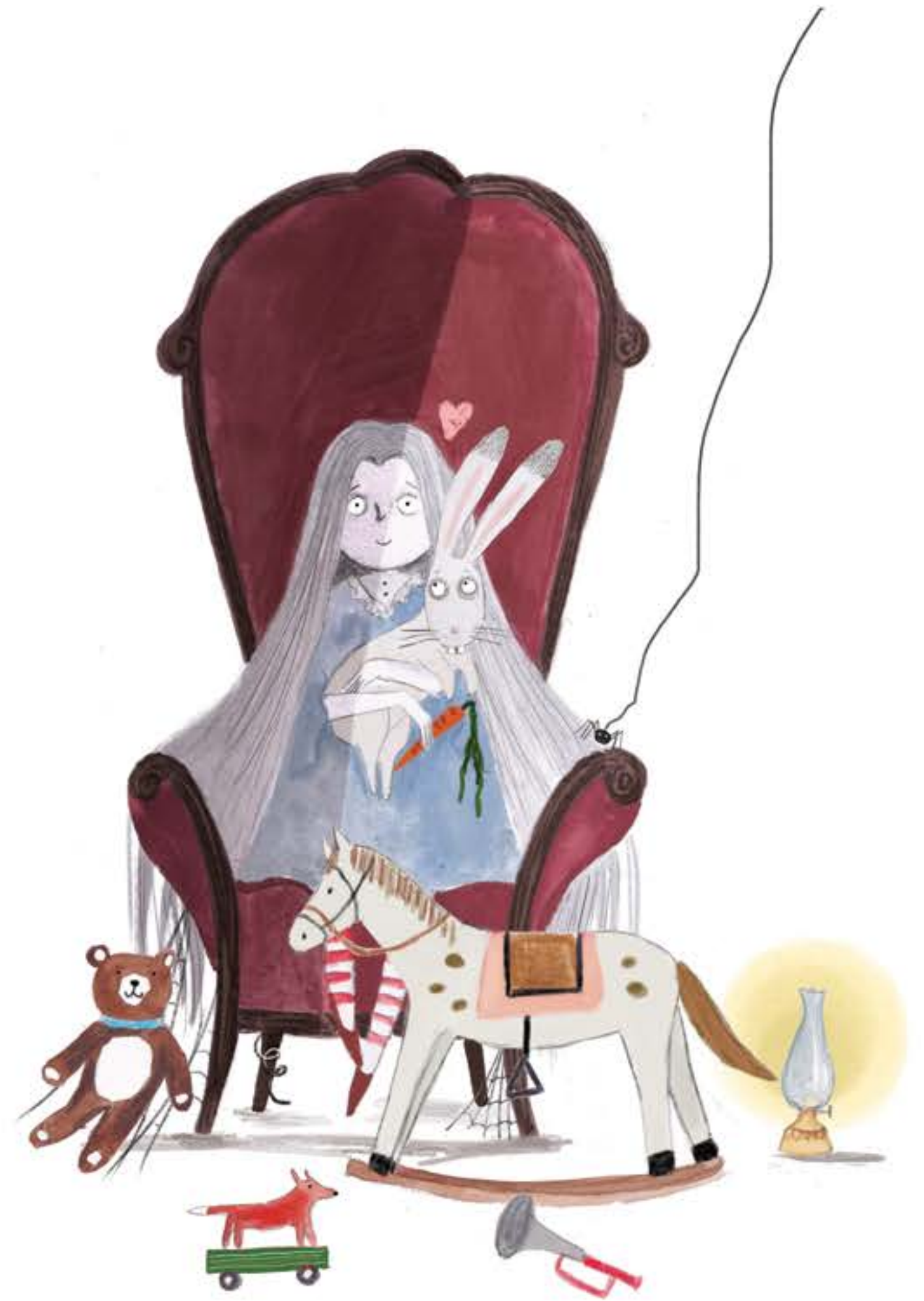
That unique and special boy  
Who had chosen to enjoy  
Their stories, listening with intent;  
A light in their lives; time well spent.

Goodbye, Timos.





The rabbit stayed  
with Margot.







© Μικρή Σελήνη, Οκτώβριος 2019  
Φιλ. Ψύχαλος & Σια Εκδοτική Ο.Ε.  
Χαρ. Τρικούπη 56-58 Αθήνα, 10680  
Τ: 2103834254  
[www.mikriselini.gr](http://www.mikriselini.gr) / [info@mikriselini.gr](mailto:info@mikriselini.gr)

**Ευχαριστίες στους:**

Γεράσιμο Ευαγγελάτο για την επιμέλεια του κειμένου  
Δημήτρη Δημόπουλο για την δραματουργική επεξεργασία  
Μενέλαο Καρατζά για τη βοήθεια του στη γλωσσική επιμέλεια.

Συγγραφέας: Σοφιάννα Θεοφάνους  
Εικονογράφος: Ζαφουκο Yamatoto  
Art director: Στέλλα Δημητρακοπούλου  
Επιμέλεια έκδοσης: Μαριάννα Ψύχαλου  
Παραγωγή βιβλίου: Αρβανιτίδης

Απαγορεύεται η ολική ή μερική αναπαραγωγή του έργου.  
Επίσης, η αποθήκευση και η μετάδοσή του με οποιονδήποτε τρόπο,  
ηλεκτρονικό, μηχανικό, φωτογραφικό ή άλλο, χωρίς τη γραπτή άδεια του εκδότη.