

Das Geisterhaus



By

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Dedication

If you think it should be dedicated to you, let me know.

THIS IS A FIRST DRAFT FOR THE BENEFIT OF FEEDBACK. PLEASE FORGIVE ERRORS AT THIS TIME.

das Geisterhaus

Interviews with a ghost

My name is Konrad and I am from Dusseldorf in Germany. The ghost that troubles me is called Tomas. In fact, I am not sure whether the ghost interviews me or if I interview the ghost. It started late one afternoon, when I was sitting in my chair by the window watching the evening coming on. There was a disturbance. The curtains were blowing about despite all the windows being shut. And then at the other side of the room, there appeared a man who I later found out, called himself Tomas. We just stared at each other for a while and then he cautiously lowered himself into a nearby chair. I reached for and lit a cigar, all the time keeping my eyes on the apparition.



Why are you here? I asked him.

He looked a bit perturbed and answered in a cultivated voice: That is what I want to know. Why are you here?

To get to the point, let me explain. We have just recently moved into this house and the ghost was a bit put out that I asked him why he was here? He felt that it was me who had some explaining to do. He said that he had been here for decades and how dare I ask him?

I see. I said. Then I asked him if he wanted a drink or a smoke. He raised an eyebrow and chuckled mostly to himself.

I am a ghost. He stated.

Of course. I realised, and felt like a real idiot, but just for a moment. I was not going to be undermined by a simple ghost; after all I had been to the University and was a Doctor of Chemistry. So I thought I might ask him some searching questions to find out about him. After a few pleasantries and small talk, he asked me:

<p>Tomas the ghost: How many occupants are there in the house? In other words; how many in your family?</p> <p>So, three in all.</p> <p>You will find, dear Sir that ghosts are usually on their own. We do not procreate.</p> <p>I was 67 in 1894. That's when I died. And so, you can probably work out how old I am now. And I was born in October, on the 12th, at 10am.</p> <p>Hang on one moment Sir! One question at a time if you don't mind. Now then, yes I was married, just the once. We had four little children. Well, I mean they were little ones once. I expect they are bigger now. The last one was born in 1853. A little boy. Now then names and ages. Mmm...</p> <p>I live here. My favourite room in the afternoons is this one and at night I wander around upstairs.</p>	<p>Konrad the Doctor of Chemistry: Well, there's me, my wife Gertrude and our daughter Marilyn.</p> <p>And tell me, are you alone, or part of a family of ghosts?</p> <p>How old are you? What is your birth date?</p> <p>Do you have any relatives? Are you married? What is your spouse's name? Were you married more than once? Do you have children? What are their names and ages? Where and when were they born?</p> <p>Never mind that then. I suppose it doesn't matter, does it? Where do you live?</p>



Don't you think I should be deciding who sleeps where? After all, I have been here a long time and you are just recent upstarts.

Yes, I agree. Possession is nine tenths of the law, and I have been here long before you ever dreamt of buying this house. You should have checked it out first, whether there was anyone already living here or not.

Now look here, Mister! I think you are being very rude to me.

Actually, I don't go to church. You know, ghosts don't just carry on where the body left off. I used to be Orthodox, you know, but then my wife was a Methodist.

You are really all over the place with your questions and also, you are pretty nosy. Never mind, it's probably with you being a scientific type.

Well, scientists are never good communicators are they? Noses in test tubes all day long, and chemicals going to

Well, that'll have to stop. We can't have you wandering around while we are asleep, especially in my daughter's room. She is at a funny age, you know.

Well, you see, I paid a lot of money for this house. It is now mine and so I think I should decide who sleeps and who wanders, and where and when.

Then answer me this. Do you own this place? Who did you buy it from? Where are your deeds? If you rent, what is your landlord's name? Did you build this home?

Silence

Where do you go to church?

Where did you work?
What did you do to support yourself?

What do you mean, scientific type?

their heads, and all that. I expect you are half senile with all that stuff.

And what use is that to anyone, really? No come on Sir, either we stick to the point of getting to know each other and the real and legitimate owner of this house, or we might have to stop for a break and a cup of tea.

No, it's just an expression. Habits die hard you know, not like bodies that rot away in no time.

What do you mean? Are you calling me uneducated? I'll have you know, I hold handfuls of certificates in all sorts of trades.

Right! That's it. I'm going.

And the ghost disappeared.

The next day.

Any occupants on prescribed medication? Please list names and medications.

