

By *Sanners Gow*

Leavin.

My first day at the skweel wiz a mystery. The reason wiz that as my mither teen me intae the class the teacher wiz busy shakin a loon faa wiz howlin oot o him. She stoppit lang enough tae tell my mither tae leave. Reluctantly she left and the moment she did the teacher grabbit ma airm and the airm o the howlin loon and started tae shak the twa o's. That wiz my first initiation intae my first meenits o skweel. That wifie's reaction wiz a complete mystery tae me but sadly ower the next twa years she added a lot o ither mysteries like teachin ye foo tae fear her and nivver understand why. Needless tae say the next twa years werena a gweed experience because I wiz a bittie thick atween the lugs and eyee did the wrang theng wi the wrang answers syne she'd explode. I wisna the only een tae get it though ? I did get some respite fyles fin her wrath fell ontae ithers. Eventually it came to the pynt I got a row and maybe a scud in the lug for nae deein things but I also got a row and maybe a scud in the lug for deein things. The row and the scud in the lug wiz the same for each so I decided nae tae dee things an jist teen the row or the scud in the lug. As I say that wifie wiz a complete mystery tae me and therefor so wiz the skweel.

I managed tae survive so by the age o fifteen educationally battle weary I got the icing on the cake wi ma last English teacher. She wiz a fine woman though and affa kind but sadly she hid a fixation on 'Spoonerisms'. There wiz an Oxford Don by the name o William Archibald Spooner faa hid a strange habit o mispronouncin words. The example she gave wiz thes- Ae day at the canteen William Spooner wint in for his denner. By the time he cam tae his puddin the servant lassie came inaboot an speired at hem fit he'd like. Noo lookin ower at anither lad's plate he pynted and said "I'll have pigs please and stink puff." Fit he'd meant tae say wiz "Figs please and pink stuff." That's the definition o a Spoonerism as far as I mine. Nae big deal ye mecht be sayin and I'd be inclined tae agree only if it wisna for thes fact that yer nae aware o. We got that lesson word for word ivvery day o oor last term at skweel apart fae a wee change noo an then fin she'd get us tae invent oor ain 'Spoonerisms' but wi 'Pigs please and stink puff' as oor guidance scripture so even the days the lesson changed we couldna get awa fae 'Pigs please and stink puff.' So the day I waakit oot o skweel it wiz as much o a mystery tae me as the wifie grabbin ma airm an shakin ma wiz on my first day.

I wiz a couple o months shy o fifteen fan I started my apprenticeship as a pinter so until I wiz fifteen I couldna get ontae jobs wi the ither pinters because o insurance. I wiz jist keepit in the workshop until ma birthday in August. Cleanin the workshop an ficherin wi the tins wiz fine but I wis dyin tae get oot ontae the jobs. Ae day my

Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

boss wiz newsin awa tae ma fan he speired at ma fit I kent. Fan somebody speirs at ye fit ye ken they are thinkin yer eether a gype or an eedjit, So like the gype I am I tellt him I could coont tae twinty athoot takin ma beets aff, that I kent puns unzes, steens an hunnerwechts, I kent aboot inches, feet yards an miles and I kent aboot pints, quarts and gallons o liquids. I omitted tae tell him that I kent foo tae tell the time because the look on his face by thes time wiz gye strange. Totally misreadin his expression o horror for his bein impressed I also added as my crownin glory aboot my deep knowledge o Spoonerisms and like a eedjit even tellt him aboot 'Pigs please and stink puff. Aa thes done wi ma heedy rockin wi pride. He jist waakit awa shakin his heed and ower the next five years the only words he ivver uttered wiz tae tell me fit tae dee or tae gie ma a row. And ken thes I feenished my apprenticeship aifter five years and the hale theng wiz as muckle o a mystery as that ferst day at the skweel.