



HORROR AND GHOST STORY IN SCOTS WRITING COMPETITION 2021

The Winning Stories

Scots Hoose is proud to present the winning story by Lily Matthews and stories by runners up Finn Sands, Bo MacDonald, Bailey Connor and Connor Alston.

Although these are the winning stories, the competition judges Shane Strachan and Anna Stewart were very impressed by the high quality evident in all the writing submitted for the competition.

There is clearly a lot of writing talent in Scotland's schools and a large number of young people who are very good at writing in Scots.

We hope you enjoy these stories – and don't get too scared.

WINNER 2021

A SPARK O INSPIRATION

by **Lily Matthews**, S3, Grove Academy, Dundee

They call me Bessie and I'm fifteen. I've not long started in service for the Baxter family in Dundee. They're poor folk, apart from the housekeeper, Mrs McQuarry. She's an old witch and she can't stand her. Mr Baxter is nice though; he couldn't be kinder. One day, while I was lighting the oil lamps before tea, he helped me. He then beckoned for me to come next door to his study, saying he would show me how a spark could be used to light a house in a flash! I went into his study; there was a roaring hot fire crackling in the hearth but quickly I was drawn to a strange machine in the middle of the room. It looked like two upturned ladles on sticks and with the lamps off, you could see a spark with pointy shards between the two pylons. I was absolutely petrified but Mr Baxter was incredibly excited.

"It's the future!" he said, "and you should get to see the future too Bessie. One day, all houses will have new inventions like this and it's important that everyone has the chance to receive the identical benefits from our understanding of modern science."

That day wis a gey special day as we haed a fresh hoose guest arrivin. Cook tellt me she needed floor tae bake cakes an Mrs Quarry insisted that we kin ainlie hae the finest, hi'est quality floor fae Fisher an Donaldson's bakery in toun. Cook geid me tuppence fur masel even tho it wisnae a Sunday efternain. She kent how fur muckle ah love th' cakes an th' biscuits fae Fisher an Donaldson's (they ur delicious!). Mrs McQuarry wisnae happy though an she said that ah shuid hurry there an back - nae dawdlin an definitely nae keekin at the cakes fur oor hoose guest wis due efter. Ah well, eh even got taen into toun by Laurence in th' carriage as he wis tae wait at th' library tae collect oor hoose guest an bring hur back tae oor hame by the pairk.

Ah explained tae Cook aboot the scary lecky device that Mr Baxter hud shown me in his study. She said anxiously, "We shuid ne'er trust lecky fur it's ungodly an dangerous." The she tellt me a story aboot a quine searchin fur her lost dug in the Howff durin a storm. The puir lassie git struck by lightning, struck doon deid. When they fun her, she hud scorch marks a' up an doon her body." Then the Cook shuddered. People say at night time if there's thunder an lightnin in th' air, ye kin see hur roond the Howff, searchin an greetin oot fur her dug.

Efter bein taken intae toun by Lawrence, ah picked up the floor fae Fisher an Donaldson's and gaed tae the windae tae keek at a' the stoatin treats. Ah juist dinnae ken whit happened. The time couldnae hae gone past sae quickly - how fur hud it got tae night time? Twas sae mirk! Then ah realised as the first fat droplet o smur splashed onto mah neck an bolted doon mah back. Neist, ontae mah face an afore ah cuid tak shelter, twas hammerin doon lik' wee bullets. Th' clouds hud massed o'erheid an a loud clap o thunder shook me tae ma core. Clutchin th' floor tae mah chest, ah ran tae tak cover under th' awnin o th' shop. How fur oan Earth wis ah goin tae get back tae th' hoose in time? Ah wis aboot tae be drookit! Th' win picked up an blew doon Reform Street. Ah cuid run back quicker that wey - bit wait, at the tap o Reform Street wis The Howff. Whit if ah saw th' lassie? The lassie murdered by lightning? Nah, ah had tae dae it. Ah had tae cut thro' The Howff. It wis the ainlie wey back in time.

Eh ran an ran til eh reached the heavy iron gates o the Howff graveyard. Ah heard trees moanin an whisperin in the win' as ah made meh wye tae th' gates oan the ither side. Eh wis nearly there whin ah heard a lassie's voice cawin oot, "Charlie!"