Not at all. It's just that last night you seemed to be all wandering around, one after another.

Well, first of all, you got up three times to pee. And once you went downstairs for a biscuit or something.

How dare you? I am a well-known and celebrated chemist. Do you know, I got a prize for finding 167 uses for Zinc?

You mean, ghosts drink tea?

Right then, let's stick to the point and not start exchanging uneducated insults.

Ha! I knew it. A tradesman.

Well, I never knew ghosts could be that sensitive. Good riddance to him. It's my house in any case. Ghosts! Ha! Rubbish. I bet he'll not be back.

What are you trying to suggest? That we are all mad or something?

What do you mean?

You know with age, there is a need occasionally to pee during the night. And why am I being defensive with you? I can pee as many times as I like. What's it got to do with you?

I was just listing the times you got up in the night. And then your daughter had to have a midnight snack; some toast and a yoghurt. And then your wife....

There's nothing much else to do, but it was very busy. Normally, I can reflect on the world and such, you know, quiet times. But this house is busier at night than it is during the day. You have to consider my needs as well.

I need to walk without having to look out for people. That is enough during the day. You people do wander around willy-nilly. Then I need quiet time to contemplate.

That is so rude and uncalled for. You don't know how good I was in my life. Maybe a space is being made on the right hand of God, and that's why it is taking so long to be called up to heaven. You know, someone who has had their time needs to be moved on elsewhere before I can take up that most hallowed seat. It's a bit like selling your house and the chain. One person must sell before they can buy your house and you have to sell before you can buy and all that sort of stuff.

Well, I am not sure really, but I am waiting and that must be good news, mustn't it?

That is a very hurtful thing to say. I only have hope to keep me going.

Look! Never mind my wife. So, you have been following me and my family around at night?

What needs could a ghost have?

What on earth does a ghost have to contemplate? You should stop annoying me and get on and go where other ghosts go, you know to heaven, or in your case, probably to hell.

And what, pray, have you done that is so good that God would want to make a seat at his right hand for you?

No, it might not be. It might be that neither God nor the Devil wants you and so you are left on the shelf, so to speak, to wander pointlessly forever.

We could come to a compromise I suppose.

Well, I could wander around upstairs for the first three hours or so because you and your family seem to keep still in your beds then, and after that I could come downstairs and watch a bit of television or something.

Well, you hardly sleep in any case. Up and down, peeing and making snacks, and all sorts. Anyway, I would keep the sound low and do you know, there are lots of good films on at night? Just the other day, I watched a Japanese film about a boy falling for a girl and then being chased around Tokyo by a gang of young lads. I lost the plot a bit but it was quite good, and the girl was very pretty.

Yes.

You'd be surprised what ghosts can do.

No, no. she would only think that someone left it on. She'd turn it off and go for the snack or a pee or whatever. Then again, she would probably have had the pee before coming down.

Once you've seen one person peeing, you've seen them all. Well, in fact once you have seen one male peeing and one female peeing, you've seen them all. They are not at all interesting.

Well, I suppose it might be a bit hard. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. But that doesn't change the fact that you were wandering around, following me and my family all night. That has to stop.

What do you mean?

I don't want you or anyone else watching my TV all night and disturbing my sleep.

You mean you have already been watching my TV?

And don't you think it is outrageous. After all it is my TV. And how do you turn it on anyway. Ghosts have no fingers that work the remote controls.

And what would happen if my daughter came down in the middle of the night and saw the TV on. It would frighten her.

Have you watched my daughter pee?

No, I'm not. After I've seen it once I don't need to keep going into the lavatory over and over, do I? And anyway, if I was perverted I would watch you lot doing other things wouldn't I?

I don't know how you can enforce that, do you?

No, that doesn't work. It's good for the priest of course, because he earns a bit more money, but we ghosts can easily sidestep that by just disappearing for the duration of the service, and then coming back after all that twaddle is over. Look here, you've gone all red and bothered. We can carry on with this discussion at another time. I really can do without all the histrionics.

The ghost disappears

There is only silence from the ghost.

The next day

Any occupants using illegal drugs? I will of course, keep all the information you give me as confidential.

I'm just asking because your wife does tend to pop a lot of little white pills.

So, you annoy her to the point where she is reliant on drugs?

You scoundrel! You peeping tom! You pervert!

AHHHH!!! Right this has to stop. And stop now! I forbid you to observe me or any of my family doing anything that might be seen as personal. Is that understood?

