

## **Wandering Willie's Tale** (abriggit)

by

**Sir Walter Scott**

1. Ye maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi the Hielandmen in Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second cam in, wha was in sic favour as the Laird o Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lunon court, wi the king's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampauging like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy (and of lunacy, for what I ken) to put down a the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was ay for the strong hand; and his name is kend as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, not dargle, not mountain, nor cave, could hide the puir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi a roebuck – it was just, 'Will ye tak the test?' if not, 'Make ready – present – fire!' and there lay the recusant.
2. Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan – and that he was proof against steel – and that bullets happed aff his buff-coat like hailstains from a hearth – that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifragawns – and muckle to the same purpose of whilk mair anon. He wasna a bad master to his ain folk, though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid oot wi him to the persecutions, as the Whigs caa'd those killing times, they wad hae drunken themselves blind to his health at any time.
3. Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund – they ca the place Primrose Knowe. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than onywhere else in the country. It's a deserted now; and I sat on the broken doorcheek three days since, and I was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, a rambling rattling chiel he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes. The like o Steenie wasna the sort they made Whigs o. And so he became a Tory, as they ca it, which we now ca Jacobites, just out of a kind o needcessity, that he might belang to some side or other. He had nae ill will to the Whig bodies, and liked little to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting and hoisting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some that he couldna avoid.
4. Now Steenie was a kind of favourite with his master, and kend a the folks about the castle and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCallum, the butler, was especially fond o the pipes and ay gied my gudesire his gude word wi the laird, for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.
5. Weel, round came the revolution, and it was like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not atehgither sae great as they feared. The Whigs made unco crawling what they would do with their auld enemies, and in special wi Sir Robert Redgauntlet.

But there were ower mony great folks dipped in the same doings, to mak a spick an span new world. So Parliament passed it a ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was.

6. Weel, my gudesire was nae manager – no that he was a very great misguider – but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. When Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grund-officer to come wi the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behoved to flit. Sair wark he had to get the siller; but he was weel-freended, and at last he got the haill scraped thegither – a thousand merks – the maist of it was from a neighbour they ca'd Laurie Lapraik – a sly tod. Laurie had a wealth o gear – could hunt wi the hound an rin wi the hare – and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He thought he had guid security for the siller he lent my gudesire ower the stocking at Primrose Knowe.
7. Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle wi a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the laird's danger. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the laird, his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jackanapes, that was a special pet of his; a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played. Sir Robert caa'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burnt; and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature – they thought there was something in it byorner – and my gudesire was not just easy in his mind whan the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi naebody but the laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.



*a great ill-favoured jackanapes*

8. Sir Robert sat, or, should I say, lay, in a great armed chair; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite him, in a red laced coat, and the laird's wig on his head; and ay as Sir Robert girmed wi pain, the jackanapes girmed too, like a sheep'shead between a pair of tangs – an ill-faured, fearsome couple they were.
9. My gudesire placed the bag of money on the table wi a dash, like a man that does something clever. The laird drew it to him hastily – 'Is it all here, Steenie, man?'
10. 'Your honour will find it right,' said my gudesire.
11. 'Here, Dougal,' said the laird, 'gie Steenie a tass of brandy downstairs till I count the siller and write the receipt.'
12. But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garred the castle

rock. Back ran Dougal – in flew the livery-men – yell on yell gied the laird, ilk ane mair awfu that the ither. My gudesire know not whether to stand or flee, but he ventures back into the parlour. Terrible the laird roared for cauld water to his feet and wine to cool his throat; and Hell, Hell, Hell, and its flames was ay the word in his mouth. They brought him water and when they plunged his swollen feet into the tub, he cried out that it was burning; and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and sure aneuch, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. My gudesire's head was like to turn – he forgot baith siller and receipt, and downstairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter and word gaed through the castle that the laird was dead.

13. Weel, away came my gudesire and his best hope was that Dougal had seen the money-bag. And heard the laird speak of writing the receipt. The young laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh, to see things put to rights. Sir John had been bred an advocate and, afterwards, sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations – if his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on his awn hearthstane.
14. Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor grained, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a the order of the grand funeral. The night before the funeral, he asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. Dougal took a tass of brandy to himsell and gave another to Hutcheon and wished him all health and lang life and said that, for himsell, he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said that being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower (for nobody cared to wake Sir Robert Gauntlet like another corpse) he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, 'though death breaks service' said MacCallum, 'it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon.'
15. Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy.
16. When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure enough the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert were blowing it, and up got the twa auld serving men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance; for there were torches in the room which showed him the foul fiend, in his ain shape, sitting on the laird's coffin! Ower he cowped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting nae answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and ay; but mony a time it was heard at the top of the house amang the auld chimneys and turrets where the houlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up and the funeral passed over without mair bogle-wark.
17. But when a was ower, and the laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book.