Eh went ower tae her an asked her wha she wis lookin fur.

"Meh dug," she replied. "Eh cannae see him," she whimpered. "Kin ye help me find him?"

As she turned towards me, eh let oot a blood-curdlin scream; her skin wis as white as sna' an her ehs wur scorched black holes.

It wis her!

A wave o' terror washed ower me. Ah stumbled backwards, mah body as flimsy as a ragdoll, bit a pushed masel tae run. Ah made it tae the road outside

th' Howff afore mah heid became fuzzy an ah felt th' cauld, drookit ground smack mah face as ah fell. Ah heard horses neighin. Th' neist thing ah kent, ah wis in th' carriage wi' Laurence an a lassie wha must hae been oor hoose guest. Ah explained tae them whit hud happened an aboot the lassie brought tae life by lightning.

"That's intriguing," said the lassie, "maybe when we get home you can tell me more stories about the dead being brought to life."

"Och aye," ah said. "That wid be fun Miss - ?"

"Mary. Mary Wollstonecraft."

RUNNER UP

THE GHAISTLY FITBAW MATCH

by **Finn Sands**, S1, St Matthew's Academy, North Ayrshire

Et wis aw daurk an a cloudy nicht. Et wis Halloween.

Tam strolled an sauntert through the toon. He was listening tae his tunes. The music wis roakin his soul.

Tam felt excited. He wis gaun guisin' later. He hud decidit tae dress up as his aw time favrit, Football Hero.

Tam loved fitbaw. Et wis his passion. He coodnae git enuf o' et.

As he walkit alang, he saw a licht shinin. Fluddlichts beamtet him through the slate-grey sky. They shone o'er the Auld Fitbaw Stadium.

Next meenit, He heard a scraich tae. Et made him tremmle. His first thought wis tae rin awa. Hooever, he decidit tae heid oot, an explore.

He wantit tae ken whaur and whit the scream wis frae. His stummach churned like his Granny's washin machine.

Tam reached the abandon't stadium. He pushed through the rusty turnstyles. He sneakily crept up tae the West Staun.

As he entert in, he wis petrified. He wis oan his ain.

He saw afore him a sicht that he didnae understaun. He spied ten ghaistly fitbaw players, rinnin aboot, an playin a gie rough game o fitbaw.

Whit wis gaun oan?

Tim wis froze stiff wae shoack. He wis horrified.

He, tae his horror, noticed the baw wis the heid o' the Heidless Referee.

'Whit?' he said an wondert sum mair.

Tam watched the the game, still tryin tae work it aw oot.

Siddenly, a monstrous luckin mid-field player crossit an ootstandin baw, tae another sinister-luckin striker.

The ba wis executit past the heidless Goalie, nae boathur.

The team screeched themsels hairse.

Forgettin whaur he wis, Tam leapt up in celebration. He cried oot lood,

'Gauuuun yerselll ghoasties!'

Everything stapped.

The stadium fell silent. The place wis as quiet as a cemetery on a funeral day.

Tae his horrur, aw the ghaists an ghouls, oan the field afore him, turnt wae richt speed, an luckt up et Tam.

Tam wis feart. He wis dumfoonert, wae shoack.

'Git him!' screamed yon ghaistly Keeper.

Shin, they aw' bolted an chased efter Tam.

Tam sprinted awa.

He boalted, as he kent his life depended oan his ain speed and haste.

He left the Stadium, quicker than the rinner Usain Bolt.

He rin fur the High Street, where he kent awbuddy else oot guisin wur gethert thegither. He spied dodgy vampires an mair ghouls an a trio o' wicked witches. Nane o' them spooked him as much as the real thing rinnin' efter him, though.

Tam wis fair puffed oot when he reached hame.

He ran up the pathway.

He ran intae the hall and ran along the hallway, tae his room.

He was tremmlin' wae tension.

Aw, o a sidden, a severed heid batterit through his windae.

He heard a vice shoot oot.

'Red Caird Tam! He's in here guys! Come oan in an git him!'

