

By *Sanners Gow*

Tales fae Dr Festing Makadoork's case book.

The Tabby Sooker.

In my long medical career I have come across many strange cases but none stranger than the one I'm about to relate. A few years ago a man was referred to me from his GP. with an extremely strange addiction. I am somewhat of an expert when it comes to addictions so he was sent to me to see if I could effect a cure. The patient in question was a man in his mid forties but looked older and had the haunted look of an addict. Of good character and a pillar of the local community he had more than most to lose because of his strange addiction. It was the summer of 2006 when I first met him. From the copious notes and recordings I took at the time I'll tell his story in his own words.

"Fin I wiz wee I used tae pick up tabbies fae the road an walk aboot sayin tae my pals "Look at me I'm a mannie!" Noo this started aff as a bit o a joke in front o my pals but as I grew an masel became a 'mannie' it changed intae something else entirely. I hiv nivver smoked in my life an canna stand the smell o folk smokin fags. But a tabby noo that's a different matter aatgegither. Fin I see a tabby on the grun I jist hiv tae eat it. I wiz gye careful though that naebody should see ma deein this. Mind you on a couple o occasions I wiz nearly rumbled but each time I got awa w't by sayin "I canna stand tabbies on the grun" and promptly put the tabby in the nearest bin. "Bliddy smokin should be against the law!" only half meanin it though. Aifter that couple o occasions I became ultra careful tae hide my addiction fae family an freens.

I hid a special pooch in ma jaicket lined wi bakin foil for my githerins. I'd even hae wee fantasies aboot eatin them fin I got hame. Sometimes though the thocht o fine tabby wiz literally burnin a hole in ma pooch so I'd slip awa tae hide an wi great relish I'd sook the tabby then chaw it up tip ana.. The tip wiz the icing on the cake as far as I wiz concerned. The slaivers in ma mooth released the juices an fin I chawed it the nicotine bree added so much flavour tae the tabbaccas and the paper. But the best bit o the lot is the wee black burnt bit on the end. I always saved it till last. This is the cherry, the caviar o the tabby or the truffle. I'd roll it aboot in ma mooth then wi a gasp o pleasure I'd crush it wi ma tongue on the roof o ma mooth.

This wint on for a gye puckle years afore I teen TB. Fin I wint tae the doctor he wiz puzzled why I should hae TB. Aifter a lot o questions I'd eventually tae own up tae

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my addiction. The doctor thocht that wiz the maist likely source for the TB. Aifterhin I wiz sent tae see Doctor Festing Makadoork.

At his suggestion I wint tae a self help group ran by him for addictions. The first time I wint fin it came my turn tae staan up and tell the group faa I wiz and my particular addiction. Aabody burst oot laachin at ma and shoutin "Tabby Sooker!" So I ran awa an wint tae my special stash o tabbies an ate the lot. As a comfort ye'll understand. It teen Dr Makadoork weeks and a lot o priggin afore I wint back.

About this time the smokin ban came intae force and though as a none smoker I wiz pleased aboot it my perfect source o tabbies wiz teen awa fae ma. Before the ban so as nae tae be discovered I usually wid ging intae a pub jist afore closing time fin aa bugger wiz getting tipsy kind. I'd order a half pint o India Pale Ale and slowly move fae ashtray tae ashtray helpin masel tae its contents. Ye've nae idea the amount o tabbies I got that wye. But noo wi the smoking ban that source wiz fucked! Onywye I decided enough wiz enough and wint back tae therapy for addiction.

Things were good for a while especially aifter Dr Makadoork showed me a replacement therapy I could use. He'd scatter bits o carrots aboot the fleer cut intae the shape o tabbies and I'd tae makie on they were the real thing. An christ it fairly workit for a while until I ate so much fuckin carrots I turned orange and could see in the dark better than ony fuckin cat!

Onywye there wiz trouble ahead for ma an this is how it came aboot. Ae Sunday mornin afore I wint tae the kirk I decided tae hae a wee traivel doon for a Sunday paper. On the wye I met quite a lot o people I knew and wid doff my hat tae them for I wiz a respected member o the local community. So what? Ye might be thinking. Well it wiz aifter I'd doffed my hat tae a particularly important person that I noticed outside the pub loads o tabbies. Noo wi the smoking ban drinkers hid tae gyang outside tae partake o their disgusting habit an eence they finished they'd ping their tabbies oot ontae the street. My knees gave a buckle at the sight as I imagined aitin them and by good fortune I tripped and rolled amongst the tabbies. Nae a man known for missing opportunities I made good use o my time rollin aboot the grun an fullled ma pooches. Some folk came inaboot and helped ma tae ma feet dustin ma doon and askin if I wiz aricht?

"Oh I'm fine!" I replied acting the pillar o society that I am. "Jist tripped on an uneven bit on the pavement!"

I noticed though that the local gossip wiz there ana and her nose nearly wint inside ma mooth snuffin tae see if I'd been drinkin. Satisfied that there wisna drink ontae ma breath she helped the githered folk tae dust ma doon and even handed me my hat sayin in her greetin winging voice "It's jist a disgrace the state o this pavements!"

