

SCOTS HOOSE Writing Competition



What kind of competition is it?

To write a Horror or Ghost Story in Scots

Who can enter?

Secondary pupils in S1 - S6

How long?

Minimum 50 words - no upper word limit

Prizes?

The winner will receive a £50 book token

Runners up will each get a £25 book token

Highly commended entries will be sent a copy of the brand new Scots book *The Boggin Beginnin* by Lemony Snicket

When for?

Deadline: 31st October 2021 (Halloween)

Where do I send my finished story?

Send your entries (in an attached Word file) to Matthew Fitt

matthew@scotshoose.com

Remember to include with your entry

- Your Name
- Your year group
- Name of your English teacher and/or parent/guardian
- Name of your school

Writing Tips and How to Get Started

There are some scary Scots words and three examples of horror and ghost stories **The Door**, **Loast** and **Taen** on the pages below. And there are lots of useful tips to help you write great stories in Scots on the Scots Hoose websites.

Visit: www.scotshoose.com/write and www.scotsinschools.co.uk/creativity

And to read some horror and ghost stories in Scots by other writers, you'll find **FACE AFF** by Sam Best, **AN ALIEN FEELING** by Anna Stewart, **THE TALE O TOD LAPRAIK** by Robert Louis Stevenson and **TAM O SHANTER** by Robert Burns on the Scots in Schools website.

Visit: www.scotsinschools.co.uk/secondary

Scots words that show fear

feart afraid

frichtened frightened

cauld cold

chitterin shivering

tremmle tremble

greetin crying

skraich screech

skirl scream

bluid blood

dreepin dripping

reek smoke

midnicht midnight

pitmirk total darkness

shadda shadow

chappin knocking

scartin scratching

speeder spider

ghaist/bogle ghost

The Door

“Gaun. I dare ye. Open it.”

Kyle wis really startin tae annoy me. He’d got me tae come tae the auld castle wi him. On Halloween. Whit wis I even daein here?

“Open the door!” he said.

“Nut!” I said.

“That’s cause ye’re feart!”

“Naw I’m no,” I said. But I wis. There wis nae way I wis openin that door.

Castle Bruce wis supposed tae be hauntit by a grey sodger. A sodger that had been left tae die here in the castle dungeon about five hunner year ago.

We were staunin in a gloomy stane corridor richt ootside the dungeon.

Legend said that anybody who opened the dungeon door on Halloween wid be hauntit by the grey sodger for the rest o their life.

The door tae the dungeon wis covert in cobwebs. It looked like it wid faw apairt if we touched it.

“Open the door and go in, ya big feartie!” said Kyle.

“Efter you,” I said.

“Awright,” said Kyle. “Oot ma road!”

Kyle gulped doon a big braith o air and pushed open the auld widden door.

Loast

I'm loast.

I shouldnae hiv come this wey. It wis a short cut.

That's aw.

Noo I dinnae ken where I am.

Aw the streets look the same.

But there's a polis.

That's a relief.

I'll jist ask him.

Mibbe he'll tak tae me tae the sports centre.

"Hullo," I say.

Nae answer.

He's got his back tae me.

"Excuse me, I'm a wee bit lost."

Nothin.

He's jist starin at the waw.

I'm richt behind him. I tap his shooder.

The big polis birls roon.

I cannae catch ma braith.

Aw I see is twa reid een burnin like coals in a bane-white skull.

I bite ma lip and get ready tae run.

The polis has nae face.

Taen

She's walkin. Aw alane.

In the daurk. In the vennel.

Jist a wean gaun hame.

Turns the corner. Stull pitch bleck. Still dreich.

The man again.

The white van.

He's back. She rins.

He follaes her. Grabs her.

Doors dunt shut.

Tyres skite.

Engine roars doon the road.

She's gane.