Tae his increased horrur, Tam heard a richt clatter o' fitstepps in the hall, echain oan his laminate flair.

Et that everythin' fell pitch black

RUNNER UP

CAULD NIGHT

by **Bo MacDonald**, S2, Dunfermline High School

Twas a cauld night as it aye wis in October.

Silence stretched o'er th' moonlit sky as th' stars appeared, twinklin 'n' twirlin as th' world fell asleep. Th' ainlie movement outdoors wis th' frozen trees as they swayed; th' frosted leaves as they danced against th' battlin win`. Ah pulled mah feet in, under th' duvet, attemptin tae cover mah body fae th' invadin bitterness. Nothin wis disturbin th' cauld as it lay a fresh blanket o' frost fur th' mornin'. Nothin wis disturbin th' bairns as they snuggled in thair kips, sleeping soundly neist tae thair bleezin fires. Nothin wis disturbin me. Yit, ah lay awake, questionin as tae how come ah wis feelin disturbed.

Ah looked up. Ah looked up tae th' bedroom 'boon me. Up tae th' body wha dreamt th' night awa'. Up tae th' restless laddie wha hid is his feet in th' wave o' warmth under his blankets. Ah gawked in interest. In th' wey his angelic coupon creased as he frowned in attempt tae kip. In th' wey his lang fingers moved 'n' twitched in discomfort. In th' wey his golden locks crooned his heid; his blonde highlights illuminating under th' moons ray. Ah keeked up, bygane th' wooden flair 'n' decided.

A cauld sigh escaped me as ah waited fur kip tae tak' me. Mah tummy wis a fankle o' knots, tangled 'n' tightenin wi' ilk tick o' th' clock. Ah turned around on mah wooden kip causing an abnormal amount o' noise. Ilk creak 'n' crack making me cringe. As ah let th' fresh heat surround me again, ah lay thare listenin tae th' continuin creaks. Finally ah felt th' presence o' kip slowly come; mah een became heavier 'n' mah breathing became even. Th' whistling o' th' win` became a repetitive, relaxing noise tae calm th' madness ben mah mynd.

His een finally fluttered shut 'n' mah hert leaped. It's time; after weeks o' peepin' fae below, efter weeks o' forcin masell tae bide still. Ah pushed th' floorboard awa' 'n' slowly slipped unnoticed, up intae th' bedroom. It's time.

Suddenly, mah eyes flew open. Th' creaking. It's hasnae stopped. Mah body tensed 'n' ah held mah breath, listening. Mah eyes hud locked oan th' dyke beside me, mah brain forcin everythin tae be deedly silent. Mah kip wis silent, it didnae mak' a noise. Nae a groan or squeak as normal bit it stilled wi' me, as if sensin somethin tae. Th' creakin didnae stoap. It's wasnae me. It wasnae th' kip. Somethin is thare. Something is thare. How come is somethin thare. Somethin shouldnae be thare. Ah wis up. Ah peeled mah eyes awa' fae th' safety o' th' dyke. Sittin up 'n' forcin masell tae keek. Mah breath caught in mah throat. Nothin wis thare. How fur wis nothin thare? mah body relaxed.

Ah wis makin hings up, tae caught up in mah heid, tae fauchelt. Hee haw wis thare. Ah lay back doon, mah airms swoonin as ah loosened th' deathly grip ah hud on th' duvet. Mah heid rested back oan th' lush pillow 'n' ah teuk loads o deep breaths. Hee haw wis thare. Mah hert ceased its bangin 'n' mah mynd calmed tis storm. Kip finally threatened tae tak' me 'n' ah let it drift me awa' fae th' nightmares o' life. Nothing wis thare.

His feet hud managed tae escape fae th' tangled fankle o' covers oan his kip as thay aye did, peekin oot 'n' owerth' kip. It intrigued me, he intrigued me. Th' simpleness o' th' action yit th' need. Th' recurring 'n' ne'er the end action that wull be happening fifty years awa'; whin ilka thing else haes changed, this wull nae. A grin stairted tae form oan mah coupon as ah crawled under his kip. Mah nails screeched against th' flair, goin awa scrapes bit ah wisnae concerned. A wee chuckle escaped mah lips as ah stared up at him; yin final time afore he's mines. Wance mah heid wis fully covered by th' kip frame, ah waited. Mah smile ne'er disappeared as ah decided tae pounce.