I'll get the priest in and he will exorcise you!

COME BACK HERE! I haven't finished with you!

Ah, so you show yourself again do you, you dirty perverted so and so? What do you mean? Illegal drugs? Me? My family? Certainly not!

Well, she takes them for her nerves.

Yes, that's what people say when they keep annoying their wives until the poor things go mad.

Any occupants drink alcohol?

Well, yes I am, in a way. I've been here for a long time. And I need to be able to assess the people who live here, whether you are suitable or not.

Yes, well, we'll see about that. Anyway, answer the question please; Any occupants drink alcohol?

Is that all? Or is there more you want to tell me?

What about the bottles of sherry then?

Yes but your wife can.

In the drawer by the side of the dresser, in the kitchen.

No, they're not drugs. They're prescribed by the doctor. And she is a very sensitive person.

She is not mad and neither am I annoying her. We fell in love and married each other because we love each other. And anyway, why am I telling all this to you?

Are you filling in a questionnaire? It sounds like it by the way you ask the questions.

Suitable? I'll tell you what is suitable; all the money I have paid to buy this house. It will be me, in the end that decides whether you are a suitable ghost or not.

I drink, and my wife drinks occasionally. It is good for my health, especially brandy and port, and well, wine with a meal, and the odd beer.

Well, if you really want to know, I have few cases of the finest scotch whisky in the cellar. It's a single malt and only for special occasions.

Sherry? I can't stand the stuff.

There is no sherry in this house!

Silence.

What are your hobbies or favourite pastimes? Who is your favourite author? Politician? Performer?

Performer?

Of course I do. What self-respecting ghost wouldn't know jokes?

What's a ghost's favourite ride at the fairground?

The roller ghoster.

Where do ghosts buy their food?

At the ghost-ery store.

Where do ghosts mail their letters?

At the ghost office.

Well, I had lots of skills but now that I haven't got a solid body I can't do much. You can't hit a hammer or screw in a screw without muscles. I'm afraid I'm a bit like you: retired.

Well, I invented something once. It was a sandwich protector.

Well it's a paste that you can spread on the outside of the sandwich that looks like mould. Anyone seeing it would never steal your sandwich because they would think it was off.

Politicians! I'll have none in this house. Scoundrels all of them. Liars, and cheats. Once I voted for this chap and he promised to rid the countryside of potholes. Never seen him since he won. And potholes! There are more every day.

Oh, yes, I like comedians. Do you know any jokes?

Go on then, tickle me with some.

Well, I suppose that might create a bit of a titter amongst the unwashed classes, but I prefer something more intelligent. Never mind; it was too much to expect; a funny ghost. What other skills have you got?

I am not retired. I am merely taking some time to exercise my mind. Then, when I have something to invent, I'll invent it.

I know I'm going to regret it, but let's have the details,

You know, that's not bad. It might catch on. Anyway, I think it must be time to dine, so I'm off. Entertain yourself, won't you?

Oh yes! Don't worry about me.

End

Do you belong to any organizations such as The Masons, Knights of Columbus, or Knights Templar?

What I want to know is, why you are so objectionable and obtuse. Why can't you just answer the questions I ask in a straight forward and sensible way? Why do we always have to go through these silly exchanges first? Why waste all this time when, in the end you do tell me in any case?

The ghost disappears immediately.

There is silence

He appears in the library



He is an old, good for nothing, opinionated, pile of.....

What I belong to or not, is my business.

I didn't invite you into my house, or promise to answer your stupid questions. Go away immediately and move into some other house. YOU ARE DISMISSED!

Konrad looks around uneasily but the ghost does not re-appear. He shifts uncomfortably and then lights a cigar and pours himself a large drink.

Marilyn the daughter:
I know he is stuck in his ways.

Er... excuse me... Oh, did you hear me?

Oh. I thought only misery guts, you know, your father, could see me.

I hope I didn't frighten you.

Oh. Thank you for being so nice and polite.

Silence

Well, I'm not sure. You see, my questionnaire is for the head of the household.

Well, I am a bit older than you, you know. And, well, I suppose I could ask you the questions.

Well, I have lived here for a long time and I need to know if the occupants are acceptable, you know, and....

I have got an array of tricks. Rattling chains, white sheets, and the like and I can howl or scream in the middle of the night.

I don't know really. I feel that I should do something.

OK. The next question on the list is: are there any occupants currently seeing a psychiatrist? If so, who?

