

## BOB THE DOG FAE THE BOG

By *Sanners Gow*

*Tae aa dog lovers maseel included. Bob the dog fae the Bog is a fictional character an nae dowg wiz hurt in writin this story.*

Jeemicky Brochan wint inaboot tae the skweelhouse at Bogsoakin an speired o the woman there if she kent faar about the crafty o the Bogs wiz? She wiz busy scrubbin the big granite steps in front o the skweelhouse. She stoppit fit she wiz deein an pynted doon a lang sanny track tae the left sayin he'd fin the placie he wiz seekin about haaf o a mile doon it. Jeemicky thankit her an set sail along the track. The man he wiz gyan tae see wiz a Pipe Major Macinnon faa sorted amongst bagpipes. Jeemicky cairried the pipes that he'd played at the takkin o Beaumont -Hamel in the Great War. A crack hid appeared at the shank o the big drone so that wiz fit he wiz seekin the aal Pipe Major tae hae a look at. Jeemicky wiz a richt grand player an wiz tae play at the Turra show in a month's time so he thocht he'd get the crack seen till in case it traiveled up the drone.

Naebody wiz gyan aboot so he thocht tae himsel he nicht as weel tak the chance tae gyang throwe some o the sets he'd be playin at Turra show. The lang sanny track wiz jist perfect for his playin marches. He blawed up the pipes and in nae time he'd his fingers dancin on the chanter. Mighty but his fammils were swaak and wi a swing tae his step he wiz back eence mair at the takin o Beaumont Hamel and marchin towards glory. By the time he'd wun his wye tae the aal Pipe Major's craft he wiz in gweed fettle. Instead o stoppin playin he wint intae the late great Pipe Major R. Macfammils' pibroch 'The loupin loochy in the burnin midden.' arguably een o the maist complicated pibrochs ivver composed fae the mind o man. Aifter a couple o measures o this the front door opened an the aal Pipe Major stood there fair beamin. A fyowe seconds later though a black shape came fae atween his legs as a collie wi aa teeth an ersehole made a darry for Jeemicky. The Pipe Major roared "Come here Bob!!" But na na he'd nae be deein that so instead o shoutin Bob the dog he roared at Jeemicky tae save himsel for the dog wiz mad an he could dee nithing wi it! Jeemicky's yaks bulged fae his heed at the sicht o the moich jookele comin towards him wi its yella teeth an slaivers fleein fae its mooth. A low groan started deep in Jeemicky's thrapple risin tae a full blown scream at this fleein, growlin set o fangs an ersehole came for him. He'd presence o mind though tae unship the pipes fae his shooder and hud it like a living octopus tae his fore atween him an Bob the dog. Bob couldna wun by so he wint for the pipes instead aa the while Jeemicky screamin oot o him "Avast there, avast!" But Bob the dog widna avast an wiz in the weers o getting throwe Jeemicky's defenses an gyan for his legs. Completely terrifeart an screamin oot o him like a wee quinie Jeemicky in pure desperation swung a kick at Bob's heed an connected wi a crunch. Bob the dog gid but one howl

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

an fell doon stone, stiff, starin deed! The aal Pipe Major hid reached them by this time an found Jeemicky shakin wi fear an sookin air in fae ivvery orifice in his body as he tried tae recover lost oxygen an compose himsel a bittie. His pipies lay scattered aboot like a bag o kennlers for the fire aroon the body o Bob the dog faa's yakies noo were starin intae last Sunday or the yin afore. Recoverin a bit Jeemicky managed tae gasp oot an apology for killin Bob the dog but the aal Pipe Major wiz mair concerned about Jeemicky sayin " Dinna worry ower the heeds o that dog min! It wiz a richt bad bastard that naebody could dee nithing wi!" In the hinnereine he managed tae get some kind o sense oot o Jeemicky faa managed tae tell him the reason he'd come tae see him in the first place. The Pipe Major tellt him he'd be nottin mair than a cracked drone fixed noo as he looked doon at the butchered pipes and shakin his heed. He tellt Jeemicky tae come back this day next wik tae collect his repaired pipes. So sayin he wint for a shovel and dragged Bob the dog awa by the tail tae beery him.

