

## **FOREWORD**

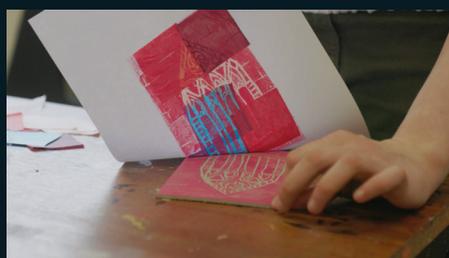
Craig Fletcher

*Head of Learning and Inclusion,*  
Historic Environment Scotland

The core aim of the Heritage Remixed programme is to engage new young people with no previous heritage experience in meaningful ways through creative collaborations. Partnerships are key to its success and collaborating with youth work, education and creative industries partners means we can make best use of historic environment resources to create meaningful experiences that support wider outcomes. This in turn creates professional development opportunities between sectors as youth work practitioners, creatives and heritage professionals can share specialist knowledge and best practice and demonstrate creative use of heritage assets to best support the needs of their community.

Skills development and co-design are central to the impact these projects can have. Participants are empowered to discover and can take inspiration from their local heritage and work with creative practitioners to learn new skills in various mediums and a learner centred approach ensures young people's ideas are incorporated throughout. Soft skills elements are also embedded to support development of core skills such as communication, teamwork and building confidence. Many of our participants are referred to and connected with our projects through other organisations, services, and programmes, resulting naturally in a variance and diversity of background and experience. The opportunity to socialise and meet new friends is equally important and can help support wellbeing and build confidence especially as young people re-connect after the pandemic. As a result, these experiences can support the participants on their journey to positive future destinations for education, training and employment.

The project in Moray with M:ADE is an excellent example of these elements all working effectively in practice reflected in the testimonies of both practitioners and participants. The creative outputs clearly demonstrate new skills and confidence gained from taking part and, importantly, it's clear that everyone had a lot of fun in the process.



Stills from the video 'UNCOVERED' by Jason Sinclair, © Poppycock Films, 2022

## INTRODUCTION

Stacey Toner

*Creative Director,*  
M:ADE

M:ADE were delighted to have had the opportunity to work with an array of partners, young people and artists on this project.

Planning started many moons ago and changed multiple times due to ever-evolving Covid restrictions, but over several months with somewhat minimal disruption, we can now celebrate this body of original work that so aptly uses Elgin Cathedral as our underpinning inspiration.

A historic site on our doorstep rarely explored in this way, it was special to have access to the building, the staff, and online resources to aid our creative investigations. The Cathedral stands strong with an aesthetic elegance, crammed with narrative and faultless as the starting point for any project.

Long-term, I know everyone that took part will remember the experience as one that generated much learning and appreciation; not only were facts and stories revealed, but a new connection for each of us with this place uncovered.

More personally, new friendships were made, and professional relationships were built. It was invaluable in a number of ways.

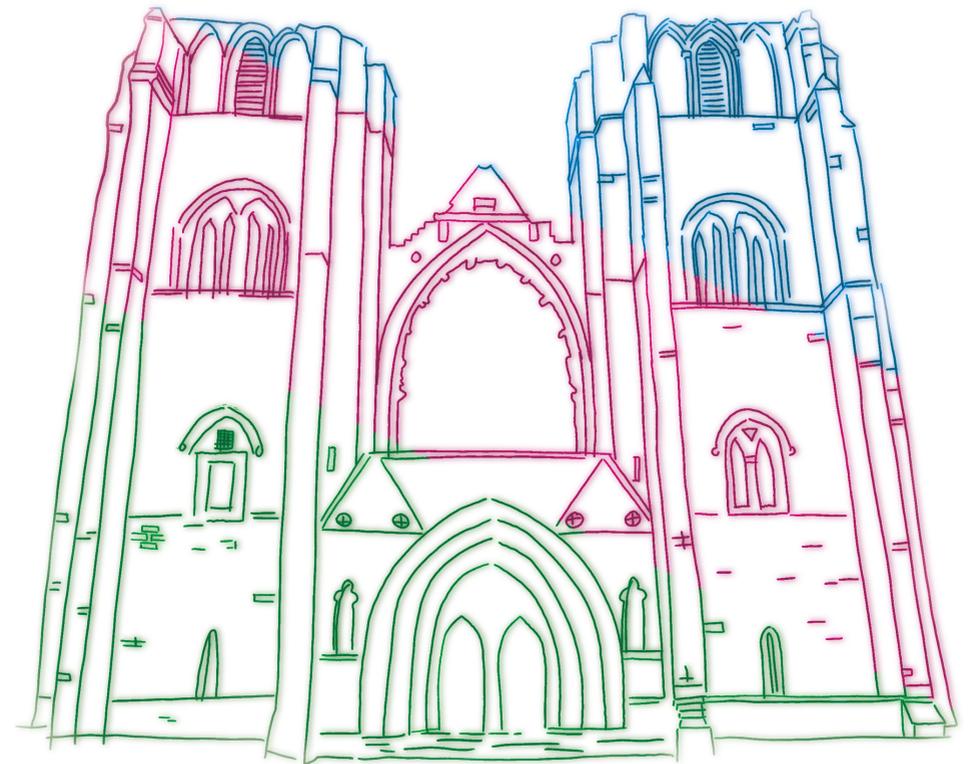
It has been particularly fantastic to bring together twelve young people from across Moray, many of whom did not know each other before. We want to thank you all for your enthusiasm and commitment. To the 'dream team' (Jason, Lynne, Rae, Wendy) for your expertise, humour, and patience, Ian for your design talent, and Gillian and Craig from Historic Environment Scotland for your trust in M:ADE – thank you.

We hope you enjoy this publication as a tangible representation of 'UNCOVERED'. We also welcome you to view a short film of the project in action, directed by John Sinclair (Poppycock Films), at M:ADE's Vimeo channel.

[vimeo.com/user96584903](https://vimeo.com/user96584903)



