

EIKS AN ENS

Nummer 14 The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe Septemmer 2018
Septemmer Skailin

Siller ti SLS at this address or pey online: £20 ordinar memmership
£25 owerseas, jynt, schuil or college, corporate

NEW WABMAISTER NEEDIT

Is there ony techie body oot there wullin ti tak this on? Contack George at lallans@hotmail.co.uk

LALLANS INDEX

Is there ony guid saul wull index *Lallans* for posterity? Contack Elaine at failte@go-plus.net

Luik up the new [Scots Leid Associe Blog!](#) Wi thanks ti Alistair Heather for settin it up.

An check oot the new *Scotsoun* CD: [RAVINES](#) bi David C. Purdie

Mind an pit in your entries for [Samsgschaw 2019](#) by 31st Januar 2019:
send c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP.

Cheques/Postal Orders payable ti 'Scots Language Society'.

£5 ilk entry or three for £12, wi nem & address separate. Nae entries by e-mail acceptit.

Aa entries in Scots/Lallans, nae English.

Naething that has been submittit or furthset itherwhaur, please.

Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune, but
send a copy o the piece owerset in its oreiginal leid.

3 Tassies ti be awardit: Hugh MacDiarmid for poesie, Robert McLellan for prose, an John MacPhail
Law Tassie for owersettin; £100 ti winners an £50 ti ridders-up.

Aa competitors wull get a written assessment o their wark.

Twitter Sonnet

Thon Twitter is an awfy place, ye ken
Wi limmers, gowks and bruits it's stappit fu
Ill-scrapit cuifs that dinnae hae a clue
Wha shout the odds tae mak them feel like
men

Tak tent, guid fier, afore ye ventur ben
Tae hae a wee bit clishmaclaver nou
Or gore a suithfest furrow wi yer plou
Ye micht cowp up like Daniel in the den
There's wittens though and poetry as weel
Braw stuff tae mak the warld a better place
Guid-hairtit fowk wha mynt naebody ill
And gie a cheery wave tae ony chiel
That screeves a hamely line in hyperspace
The guid and bad, aa grist tae Twitter's mill

Kevin Connelly

Zombie Apocalypse

A'm meetin zombies aa the time,
thare's monie seems tae hae nae mynd,
seems no tae leuk ayont whit's near
but gowks at screens o ilka kynd,
seems no tae uise thair harns nor wits
forby thair automatic uiss,
seems oniething micht gar thaim think,
thair ae response is aye tae miss

Ae day a zombie says tae us:
'A seen this zombie fillum me,
that's cry'd Zombie Apocalypse
Ye maun see it - it wull fleg ye!'

Hamish Scott

Serves im richt!

Ma name's Meg an A'm a howdie, sae A'm oot an about whan ither fowk are beddit. The sna wiz faain thick an fast ae nicht whan thair wis a crack oan ma windae.

'The wean's comin,' quoth Willie, frae a cottar's hoose doon past Alloway kirk.

'Awa back hame an A'll be wi ye shin as A can,' sayes I, puin ma shawlie roon about me an shovin ma feet in ma bits.

A cudnae see Willie fur the sna bit A kent ma wye an heeded fur is hoose. It wis whan A wis gawn bi the Auld Kirk that A spied a terrible sicht. It wis ma lassie's man fu oot o is powe is eeswal. Tam wis hinging oan tae is nag an kickin the puir beast tae mak ir rin fester an fester. Ye wid hae thought e'd spied a warlock in the mirk, screchin an yowlin lyk a terrifite wean. I wis jist fair gled thair wis nae ither bodie thair bit me tae see the set o im.

Oan A breenged an a guid nicht's wark A mad o't, fur a braw wee laddie wis born. Oan ma wey hame A pit up a wurd that he'd no turn oot a coorse yin lyk ma Kate's Tam. Whan A sees Kate neist mornin thair wisna a wurd about it an A widna spear, fur the lass is pridefu. A jist howped she'd muckle tae tell im whan e won hame.

It wis twinty years efterwirds an Hervist Hame. Awbody wis gaithered tae see the hinnermaist stooks taen in. Rab, ye ken Willie Burns's boy that fancies himsel as a makar, im as wis born thon snawy nicht, e wis free as eeswal to dae a pome fur the swaree. Weel, wis a gled tae hear it. Rab staunds up and sterts lyk this.

'When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors, meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.'

A thinks tae masel, thon cud be ma Kate's Tam, waister that e is!
Bit Rab want oan,

'O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum!

A lauched oot lood. It wis Tam! It wis ma Kate! An bi the time Rab hud feenished is tale awbody was sair lauching. An A kent yin thing fur share. Ma Kate makkit er bed whan she merriet Tam, and she's layn oan it lang syne, but whan he gangs hame fu, e's nae mad walcome unner the twilt!