Jeemicky still a gye bittie in shock and his leggies shakin wi the fear tottered his wye back up the track wi his ersehole still winkin wi the terror o't aa. Gaspin a bit, an aifter gyan aboot haafwyes up the track he happened tae look back the wye and saw in the distance a cloud o dust comin up the track towards him. It wiz then he noticed at the front o the dust cloud something black. His herty near stoppit in his breest for it wiz Bob the dog back in the land o the livin. It must've jist been stunned? Wi a low groan Jeemicky teen tae his heels a sobbin an greetin sound came fae him as he bolted. He couldna scream for he'd nae win for that, his body nott aa the oxygen it could get tae garr his leggies move so a pitiful whimper wid hiv tae dee.. He lookit ower his shooder and could see Bob the dog wiz gaining ontae him. So pittin even mair effort intae movin the pitiful whimper turned intae a low scream then got even louder as he could hear Bobs feet comin closer and closer. Jeemicky jist made the gate o the skweelhoose an saw the woman he'd spoken till earlier wiz inside the vestibule scrubbin noo. She lookit up as she heard the continuous scream and saw a man wi a look o absolute terror on his face wi his een stickin oot o his heed like hundog's pyokes and foam flein fae his mooth and fae the foamy hole a merciful scream athoot end. Wi a "Mercy be here!" she cooriet doon jist as Jeemicky reached the tap step an trippit. He slid towards her pittin the pale o water in the air and crashing intae her. Sabbin in terror Jeemicky lifted his fit an pushed tee the door jist as Bob the dog reached it an hit him clean in the pan. Bob howled oot o him then started tae worry the door tryin tae ate it's wye throwe tae get at Jeemicky faa lay at the back o the door rollin aboot in pure terror shoutin oot o him "Oh me oh me the jookle's gan tae haa ma banes!"

In the event it teen the vricht, smiddy, gamie and the aal Pipe Major tae get Bob rowed up in a bit o net afore Jeemicky could get oot. Shakin like a leaf he lookit doon at Bob the dog as it lay wupped up a prisoner. An argument hid set up among the fowk githered aboot as tae how they could dispatch Bob. The smith said he'd pit its heed ontae the anvil and mash it wi a haimmer. "Whit?" shouted the gammie "I'll gyang for the twalbore and gie the coorse bugger baith barrels min!" And added "It

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wid be far qiucker than a bliddy haimmer!" The vricht waded intae the argument wi "I'll gie the bugger a lash on the back o the heed wi a fower by three lump o timmer it winna ken fit hut it and there'd nae be ony sotter o bleed like fit you twa intend!" The argument got even mair heated fin the peeler came inaboot quoting this law an that law regardin mad dogs. His intention wiz tae get the pistol fae the station that wiz keepit for sic an emergency. Aa the while Jeemicky wiz lookin doon at Bob. Throve the net he could see the big broon een lookin up at him as if beggin help. Leavin the increasingly angry fowk aleen he sat himsel on the grun aside Bob an put his haan oot an clappit the peer terrifeart beastie. Jeemicky expectin aa the while that Bob wid try an sink his teeth intae his fammil. But na he jist whimpered so Jeemicky unrowed the net fae him and Bob crawled ower tae his bosie and put his heed allo Jeemicky's jaicket as if tryin tae hide awa fae aa this fowk that wanted tae kill him. It wiz the aal Pipe Major that spotted this first an exclaimed "Michty wid ye look at that!" Aa heeds turned their argument forgotten.

At Turra show Jeemicky stood in the middle o the ring surrounded by haaf the world, well leastwyes haaf o Turra. His repaired pipes were ringin like a bell as he played his hert oot. He wiz gan tae feenish wi Pipe Major R. Macfammils' pibroch 'The loupin loochy in the burnin midden' but decided instead tae feenish wi '51st Highland Division's 'Takkin o Beaumont-Hamel' Many o the men githered aroon hid been wi Jeemicky on that day at the Somme in 1916 an alloed the tears tae doonfaa unheeded. Ithers throve their tears were shoutin "The man his fingers like angels wings!" At the end he oxtered his pipes in salute as the fowk broke intae a mighty cheer. Baskin a wee bit in his glory Jeemicky felt a saft nuzzle at his left leg and lookit doon intae the meltin broon een o Bob the dog fae the Bog his constant companion since that very first bosie ootside the skweelhouse at Bogsoakin!