Still from the video 'UNCOVERED' by Jason Sinclair, © Poppycock Films, 2022



Milly Addison



Milly Addison



Taylor Cameron



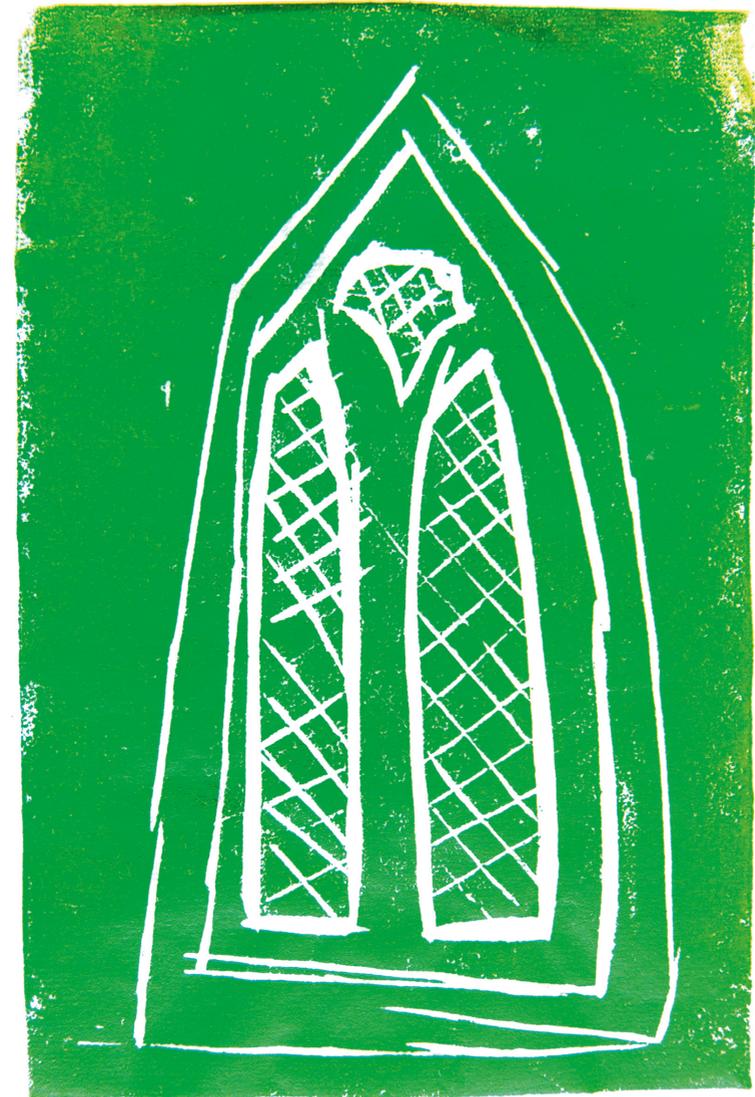
Amelia Davidson



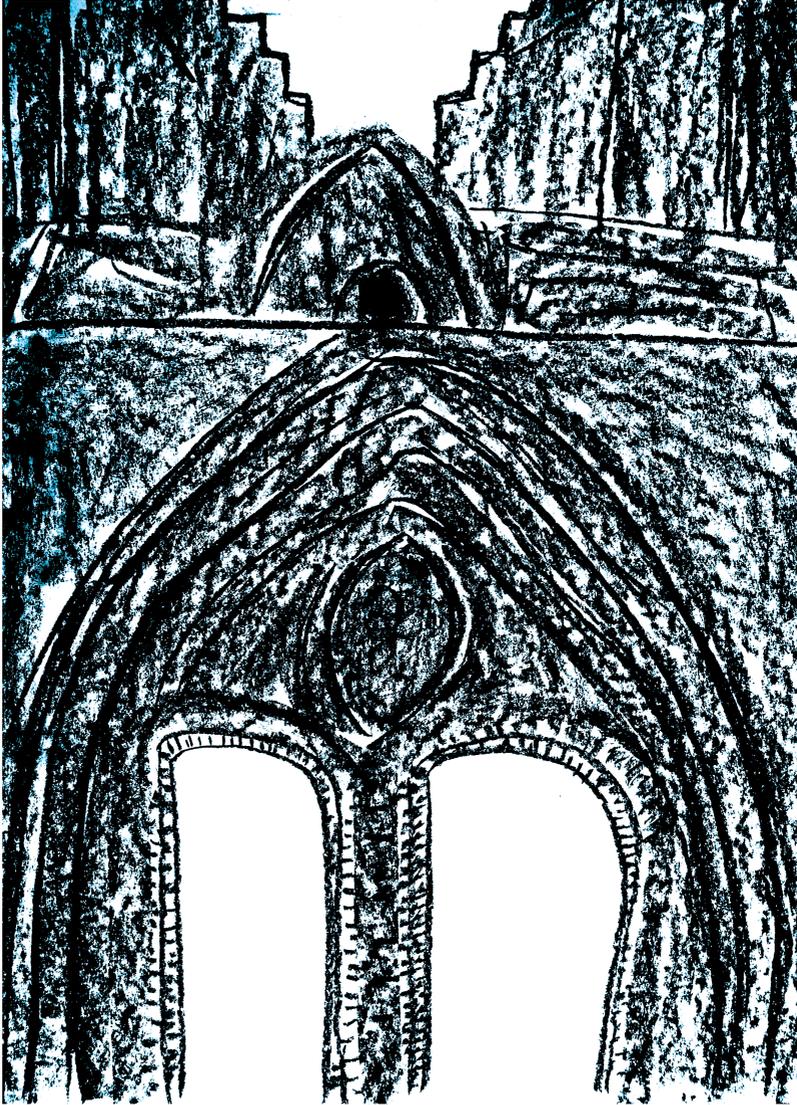
Abi Groves



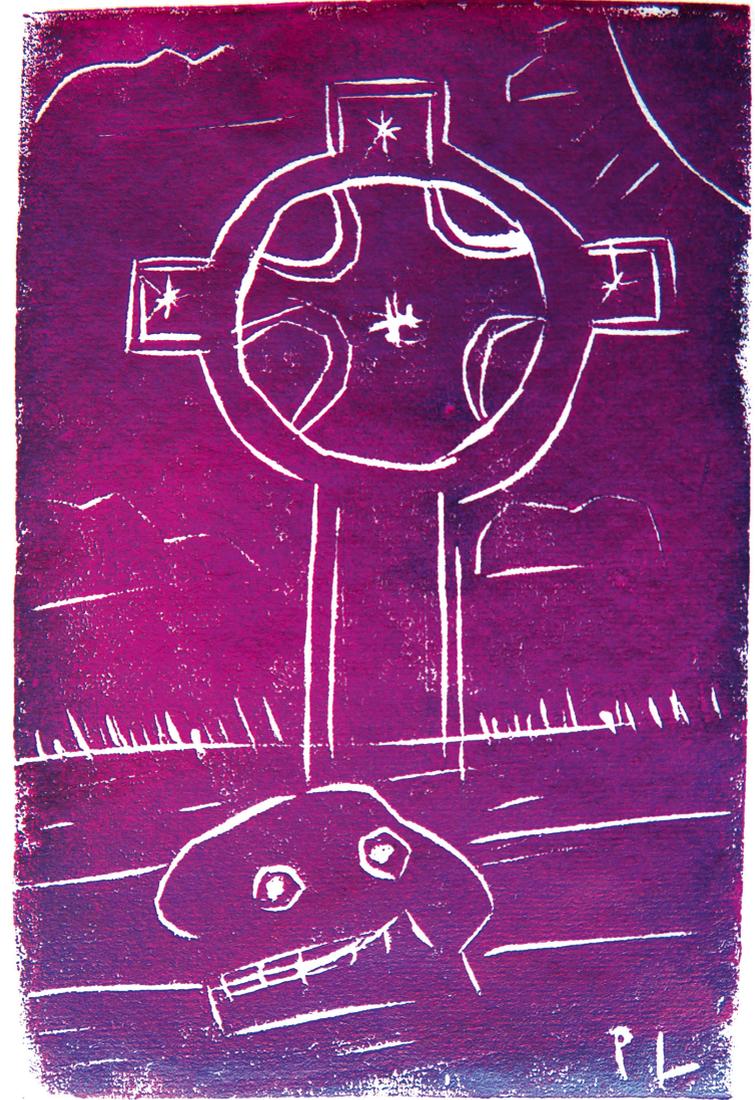
Abi Groves



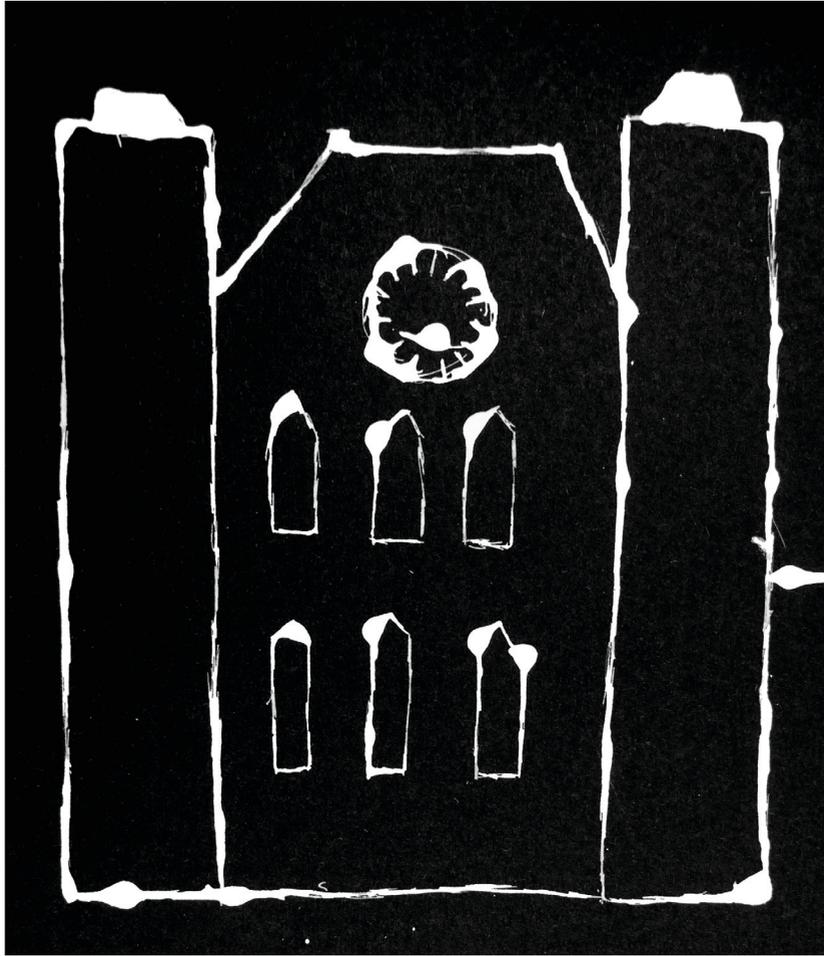
Amelia Lockhart



Phoebe Lindsay



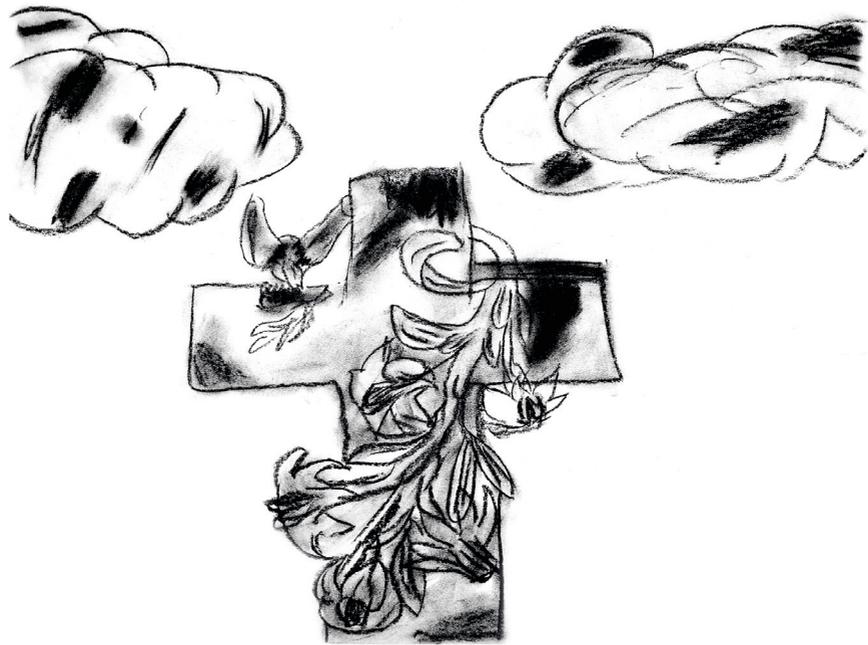
Phoebe Lindsay



Torrie Morrison



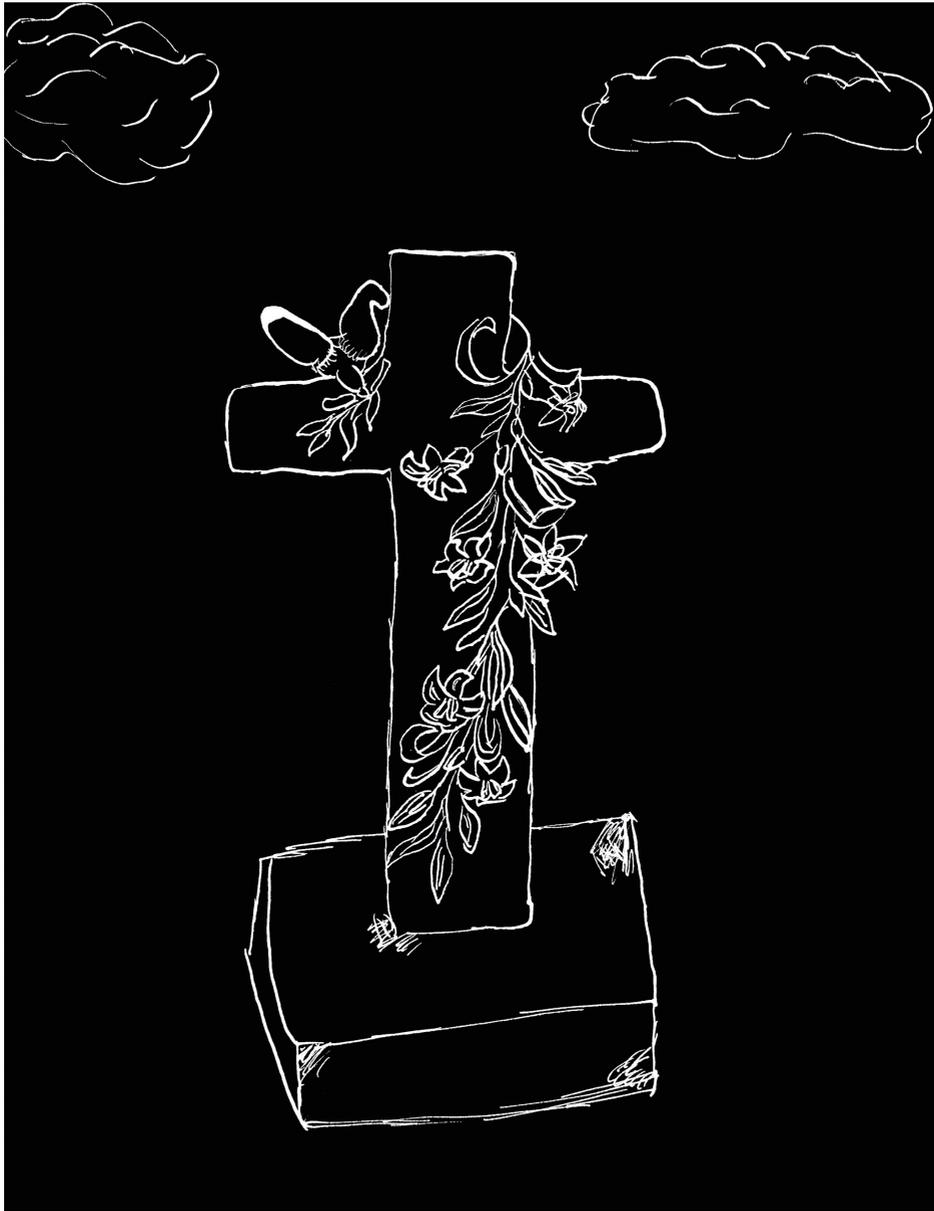
Torrie Morrison



Tilly Roberts



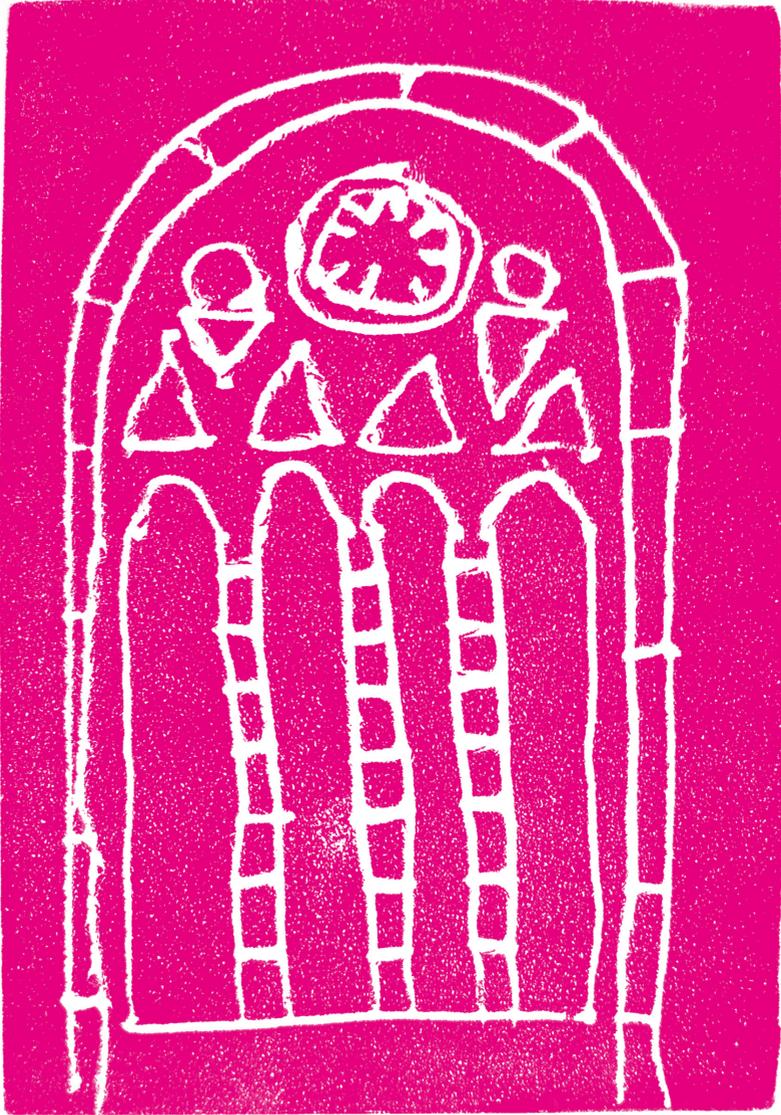
Tilly Roberts



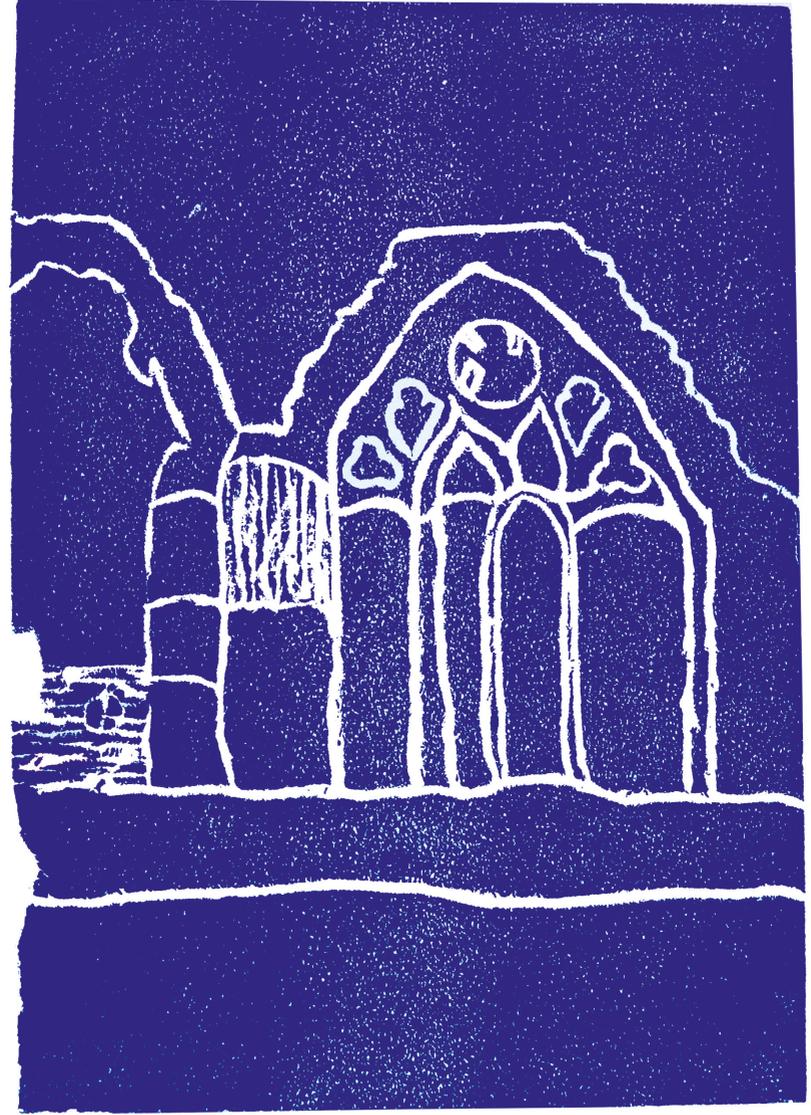
Tilly Roberts



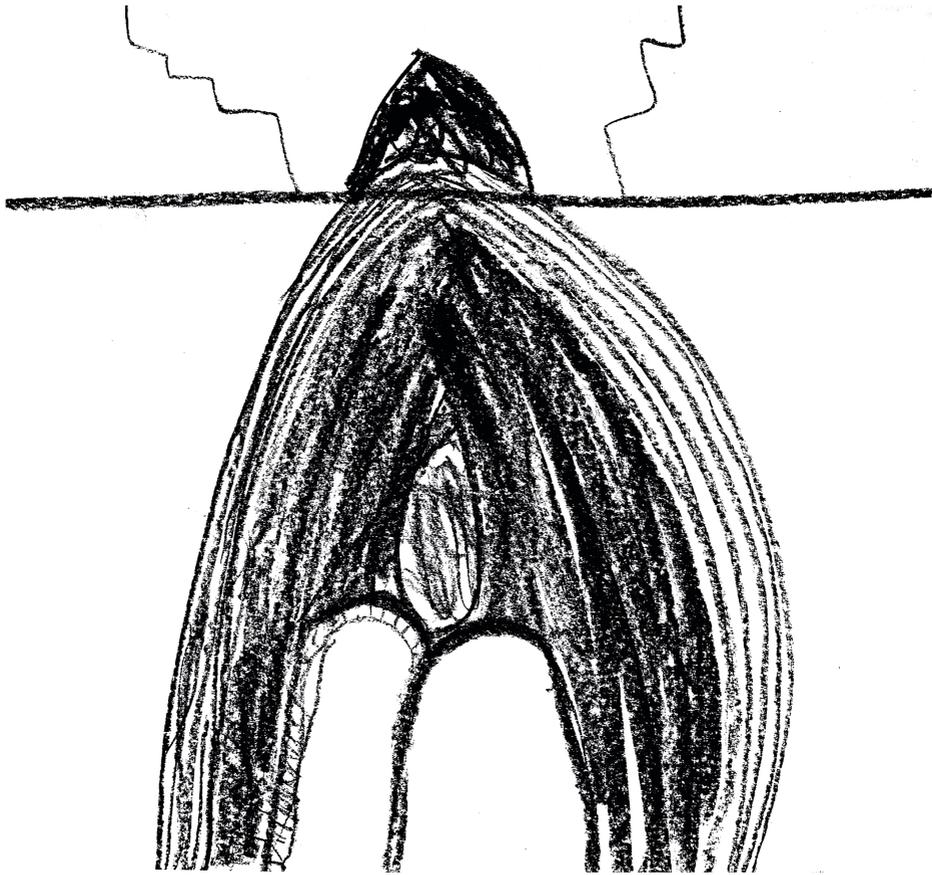
Tilly Roberts



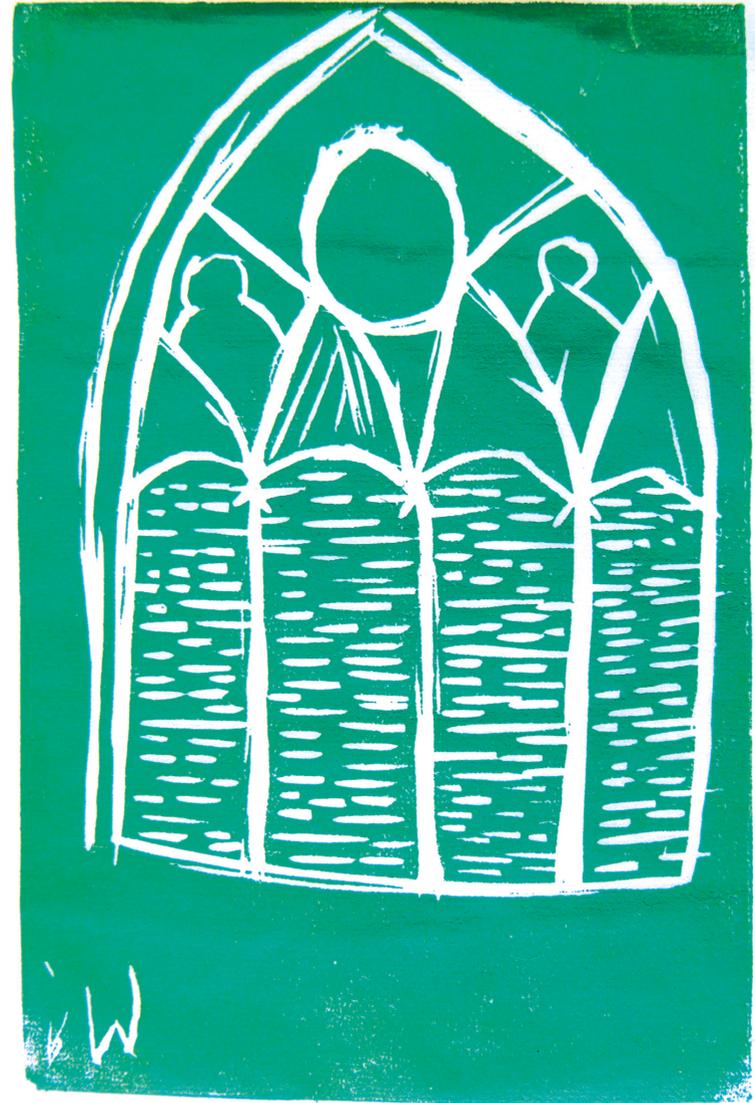
Ben Scott



Wendy Toner



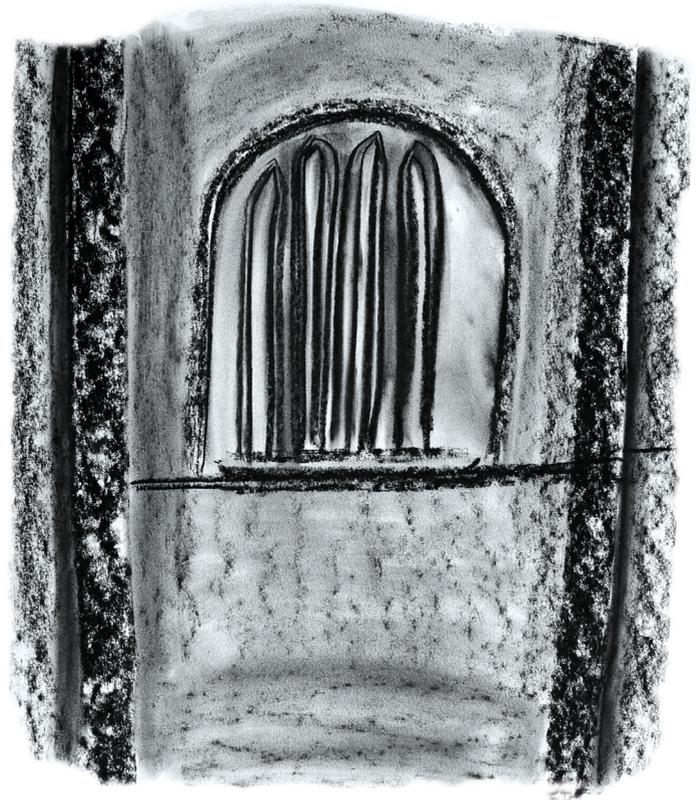
