

# SCOTS HOOSE Writing Competition 2023

## 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 £100 book token

Runners up will each get a £25 book token

Highly commended entries will receive a book in Scots

## When for?

Deadline: 31<sup>st</sup> October 2023 (Halloween)

## Where do I send my finished story?

Send your entries (in an attached Word file) to Matthew Fitt  
[matthew@scotshoose.com](mailto: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

You can read and listen to last year's winning horror and ghost stories in Scots written by pupils at [www.scotsinschools.co.uk/creativity](http://www.scotsinschools.co.uk/creativity)

To read more horror and ghost stories in Scots by other writers, you'll find **FACE AFF** by Sam Best, **AN ALIEN FEELING** by Anna Stewart, **MOOR BABY** by Des Dillon, **THE TALE O TOD LAPRAIK** by Robert Louis Stevenson, **WANDERIN WULLIE'S TALE** by Walter Scots and **TAM O SHANTER** by Robert Burns at [www.scotsinschools.co.uk/secondary](http://www.scotsinschools.co.uk/secondary)

For inspiration, look at the scary Scots words and three examples of horror and ghost stories **The Door**, **Loast** and **Taen** on the following pages below.

## 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

**moosewab** spider's web

**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 aboot 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 and 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.