Weel, away he trots to the castle to tell his story.

18. 'I wuss ye joy, sir, of the head seat and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon – his boots I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout.'
19. 'Aye, Steenie,' quoth the laird, 'His was a sudden call; no time to set his house in order. We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do and little time to do it in.' Here he opened the fatal volume.
20. 'Stephen,' said Sir John, still in the same soft sleekit tone of voice – 'Stephen Stevenson of Steenson, ye are down here for a years' rent behind the hand – due last term.'
21. *Stephen.* 'Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father.'
22. *Sir John.* 'Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?'
23. But Steenie had nae receipt for the auld laird had dee'd afore he wrote it but he insisted that the bag o money maun be in the hoose. But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied that they had ever seen such a bag of money. Ae quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes..
24. Sir John Redgauntelet ordered the servants out of the room then said to my guidshire, 'Now Steenie, ye see ye have had fair play; and. As I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than ony other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this falserie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit.'
25. 'The Lord forgie your opinion,' said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end – 'I am an honest man.'
26. 'So am I, Stephen,' said his honour; 'and if I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money. Where do you suppose the money to be? Speak out, sir! Do you suppose that I have the money?'
27. 'Far be it from me to say so,' said Stephen.
28. 'Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?'
29. 'I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent.' Said my guidshire; 'and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof.'
30. 'Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story,' said Sir John; 'I ask where you think it is – and demand a correct answer?'
31. 'In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it.' Said my guidshire, driven to extremity, 'in hell! With

your father, his jackanapes, and his silver whistle.'

32. Down the stairs he ran (for the parlour was nae place for him to be after such a word) and he heard the laird swearing blood and wounds behind him. Away rode my guidshire to his chief creditor (him they cried Laurie Lapraik) to try if he could make anything out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the worst word in his wame – thief, beggar and dyvour; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My guidshire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of his patience and he was wanchancie aneuch to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as well as the man, and said things that garred folk's flesh grue that heard them – he wasna just himsell and he had lived wi a wild set in his day.
33. At last they parted and my guidshire had to ride hame through the wood o Pitmurkie, that is fou of black firs. At the entry to the wood is a wild common, and on the edge of the common, a little lonely change-house, that was keepit by an ostler-wife and there puir Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy. He took off the brandy at twa draughts, and named a toast at each – the first was the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the siller or tell him what came o't, for he saw that the haill world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.
34. On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when all of a sudden, from tired and weary that it was before, the nag began to spring and flee, and stend, that my guidshire could hardly keep the saddle. Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him said 'That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?' So saying, he touched the horses neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. 'But his spunk's soon out of him, I think,' continued the stranger, 'and that is like a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof.'
35. My guidshire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with 'Guid e'en to you, freend.'
36. But it's like the stranger was ane that doesna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was ay beside him at the self-same pace, At last my guidshire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry and, to say the truth, half feared. 'What is it ye want with me. Freend?' he said. 'If ye be a robber. I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell.'
37. 'If you will tell me your grief,' said the stranger, 'I am one that, though I have been sair miscaa'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my friends.'
38. So, my guidshire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

39. 'It's a hard pinch,' said the stranger; 'but I think I can help you.'
40. 'If you could lend me the money, sir, and take a lang day – I ken nae other help on earth,' said my guidshire.
41. 'But there may be some under the earth,' said the stranger. 'Come I'll be frank with you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you that your auld laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt.'
42. My guidshire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humoursome chiel that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi brandy and desperate wi distress; and he said he had the courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt. The stranger laughed.
43. Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house, and, but he knew the place was ten miles off, my guidshire would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle; and the whole of the front was lighted and there were pipes and fiddles. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastening his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.
44. 'God!' said my gudesire, 'if Sir Robert's death be but a dream! He knocked at the ha door just as he was wont and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum came to open the door. My gudesire was like a man in a dream – he looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say, 'Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead.'
45. 'Never fash yoursell wi me,' said Dougal, 'but look to yourself; and see that ye tak naething frae ony body here, neither meat, drink or siller, except just the receipt that is yer ain.' So saying, he led the way into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane songs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculdudry, as ever had been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at its blithest. But what a set of ghastrly revellers they were that sat around that table! My gudesire kend mony that that had long before gone to their place, for often he had piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton and the crafty Lauderdale and Dalyell with his bald head and a beard to his girdle. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie; and there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark curled locks streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made.
46. Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a this fearful riot, cried wi a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper to come to the board-head, where he was sitting, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time on earth – the very cushion for the jackanapes was close to him, but the creature itself was not there – it wasna its hour; for he heard them say as he came forward, 'Is not the major come yet?' And another answered, 'The jackanape will be here betimes the morn.' And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said, 'Weel. Piper, hae ye settled wi my son for the year's rent?'