Yes, and I can see you, and I have seen you before.

Well, I can see you as well.

Well, you did a bit at first, you know, when I went down the other night for a snack, but then I thought; 'ah well, he's doing no one any harm'. In fact you're a bit like my granddad was.

Don't mention it.

You can ask me as many questions as you want. I don't mind.

That's a bit old fashioned, isn't it: *head of the household?*

Why do you need to know things anyway?

But what can you do, if they're not acceptable?

I suppose it is better to get along, but why do you need to ask the questions? Why not just hang around and watch what is going on?

Oh. Well, ask me a question then.

Psychiatrist? That's an odd question, isn't it?

You know, you are just like your father.
Instead of answering the question you start waffling on about the why and wherefores.

Right. I'll ask you again: are there any occupants currently seeing a psychiatrist? If so, who?

Is that an answer?

Thank you. Now that wasn't difficult was it?
The way your father was going, it would take months to answer my questionnaire.

Any occupants interested in the occult: (Ouija, séances, psychics, spells) If so, who and what?

Does she live in this house?

So.

So?

Thank you. You see, it's easier just to answer the question rather than go willy-nilly into things I haven't asked and don't want to know.

Any occupants with frequent or unexplained illnesses (if yes, describe):

The choices you have is 'yes' or 'no'. There is no section for 'don't think so'.

Is that a no then?

And I thought your father was difficult!

THANK YOU!

Sorry. I'll answer the questions then....

Does that include counsellors? Did they have counsellors in your time?

Sorry. No, there is no one seeing a psychiatrist in this family as far as I know.

Next question please.

My friend, Constance, we call her Connie, she's got some Tarot cards.

No.

Sorry.

No. there is no one in this house who is interested in the Occult.

Yes, I can see that now. But can't we just talk. Has it got to be so official?

Pause.

I don't think so.

Er, well then, no, I suppose there isn't.

Yes. Yes, it's a no.

The answer is NO!

MY PLEASURE!

We will continue with the questions when you have calmed down. It am going for a lie down.

After a while

I suppose it's only fair. But it will mean that I will have to delay the completion of my questionnaire yet again. Oh! Alright then, I'll answer some of your questions. Have you got a list?

And are you going to note down my answers?

OK then, let's have a go.

Not really. I have been here for decades so I suppose I am attached to this house rather than just a particular thing.

I am never weak or cold because I don't have a body like you do. And ghosts don't eat food although we do like to ingest music and fragrances. By the way, your bedroom is the most fragrant room in the house.

Tired? Yes I get very tired. Well, not tired exactly. More weary. You know, the same stuff every day, decade after decade. And then, when new people like your family turn up and I have all these questions, you confuse me and turn me inside out and upside down with all your prevarication, and

YOU'RE WELCOME. DON'T MENTION IT.

Marylin:

I'm glad you're back. I've been thinking. I think it is time that I asked you some questions. Well, if you can ask them, why can't I?

No. I thought I would just ask them as they come to me.

I hadn't planned to. I was more interested in building up a picture of you in a more relaxed and informal way. Don't look like that. There are different ways of doing things, you know. Maybe the first thing is for you to relax a bit, and try out a different approach.

Are you attached emotionally to a possession?

Are you ever tired, weak, hungry, or cold?

Thank you.

you chatter on instead of answering my questions. I don't get out much and so the answers are important for me to find out what's going on and how the world has changed.

At least none of you have been screaming. Do you know how frightening it can be when I turn up and the new occupants just scream and run away when they see me?

I mean, why do people scream and run? I am just another person. Ghost, yes, but I appear in a human body don't I? Anyway, next question please.

I can remember things from my childhood like they happened yesterday but nowadays everything is the same every day. One day runs into another, one year into the next. And there isn't enough going on to be worth remembering; present company excepted of course.

I remember the siege on Metz in 1870. We were at war with France. Our great leader Bismarck defeated the French. But I don't suppose you have ever heard of that war have you?

Oh, well, It was a long time ago, I suppose. Maybe someday I can tell you the story of Metz and the rest of the war with France.

Pause

Well then, next question.

Oh. I see. That's why you get frustrated. Because you have waited so long and then people won't tell you what you want to know.

Yes. It must be very annoying and frustrating.

How is your long term and short term memory? Are your memories clear or do they seem confused? What is your strongest memory or experience?

Thank you. And I will certainly remember you. And your strongest memory?

No. the history I study at school starts just before the first world war. 1914.

