



Scots Hoose Horror Writin Competition 2023

The Winning Stories

Scots Hoose presents the winnin story by Lisa Alsamaan and stories by oor runners up Cara Mortimer, Julia Bromley, Kaitlyn Kelly and Ellie Vesey.

Muckle thanks tae oor judges Cat Cochrane and Craig Aitchison and tae aw the pupils that took part in this year's competition. Special thanks tae aw the amazin dominies for their support.

Enjoy the 2023 winnin horror stories in Scots.

Winner 2023

GRAVE ROBBERY

by Lisa Alsamaan, S6, Perth High School

Tae earn yer livin ye tak fae the deid.

Ye excuse yersel as ye ken they'll ne'er notice, they're deid! Scotlandhaes aye hud tis aishanswi the deid bein dug taethe point o mortsafes becomin the norm. Some say ye fin a pot o gowd at the end o the rainbow, bit ye? ochna. Ye fin that pot o gowd at the end o yer shovel, six feet deep whaurgod forbid the livin roam. You'd be deid afore ye let abody catch you.

When asked: "Whit dae ye dae fur a livin?" ye wid need a minute tae prepare. Yer wirk is auld, ah mean, whawiddae this? it's ainlie bin prohibited fur the lest 151 years, 'n' whit kin ye say, ye kin ne'er be tae late tae a pairtie in the underground.

August 24th 2008:

Greyfriars Kirkyard is ma gang tae graveyard, a bonnie site fur whit it's, as i'm drivin alang in mah murky black van, listenin taethe rattlin o a' mah equipment 'n' "i winched a girl" by katy perry, ah fin mahneistsittin duck. A bonnie kist fae the 1900's, ah aye wonder whit wid happen if ah git caught, whawid catch me? ah picked up mah shovel taestairt tonight's treasure hunt. Efter whit felt lik an eternity o shovellin, 63 scoops efter ah heard it. Clank! ah hae fun mah treasure chest. Ah stoor up the area, cleanin up the excess dirt 'n' thare 'twas, the soiled mahogany wood in a' o its glory, ony polish that did jaiketthe brunt kisthaes by noo tarnished, bit ah cuid see the indents, a roughly carved cross stretchin fae heidtae toe. Ah leidmah clatty finertips oanthe rims o the kist 'n' as ah pried the lid open, nae wi ease, ah cuid cop mahhert beat's intensity mair. Longin tae see whit ah hae discovered ah dug straecht in. A young wifie, mibeez aye, mibeeznawmid 20s. the moonlight glowed bricht 'n' ah cuid see the golden reflection ah hae bin gruntin, sweatin, diggin fur. Ah pick up her haun 'n' tak affthe bridle band. Though while the moment ah wis unapologetic fur whit ah huddane, she wouldn't lassy it, nor her guidman. Ah slowly began tae cop the guilt creep up oan me. Tae combat mah immense feelins o guilt 'n' sorrow efter arrivin hame, ah downed a kin o heavy 'n' steadied mahmyndtae think o the profit whilk wis tae be made.

August 26th 2008:

Today ah hae decided tae expand mah area o wirk by enterin a 'yard i've ne'er bin tae. Freish 'yards come wi freish promises, 'n' thedayi'm feelin jammy! while preparin masell ah tripped owerthe dirt, richtower it, as if it wurmovin. It's considered tae be ill luck bit ah quickly glossed ower it. Howfur ill cuid it be? i'll let the reward speak fur itself. Ah prepare masellwance again 'n' begintae howk. This time a muckle mair recent soul wis afftae be

disturbed. Huvin bin buried ainliethe nicht afore, the body o Emerise Wiliams wis settled. Efteranitherkist amount o gruntin, sweatin, 'n' diggin ah reach the door. This yin feels a bawherrmair off-puttin. Thare wis na engravin, the kistkeeked cheap. Na varnish. As if it wurdane in a rush. Wis this afftae be a waste o mah time? as ah haeawready dug this far ah kin as weel pull thro. Standin neisttaethe kist ah tried mah hardest tae hurl the lid tae this rickety pandora's kist, 'twas heavier than the last.

Her skin, though pale, wis rid. Her een closed 'n' locks flowin ferr lang. Emerise wis positioned stern, yitferr awkwardly, as if someone hud dug her up afore me. Haes someone else taken taemah profession? whit joy, tae nae be alone ony langer! focusin, ah search fur mahgowd. As i'm unable tae see onywhaurthe moon shines, ah decide tae sit her up, as ah dae, a'mfeelin' an arm grab at me. "Whitoan earth?", mah gut wrenches as ah receive a blawtaethe tummy. This paukit frail lassie haes a fist o iron, 'n' wi`in seconds ah lose focus, she's alive! the horrors surround me, "Wake me up fae this nightmare!". Whilst i peed masel she hud grabbed mah shovel 'n' struck me in the heid. Ah wake up, leid doon. "you woke me up!", 'n' ah sit up, bang! "my head." it's the tap o the kist. Ah keekedaround 'n' realised i'mnoo trapped in the kist ah hudjuist spent hours diggin. I'm in Emerise'ssteidnoo. Ah stairt poundin oanthe kistyit it wilnae budge, mah arms wabbit efter hours o diggin 'n' ah slowly cop masell slippin oot o consciousness, again. This is the karma fur mah greed. As a'mfeelin' mahheid gettin light, mah punishment wis realised. Emerise caught me, 'n' the livin wull donder. As fur me, ah wull be left 'ere tae die in her steid.