47. With much ado Steenie gat breath to say that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.
48. Ye shall hae that for a tune on the pipes, Steenie,' said the appearance of Sir Robert – 'Play us up "Weel Hoddled Luckie".'
49. Now this was a tune that my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings, and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi him.
50. 'MacCallum, ye limb of Beelzebub! Bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!'
51. MacCallum brought a pair of pipes which might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.
52. 'Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie,' said the figure, 'for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting.'
53. Now these were the very words that the bloody Earls of Douglas said to keep the king's messenger in hand while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at Treave Castle, and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man and said he neither came to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy; but simply for his ain – to ken whit was come o the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; he charged Sir Robert for conscience sake (he had no power to say the holy name) to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.
54. The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt and handed it to Steenie. 'There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle. Thou sack-doudling son of a whore! Here we do nothing for nothing; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for your protection.'
55. My fathers tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, 'I refer mysell to God's pleasure, and not to yours.'
56. He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him and he sank on the earth and lost both breath and sense. How lang he lay there he could not tell; but when he came to himsell, he was lying in the kirkyard by the grave of Sir Robert and his horse was grazing quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand.
57. He left that dreary place and rode to Redgauntlet Castle. 'Well, you dyvour bankrupt.' Was the first word. 'have you brought me my rent?'

58. 'No,' answered my gudesire, 'I have not; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it.'
59. Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, and, at last, at the date, whilk my gudesire had not observed. '*From my appointed place,*' he read, '*this twenty-fifth of November.*' – 'What! That is yesterday! Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!'
60. 'I got it from your honour's father – whether he be in heaven or hell I know not,' said Steenie.
61. Sir John paused, composed himself and desired to hear the full story; and my gudesire told it him. Sir John was silent again for a long time and at last he said, very composedly, 'Steenie, this story concerns the honour of many a noble family besides mine. If it is a lie, I'll drive a red-hot iron through your tongue. But yet it may be true and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think. Where shall we find the cat's cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle.'
62. 'We were best ask Hutcheon,' said my gudesire; 'he kens a the odd corners'. Aweel, Hutcheon, when asked, told them that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house and only accessible my ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.
63. 'There I will go immediately,' said Sir John; and he took with him (for what purpose heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall table, and hastened to the battlements. It was a dangerous climb. However, up got Sir John and entered at the turret door. Something flees at him, with a vengeance, maist dang him back ower – bang gade the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire, that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanapes down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra thing besides, that had been missing for many a day. And Sir John, when he had ripped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlour and spoke kindly to him. 'Although this vision of yours tends, on the whole to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, ill-dispositioned men mightttt make bad constructions upon it. So, I think we had better lay the haill dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower muckle brandy to be very certain about onything. And this receipt, we will do best I think to put it quietly in the fire. I will give you a discharge under my own hand and, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit at an easier rent.'
64. 'Mony thanks to your honour,' said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind was; 'only I would willing speak wi some minister, for I do not like the sort of soumons of appointment whilk your honour's father-'
65. 'Do not call the phantom my father!' said Sir John, interrupting him.
66. 'Weel then, the thing that was so like him,' said my gudesire 'he spoke of my coming back to see him this twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience.'
67. 'Aweel, then,' said Sir John, 'if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish. He is a douce man and regards the honour of our family.'