Irene Howat

Irene is the 2018 winner o the Robert McLellan Tassie for her cutty tale, *Granny's Saicret*, furthset in *Lallans* 92.

A Beeried Hert

Frae Aesop's *Fables for Modern Times*

A miser, a richt hungry-bugger he was, wha wouldnae lend you a bean, selt aa he had and turnt it aa inti an ingot o gowd that he hid in the grun -- in amangst some cauld ruits and stanes -- whaur naebodie would find it, juist himsel. And there his thochts (whit he had o them, that is) and his hert (a cauld neep) were beeried wi it. Hidlins he'd creep along there iverie day ti steal a keek and gloat ower it, but a fairm-haund had spee'd him and kept an ee on his secret -- his hoard was nae as safe as he thocht. In the clear one day, the labourer dug up the treasure-kist and made aff wi it -- and alang comes auld misery-guts and sees a hole there wi nithing in it, and stairts ti skirl and waement and greit. 'Hey man, dinna pu on your hair like that -- it luiks gey sair,' said a passer-by. 'Whit's wrang wi you oniewey?' and whan he telt him aa his story, the man said, 'Dinna be douncaist about that -- that's nothing ava, man, honest. Ye had your gowd and ye didnae use it. I advise you this: Tak a stane, like you did your ingot, and beerie it in the earth, and *think* it's the gowd. It's the same effect, is it nae? And it'll aa be the same as afore for ye. Get it? Ye made nithing then o whit ye had.'

Awa and tell that ti the bank! And see hou far it'll get ye, man!

W. S. Milne

The Scotch Snap

Leese me on the braw Scotch Snap,
The note that gars yer taes tae tap,
The note that gars yer hans tae clap,
Deedle-daa – the braw Scotch Snap!

*Deedle-daa an nivver stap,
Deedle-daa, the braw Scotch Snap!*

Leese me on the Strathspey's soun,
Wi dancers steppin roun an roun,
Wi bonny lass an cantie loun,
Deedle-daa – they'll no set doun.

*Deedle-daa an nivver stap,
Deedle-daa, the braw Scotch Snap!*

Leese me on the Echtsome Reel,
Whaur aa the dancers ken the dreel,
Lat girnie grumphs gang tae the Deil,
Deedle-daa – aa's blyth an weel.

*Deedle-daa an nivver stap,
Deedle-daa, the braw Scotch Snap!*

Leese me on the Gordons Gay,
Lauch an sing, forleit aa wae,
Whitivver airt ye micht come frae,
Deedle-daa – or crack o day.

*Deedle-daa an nivver stap,
Deedle-daa, the braw Scotch Snap!*

David C. Purdie

*'The Scotch Snap', in Scottish fiddle muisic, is usually
an accented semi-quaver followed by a dotted quaver.*

Blek Coal

I gaed ma luvve some flooers
roses rid like in the sang,
but she flung thaim mang the embers
said 'it's coal I need tae keep me warm'.

I gaed ma luvve a sack o coal,
blek an stourie like ma hert,
she sat an hetted up her hauns
but I kent her hert wis caul as ice.

George T. Watt

Mendin The Fire

Early morn, still dark,
She rises fae her warm bed,
Tae the chink o milk bottles,
Brocht tae the front step.

In stockin soles, fastenin her nylon peenie,
She shivers doon the stair.
In the scullery, she turns oan the ring,
Draws a comb through her hair.

Slippin intae his pit buits,
she opens the back door.
Outside
Frost lies thick.

There's no a sound,
The coal hoos is blacker than black,
Her braith hangs in clouds.
Ablow fuit, ice splinters an cracks.

The shovel disnae cut the mutton,
So she hus tae wrastle wi her bare haunds,
Tae fill the pail.
The coal chaffs her fingers,
Gets ahint her nails.

Back ben the livin room, she hunkers doon
oan the spark scorched rug,
taks aff the guide,
rakes oot the grate.

Rouses a cloud o sulphuric stoor,
That dusts the skirtin an the blinds.
A thud as the boy pits the paper thru the door,
Bringin news o strikes an picket lines.

She piles ashes atop split kindlers,
Taks a box o Vulcan matches fae the brace.
Yin acrid scratch an the flame lichts up her face.

Caunny, she pits the flame tae the paper
Let's it catch.
Watches it shrink red then black.
Pulls oot the blower.
Waits fir the kindlers tae crack.

Tracy Harvey

Shelter

A bull – there's a new beastie for us ti think on! – wha was being chased bi a lion (naebodie else could tak him on) had fled ti a cave ained bi some gaits that set about him wi their horns. 'Ye irritate me as much as ye can,' he said, 'it's a scunnering shame. But warse outside than in!'