A coldness tickled at mah feet. Ah wiggled mah taes, tryin tae mak' th' discomfort disappear. It didnae end bit spread. Th' icy chill expanded, slowly seeping up mah foot. Th' foggy dizziness o' kip cleared as a breezy draught washed ower mah coupon. Ah turned mah heid, dazed 'n' unaware 'til mah een landed oan mah foot. Ah froze. Mah brain halted, keekin desperately ower mah ankle again 'n' again, findin th' identical result wi' ilk attempt. Whaur wance soft tanned skin hud lay, a deep rich purple patch o' discoloured skin appeared. Th' bruise sat directly oan mah ankle, ruining th' delicate honey tone. Mah mynd stairted tae race. Th' creakin. Th' bruise. Th' silence. Somethin is 'ere. Ah jibbed th' duvet fae me, shoving it carelessly tae yin side. Ah jumpt doon fae th' kip 'n' stairted tae run. As soon as mah foot left th' ground ah felt it. Th' lang boney fingers as thay wrapped themselves aroond mah purple ankle. Th' steel grip as thay locked thair haun in steid. Gradually, ah turned mah coupon doon. Wee by wee compellin mah een tae keek 'n' see th' grey disfigured fist as it tightened tis grip, daurin me tae run. Ah staun, hypnotised. Then suddenly a piercin scream filled th' deidly silence, mah piercing scream. Ah felt mah pipes burn juist as mah ankle wis yanked.

Ah fell, mah heid smashin against th' auld flair. A disoriented feelin passed ower me bit ah pushed it aside; determined tae git awa' fae under th' kip. Ah felt th' taps aff sensation o' liquid form oan mah heid bit 'twas dingyed. A' mah attention wis drawn tae yin thing. Thare wis a nook in th' floorboards. Mah chest pounded 'n' mah breaths wur short 'n' wheezed. Something hud bin doon thare. Something hud bin watchin me. Something hud gotten up. Ah felt th' identical recognisable bitter chill. Except noo 'twas aw weys. Somethin wis under th' kip. Somethin wis behind me. Somethin wis behind me. Somethin wis behind me. Juist as mah ain dizziness consumed me, ah felt th' identical lang, boney fingers. Thay enclosed themselves aroond mah ankle, slowly

puhlin me. Whin ah felt th' pointy gust o' win`, ah knew 'twas unco as it staired tae descend back under mah bedroom. Takin me wi' it.

Finally. I've git him. Ah felt a vicious smirk spread ower mah features in satisfaction. It ne'er wance slipped even as mah coupon faded awa' intae th...

RUNNER UP

A SCOTS HORROR STORY

by Bailey Connor, S3, Kilmarnock Academy

A dishevelled mass ae thick ruby hair took focus fae a runnin nose and ringin denim.

That wis wee Hazel of course, the unluckiest lassie this side ae the loch. She wis aye gettin caught in mingin weather like this. It wis as if the wind hud just lost his lover and the rain wis mournin anaw. Horrible weather fir a horrible night. She wis babysittin, ye see. Her maw hud signed her up fir it and she wouldnae take no fir an answer. Hazel wis pure ragin. She wis missin a Billy Connolly stand-up fir this — aw tae look efter some random weans. It wis midwinter and the snell wind hud dug its icy claws intae the snaw-dusted earth. It shook the pines free ae their branches and nicked the hair fae folk's heids. Daurk clouds filled the sky, eatin the stars and snuffin oot the light fae the Moon, while the siccar thump ae thunner joined the skriechin wind in a hellish choir. The trees creaked and groaned as Hazel hurled hersel doon the wimplin path, with her ruddy curls fleein behin her.

She wis a calendula bloomin in the wintertime, a wee rid robin lost tae the storm.