68. Wi that, Steenie readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the laird threw it into the chimney. Burn it would not, though; but flew away up the lum, wi a lang train of sparks at the tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.
69. My gudesire gaed down to the Manse and the minister's opinion was that, if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage. And, indee, my gudesire of his ain accord, lang foreswore baith the pipes and brandy – and it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day past, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebeagh or tippeny.
70. Sir John made up the story about the jackanapes and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, some threap that it was nane o the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire saw in the laird's room, but only that wanchancy creature, the major, capering on the coffin; and as to the blawing of the whistle, the brute could do that as weel as the laird himsell. But heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then my gudesire was obliged to tell the real narrative for the credit of his good name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.
71. The shades of evening were growing thicker around us as my conductor finished his long narrative with this moral – 'Ye see, birkie, it is nae chancy thing to tak a strange traveller for a guide, when you are in an uncouth land.'
72. 'I should not have made that inference,' said I. 'Your grandfather's adventure was fortunate for himself and fortunate for his landlord also, whom it prevented from committing a gross act of injustice.'
73. 'Aye, but they had baith to sup the sauce o't,' said Wandering Willie – 'what was fristed wasna forgiven. Sir John died before he was much over threescore. And for my gudesire, though he departed in the fullness of life, yet there was my father, a yauld man of forty-five, fell down betwixt the stilts of his pleugh, and rase never again, and left nae bairn but me, a puir sightless, fatherless, motherless creature. Things gaed weel aneugh at first; for Sir Redwald Redgauntlet, the only son of Sir John brought me into his household to have care of me. He liked music and I had the best teachers. Mony a merry year I was wi him; but waes me! He gaed out wi other pretty men in the Forty-five – and if I say another word about it, deil a bar will I have the heart to play the night. Look out, my gentle chap,' he resumed in a different tone, 'ye should see the lights at Brokenburn Glen by this time.'

### Scots Language Work

1. Like mony fowk wha scrieve in Scots, Scott disnae invariably yaise Scots forms. In the first sentence, can ye spot six Anglicisms? Why dae you think he daes this?
2. There are some words that suggest that this isnae twenty-first century literature. Identify as mony archaisms as you can.
3. Whit dae thae words mean *callerer* (para 3); *misguider* (para 6); *byorner* (para 7); *cowped* (para 16). Check yer answers in the *Concise Scots Dictionary*.
4. Ye can see it in words like *siller*, *hae*, *forgie* and *een* (evening). Whit letter is omitted in Scots? Whit micht Steenie Steenson's name be in English?

5. Find out frae a dictionary whit language the follaein words cam frae: flit (para 6); tass (para 11); cowped (para 16).
6. Johnn Grahame o Claverhouse was killed by a siller bullet. Whaur wis he hit? (para 45)
7. In (para 54), Auld Redgauntlet cries Steenie a 'sack-doudlin son of a whore'. Look up *bagpipes* in a German dictionary.

### Information tae research.

1. Wha were the Covenanters?
2. Whit is meant by 'waking' the corpse o Sir Robert?
3. Whit's the richt wey tae behave in Hell? There are some things ye maunna dae. What are they?

### Some questions to think about

1. Whit clues are there in paragraph 1. about the narrator's attitude tae Redgauntlet?
2. (Para 13) gies as a clue as tae the date whan story must be set. Whit wad ye say is the approximate date o the story?
3. Although Wandrin Willie isnae meant tae be a best sellin author, his tale is fu o craftsmanship. He is gey skilled wi word order for example. Tak a luik at the first sentence o para 2. Whit is the effect o puttin 'far and wide' at the stert instead o a t the end?
4. Anither o his devices is alliteration. See hoo many pairs o alliteratin ye can find. Stert wi para 3.
5. Whit wey daes he yaise names tae create atmosphere? (Clues in para 6 and para 33)
6. He is also the maister o the unco short sentence. Whit is the effect o the last sentence in para 42?
7. This hail story is richt weel constructit. Trace aw the references tae each o the follaein aw the wey through the story and see hoo they set up the narrative.
  - a) Hell
  - b) Drink
  - c) The whistle
  - d) The ape
  - e) The siller
  - f) Political and religious tensions.
8. When ye're writin aboot excitin or emotional things, ye cannae keep yer readers on the edge o their seat aw the time. Ye need tae gie them a few ups and doons. Look at paras 10-17 and see whan the suspense build up and whan ye get tae relax a wee bit. Ye culd draw a graph shawin the heich and laich pynts in the narrative aw the wey through.
9. This is a gothic horror story. Whit are the features o gothic fiction? Hoo many o the features o gothic fiction can ye find in this story? Can ye name at least twa ither gothic novels?
10. Is there a rational explanation tae every event in the story?