

By *Sanners Gow*

### The Vet.

Aal Geordie fae the Mains o Slacktackit wiz sittin readin the Banffshire Journal in front o the fire. His wife Maggie wiz oot feedin the chuckins an fyaachin aboot lookin for eggies. So he thocht tae himsel he'd get a look at the 'Banffie' afore she wun back in. There wisna muckle o interest tae Geordie but jist afore he wint tae the 'faa's deed' column his ee caught on an article aboot a new technique caad artificial insemination. Michty but that's a gye handy like advancement and it wid save a lot o siller forbyes. Always een o Geordie's maist important comeats against the world. Foo bliddy expensive athing wiz getting. He teen oot his bit pencil fae his wastcoat pooch and gave the pint a sook an wrote the vet's number doon on the margin o the paper an tore it oot. The 'faa's deed column' clear forgotten aboot he's ontae the phone an spikkin tae the vet. "Aye- - aye- - tye tye aye fairly at! Aricht we'll see ye then than- - - "Eh?- - oh aye aye aye this is Geordie fae the Mains min!" "Fit's at? Ye dinna ken faa I am? Michty laddie this is een o the best set up placies in the district min!- - - Aricht-aricht dinna get yersel in a fleerip! Here's the directions- - - - ! Tye tye fairly at we'll see ye the morn than!" Jist then Mistress Mains hersel came in as Geordie hung up the phone. Her ee fell upon the Banffie lyin in a sotter on the floor wi a great big fyang torn oot o't. "Oh michty!" said she and bent doon tae gaither up the paper. "Fit wye did ye dee that min?" Geordie still thinkin on aa the siller he'd be savin hardly heard her. But she noticed the big fyang o paper still in his haan wi the vet's number written on't and grabbed it fae him. Grummlin she sorted the paper intae order an wi a bittie sellotape she stuck the torn oot bittie intae place.

Aifter she calmed doon a bittie he tellt her aa aboot this new technique caad artificial insemination an foo muckle siller it wid save him. Mrs Mains relented in her anger a bit fin she heard the magic words 'foo muckle siller it wid save' for she wisna kent as 'Greed's Grunny' by the workers for nithing. The peer men were fed on nithing but neeps an meal. Neep brose for braakfast, neep brose for denner an for supper murlietuck made wi neep bree an fylies a curl o kail for a bit o a change! There wisna sic a thing as constipation at the Mains o Slacktackit, dam ee fears o't!

Onywe the neist day the vet made his appearance and he lookit ower Geordie's beasts. Fyaachin here an fyaachin there speirin Geordie this or speirin that he gid them a gweed owergyan. Feenished he says tae Geordie "Ye've some rare beasts there min. I'd say they'd be perfect specimens for the new science o artificial

## *Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable*

insemination." He lookit aboot the byre and aifter a minty or twa said "But ye'll nott tae get this place in order for it's in a gye sotter for the artificial insemination. Ye see we maun gyang wi the very strict rules set oot by the government in this instance." He gid throwe fit wiz nottin deen. The wobbs an styowe doon fae the rafters an waaheeds, the staas cleaned oot an the timmer treated wi sclatelim mixed wi vinegar, fresh strae laid, the waas coated wi beverley white distemper and the greip scoored an cleaned wi saaft soap an saan. An then he'd come back in a wikk's time an tick aff the list afore continuing wi the artificial insemination as per government rules. Aifter the vet drove awa Geordie wint knypin throwe the close tae far his three lads were vrochtin at the dung. "Come on noo lay doon yer forks I've gotten a fine warm jobbie for ye!" He gid them their orders at the byre an gye near hid a mutiny on his haans. Nana the lads werena haein that. Vrochtin at a styowie blawvethrowe place like that for a wikk an bein fed on neeps aa the time? Nana dam ee fears o't they'd tak their mairchin orders first. Geordie hid tae relent in the end so he offered them a wee bit remuneration and nae mair 'tatties an pint' or in their case 'neeps an pint'. They'd be getting the same mait as himsel instead o sittin in the kitchen pointin throwe the hoose far he Geordie wiz gettin the very best o food. Well, leastwyes for the next wikk onywye but he nivver tellt them that bit though. Sleakit aal deevil!

Onywye the vrocht wint on at a rate o knots wi this new arrangement. The lads were even tae be heard singing as they yokit tee. Mrs Mains wisna ower happy though an there wiz near a tear in her ee as she served them up wi gweed mait. But Geordie reassured her it widna last forivver an that a couple mair days should see things back tae normal. She smiled at the conspiracy. The pair o sleakit devils. Onywye the byre wiz sittin like a new preen by the time the vet returned. Impressed he wint throwe the list tickin aff each item as deen and in accordance tae government rules. Geordie wi his chestie fair stickin oot teen him throwe the amount o vrocht deen as if it wiz only him that did it. "The styowe wiz teen doon fae the waaheeds an rafters, the waas coated wi beverley white as ordered, the staas cleared oot an the timmer deen wi sclatelim an vinegar as ordered wi fresh strae laid on the grun an the greip scoored wi saft soap an saan also as ordered." The vet wiz affa impressed an said "Michty me min ye've forgotten nithing ava!" Geordie wi his heedy fair swingin said "An there's even a nail at the back o the door for ye!" The vet hid a quick look at his list tae see far aboot he tellt him tae pit a nail in the back o the door but dam ee bit he could see nae mention o that ava. He says tae Geordie "I nivver tellt ye tae pit a nail in the back o the door!" Geordie wi his heedy still swingin said "I ken that richt enough but it's my idea." The vet getting really puzzled says "Fit wid I be needin a nail in the back o the door for?" Geordie getting a wee bit angert says "Well it's for the artificial insemination ye'll need someplace tae hing yer breesks!"  
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