Drew Whitmore



Drew Whitmore



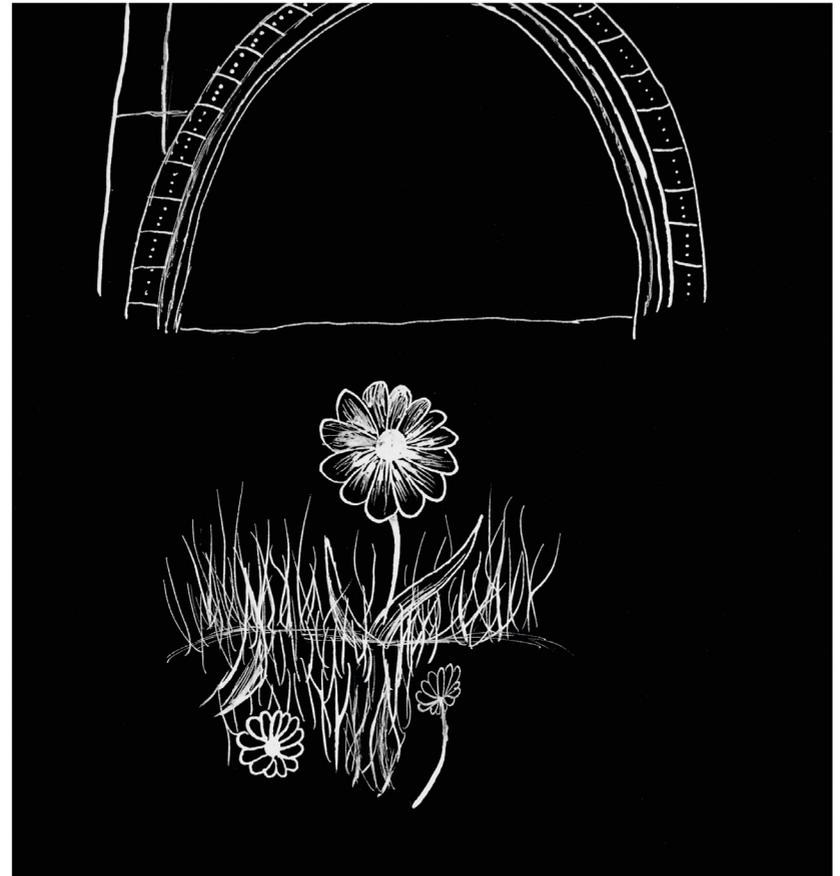
Eboni Walton



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Still from the video 'UNCOVERED' by Jason Sinclair, © Poppycock Films, 2022  
Opposite page: Illustration by artist Lynne Strachan.





## DREAMING OF SPIRITS

by Eboni Walton

*Tip tap, tip tap*

As I walk through the hallways of the cathedral where the weeping woman lies, I can't help but to shudder at the dreary walls.

It smells of moss and stone, quite fitting, as when I look around, all I see is withering brick, and damp green lichen covering the buildings surface, inside and out.

My mouth goes dry as the hairs on my arms prickle, when I hear a howl. Stopping in my tracks, I turn. But alas, there is nothing but echoes.

