

Ghostly Imagination

Snowflakes fell softly, adding to the blanket of snow that lain for days. The village of South Wold lay in the grip of a hard cold winter. When night fell and the stars twinkled like diamonds in the sky, very few, if any, of the villagers ventured out into the night, for rumour has a tale to tell of ghostly goings on at Castle Farm.

Castle Farm has been occupied on and off for over a hundred and fifty years, by a succession of different owners. Except for a short period in the year 1805 when fire destroyed the kitchen. It was rumoured that someone had perished in the fire. New tenants took over the rebuilt farm and café and farming continued as normal.

I wish the housekeeper would stop moving my belongings about, it has come to a pretty pass that I don't seem to be able to find anything these days, the keys should be on the hook aside the fire.

'John,' Ann Newlove asked the question of her husband. 'Have you moved my keys again?'

'That is the third time this week you have asked me that. You will find them on the hook aside the fireplace,' he replied.

'That chap you sent down the other day to see me, suggested that we should get a couple of heavy horses for the bottom turnip fields, as tractors impact the soil too much,' said Bill the hind turning to John.

'I sent nobody down to see you, but funny I was thinking of doing that, it's a good idea,' John said.

'That is queer, if you sent nobody, who was it then?' asked Bill.

'What did he look like, Bill? John asked.

'Oh he was dressed like an old fashioned farmer. To tell you the truth boss, I have seen him looking around the cattle stalls.'

'Well if you see him again tell him to buzz off, he is trespassing,' said John walking away.

'I will do that boss, but it is a rum do.'

I must have another word with the housekeeper. Who are the man and woman invading my home? They are forever moving things and the farm is different somehow or other, it is very strange.

'John.'

'Yes dear?'

‘ I saw that man you spoke of with Bill. He was sitting by the fire when I came in from hanging up the washing. When I spoke to him he just disappeared.’

‘Ann, it must have been a trick of the light, don’t go imagining ghosts everywhere.’

‘Yes you are right, dear, silly of me’

A newspaper cutting from the Farming News of 10th of December 1955, reported the burning down of Castle Farm in the South Wolds. At the height of the blaze, four persons were seen to leave the farm, a woman and three men, no trace has ever been found of them.

Bob Mather.