

# Write a Scots Story

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**01** A short story in Scots is like writing a story in English except you need to use at least some or ideally a lot of Scots words.

A good short story will draw the reader in to a world inhabited by one or two characters and will show how the character or characters deal with a problem or a situation they find themselves in.

**02** Start your story with a strong opening line. This will grab your reader's attention immediately. Here are a few examples.

**A** "Gie me it!" he said.

**B** She wis jist leavin the hoose when she saw...

**C** I didnae want tae but they made me tak the money.

Choose from A, B or C as your first line and write what happens next. Or think up your own first line and carry on your story from there.

**03** If you're needing some more Scots words in your story, try to include or use some or all of the Scots words here.

yella, braw, drookit, windae, licht,

sair, feart, skelp, oot, dug,

wrang, wean, dinnae, lowpin, doon

**04** Read the extracts from these Scots stories. You'll find the complete stories on the Scots Hoose Yaldi Secondary Stories page.

See before ah got the job at the chippy, ah was actual so soft when it came tae auld men. If ah'd seen an auld man wi a fish supper under his arm, ma brain wouldae constructed a hale story about him bein lonely, wifeless an dugless, away hame tae hiddle over his wee papery tea in a buckled armchair. An see if he happened tae be wearin a baseball cap... Nut. That'd be me - finished, deid, game over. Ah suppose the service

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industry hardens ye. Cause see now? Ah'm aboot wan battered sausage innuendo away fae a criminal record.

*The Kingdom Chippy by Laura Barbour*

It wis about 2a.m., long efter closing, but when Ali had stayed in toon at Ray's again, or so he'd said, it wis because we'd argued earlier in the day. That's when he likes a drink. I pulled my coat on and took Lugs across the road. I followed the wee path that cuts through the middle o the field towards the cliffs and headed fir the light. And that wis us: me and Lugs on oor last walk thegither. He breathed a kindo quick breath while he wis pulling at the lead, heading for this glow above the rape. And when we got closer I couldnae see properly, it wis that bright. Lugs barked and I heard a piercing sound, beyond a high note fae the sea, like a dog whistle I could hear, and my ears popped. Then Lugs pulled hard on the lead and the leather burnt my skin so I lost hud o him.

*An Alien Feeling by Anna Stewart*

It's ma Da's fault really. Een minute I wis aul enough tae bide at hame and look aifter masel while he wis swannin aboot Asia on a cruise wi his blonde, but add in a global pandemic, a grunny up tae high doh ower being stuck in her hoose alone and a wee incident in ma kitchen involvin the microwave explodin aifter I tried tae cook a tattie in tinfoil, I wis suddenly ower young and ower glaikit tae be left masel for as lang as Da wis stuck aff the coast o Phuket on a ship full o feverish octogenarians.

*Hoast by Shane Strachan*

All the extracts from these stories are different but the one thing they all do is they draw the reader in, grab their attention and leave the reader wanting to know what happens next.

05 It might help to lay out the Scots words you know or the Scots words you pick up from reading other Scots stories as nouns, verbs and adjectives. Here is an example.

**NOUNS:** hoose, bairn, nicht, watter, loch, heid, bluid, faither, polis

**VERBS:** greet, faw, reek, haud, dreep, skelp, droon, blether, birl

**ADJECTIVES:** bonnie, braw, sleekit, crabbit, mingin, dreich, guid

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**06** Read this story in Scots by Kirsty Logan. Look at the way Kirsty tells the story and show us how her character feels about and deals with a big change in her life.

(Maybe Kirsty's story will inspire you to write your own story in Scots.)

## LEGO

*by Kirsty Logan*

Ma hoose seemed like lego. When I got hame, there were boxes a wy. Pieces of it had moved. A photae off a the windaesill, a pair a wellies shifted fae their place aside the door. Ma sister wis sittin on the fleer, a few tears runnin doon her face. It made me upset, seein ma sister greet, and seein how ah her things could jist be uplifted and taken away, but it wis her choice. She wanted to leave. She said university was important, that she wanted tae live by herself, but it didnae look like it.