I continue roaming the grounds, when I see a light, flickering like a dancing flame. Just like the one that brought a tragic end to this holy place of worship and peace.



## MISS PIPPIN'S LAST ADVENTURE

by Tilly Roberts

Miss Pippin entered the cathedral. She stepped in and heard a crunch. Looking down at her feet, she gasped! There lay a carpet of bones. All sorts of bones. Bat bones, pigeon, rat and mice bones. Pigeon droppings and feathers lay lifeless on the ivy-covered floor. Then it hit her – the horrendous stench of death.

Suddenly, she heard flapping, looked up and the ceiling was moving with the black wings of bats. The room went cold with an unearthly silence.

Over in the corner of the cathedral stood a set of knight's armour, with skeletal remains still intact. Then Miss Pippin noticed a dagger thrust into its side. She felt a shiver run down her spine as she moved closer.

She reached out and touched the dagger, a dull rumble sounded, then all of a sudden, the floor gave way. She screamed as she was swept down. She tried to grab anything around her, but it was no use.

Thump.

She hit the bottom with an almighty thud. As she scrambled to her feet, she realised she stood knee deep amidst piles of skulls.

Fear gripped her, and a scream arose within, but she pushed it down as she realised there was a weird greenish glow in the distance. Miss Pippin scrambled along the tunnel, crunching bones underfoot for what seemed like an eternity. With each step, she felt a heaviness and to her horror realised she had aged beyond her years. With every useless footstep, she understood that she, herself, would add to the piles of bones.