Runner Up

THE WAWS HAE CLAWS

by **Cara Mortimer**, S3, St Margaret's High School, Airdrie

Ah lay starin at ma ceilin fir the third nicht in a row. Waitin, an waitin... an-

“Whisper, whisper”

Ah sit bolt upright. Whit wis at?

Nuhin. Must o been the wind... Ah lay back doon pullin ma cover up tae coorie in agin. Noo it's tae quiet, tae still. Noo at ahm really hinkin about it, ah'm proably jist tired, but ma heid's aw ower th place. At's how a cannae sleep..

Ah'm coontin yowies, ah see thum in ma mind's ee hirplin ower a waw. Ah cannae stoap. “Wan baa, twa baa, three baa, fower baa, five...” ah whisper intae masel, inside ma heid.

Tap

Tap

Tap

It's aw in ma heid, “Get a haud o yersel” ah tell masel, ah keep coontin “six... seeven”

“Eight”

Haud oan, at wisnae me. Wis it? Or wis it me? Ah'm fair knackered. Mibbe ah'm hearin hings. Mibbe it wis me. Proably wis. Naw haud oan, it wis definately jist me, mibbe ah'm dreamin -

“Nine, ten....It's Halloween.

Noo open yer een...”

“Did ah jist hear at?” I say tae masel. Noo ah’m no lyin, ah’m fair fleggit. But ah’m that feart ah cannae open ma een. At voice, as soft as a ettercap’s wab, ah’m sure ah ken it. But fae whur? Ah cannae place it. But ah’m no daein it. Ah’m no openin ma een. Ye cannae mak me. Naebdy can.

“Open yer een it’s Halloween”

“Ahhhhhhh!” I shriek inside masel. The voice is louder noo, a cannae open ma een a’m terrified, ah cannae trust it, ah cannae open em.

“Open yer een”

Ah cannae dae it.

“Open yer een! It’s Halloween”

Ah don’t want tae

“Open your-!”

Ah open ma eyes. It aw faws silent in ma daurk room. Er’s nuhin er. Nuhin at aw. Ah sit up lookin roon. Everyhin’s as it shuid be. Aw the same, aw is at peace as it wis afore. Except...

Wis my wardrobe door open afore? Ah cannae hink. Ah throw masel back doon, ma heid under the covers closin ma een ticht. Then ah hink, ah should shut th wardrobe door just in case. Naw ah should leave it, it’s fine... I dinnae like a hauf-shut door, hauf-shut, hauf-open, who kens whit ye could let in?

Fine ah'll get up. Ah move towards the outline o ma wardrobe. Ah've memorised well enough tae recognise ma whole room in the daurk. The wardrobe door is still a wee bit open, so ah reach oot fir the haunle tae shut it. See? It's aw nuhin. Ah just happened tae forget tae shut it. Ah turn...

Step

Step

Step

Back tae ma bed. Under the covers. But that's when ah hear it. Ma eyes slam shut. But ma ears are wide open, listenin...

Tap

Whisper

Scart

Tap

Whisper

Scart

Aw naw, ah'm feart, ah'm tremmlin aw ower. Whur is at comin fae? It's no gonnae gie me ony peace. Ah cannae look but ah cannae block oot th sound...

Ma wardrobe? Naw.

Tap

Whisper

Scaaaaaaaaaaart!

BANG!

SCREECH!

CLAW!

Aw naw... Ah hear it...ah hear it fae inside the waw...

“IT’S IN THE WAW!”

Aw caw canny like ah pit ma lug tae the waw at the side o ma bed. Aw o a sudden it faws deidly silent, it’s like the sounds answered ma questions fir me... It’s aw calm noo, It’s aw quiet. Calm. Quiet... aw is deid. Ah keek ma heid oot fae under the covers, listenin, but no openin ma een. An that’s when ah hear it...

“Open yer een, it’s Halloween

Open yer een, it’s Halloween

Open yer een, it’s Halloween..”

An ah’m that feart o hearin the voice agin, ah open ma een tae the daurk...

“OPEN YER EEN SO AH CAN CLAW THEM OOT!”