After tripping up oer a tree root and cursin the murky shaddaes, Hazel found hersel at a white metal fence. The painted metal was shaped like wolves and thorns that twisted roon a risin sun, their designs detailed and flashy. The gates swung open soundlessly and she made her way up the path. The frost that skyred like wee draps o starlicht guided her tae the white wid door and its sillar wolf heid chapper. She wis let in by an aulder lady and they hud an average blether aboot the rain and the chill in the air. Hazel couldnae believe how late she wis. The Sun must've set behin the vicious black and ragged slate o the storm clouds above. She wished she could dae that, hide between the stars and disappear beneath the horizon. But she couldnae and she wis soaked tae the bone. Hazel hadnae noticed just how tall the lady wis during her wee breeshle in the door, but now she wis staunin wi' the lamplicht lingering on her alabaster skin, she seemed even mair statuesque. Her limbs were lang and affy pale, giein her the look o a leafless birk.

“Get the weans to bed by nine and dinnae gie the wee yin anyhin sweet,” she said in a swoosh o silk and fur. Now Hazel wisnae a thief or anyhin, but she wis certainly eyein up the massive amethysts that sat roon the lady’s neck like ripe summer plums. And jist as if she could hear Hazel’s thoughts, the birk lady wis gone.

She wis alane noo, staunin the grand entryway, takin in the opulence wi’ a glaikit open-mouthed expression. The lichts glistened oan their golden lily-shaped sconces and a comforting warmth pranced about her. Hazel hud lang forgotten that her hauns were blue and chitterin fae the caul. If the gilded grandfather clock wis tae be trusted, she hud about hauf an oor tae kill before the weans went tae bed. She’d huf tae fin her way aroon this labyrinth they cawed a hoose first, although she wis mair than happy tae be in oot ae that rain. Its roar wis louder than anyhin she’d seen oan them animal documentaries. It wis shairp, jagged and harsh as broken gless. It tore through the leaves and sent wee birds in a mad panic tae fin shelter fir the nicht. She sympathised wi the poor souls who hud tae travel in that weather.

The weans must’ve been upstairs somewhere, either that or someone hud broken in and wis singin nursery rhymes. It wis about time that Hazel sent them aff tae bed. She followed the carpeted halls through the hoose, and it seemed to sigh, breathing and humming, attempting tae keep itsel warm throughout the winter. Mibbie if ye listened closely it wid sing a wee tune. Not that ye’d be able tae hear ony words or poems o’er the racket those weans wir making up the stair of course. The stairs themsel wir aw dark wid and inlaid wi gold, carved tae look like blooming lilies. Lang narrae windaes lined the walls and stern-faced portraits cast judgemental glares fae their priceless frames. The odd wee giggles and echos o song drifted doon the stair and landed softly oan the cherry carpet.

Through the windae, the mad rambling and rhythmic humming wis masked by the rains continuous drip,

drip,

drip...The singin — if ye could even caw it singin — wis louder and far mair scattered noo.

Naw ye cannae shove yer Granny aff a bus.

She opened the door expecting tae see the twa weans dauncin and playing wi rosy cheeks and toy cars that scattered. How wrang she wis. They were fast and asleep the both ae them, dreamin peacefully in a wee world ae their ain.

At best Hazel wis a wee bit shaken, at worst she wis in a hoose that wis haunted by the spirits ae forgotten weans. She wis far too tired fir this, a feelin that wis clearly shared by Nessie, the family dug. She hud been dozin aff when Hazel first opened the door. Droopy eyes and bronze fur heaped on the flair, like one ae the birk lady’s fur coats that didnae quite fit. She wis impossibly still besides the occasional twitch ae a grey whisker. Hazel hud tried tae ignore what she hud heard but the unearthly melody still pranced about in her heid,

swaying off-beat tae music she couldnae hear. She'd decided it wis a better idea tae stay upstairs, she couldnae staun the thought o going doonstairs alane. She wisnae feart or anyhin, but it seemed less lanely up there, wi the mounted antlers and oval windaes. Nessie would mak good company an aw, the twa ae them hud found a snug windae seat at the end of wan ae the maze-like halls tae curl up in.