## ASHES

by Abi Groves

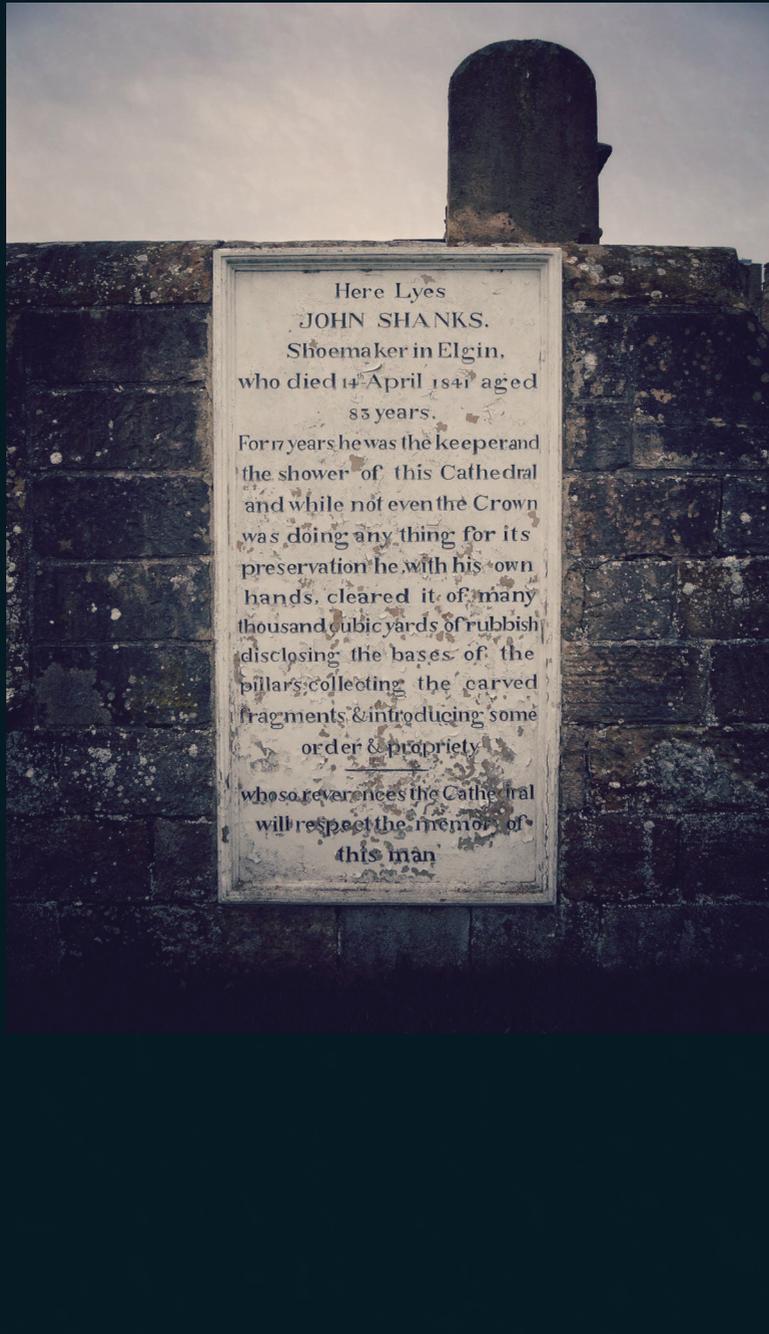
Crashing, falling, hissing at the wall,  
My back arches as I am pushed to a crawl.  
Where once the lantern stood, brave and grand,  
Swiftly the cathedral burns back into sand.

Flames fly up and sparks are thrown high,  
And chances for escape are starting to die.  
And I mew for the humans to see that I'm here,  
All of them lost, in their own sea of fear.

A mouse at my feet, my beloved dinner,  
Stands to its paws and joins me in a whimper.  
At least in these moments, of burning stone,  
The two of us won't meet our fate alone.

I know not the events that led to this fire,  
As I watch the flames fly higher and higher.  
Until, just a moment, and a passage appears,  
And the dark skies in my head begin to clear.

Jumping, leaping, out of these walls,  
At one final crack, my confidence stalls.  
The floor beneath me falls to ash,  
My stomach drops, and down I crash.



## THE GHOST POEM

by Ben Scott

The ghost that will not die,  
haunts me 'til I cry.  
I always feel the same,  
for the ghosts passing by.

The ghost is getting closer,  
my body's running faster.  
My thumb's going numb,  
as I hear the ghostly hum.

My best friend is here,  
says there's nothing left to fear.  
I try hard to cheer,  
as I hide a salty tear.

The ghost disappears,  
which makes me start to cheer.  
This means there is no fear,  
as my friends stay near.



## WITCHES OF THE TOWERS

by Torrie Morrison

'Anne, come on,' I said. 'We need to head into the towers!' My friend Anne and I were going to explore the cathedral in the dark. It was a summer's night, so reasonably warm. We open the door to the stairs and head upwards towards the sound of hymns. As we reach the top, we realise the music is coming from speakers set up on the floor. We gaze at all the art inside the room in awe.

When we finish with the art, we head across the balcony when suddenly our lanterns splutter and go out. Anne and I share a look, and, just as we do, the door we came through slams shut. We grab each other's hands and start walking to the tower opposite. As we walk, a gust of wind blows us into the tower. The door crashes shut behind us, and hymns start. This time they aren't from speakers. I hear a noise and grab Anne's hand again. I hear another noise, and a candle starts to flicker. I turn around sharply and see a shadow running out of sight. I realise the sound was a cloak flapping – and then it comes. The most painful scream I have ever heard.

The scream edges closer, and then everything happens fast. Anne is screaming, then suddenly stops. There is a thud as she drops dead on the cold stone floor. I try to run, but someone is barring my way. The person in front of me is a witch. One they burned last summer. Suddenly, my life flashes before my eyes, and I whisper one last thing...

'Anne...'

Before I, too, collapse to the floor.



## THE WOLF

by Wendy Toner

He rampaged through the North,  
to deliver tyranny,  
with torches lit set fires ablaze,  
demonstrated villainy.

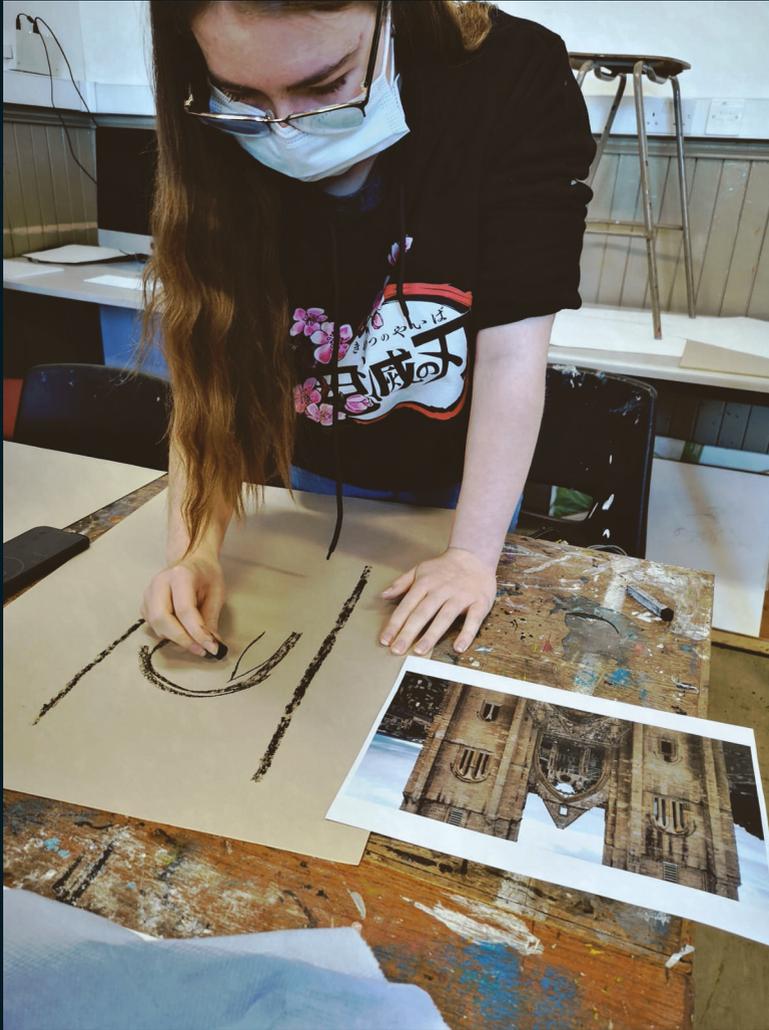
His mood was black and angry,  
his cruelty knew no bounds.  
The wolf of Badenoch's ferity,  
like a cloak of grief surrounds.

He burned the Town of Elgin,  
the church of our Saint Giles,  
the hospital at Mason-Dieu,  
the sky's alight for miles.

