

## Morag's account of *Tartan*

It \_\_\_\_\_ (1) last year, on a cold winter morning, I \_\_\_\_\_ (2 wake up) early because of the noise \_\_\_\_\_ (3 make) by the wind and also because I \_\_\_\_\_ (4 not feel) safe without my husband at home with me. He \_\_\_\_\_ (5 leave) a few days before \_\_\_\_\_ (6 spend) some time in the hills \_\_\_\_\_ (7 take care) of the new lambs. \_\_\_\_\_ (8 look) at the window I \_\_\_\_\_ (9 see) four Vikings \_\_\_\_\_ (10 come ashore) from the ship they \_\_\_\_\_ (11 anchor) in the bay. I \_\_\_\_\_ (12 decide + hide) in the rocks above my house where I \_\_\_\_\_ (13 watch) them \_\_\_\_\_ (14 kill) my neighbour's dog. I \_\_\_\_\_ (15 terrified) but when I \_\_\_\_\_ (16 see + go + them) into my house I \_\_\_\_\_ (17 can't help + wonder) what they \_\_\_\_\_ (18 do) in my house. Silently I \_\_\_\_\_ (19 come back) to my house and \_\_\_\_\_ (20 watch) them while they \_\_\_\_\_ (21 eat) my good soup. Suddenly one of those big brutes \_\_\_\_\_ (22 realize) I \_\_\_\_\_ (23 stand) by the door and I \_\_\_\_\_ (24 obligation + run away) in a hurry. I \_\_\_\_\_ (25 stop) only when I \_\_\_\_\_ (26) out of breath but \_\_\_\_\_ (27) relieved to see that they \_\_\_\_\_ (28 not + try + follow) me but anxious for poor old Siobhan who \_\_\_\_\_ (29 mourn) her grand-son in the house next to mine. At least the Vikings \_\_\_\_\_ (30 seem + respect) death because they \_\_\_\_\_ (31 not + take) anything from her, not that there \_\_\_\_\_ (32 much + take) anyway. Then they \_\_\_\_\_ (33 go) to Malcolm's house and \_\_\_\_\_ (34 remain) there for quite a while, by that time I \_\_\_\_\_ (35 meet) with a group of men from the village who \_\_\_\_\_ (36 wonder) what Malcolm \_\_\_\_\_ (37) up to. When we realized that the Vikings \_\_\_\_\_ (38 head) towards Duncan's house we \_\_\_\_\_ (39 understand) that Malcolm \_\_\_\_\_ (40 want + use) the Viking \_\_\_\_\_ (41 settle) his business with Duncan. What a horrible thing \_\_\_\_\_ (42 do)! But so typical of that scheming bastard! Fortunately Malcolm's oldest son \_\_\_\_\_ (43 display=show) more courage than most adults around and won the Vikings over with his clever behaviour. In the meantime Alasdair, my husband's brother, \_\_\_\_\_ (44 kill) the drunk Viking. The three remaining Vikings didn't seem very upset when they discovered his body and went back hurriedly to their ship, laden with Malcolm's tartan and two sheep. Old Siobhan who \_\_\_\_\_ (45) a bit of a witch uttered one of her maledictions so that they \_\_\_\_\_ (46 perish) in the sea. We \_\_\_\_\_ (47 hear + never) from them again.

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It was last year, on a cold winter morning, I had woken up early because of the noise made by the wind and also because I didn't feel safe without my husband at home with me. He had left a few days before to spend some time in the hills taking care of the new lambs. Looking at the window I saw four Vikings coming ashore from the ship they had anchored in the bay. I decided to hide in the rocks above my house where I watched them kill my neighbour's dog. I was terrified but when I saw them going into my house I couldn't help wondering what they were doing in my house. Silently I came back to my house and watched them while they were eating my good soup. Suddenly one of those big brutes realized I was standing by the door and I had to run away in a hurry. I stopped only when I was out of breath but was relieved to see that they had not tried to follow me but anxious for poor old Siobhan who was mourning her grand-son in the house next to mine. At least the Vikings seemed to respect death because they didn't take anything from her, not that there was much to take anyway. Then they went to Malcolm's house and remained there for quite a while, by that time I had met with a group of men from the village who were wondering what Malcolm was up to. When we realized that the Vikings were heading towards Duncan's house we understood that Malcolm wanted to use the Viking to settle his business with Duncan. What a horrible thing to do! But so typical of that scheming bastard! Fortunately Malcolm's oldest son displayed more courage than most adults around and won the Vikings over with his clever behaviour. In the meantime Alasdair, my husband's brother, had killed the drunk Viking. The three remaining Vikings didn't seem very upset when they discovered his body and went back hurriedly to their ship, laden with Malcolm's tartan and two sheep. Old Siobhan who is a bit of a witch uttered one of her maledictions so that they would perish in the sea. We have never heard from them again.

377 words

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