The velvet curtains daunced in the heatless draught as the sleekit storm threatened tae make its way through the windae. Hazel wis surrounded in piles ae embroidered cushions and thick winter furs, watchin the pines waltz doon below beyond the lang-deid rose gairdens. She'd brang that stupit English work she hud tae finish wi her. "It'd be killin twa birds wi wan stane," she mumbled. Her nan would'a skelpt her fir that. *Feedin twa birds wi wan scone*, the auld wumman wid say, *Ye ne'er speak so gloomily oan a goustie nicht, dear, it's bad luck*. Hazel swore her nan made up her ain superstitions.

The view fae the windae painted quite the picture, deep charcoal clouds twistit intae greetin faces that begged tae be let intae the warm hoose. Hazel contemplated the blank page and scrawled *A Day in My Life* ower the tap line jist as her teacher hud telt her tae. Wi Nessie dozin at her feet and a thick throw wrapped aroon her, Hazel nicht faw asleep afore this essay wis done.

That's when she heard it.

Howls and yaffs and whit cud only be described as wailin comin fae the back gairden. It wis as if that snell wind hud finally caught up tae her, finally wrapped its icy claws roon Hazels' spine and froze her fae the inside oot. She couldnae move and yet aw she wanted tae dae wis run. And when she wis able tae, she tore doon the stair like a wildfire — happy tae see those crabbit portraits burn. The back door hud been taken aff its hinges and lay broken on the flair, wi wee shards ae glass dotted aboot like constellations. Hazels greengage een wir twice as feart lookin when she saw Nessie howlin in the gairden. If Nessie hud been ootside then whit wis curled up by her feet when she wis upstairs? If only she'd kent that the hing that wis upstairs wis behin her, and that the hing hud a knife in his haun.

Poor wee Hazel, she really wis the unluckiest lassie this side ae the loch.

RUNNER UP

THE BLACK-EYED CHILDREN OF SCOTLAND

by Connor Alston, S3, Kilmarnock Academy

Ma Da wance tolt me a story (or whit a thought wis a story) aboot a couple stayin in Stranraer oan an empty street 'n' aboot the terrible happenins that occurt that nicht.

Jim and Carol (the couple in the story) lived in a hoose that stood oan its lonesome, the streets coatit in snow. The hoose wis the only source of heat fir miles 'n' miles. As they were oan their way hame, a storm rollt in the wind, picked up 'n' the snow and hail began peltin the grun 'n' the coar. Jim wis strugglin tae keep the coar on the road (but it's tae early tae kill them aff yet seen as there's a story tae be tolt). When they goat there it lookt like the storm wis tryin tae force itsell in, batterin the very waws ae the hoose. The bins swept by an avalanche ae snow, broken rays ae sun licht occasionally blindin the couple efter reflectin aff the ice.

As they entered the hoose "Donald, Where's Yer Troosers?" startit playin oan the radio while Jim swept up the snow aff the drive way. Carol watched "One of Us" oan the telly. It went awfa quiet.

(Zap!)

lightnin struck and a shiver ran up Jim's spine as a sense ae dread wis oozin oot his guts. But he went oan and decided tae call it an early nicht.

(Crash!) They awoke. Carol rollt ower and nudged Jim 'n' went "Go check whit that wis, would you?"

Jim fine well knowin that he didnae want tae make Carol crabbit, slouched doun the stairs, peekt oot the windae 'n' saw the bins oan their sides. He turnt. "It wis the bins!" Jim roared. He slumpt back oan tae the couch, boady achin aw ower, groanin way ery twist 'n' turn tae ajust the couchin. Then oot o' absolutely nowhere...

Knock, knock, knock.

