



# FRICHT

Matthew Fitt

Mrs Licht  
Got a fricht  
In the middle o the nicht.  
Saw a ghaist,  
Eatin paste,  
Then the pair o them got chased.

Sammy Skiff  
Got a gliff  
At the edge o a muckle cliff.  
Let oot squeaks,  
Filled his breeks.  
Noo when he walks his bahookie creaks.

Mr Cleg  
Got a fleg  
When he biled a chocolate egg.  
Wis jist goo,  
Looked like spew –  
Wid ye like a chocolate poo?

Mrs Beart  
Wis aw feart  
When in her bed a ghost appeart.  
It gart her leap.  
She heard it peep,  
“Haw, shut yer gub, I’m tryin tae sleep!”