

# Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

By *Sanners Gow*

## Ivvery Mornin.

Fin I wiz a bairn at the skweel we used tae keep a diary. Ivvery mornin athoot fail the teacher wid get us tae write something intae it aboot fit we'd been deein or fitivver. They were kept in class so oor teacher wid read them an gie ye marks for yer entries. Onywy I hated deein this an ayee struggled tae fin onything tae pit doon. By gweed luck I'd learned a richt thing tae write so I jist held chappin w't. Bein a Macduffer it wiz tae dee wi the sea.

Question:- 'Faar ye gan?'

Answer:- 'Doon i toon!'

Question:- 'Fit for?'

Answer:- 'Bacca!'

Question:- 'Faar's Jocka?'

Answer:- 'Back i boat!'

Question:- 'Fit deein?'

Answer:- 'Cacka!'

Fair prood I pit the diary in the pile as job weel deen.

Neist day though an ready for that day's entry I fun the teacher hid pitten twa great scoors across the page in reed ink an hid written in bold letters

**RUBBISH!!**

(A thocht here- I winder fit she'd mak o my books?)

Probably the same as my diary entry and mak a dive for her pen then there'd be reed ink aawye in bold letters **RUBBISH!!**

I wish I still hid that diary though because the word RUBBISH!! figured an affa lot in it. One different entry I eence got in reed writin wiz '***This is appalling!!*** in massive writin. The teacher wiz so appalled that her pen even tore the paper. Here's fit I wrote-- 'Last night me my mam and my dad were drinking beer.' so ye can understand why the teacher gid gyte wi the pen.

For some reason I got the diary hame ae nicht (Maybe intentionally by the teacher?) an supposin I live tae be a hunner an live five miles ayont I'll nivver forget the look on my mither's face fin she read the bit aboot us drinkin beer. Well that caused some steer I'm tellin ye! Ye've got tae remember this wid've been aboot 1961 and according tae the education system that taught ye in exactly the same method that wiz used as if Victoria wiz still on the throne and wi the same morality! So imagine fit the teacher thocht o a faimily o drunken

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sluchs lettin their bairn drink beer? Fin dad came hame fae work he'd nithing else adee at mither's insistence but tae gang straacht up tae the teacher's hoose wi the diary and explain it wiz ginger beer I wiz spikkin aboot. My mither always made it for us and used tae joke aboot us gettin drunk. The gype here picked up on that een hence the diary entry.

Jesus Christ that's nearly saxty years ago and I can mind maist o the reed bits an still tak the cringe factor ten at the memory.

Ye ken this I believe I could full a book o them- - oh wait a minty I've already deen that. In fact I've fulled twa books wi much the same literary content as my skweel diary.

Back then though I could spell better.

***RUBBISH!!!!!!***