His deeds complete and wrath now calmed,  
his retreat was back to Ruthven.  
But the Devil rode at speed that night,  
through roads of mass destruction.

The chessboard placed upon the top,  
this game was not forsaken.  
When 'Checkmate' called the devil loudly,  
the Wolf's last breath was taken.

His history is etched in books,  
his deeds, are now bygone,  
but the Wolf of Badenoch's legacy,  
can *never* be withdrawn.



## THE PLAYGROUND

by Amelia Davidson

Darkness... The creak of swings... The wind was blowing, whispering. It made us uneasy. My friends and I had decided to go to the one place everyone warned us about – the playground.

I know what you are thinking. ‘Why would you be warned about a playground?’

Well, this wasn’t any old playground. Three years ago, thirty-seven children went missing after playing there. Those children were never found...

So, we had all got really drunk. Some might say we were absolutely hammered, and I suggested that we should go to the playground and get stuck in the baby swings. Everyone said it was a bad idea, but then my friend, Diana, said,

‘Why don’t we go to the abandoned park and tell ghost stories?’

‘That’s a great idea,’ I said.

And off we went.

We finally arrived, and Diana, Thomas and Gilbert sat down. Suddenly, carnival music started playing, and the Ferris wheel started turning.

‘There is someone at the top,’ I shouted.

‘Why is a kid here alone?’ asked Thomas.

‘That’s no kid!’ said Diana.

‘What is it then, dumb-ass?’ I screamed.

‘I don’t know,’ she screamed back.

The wheel creaked as it turned until the figure reached the bottom, and it stepped from the platform, coming closer... closer... closer...

And then...

Darkness...

The creak of swings...

The stench of rotting flesh...



## **BADENOCH'S WRATH**

by Tilly Roberts

The Wolf of Badenoch passed the black loch on his way to Elgin.  
He stood and stared and then he glared, scaring all before him.  
He had no care for the towns people,  
as he set fire to the Cathedral.



## ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SLEEPOVER

by Torrie Morrison

It was a dark and cold winter night, and my friends, Lola and Mya, were staying around for our annual Christmas sleepover. This year, it was my turn to host, as last year it was Lola's turn. We had already done all our usual activities, so it was time to pick our abandoned location to explore. We looked at the list of places we hadn't been to and put them in a hat. Mya drew a name from the hat and started grinning.

'Finally, it's the forgotten hospital up near the woods!' she exclaimed.

Lola and I shared a look and then started laughing.

'Time to be scarred for the rest of our lives,' I said.

Every place we'd been was haunted, but the forgotten hospital was by far the most haunted. It was like being stuck in a nightmare.

After packing torches and plenty of snacks and drinks into a bag, we headed off to the hospital. When we got there, I felt a draft blowing lightly in my face. This place felt eerie, yet we kept walking right up to the front door.

'It says here that to summon the ghosts, we have to lie down, side by side, and then we just wait,' Lola whispered.

We found a sheltered space, took off our coats and bags, then lay down – and waited for the ghosts to join us.



## FORTUNE

by Abi Groves

The circus held memories of joyful cries despite being abandoned over half a century ago. The forgotten attractions, once vibrantly painted, now lay chipped and rusted. Grass and weeds overran the grounds, as any pretence of maintaining the place died with the ringmaster.

Deep within the maze of tents, where several stray souls had lost their way to the afterlife, lay a seemingly insignificant tent. Within its fabric walls lay a singular doll. Its joints weren't rusted like its surroundings, but moss still encased its limbs, trapping the doll, even more than it had already been, in its mechanical shell.

Several decades prior, before moss had solidified the doll's demise, it was a part of the surrounding fun and chaos of the carnival. The doll was not as popular as the other circus attractions, and many locals often speculated why it was kept. Surely it was taking up space that could be used for a more profitable stall?

But the doll remained.

Occasionally, the doll's solitude was broken by brave – or perhaps foolish – individuals who decided to face the superstition surrounding the figure head-on.

The doll gazed, unseeing, upon the young lovers that stood before it. One of them threw a penny into the small 'pay here' pot near the mouth of the tent. Then they waited. It might have been a second or an hour, but eventually, the doll's eyes lit, the weak LED lights struggling to break the curtain of darkness in the tent. Its limbs moved jaggedly, like a puppet with a too-violent puppet master. Its mouth opened, and muffled, low-quality music came out.

'Step right up, step right up. Come get your fortune read!'

As the pair stepped closer, the doll's music became wilder. Twisting medleys that were somehow both harmonic and discordant. Suddenly, the music came to a halt. The pair saw a small hammer in front of the doll that certainly hadn't been there

two seconds ago. The silence was broken by the pair's mocking laughter.

Days later, one of the pair stood, lips trembling, as they held a bloodied hammer, tears streaming down their face. No light in the doll's eyes. It sat there, head bowed, with a cruel smirk of satisfaction.

And still, all these years later, the doll sits there. Slowly cocooned by moss, as the circus around it rots and decays. It has been years since any breathing consciousness crossed into its layer, but still, it sits. Head bowed.

Waiting for the next brave soul.

When its eyes will light, and its head tilts up, breaking the thick layer of moss that encases it.

'Step right up, step right up. Come get your fortune read!'

## WEEPING GHOSTS

by Eboni Walton

A thousand years ago lived a priest.  
The priest liked money and knew how to earn it.  
When a member of the community died  
he became giddy and ran to the door, waiting  
for the grieving family to arrive.  
Being the grouch he was, he gave an unfair  
price to the relatives and would raise it  
if you complained.

One night, when he was counting his  
profits, there was a groan  
from outside his door.

He tried to ignore the noises that  
seemed to fill the air. When he finally  
had enough of the racket, he  
hobbled over to the big door, unable to  
walk normally due to his enlarged stomach.

*Bang.*

With a swing, the door burst open.  
He searched the small clearing  
in front of his abode and saw nothing.  
'Must be the wine, good stuff, but strong.'  
Once he was sure that no one was there,  
he started to turn back into the room,  
when amber eyes watched  
from beside a bookcase.

He shuffled closer, inching into the  
shadows as an ebony black cat stepped  
into the light of the shaking  
candle.

He breathed a sigh of relief  
at the sight of the furry creature.  
'Oh, you scared me, you did! You  
wee rascal!' the priest announced, scooting towards  
the feline.

When he was but a  
 few steps out the door, the wind  
 blew, the gust putting the candle flame out.  
 Looking from the smoking candle back to  
 the cat, he noticed how fiercely  
 its eyes glowed.  
 Staring into its eyes, he stilled  
 as its mouth opened and  
 hands started to pry at the  
 felines face; pulling like they  
 were playing tug-o-war.  
 Before he could blink, the hands  
 clutched at the cat's body and the  
 ghost screeched in his face.  
 As he turned to run, he was held by  
 thick chains, as more ghosts  
 surrounded him.  
 Then he woke up.  
 The night shone peacefully,  
 through his window.  
 He relaxed in bed.  
 Content, he settled, preparing to go back to sleep.  
 But little did he realise that hands  
 gripped the headboard, ready to reach for him.

## THE CONFESSION OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL

By Rae Cowie

Wide oaken scaffolding braced me like a skeleton, whilst the  
 master builder shouted at men burdened by hod and basket. A  
 hammer chink, chinked on stone as the mason carved a thick  
 tongue that lolled between the curled lips of a gargoyle. Dust  
 motes spun as my pillars emerged, where one day soft moss and  
 lichen will grow, and swallows soared amongst vaulted rafters, in  
 search of a nook to nest.

Until 1224, when banners fluttered from my towers as the  
 gallant and good traversed weathered highland trails and glens  
 strewn golden with gorse, to dedicate my magnificence to the  
 glory of God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. They  
 named me 'an ornament of the realm', 'Lantern of the North'.  
 My stained-glass windows shimmered — ruby as the blood that  
 dripped from Christ's palms, resurrection green. Chants of *dona  
 nobis pacem* swelled as the bishop faced the altar. *Hoc est enim  
 corpus meum*, sombre as he consecrated the wine in the silver  
 chalice, elevated the host. The choir of prebendary grew flushed  
 beneath furred cappae as they clutched their hymnals. Rich  
 praises rang, sober throughout the years.