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I acknowledged that sayin I'd raise it wi the local councillor at the very next opportunity. God help ma but the pavements were perfect I'd jist used the council as a scapegoat and that tae the biggest greetin faced complainin aal cunt in the toon. How low can a man get? Oh me jist wait and see! I couldna get awa fast enough afore some bastard realised that ma pooches were full'd tae brimmin wi tabbies. So off I goes doffin my hat tae the left and right and false words o thanks comin fae my tabby sookin mooth, well soon tae be tabby sookin mooth.

I rushed hame as fast as my feeties wid cairry ma and charged past my wife as she waited tae gyang tae the kirk wi her latest extravagant silly hattie on her neep. She opened her mooth tae say something but too late as I made for the summer hoose and slammed the door. There I pigged oot on tabbies nae takkin time tae savour them jist packed them doon my throat. Fuck carrots!

Aifter so lang athoot a decent tabby I got a bit corkit so teen a couple bottles o seerups o figs and that seemed tae dee the trick. At my next therapy session I'd tae admit tae Dr Makadoork that I'd fell aff the wagon a wee bittie. He sat there doodlin in his notebook and asked "How many tabbies did you take?" Quick as a flash I said "Ten!" He jist smiled at that and cairried on doodlin in his notebook. On the wye hame I wint in by the shop and bocht a pun o carrots.

For the next few weeks things wint aaricht. I'd even managed tae fool my wife aboot my bad behaviour that day at the summer hoose. Of course it teen a lash o cash intae her personal bank accoont and the promise o a Mediterranean cruise afore she forgave my bad behavior.

It wiz a few weeks later I got anither opportunity while walkin tae my place o work. Dr Makadoork said that if I walked plenty in the clean fresh air that wid gyang some wye tae diminish my cravings. And richt he wiz aboot that until the mornin I saw the pile o tabbies lyin on the grun outside the pub. The street sweeper's cairt wiz there but nae a sign o him. I crouched doon ahin the cairt an full'd ma pooches o this manna fae heaven.

I hurried intae my office wi my treasure locked the door an pulled the screen doon. I sorted through my manna and put so much intae the wee tin box I kept for my stash. Some though I kept oot and jist gorged on them until I wiz nearly seek. I sat there gaspin wi pleasure fin my secretary knocked on my door and shouted that I'd tae be at the boardroom in ten minutes. Christ I'd better get rid o the smell o ashtrays fae ma breath so I used my secret weapon Fisherman's Friends. A half dizzen o them in yer gob and yer mooth, nasal cavities and yer very tear ducts are clear o smell. Composed I entered the board room and saw aa the pricks sittin there yabblin awa at eenanither as if they kent fit they were speakin aboot. Jinkers een an aa! Takkin ma place I nodded some acknowledgments tae the seated figures while the chairman

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opened the meeting in his usual wye wi jaded jokes that we were aa supposed tae laach at as if we hidna heard them a thoosand times afore. That wiz fin my belly started makkin strange sounds. This wint on for a while and it got that bad the pricks sittin roon the table began tae notice even that chairman forgot his stupid jaded jokes and looked at ma. I held my belly and stood up tae excuse masel fin I power vomited aa ower the place. My last conscious sight wiz some o the pricks standin up wi shocked looks on their faces at aa the tabbies an bits o carrots on the table. Some o them in my direct line were pickin bits oot o their mooths as they'd been ready tae makie on laugh at the chairmans fuckin stupid jokes.

Next I kent I wiz in hospital. Ower the next fyowe weeks I got ivery test known tae man. I wiz oot an in the Magnetic Resonance Scanner M.R.S. like a dog's tot. So mony o them did I get that that my heed became magnetic an they still couldna find fit bit o my brain triggered my addiction. I didna ken I'd become magnetic until I wiz leavin the hospital. As I walked oot I found forceps and scalpels stickin tae back o my heed as I passed a trolley. I pulled them aff and threw them in the bucket. As I reached the main door a man that looked like a doctor held it open for ma and as I passed he screamed as his mooth exploded oot the wye and I found masel covered in dental implants wi teeth stickin tae them. Jesus I teen tae ma heels makkin as muckle noise as the man that jist lost thoosands o pounds worth o dental work. I ran oot the gates keepin clear o the iron bits and fair intae the path o a passin skaffy wagon. I stuck tae the side o't like a fridge magnet and screamed oot o ma but the driver nivver even heard ma. It wisna until he reached the land fill aboot aicht miles awa that he realised I wiz stuck tae the side o the wagon. Aifter a gye chawe him an some o his mates managed tae get me aff and put me inside an aal aluminum packin case which isna magnetic an teen me tae the hospital. At the hospital they realised their mistake and degaussed me in een o their machines tae reverse the magnetic field- - - !"

This is where the tapes end.

I did see him once again when he visited my office to tell me to shove my therapy up my arse!

So I said "Fuck off you tabby sookin bastard!"