She looked up when I walked in, and said through a weak voice that didna sound like her ane, "I dinna want tae go."

I couldna think o anyhin tae say. I jist sat doon aside her an tried tae hud back the tears. I couldna. They started streamin doon ma face, but I didna say anyhin. I didna even look at her, cos I kaint it would mak ahin worse.

I dinna kane how lang we sat there. It must a been a while, cos fan I got up fae the fleer, the piles o boxes were ah higher, and ahin seemed busy, like fan we were at school, and Miss Morris telt us we hid tae write 2 pages o our story afore the end o the day, an abdy sat in silence, but you could hear ah the pencils gan, as if a wee army o ants wis stormin through the room.

I went up I stairs, an intae ma sister's room. Ahin hid moved. It wis empty. Lookin at it afore, a coulda sworn ahin in it wis a part o the hoose that couldna be changed. But it wis like lego. If it wisna lookin right, you could change it. Why could we nae jist change it back?

We packed up the car wi ah the boxes, one sittin on ma lap. We drove the hale hunner-an-siventy-odd miles in silence, except for once or twice, fan ma mammy tried tae lighten the mood. It didna help.

We drove past Toremore. The House of Bruar. Then we turned off the roonaboot at Perth, towards Glasgow. Then past Stirling, far ma dad pointed oot the Wallace monument, like he iways does. Then we passed the sign that says, "Welcome to Glasgow." Then we passed the big library, an went away through the Clyde Tunnel, which, as ma mammy pointed oot, ma

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Grandpa built. Then past the big, glass Audi building. Turned away fae the motorway. Then we were there.

We parked outside a wee shop cad, “Night and Day”, across fae the halls ah residence for the University of Strathclyde.

We didna move fae the car for about ten minutes. I didna really kane fit tae dee. We didna speak.

We each took a box an carried it intae room two, flat three one. It wis sma. it hid a bed, a desk, a wee wardrobe an a sink. It looked like a prison cell.

We unpacked a few ah the boxes, made her wee prison cell look mare like hame. Ma dad nipped tae the wee shop across the road, got her some tins a soup an supernoodles, an came back, decided that we were gaun oot fer tea, an that he wis gonnæ take her tae Asda in Govan in the morning, “cos a student cannae afford that wee shop.”

We went tae Di’Maggio’s. I loved it there. They pit cocktail sticks in their burgers tae haud them thigither cos they’re that big. The man gied me a kids menu when we went in, an there wis a wee pot ah crayons on the table when we sat doon. There wis a picture o a farm on the back ah ma menu that we hid tae colour en. Me an ma sister did fit we ayways did. We picked the opposite colours fae what the picture shoulda been, an coloured it in as if we were gonnæ sell it for a million. It looked awful, but ma sister said she’d pit it on her wa anyway.

We didnae get tae order fur a while, cos it was busy, so me and ma sister played wur wee game, where we tried tae high five each other, but moved wur haunds away afore the other person could git them. Ah wisnae very good, but ma sister would pretend she wis lookin at summin really interestin so ah would hae a chance tae git some points. I loved playin it, cos even though her hands felt aw boney when I high fived her, it wis one ah the few things that still made her laugh.

She didnae laugh as much as she normally did when we were playin, but I think that’s jist because she kept thinking about us leavin her here hersel. The low-hangin ceilin light above us kept shinin off her collarbones, an the shadows it created made the daurk, sallowed bits under her eyes look even worse.

The waiter came tae take wur order. I cannae remember what ma mammy and ma daddy ordered, but I ordered a cheeseburger an chips, an even though I knew I’d niver manage tae finish it aw, I still telt ma mammy I wid. The waiter looked roon at ma sister, waitin fir her tae order summin. She

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didnae say anyhin, she just looked doon at the table an shook her heid.

Ma mammy looked directly at her, and spoke in the way she dis when she's no really angry, jist disappointed wae us. "You promised you'd eat this year."

If you need more tips on Writing a Scots Story or want to send your stories to us for feedback, you can write to [info@scotshooseyaldi.com](mailto:info@scotshooseyaldi.com)

We'd love to hear from you.