Yes, maybe.

Are you lonely?

Not really. But sometimes there are years when this house sits empty. Then, I just wander round making sure that everything is as it should be.

Does it matter? No, I don't know what year it is. So, what is it?

I wonder where the last few decades went then. They must have escaped my attention. Never mind. We are here now, aren't we?

So, how old are you?

That's so young. You speak very maturely for a 15 year old.

Well, I am in Dusseldorf. This is Dusseldorf isn't it? And Dusseldorf is in Germany. It is still in Germany isn't it?

Thank God for that. I just couldn't live here if we were part of France.

Yes, I have. Just one. It is of me and my wife. Look at that wall. I will project it from my memory. It was taken just a few years before she died. And then, I was heartbroken and....



What year is it? Do you know today's exact date?

It is 2009. And June 6th.

Yes, I suppose so.

Fifteen.

Thanks, I think. Next question. Where are we? Which country?

Yes, you are right. Don't worry, Dusseldorf is in Germany.

Have you got any pictures of yourself or your family?



And here is a picture of me last year. I've changed a lot since then, haven't I? But you still look like that now. What was your wife's name? For that matter, what is your name?

<p>My name is Tomas Janson, and my wife was Anna. I have no other pictures in my memory of her, or my children, or anyone else.</p> <p>The ghost evaporates slowly, vanishing amidst sobbing.</p>	<p>And my name is Marylin....</p> <p>I'm sorry, Tomas. I'm so sorry... I didn't mean to....</p>

SCROLL DOWN TO PART TWO

Tomas the ghost:

So, you have been summoned to expel me then?

So, he's been telling you that it is his home, has he? I think that it isn't and he is just the latest occupant to think it is his. Do you know, every new person thinks the house is his and then they move on to somewhere else? I am the only constant occupant.

Anyway, why are you here? I know you are not just a visitor. Ghosts know these things you know.

Time flies, doesn't it. It doesn't feel like that long.

I don't know. I just am here, waiting, I suppose. For what, I don't know. Maybe it's to do with waiting for a place in heaven.

It's nice to meet someone who wants to talk to a ghost. Most people just want me to go, get lost and get out of their lives.

Well then, alright, ask away.

1894.

Three years earlier, in 1891.

Well we've always lived on the estate here, my wife and I and our children, and

Harry Jivenmukta:

No, not at all. I am just a visitor to Konrad's home.

Yes, it must be difficult. But people are like that, aren't they? They like to think that they own things.

Well, I am here to find out why you have been stuck in this house for so long, more than 100 years.

So, what keeps you here then?

I hear that you like asking questions. Well, I would like to ask you some questions, if you don't mind. I like meeting ghosts and learn a lot from them.

Not me.

What year did you die?

When did your wife die?

Where did you live before you lived here?

my work was as a handy man. You know, you can only live on the estate if you also have a job.

Then you have to leave the estate and go live somewhere else. The house comes with the job.

Oh no. this was the Master's house. Our cottage was down the bottom there, on the edge of the estate. All the labourers' houses are there.

In the cottage. It's one of three all together, and then the others are in a different block next to our three.

Well, after Anna died, that was her name, I was heartbroken and over time I got ill. I wasn't looking after myself. The Master had me moved up to this house, to be looked after.

It is. The Master was a very kind man, and he was also leaving the house to go live in the main house in the city itself. So, he moved me in here, to be looked after by one of the kitchen maids. They all left, you know, and in the end there was only me and her living in this house. I think the Master was trying to sell the whole estate but at that time it was just empty.

You can say 'died' if you want. I died after about 9 months. I was very ill, and mostly I didn't know what was going on. Sometimes I was OK for a while, and even managed to go outside for a bit of air.

I don't know. It was just that I was losing weight, being sick and unable to keep my food down. I just kept losing weight and my strength. In the end I was bed ridden

What happens if you leave your job?

Right. I see. But you didn't live in this house with your wife did you?

OK. Then, when your wife died, where were you living then?

And when did you start living here, in this house?

Isn't that a bit strange?

And how long did you live here until you left your physical body?

What illness did you have?

for the last few months and then the priest was called. And then....

Well, after the funeral, the kitchen maid left the house and I was on my own. I felt really good though, healthy and fit.

No. I thought I should wait until the Master returned, or until someone else came to live here. It's a lovely house. I couldn't just leave, could I?