An a see the waws stretchin like elastic an the bony hauns and lang black fingir nails scartin an scraping an claws pokin richt oot fae the waw tae get me...

Runner Up

THE IOTHER SIDE O THE MIRROR

by **Julia Bromley, S1**

St Andrew’s & St Bride’s High School, East Kilbride

It wis gettin dark ootside, so ah went fir a donner tae ma pal’s hoose. As soon as ah walked oot the door, ah got a baltic blast richt in the coupon. Even though it wis pure chankin, ah kept

gawn. When ah got there, ma pal Sarah convinced me tae go tae some stupid Halloween pairty doon the street. Ah only agreed 'cos her, Natalie and Monica were gonnae be there (ma best pals). I got telt there wis gonnae be stupid dares involved. Whit a load a rubbish!

Ah couldnae be bothert goin in, but ah chapped the door anyway. Next hing ah know, ah'm in a honkin room surrounded by a load a gallus lassies dookin fur aipples. Wan o them wis so steamin she wis bouncin aff the waws. Efter ah wis done calmin doon a greetin lassie, ah decked it oan a pile o spilled beer. The smell wis enough tae gie me the boke. So far, the pairty hud made me pure scunnered.

Some eejit hud the idea fur us aw tae spend wan minute alone in the pitch black lavvy and somethin "spooky" would happen. Everywan wis feart that somethin wis gonnae happen. Whit a laugh! Ah wiz at the end o the queue, and by the time aw the screamin wee lassies hud their turn, surprise, surprise, nothin happened! Ah rolled ma eyes as ah stepped intae the pitch black lavvy and sat oan the edge o' the bath richt in front o the mirror, patiently waitin fur the timer tae go aff.

As ah sat there, ah couldnae help but notice a weird feelin. Suddenly the tap in the bath turned oan, which sendin a shiver doon ma spine. Finally, the timer went aff and ah went tae turn the door haundle, but the door wis locked! Ah jimmied the haundle but it widnae budge!

"No so fast!" ah heard a sinister voice say. Ah swiftly turned aroon tae find a version ae me staunin in the mirror holdin a knife wae blood drippin aff ma coupon. Aw o a sudden, ah could feel a bony haun reach oot an grab me, grippin tightly tae both ma shooders.

"Ha ha, very funny! Nice costume, now let me oot." ah said, tryin tae keep ma voice steady. "Wha said it's a costume?..." replied the owner o the haun as it gripped ontae me even tighter...

Runner Up

ABANDONED

by **Kaitlyn Kelly, S1**

St Andrew's & St Bride's High School, East Kilbride

An abandoned hospital? Aye, like that's a good idea.

Ma pal's Tim and Maya were bletherin aboot some abandoned hospital. Aye right. There's nae way a wid be daein that. Then a thocht, well... a huvny git ony other plans. So, why no? Daft, ah ken.

There we wir. Ooutside the hospital. It looked pure mingin. Ah swear ah seen bluid. Ma pals telt me ah wis imagininhings. A kent a wisny.

We went in. The door pure skraiched. Ah wis getting quite feart. It wis pitmirk. Nae lichts. Ma pal wis pure greetin cis she seen a speeder.

Then ah heard a door. Slam shut. Naw. Ah wantit tae go hame. This wisny a good idea. Chap. Chap. Chap. Oan the door. Ma pals thinkin they were funny, aye? Talkin o ma pals... whaur wir they? Naw. This wisny even funny. Ah opened the door. There it wis. Pure starin it me with its white een. Whit wis it?! A couldny see it aw. Only its shadda. And it's bright een. Then... it clicked. A zombie. Ah heard a skirl. Sounded like ma pal. Ah ran tae the noise. Dunno why. Ye. Shid. Never. Run. Tae. The. Noise. A seen Maya. She looked that feart. Then ma een fixed oan the flair. Tim. Dreepin bluid frae the mooth. And the airm. He's been bit. He's deid! Maya and I turnt roon. Aw naw...

Runner Up

MORGAN STREET

by **Ellie Vesey, S1**, Braeview Academy, Dundee

Eh kent eh didna like this place. No tae lang ago ago eh moved hoose. It wis a bonnie wee hoose. It wis perfect. When eh first moved here eh heard some bangin but eh didna think much o it. But that wis only the beginning.

Everyday eh came hame, sat doon and had a cuppie, but that wan night wis different. The noises were different . Eh couldny describe these noises but they made meh hert poond. Eh couldny bear it. So eh wandered up the creakin staircase and up tae the attic...

Boom. Boom. Boom. There it wis again. Eh second guessed meh choice, but eh kent that eh needed tae find oot whit wis goin on. Eh reached for the door handle.

Eh walked in the attic. The bangin stopped. “Wha’s there?” eh whispered. Nothing wis there. Eh kent there wis nothin, eh thought tae mesel. Eh walked happily down the stairs but then...