

By *Sanners Gow*

Duncin

The lead up tae Chresmes at the skweel wiz a nechtmare for me. Fae aboot the middle o November onwards ilka PT day we got duncin lessons tae get us ready for the Chresmes party. Afore I begin ma story I'll gie ye a wee guide tae the layoot o the skweel in the photae. At the very center o the skweel wiz a huge hall and aa the classrooms were located at the side maist o the wye roon ahin big aal farrent doors. Nae glaiss in them jist huge doors. The hall itsel hid bonny paraquet fleerin an there wiz fite lines aa the wye roon showin ye faar ye could walk fan gan tae yer classes. The center wiz the 'Holy o Holies' an if ye were eedjit enough tae walk there or rin across it tae get tae yer class that wiz a belttable offense. The only time we were alloed tae walk there wiz durin PT or skweel assembly. On enterin the hall ye'd tae walk in a clockwyes direction tae reach yer classroom keepin tae the recht side o the fite line. It wiz an affa bonny biggin an the fleer wiz something else. Efter ony skweel holidays the janny hid it aa polished wi the fine smell o aal farrent wax polish. Tae me that made up for returin tae skweel wi ma lippy tremmlin efter a heavenly braak awa fae the place. I've eyee heen a predilection tae the smell o wax polish an nae doot in oor modern world some weirdos wid say that I've gotten a fetish o some kind aboot it but bah humbug tae them I jist liket the smell.

Onywyne here comes the duncin. The teachers wid hae the record player set up on a bench. Jist een o yon all farrent eens in a box wi a cairrien hunnle at ae side like a suitcase. It wiz eether a PYE or a Bush een an I could've done wi een masel tae play my twa Burl Ives records. I digress here though.

We'd be ushered intae the center o the hall and lined up and the teachers wid gie us a bit o a pep talk aboot foo tae conduct oorsels eence we started duncin. By thes pynt my moral hid hut ma feet and lookin roon I could see by the looks on ither faces I wisna aleen in that feelin. Lookin back aa that years I realise that maist teachers didna only tak awa ony possible enjoyment fae lessons on a daily basis but they could even destroy Chresmis for ye by duncin lessons. On wid gang the Jimmy Shand records then the rows an bullyin wid start as they cajoled ye tae enjoy duncin through terror. Nae a gweed environment Ah'm tellin ye. Durin the lesson we were taught foo tae ask a lassie up tae duncie. The quines wid be made tae staan at the ae side and us loons steed at the ither an like eedjits we'd tae cross ower and ask for a duncie. Nae Doric alloed ye hid tae ask in English "Could I have the pleasure of this dance?" The lassies were taught tae reply "Thank you I'd love to." So fin the teacher tellt us tae dee thes I heeded for the maist popular quine in the class an speired her tae duncie. I could see by her een that I wiz the very last person in the world she

Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

wanted staanin in front o her askin for tae duncie but the peer quine wiz caught atween the haimmer an the anvil because like aa the quines they'd been tell that tae refuse wiz considered affa illmannered an nae quite the theng tae dee. So here's the maist popular quine in the class wi the weeist runt in the class caught up in the etiquette o gweed manners as the wee runt steed there smilin wytin tae be refused. Sadly though that didna happen she must've heen better manners than I thocht? Aa the loons that hid status were glowrin at ma an I kent there'd be a price tae pey for my ungentlemanly behaviour later on oot in the playgrun. But then something happenet that teen the immediate heat aff ma fan a quine started howlin oot o her. Seeminly there wiz three o the loons refusin tae duncie wi her. There wiz three loons an ae quine left tae get a partner but the three loons refused pynt blank tae duncie wi her. Loads o threats were made at the loons but they steedfast an widna yield tae the teachers ava. By thes time the peer quine hid burst intae tears an they were rinnin doon her chiks like a flood. The PT teacher wiz there an he threatened them wi the tag if een o them didna tak her up tae duncie. Stell they refused even at thes. By noo the peer quine hid started sobbin an by the look on the PT teachers face there wiz only gan tae be one ootcome tae thes. He left and came back wi the tag in his haan an eence again offered een o them tae tak the quine up tae duncie but stell they refused. So he gave the three o them a puckle whacks wi his belt. Noo oor PT teacher wiz a fit strong lad so he pit them on as hard as he could. Thankfully the three loons teen thes athoot a myout fae ony o them but by God ye could see they must be hurtin. Onywe after he'd feenished he grabbit een o the loons an made him duncie wi the quine an made the ither twa loons duncie wi eenanither. Noo the loon that wiz forced tae duncie wi the lassie wiz a particular pal o mine an the look o wounded pride on his face cracked me up so I couldna dee onytheng for laachin aboot thes an because I couldna stop even efter bein threatened wi the tag masel I wiz sent ootside. I did try a couple o times tae get back intae the hall but ilka time fan I saw my mate's physog duncin wi the quine I started tae laach again like a complete eedjit an hid tae leave again. The laachter didna last lang though because oot in the playgrun I'd tae pey for my jumpin abeen the station o a mere runt by approachin the maist popular quine in the class. But mighty fitna gran day that wiz.