Nothing happened. I was here for a while, on my own, and then a family I had never seen before, moved in. I was a bit surprised you know, they just moved in as if they owned the place.

Well, I didn't ask them. I just hid in the attic. Over time, I realised they couldn't see me and then I started wandering downstairs.

Well, since then, until now, I have just tried to look after the place. Families come and go, some are clean and tidy. Some are very messy and live like pigs. I've learned to show myself to the owner and talk it out with them, you know, how they should look after the place and behave. After all, it is the Master's house, isn't it?

No. he hasn't been back and neither has anyone else from his family.

If you want to, you can.

Oh yes, we were. We loved each other. I loved her so much. We had four children

Then you found yourself where?

Didn't you leave then?

No, I suppose you couldn't. Then what happened?

And did they, own the place, I mean?

And then what happened?

Yes, it is. Have you seen the Master since he left?

Break

Can I ask you some questions about your wife?

Were you happy together?

together. We did everything together. She worked in the kitchens on the estate.

Well, she was just under the weather for a while and then she started getting thin. She had blood in her mouth sometimes. She started eating less and missing meals because she said it made her ill when she ate. Then she became too weak to work and so I looked after her. Near the end, she had sweats and chills, one after another, all the time. The doctor said it was Tuberculosis. I don't know. Then she died. She was just a shadow of her former self, all drawn and pale, thin.... I always told her how pretty she looked and she did, to me.

What do you mean?

Pause

I can't remember....

Why? She's been dead for a long time now. She will be in heaven.

Go on.

Silence

Then

What are you saying?

I don't remember.

What did she die of?

Now, this is a very important question. Did you make any promises to each other?

Promises. Did you promise something to her or did she promise something to you just before she died.

Think carefully. This is very important.

Tomas I want to tell you something.

There is no way of saying this gently. So, I will tell you straight out. Anna is waiting for you. Like you, she hasn't moved on.

Think back to the promise she made to you, just before she died.

Let's meet tonight. Come to my bedroom at 1.15am. In the meantime, I want you to think about what she said. It is inside you.

Why 1.15am? Why not now?

Well... alright then. I will try to remember that night when she died, and what she said to me. But what if I can't remember?

Pause

Do you know, that in all this time, I have always been on time? I pride myself on that.

So then....

Yes I have. She said she hoped I had a long life and that I had many things to do yet in my life. But she said that she wanted to be with me. She said she would wait for me and when I passed on we would go on to whatever God had in mind for us, together. I'm not sure if those are the exact words or not, but that is what I remembered.

What do you mean?

You just need to work yourself back to that time.

Because these kind of things are easier at night. I go to bed at 10pm. I will awake at 1am and by 1.15am I will be ready.

I know a technique that will help you, but it is better if you remember it yourself.

My bedroom.



So do I.

Have you remembered anything?

Good. That explains a lot.

Well, you are right that Konrad contacted me to see if I could help you move on. But before I came here from England, I did some work and found that there was another spirit on this estate. I traced the spirit to a woman called Anna. She lives at the bottom of the estate where you said your cottage was. They all fell into rack and ruin years ago, but Anna is still there, waiting for you. She has kept her promise.



What? My Anna?

You know, I did always feel that she was with my in the early days after her death. I used to sit by the fireplace at night and tell her what I had been up to, you know, in my work during the day. I used to tell her how much I missed her.

I... er... well....

Yes, of course I do. But what will she look like? Will she remember me?

You were delirious when you were dying and so were confused. When you died your strongest feelings were about this house, and your duty to look after it. So you were distracted from the promise your wife had made to you. She, on the other hand, had died with only you on her mind. Her body died and she remained behind. You could not see her for the next three years because you were busy with your sorrow and your work.

So, now, do you want to meet her?

And will...I mean... I don't know.
Let me see her, please
Now!

Yes.

In the cottage

Anna?

Anna?

The cottage is perfect, just as it was on the day Tomas was taken up to the Master's house to be looked after.

She looks quite young, and healthy. After death, the ghost can take on any look desired. She looks like when you first got married because that is the strongest desire she has. And yes, she remembers you. She thinks of nothing and no one else.

OK. But don't be worried. This will not just be a fleeting moment. You will be together for as long as you both want. Forever, if that is your will.

Now, sit down there, on the chair. Close your eyes. You are travelling to the cottage. Can you see the cottage?

Anna is in front of you. Open your eyes. Do you see her?

Tomas disappears from the room.

Anna:
Tomas? You are so late....