

By *Sanners Gow*

Floer Pooer

Fan I wiz a bairn I'd three basic priorities in life. The ferst wiz dodgin the teachers inside the skweel, the second wiz dodgin the bullies outside the skweel and the third and by far the best wiz accumulatin enough siller so I could buy wee boxes o plastic sojers. I wiz affa lucky haein a big faimily and at the time I'm writin aboot maist fowk didna hae fridges. Thes wiz affa handy for me because it meant they only bocht in things like fresh and caal meat as they needed it. Thes wiz faar I became invaluable tae aa my maiden great aunts an bachelor great uncles. So efter skweel my ferst port o call wiz tae them tae see if they were sicin ony eerins and fyles I'd earn masel a penny or a haipenny or a scone. The bonus though wiz that maist o my great uncles smokit so I fyles wid get a thruppence for gan tae the shop for them. (nae rules then aboot an aicht year aal bairn buyin tabacca) but nae maitter I managed tae accumulate siller for ma next box o sojers. It usually teen ma aboot a fortnecht tae save enough for ae box at one and fourpence for forty aicht sojers. They were made by Airfix so they were gweed quality. So gweed in fact that there is stell a puckle left in the garage that my ain loons got the gweed o fan they were bairns. Arecht enough o my tellin ye aboot the days I became a 'hentrippinower' (entrepreneur) kind o loon accumulatin wealth but it is leadin somewye.

Recently I've been in a reflective mood because I've been writin a lot o stories and as ye ken if ye write yer mind traivels back the wye. Well in my case that is so. Nae lang ago I came across an aal advert for Fry's five center chocolate bars and this got me thinkin aboot the days o syne, dangerous I ken but here goes.

While I wiz rinnin aboot getting vast quantities o wealth tae spen on my brigades o troops the world wiz changin aroon ma. I wiz totally ignorant o the fact until ae Saitterday I happent tae be in my favourite shop buyin my next squad o sojers tae recruit intae my noo extensive standin army fan a big black van drew up aside the shop. On gyan oot I saw it wiz een o you ex police vans kent as a Black Miriah or Paddy Wagons. But thes een wiz different tae fit ye saw on tv. Het wiz covered in painted floers in aa the colours o the rainbow. Jist as I passed it the back doors burst open and a boorach o the strangest human beins I'd ivver seen in ma life jumpit oot follaed by a clood o rick an the strangest smell ye can imagine. The weemin aa wore lang frocks o a thick material that lookit tae me like the tweed jaickets my uncles wore and reached doon tae their ankles wi trails o huge beads aroon their necks an floers stuck in their hair. But the best bit wiz fit they hid on their feet. They aa wore mannies leather beets scuffed and sair in the need o a polish. I'd nivver seen a woman weerin mannies beets afore so that stuck in my memory. The men werena quite as uniform in dress as the deemies though and jist wore onything like lang

Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

tailed army sarks and moleskin brikks wi oo covered cardigans hingin fae their bodies and get thes 'Jesus sandals' nae beets like the deemies 'Jesus sandals. A couple o them wore bandannas o reed and yella cloots aboot their heeds and ae lad sportit a ponytail that made him look like a pirate. Ae lad rubbit ma heed on passin and said something aboot ma sojers. I nivver answered because I must've been stell in shock at thes strange fowk an probably wi ma moo hingin open. Maybe the lad thocht I wiz the village eedjit? That wiz my ferst introduction tae 'Flower Power' an little did I ken then that thes wiz the pynt fan fowk started gan gyte aboot peace and love. The world hid changed forivver an the feels ruled. That fowk came back a fyowe times an the locals said they bade in a big hoose in the country somewye and that they smokit reefers. I nivver fun oot faar aboot they bade but I eyeed wid see their pintid Miriah gyan aboot fyles. It wisna until many many years later I fun oot the horrible smell that came fae their van that day wiz drugs. I eence vrocht wi a lad that smokit drugs and the same bowf came reekin aff o hem.

I grew up in the 50s & 60s supposedly the era o' the teenager and pop music. Now listen you here boy. I lived through these times and let me tell ye this the whole thing wiz basically pish. My musical tastes were much the same 'pish' jist like my musical abilities which were also pish. Imagine growin up at a time fin aabody played the tinny transistors and listened tae BBC radio oor in oor oot and ma haan tae the heavens fowk even watched Top o the bliddy Pops. Jist imagine that for God's sake? I suppose nae too bad if ye were musical minded but tae me it wiz excruciating tae say the bliddy least. I've always heen poor hearin since the age o' sax and the tinny sound wiz jist mulsh tae me and onywye I couldna mak oot the pish lyrics.

Then one day in the early 70s at work athing changed for me fin a song came ontae the wireless and I thocht tae masel!

'This is it!' even sayin oot loud "Ooyah bliddy beauty!"

'We'll drink we'll drink we'll drink tae Lily the Pink!'

It teen tae the end o the 70s afore I calmed doon enough tae draw a breath. If there'd been sic a thing as a karaoke machine back then I wid've been hingin aff the mic in pubs Ah'm tellin ye! Jist singin the same sang ower and ower until I wiz escorted fae the place in a half nelson by some big bugger that didna appreciate good music fin he heard it. I couldna get enough o that sang and I wanted abody tae hear it. I'd already spent half ma life listenin tae aabody else's pish music so this wiz my turn for a change. Ah'm tellin ye!

Fin I wiz paintin windaes I fussed it aa the time. I wanted tae share it tae the world and there wiz nithing better than bein on the teep tap o a laidder fusslin or singin ma favourite sang tae the usual howlin ween that ayee blew aboot yer lugs here. But did I care? Did I hell! I even manage tae get creative by addin a verse tae ma favourite sang-

Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

"Slap it up an doon said the painter
Up the sides an doon the center"

Michty me this wiz something else entirely! The bliddy world wiz ma oyster. Because I only kent the one song I found by years o experimentation that ye could fit in ony words ye wanted and even as faar as slowing it doon tae add tae the pathos if so desired. I'd fyles the tears fleein doon my ain chiks as I delivered my ain sad words tae masel. Scary stuff Ah'm tellin ye! Even though I couldna sing a note tae save masel I persisted and dare I say it perfected my distinctive delivery in its usual toneless oot o tune vibrato.. By the start o the 80s things changed for me jist as rapidly as they did in the 70s fin anither cracker o' a sang came ontae the hit parade 'Oh shudupa yo face!' Aifter a puckle years o this sang I gave up my musical career and threw baith records intae the skip like frizbees nivver tae fussle or sing again.

Note- I did keep ma twa Burl Ives records though (Big Rock Candy Mountain and Ugly Bug Ball) but they're pish ana and onyweye I hinna a record player tae play them on. So bugger 'em!