

**BRUTON & DISTRICT
HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY
2026**

ENTRY FORM

(Pull out this form from your schedule)

Your Mini Saga Entry

(Note: only one entry per person; do not give your name below)

Title:

Saga:

ENTRY FORM
BRUTON & DISTRICT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY
101st ANNUAL SHOW – 22nd AUGUST 2026

Complete this form and place it in an entry box at either:
The Community Office, Dovecot Buildings, High Street, Bruton or
Bruton Country Stores, Wisteria Yard, Bruton

Entry boxes will be in place from Monday 27th July and
close at **12.00 noon** on Wed 19th August.

**ENTRIES MUST BE PLACED IN THE BOXES PROVIDED OR SCANNED AND
EMAILED TO info@BrutonHorticultural.org.uk ****

Photocopies are accepted. Additional entry forms can be downloaded
from www.brutonhorticultural.org.uk

Name: (BLOCK CAPITALS)	
Age: (if under 12)	
Address:	
Tel. No:	
E-mail:	

I agree to abide by the Show Rules set out in this Schedule.

Signed:

Are you a member of Bruton Horticultural Society?

[] Yes [] No

**** Mini Sagas (class *Error! Reference source not found.*) can be emailed directly ensuring that you include the above contact details.**

Class 80 - MINI SAGAS

A mini saga must be a complete fictional tale with a beginning, middle and end, and something happening - not simply description or rumination. Its length must be exactly 50 words, plus a title of up to 15 words. Hyphenated words count as one. Several examples are shown below. You'll see that each is exactly 50 words long.

There is no theme for the sagas, so indulge your imagination.

To give us more time to judge them, please write your mini saga in the space on the front page of the entry form (page 1) and hand it in by the Wednesday deadline before the Show. **(Note: only one Mini Saga per entrant.)**

2025 winners:

FIRST: The Dragon Awakens - A Saturday Morning Saga

An eyelid drags open, pupil fixating on the intrusion. From deep within, a sulphur-infused exhale engulfs the bite-sized visitors.

They tentatively step toward the slumbering beast.

"Is it...breakfast time?" they stammer. A pause follows, more deadly than the question itself.

Then... the growl.

Grins celebrate their completed mission: Mum's awake.

SECOND: Travelling Home in Time for Tea

She wakes and smiles as I arrive. Where has she been since last time? America? With a return ticket in her shoe, used when they gave all her clothes away. Four years of waiting alongside the dreaming others, as the care home door snaps open and shut, open and shut.

THIRD: The Prickly Pair

It was a moonlit August night when I heard a hissing noise coming from the garden. I opened the back door quietly, curiously, walking towards the sound. Something I had not seen before, two creatures' nose-to-nose, shuffling side-to-side, advancing, retreating, as if in a Mexican stand-off. The prickly pair. Hedgehogs!

Next year?