A cosy but and ben. Dinna knock it.

W. S. Milne

Pile On The Agony

'Geez a hurl oan yer piler, Yoosty.'

'Dinna ca me Yoosty; ma name's Eustace.'

The new member of the gang had moved into the neighbourhood about 4 weeks ago, but already he had ingratiated himself with local loons of his own age. Most likely, he would be in their class when school reconvened in August.

'Fa geed ye that nem. Naebody's ca'd Eustace nooadays.'

'It wiz ma grandfather's. It runs i the faimily. Oanywy, Ah've been telt that the nem means 'fruitful' and 'steadfast'. That's foo Ah'm prood o't. Nae oanly 'at, ma mither telt me that ma grandfather wiz a self-made man – so his nem suited im.'

'Self-made man ... like Frankenstein, like.'

'Na, na, ye daft goat ... he built up his ain beezness.'

'Aye, Aye. Get aff yer soapbox ... which reminds me ... yer piler boady looks as if wiz a soapbox at ae time.'

Back in the 1940 and 50s, many a lad had a cart. A box section at the back and open at the front, it was nailed to a thick plank running long-ways. There was a set of wheels at the rear and a smaller set at the front.

'It nicht hae been, bit Ah dinnae think so. It's far bigger than ane o them. An d'ye ken iss: the wheels on't cam aff ma pram. It wiz ane o thae upright anes. Ma mither said it wiz a Restmore an it wiz coach-built – fitiver at means. Foo fit wye are ye ca'n it a piler? It's a cairtie'

'It's a piler whar Ah come frae an Ah'd like a shoaty o'd.'

'Ah dinnae ken aboot at tho, Jazz. Ye nicht brak it an Ah widnae want that tae happen tae'd. Ma brither's an apprentice jyner an he makit it an Ah sairtinly widnae want it broken.'

'Yoosty, Ah'd look efter it.'

The front wheels were fixed to a horizontal 'T' section of wood and a central bolt through the end of the plank allowed them to swivel so that the cart could change direction. A looped rope allowed it to be pulled and steered.

'Have ye ever driven ane? Dae ye ken hoo tae jing-il?'

'Jing-il? Fit diz at mean?'

'Jing-il ... Ah suppose it means tae steer the thing. D'ye ken hoo tae dae that, Jazz?'

'Aye. Ah'd sit i the soapbox, pit ma feet on the front exle widden bar, ane each side next tae the wheels, tak a hid o the loop o rope, an aff we'd go.'

'An when ye're gaen doon a brae, hoo wid ye brake?'

'Ah'd pit ma feet doon oan the grund an dig ma heels in.'

'Ye'd no be lang in wearin oot yer shune daein at. Tacketty beets is fit ye need.'

Before plastic carrier bags appeared, the week's messages from the Co-op would be put into a cardboard box. Often the cairtie was used to transport the box home.

The seat was usually a worn piece of carpet or a cushion from an old sofa, that acted as a shock absorber. Sometimes the wee brother or sister would get a hurl and many a family cat or dog would relish a lift, turning up its nose at other pets they saw in the passing.

'Will ye gie me a hurl then? There's room int fir baith oaz.'

'True ... but first of aa, ye'll hae tae tell me something.'

'Oh aye ... fit's at noo?'

'Aabody ca's ye Jazz ... but fit's yer richt name?'

'Ah cannae tell ye.'

'Ye mean ye cannae ... or ye dinnae want tae.'

'Baith.'

'Ah weel then, ye can dae athoot a hurl.'

Nuts or briquettes from the coal merchant were bought if the family ran out of coal between deliveries and taken home in the cairtie.

Accumulators to power the valve radios were charged up at the local radio shop. The laddie was sent to fetch the freshly charged one in his cairtie so that the family could listen to Donald Peers and Scottish Dance Music on a Monday night.

Just then, Jazz's mither cam roond the coarner an spotted her son.

'Oh there ye are. Ah've bin lookin fur ye. Yer faither's hame an we're aboot tae hae wir tea.'

'Aw Mum, Ah'm enjoyin masel. Can Ah no get anither half-oor?'

'JASPER, ye'll come wi me this meenit. Say cheerio tae your chum.'

Jasper (or Caspar) was one of the 3 kings (the Magi) who brought gifts to Jesus. It also means 'treasurer' or 'semi-precious stone.'

'Cheerio Yoosty. Maybe see ye the morn.'

'Ah hope so. An d'ye ken this: you'll daifinitely get a hurl in ma cairtie. We're twa o a kind, you an me. Bye the noo, Jazz ... **per!!!**'

George C. Robertson