The mason and master builder were a century gone, when a  
 baby kicked and squalled under the sign of the cross, baptised  
 Alexander Stewart; destined for greatness when the Bishop  
 of Scone ascended Moot Hill and crowned his father King of  
 Scotland.

Sabbath followed sabbath and my congregation gave thanks,  
 offering *their* babes for blessing, eyes lowered in devout  
 contemplation. Pious during Lent, they bore handfuls of  
 daffodils and donned best shawls each Eastertide. Christmas  
 after Christmas, when the angels of heaven rejoiced, the hungry  
 and weak sought sanctuary, as bitter winds whistled and candles  
 sputtered, nuns murmured – faces lifted in adoration, earnest in  
 confession, in humble thanks, in hopeful supplication.

Alexander grew, in body, in vigour, in titles, in land. A  
 nobleman. A man of authority, groomed to wield power. Come

1382, bells rang as he took the hand of the widowed Euphemia, Countess of Ross. Now the Earl of Buchan, he gained dark lochs and peaty moors, rushing rivers that glinted with salmon, dense woodland of rowan and birch with deer and wildcat aplenty to hunt; assured God would grant him a son, lusty, strong-lunged.

But dark clouds gathered as my nave lay empty save for the hushed sweep of a broom or the skitter of mice. When a marbled tabby wandered my shadows or curled on a hassock, purring, as fading sunlight slanted across my chancel and the spiced aroma of incense lingered.

For Countess Euphemia, time lengthened and slowed, as each month she bled; left alone for seven long years within the chill of Ruthven Castle, in a turret atop a mound, to read the word of God or pluck on a harp of spruce. She sewed a soft blanket, for swaddling, stitching and re-stitching, as hope dried in her heart.

An arduous day's ride north, passion blazed on the remote island of Lochindorb, where an ungodly union resumed between Alexander and his artful young mistress, Mariota Athyn – a lowly maid, not befitting an Earl. Whilst Euphemia's womb lay barren, Mariota bore him five feisty sons. She arranged a ceremony before witnesses, their hands entwined, bound tight with ribbon.

In fear of her life, the virtuous Euphemia made for the sanctity of my cloisters to beseech, in secret, with the Bishop Bur of Moray. The cat, who raised her kittens in my grounds and enjoyed the attentions of the faithful, stretched, as urgent pleas and entreaties resounded. No friend of Alexander, the bishop absolved Euphemia of the sin of seeking to break her vows and penned a letter, with haste, to the pope in Rome, who judiciously considered the trials of a long-suffering spouse and, with mercy and grace, granted an annulment.

Euphemia freed, the once mighty Alexander lost titles, and honour, and land. His love for Mariota, his shameless handfasted wife, had cost him dear.

Refusing to be outwitted, he gathered a cateran...

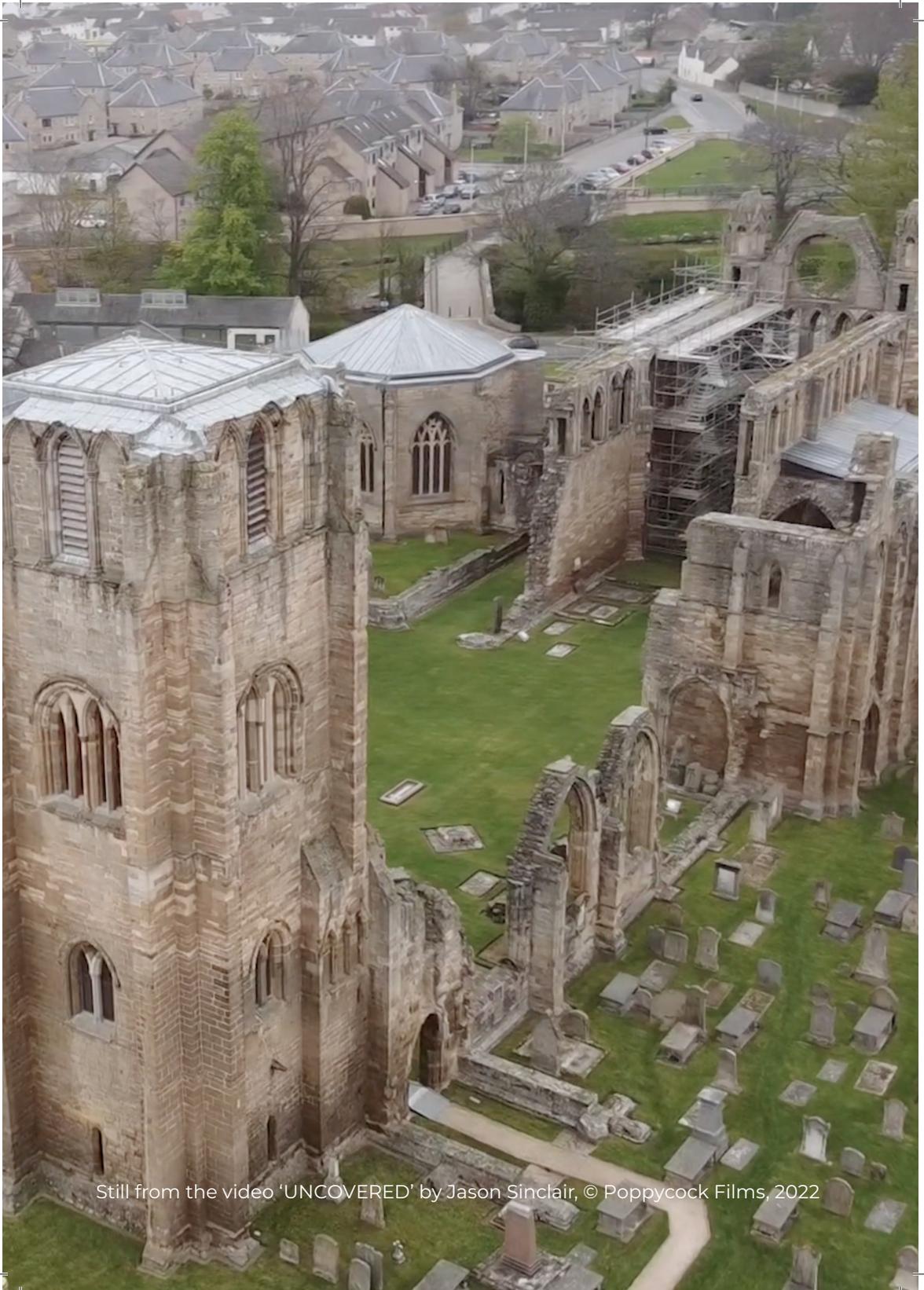
Still the righteous of Elgin abandoned the taverns and thronged my aisles, for mass, for baptism, to intercede for the souls of the departed; forgoing their labours as they venerated true saints, heeded Latin scripture, sipped sacred wine. I felt tremors as they quaked at the warnings of perpetual damnation, dreaded the wails and torments of purgatory.

Men yawned. A gilded crucifix was hoisted high. I bestowed strength to the ill and weary, who slumped, spent, against the low stone mantle that encircled my walls. Women considered the oatcakes to be griddled and baskets of mending to be darned. A lassie whispered to a rag doll she nursed. Lads fidgeted, anxious to play chase or race sticks in the river Lossie. Aged hips grew stiff with standing.

Until, as one, they emerged into bright sunlight to pause on my steps where they blinked then blethered about the villainous Alexander and his misbegotten sons; about the luckless Euphemia; about the bishop's intervention and the pope's forgiveness; about the brazen wench, Mariota.

No warning as they gossiped and the tabby weaved between their ankles, that Alexander will muster horses carrying *wyld wicked heilmen*, inflamed to vengeance on flagons of mead and cups of ale. That foul curses will spew from twisted mouths as they pillage my hallowed relics. That hell will fume — then erupt, as torches flare, and roars and screams split the pitch of night. That flames will lick and fierce fire storms roar. That sparks will spurt in brilliant showers. That nuns will flee my tribune, and canons will shriek in vain for the God of all creation to save their souls.

No swallow swooped. No mercy shown. No miracles granted. No holy water dowsed the inferno as Alexander, the Wolf of Badenoch, his heart blackened by Lucifer, razed me to the ground.



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