


<p>You start to build your house, Abbotsford. It takes a long time. Remain here for two turns.</p>	<p>You start writing novels. Move forward 1 space.</p>	<p>Complete a task.</p>	<p>One of your novels receives a bad review. Move backward 1 space.</p>	<p>Your novels are loved by almost everyone. Move forward 2 spaces.</p>	<p>You spend a lot of time organising the king's visit to Edinburgh. Wait here for two turns.</p>
<p>Complete a task.</p>				<p>Complete a task.</p>	
<p>You think another poet writes better poems than you. Move backward 1 space.</p>	<p>Complete a task.</p>	<p>Lots of people write to you about your poems. Move backward 1 space.</p>	<p>Your poems have made you famous! Move forward 3 spaces.</p>	<p>You've published your first poem! Move forward 3 spaces.</p>	<p>Congratulations! You are now Walter Scott!</p>
<p>You have to go to your day job. Wait here one turn.</p>	<p>Complete a task.</p>	<p>Lots of people write to you about your poems. Move backward 1 space.</p>	<p>Your poems have made you famous! Move forward 3 spaces.</p>	<p>You've published your first poem! Move forward 3 spaces.</p>	<p>START Read a poem card.</p>

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!

Breathes there the man, with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

If thou would'st view fair Melrose
aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless
in war,
There never was knight like
young Lochinvar.

And if, by mischance, you should
happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a
tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game of foot-
ball.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear.

Then rise those crags, that
mountain tower
Which charmed my fancy's
wakening hour.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is
chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry
still.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy
wood,
Land of the mountains and the
flood,
Land of my Sires!

Poems

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Scott loved dogs and cats. Tell everyone about an animal you've met or would like to meet.

Scott found the Scottish crown jewels. Ask your teammate to hide a pen or pencil. You have 10 seconds to find it.

Scott had difficulty walking but liked riding horses. Gallop like a horse around your group.

Scott's poems and novels told exciting stories about brave people who lived long ago.
Tell your group about your hero.

Scott wrote "Wide let the news through Scotland ring
The Northern Eagle daps his wing."
Make a piece of scrap paper fly across the room.

Many of Scott's poems and novels celebrate places he had visited.
Draw a quick picture of a place that you like and see if your group can guess the place.

Scott's poems use rhythm. Clap out a rhythm and tell everyone else to copy you.

Scott liked very long sentences.
Make a sentence with more than 20 words.

Scott collected songs from the Borders between Scotland and England. Sing or chant a line of a song.

Tasks

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