Jim rose oot his seat, trudged slowly ower tae the dair way in frae side tae side. As he lookt through the peephole, a child stood there lookin awfa peely-wally. Jim lookt down 'n' wis hinkin tae himsell, "Whit the hell is a child daein oot at wan o'clock in the mornin in clothes frae the dawrk ages". He wis also thoroughly drookit. So Jim opent the dair as he did an absolute bowfin smell fillt the hoose. It smelt like coo manure 'n' driet blood fillin Jim's nostrils who wis almost seek efter one whiff. Even Carol had tae cover her nose tae avoid that rank smell. (Back tae the child) It had black emotionless, glassy 'n' quite frankly piercin eyes; it felt as if the child wis starin richt through Jim. The child also wis dressed in a pair ae fancy shoes, torn shorts, an incredibly dirty white shirt 'n' a pair ae suspenders, aw drenched. The child began tiltin his heid tae the side giggling he put his haun up fir a high five. Jim sceptical ae this whole thing didnae dae it. This child then punched Jim in the face, giggled, then ran aff. Jim slammt the dair shut an thought "This wee chancer's goanna get it if he comes back roon. Then I'll be takin him tae his faither." The storm then picked up, houndin the hoose wae ery creak, followt by a crack as if the hoose wis fightin aff the storm tae stay staunin. Jim went back upstairs and tolt Carol erything that happent. She sighed "Yer heid's full ae mince Jim, you're just turet. Go back tae bed." Jim couldnae sleep efter that though. He wis richt.

Another knock this time: multiple windaes ‘n’ the waws as weel.

Jim and Carol both rockitet oot their beid, creipt doun the stairs ‘n’ saw aw these wee children pokin their heids just intae view through the windaes, chappin. Jim opent the dair. This time the child wis drenched ‘n a strikin crimson liquid which lookt awfa like blood bricht ‘n’ dripin aw ower this child.

It whispert, “One of Us.” Jim slammed the dair again. Carol ran fur the phone. She liftet it . . . The power went oot. The hoose startit sweatin as if wis worriet about its ain wellbein. Jim decidet that he wid be macho ‘n’ went outside tae try tae scare the children aff ‘n’ get the power back oan.

Jim opent the dair, took a few steps oot the entry ‘n’ saw the dug deid ‘n’ in pieces hangin fae the gutter, tore limb frae limb wi “One of Us” written oan the waw. He droopt tae his knees cryin. A cauld sweat began runnin doun his foreheid, a shiver ran through his boady. His skin grew pale, his blood slowed; he felt trapped like he had been caged in his ain mind. Stuck, a passenger tae whit wis happenin, his heid drooped and he saw his ain hert at his knees.

Carol noo alane in the hoose dartit up the stair and grabbed her phone. She turnt, left the room, slipped, fell forward. Her phone went fleein oot her haun

One step

Two steps

Three steps

Four steps

(smash!)

She followt it doun. Wae ery thump more dread ran through her boady. She then picked it up, sherds o screen erywhere coverin the flair. Then she had tae navigate this flair like a minefield. A low hum then began ringin oot around the hoose so Carol leapt for the cupboard hidin there while the children fillt the hoose ‘n’ began reckon the gaff.

Aw the crackin began again ‘n’ the entire hoose startit shakin tryin tae tip the children oot. Carol takes her chance ‘n’ bellows, “Come get me!” Doun the corridor then around the hoose. Fist clenched, she sprintit fur the dair, determint tae escape this hoose. They opent the dair. She stumult oot and kept gaun, her skin startit gaun awfa pale efter seein Jim’s deid boady lyin wae his hert on the grun. But she kept focus an acted afore the weather ‘n’ situation cud eat ‘er alive. She wis confident she widnae face the same fate as Jim. She goat in the coar, startit it, then goat oot o there greetin aw the way tae the polis station.

They went back tae the hoose where they found some children; the rest are still roamin the woods tae this day lookin fur lone families or couples or anything they can find.

Carol stays in Killie wae her new dug Brian ‘n a wee bungalow still tryin tae get ower the events o’ that nicht.

It wis a Saturday. Carol wis awoke tae the dug whinin, the snow houndin as a terrible storm rollt the waw’s o’ the hoose ‘n’...

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Carol opent the dair this time the same child wis holdin Jim's heid in his hauns, aw decomposed an fawin apart. It smelt absolutely rank. Carol stood in disbelief thinkin she had escaped that nicht. She wis frozen. By the time she could react the child had stuck its haun right through her chest holdin her hert behin her. As Carol fell, the child wisperit "One of Us".

That wis the last anyone heard fae Carol and the last known sightin ae those devil wains. Ower the next week it wis reportit that Carol hadnae left the hoose so the polis went and checked it oot. They foond Carol's boady peart's spreid about the hoose an oan the sofa "One of Us" had been smearedt wae Carol's blood.

