

Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

By *Sanners Gow*

Sic an affa ongyans!

Gordon Robb wiz makin his wye tae Maud station fae the Cyack. He wiz gye vrocht up wi himsel wi excitement for this wiz a lang socht day for him. There wiz a bittie o a nip in the air but wi aa the ongyans he hardly noticed it ava. Onyweye he wiz weel wuppit up weerin his faither's aal army greatcwite fae the war. Threedbare an mair norr a bittie waar o the weer it micht be but it hid seen his faither fae the landins in Anzio richt tae the war's eind an still managed tae haap Gordon an keep him warm.

Gordon vrocht at the peat moss aside the Hash o Fyachty aboot twa miles oot o the Cyack. He'd been there syne he left the skweel jist at the hinner ein o the war and ivvery penny he could save wiz pittin intae his Post Office savings bank. Gordon nivver drank, smoked norr wint tae dunces, in fact he spent very little siller ava athing wiz for his savings bank. He'd amassed the smaa fortune o £27-13/6d an that wiz mair than enough tae buy his dream bike a Thornton's Bye-Way MKiii wi a three speed gear wheel, a set o tools and a Smiths Pathfinder dynamo driven set o lichts. Nae mair cairryon ficherin wi carbide lamps an the blackoot cover as he'd deen durin the war. Na na! Noo aa that he'd tae dee wiz flick the dynamo anent the back wheel and licht up the road afore him like a searchlicht. Leastwyes so the advert said. Gordon rubbit his fammils wi the thocht o getting a go on the bike in the dark. He'd phoned that mornin fae the fairm tae Maud station tae see if his bike hid arrived as promised. Fin he'd ordered it fae the Army & Navy stores in London they'd tellt him that it wid nott twintyacht days for delivery eence his Postal Order hid cleared. Oh mighty!

As he neared Maud he pit a faister fit aneth him an or the time he saw the station he wiz fair knypin on. Near rinnin if the truth be tellt! Fin he wun intae the station there wiz a great boorach o railway workers staanin roon something yappin awa and pyntin. He wint inaboot the crowd and he saw it wiz 'HIS' bike they were pynitn at an mighty they were fair teen w't. As he got nearer he jist managed tae catch some o fit wiz bein said. "I nivver thocht in aa ma life that I'd get this close tae a Thornton's Bye-Way MKiii sportin a Smith's Patfinder lamp driven by a dynamo! He lookit aroon the ithers and says "Faivver bocht this bike maun be affa weel tae dee?" Hearin this Gordon's heedy fair rockit face side tae side and he pulled a kindo conceited face and his tap lippy hung doon like a coconut mooth. He stood listenin tae fit the lads were sayin aboot 'HIS' bike an mighty they were that impressed. Gordon's chesty fair stuck oot as he thocht o aa the deemies the country roon that wid be wantin tae hurl ontae the haanlebars. Wi a bike like the Thornton's Bye-Way MKiii they'd be throwin themsels at him nae handy! Oh mighty! Wi that thochts aboot weemin throwin themsels at him Gordon he wint richt inaboot tae the boorach o fowk tryin tae walk as he thocht the owner o a Thornton's Bye-Way MKiii should walk. Instead he could hardly walk for pride an lookit mair like a puppet on a towe. The lads steed aside fin he tellt them he'd come for his bike and for the first time he got a richt look at his dream machine. There it wiz gleamin like glaiss the maroon pint that reed an deep that the late freesty sun glinntid aff o it that a budy wid've nott a pair o sun glaisses tae look at it. 'Oh mighty!'

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His een caressed it as if a bar nyakit umman lyin on a cooch. He noted the Smith's Pathfinder lamp that wiz said tae cut its wye throwe pickmirk an mak nicht intae day and the dynamo that wiz promised tae laist a lifetime, The wheels! Oh me! They were made oot o roostproof steel and they like the lamp were meant tae laist a lifetime. 'Oh mighty me.' The wee toolboxy wiz fixed aneth the saddle seat and contained aa the tools a budy micht nott for repairs. His fammil wint oot tae touch the bike and he muttered "Nae that I'll be needin tools, for this is a Thornton' Bye-Way MKiii the Rolls o the pushbike world." Signin the delivery dookit he thankit the station maister an wi a wave tae aa the envious railway fowk he teen his leave. He didna mount the bike though his knees were ower weak for that and he wisna seekin tae mak a feel o himsel aathegither by wabblin aboot gyan throwe the gates.

Gordon wyted till he wiz weel oot o sicht o the station afore he mounted. In nae time he wiz bombin alang usin the three speed wheel tae gweed effect. Instead o huddin the wye back tae the Cyack as hid been his intention he held ower the New Deer wye tae show his cousins there 'HIS' spankin new bike and mak them jealous. Mighty though Gordon wiz trickit wi his bike for it ran like a Singer shooin machine smooth and easy. 'Oh me!' thocht he. His auntie and uncle bade at the tap eind o New Deer but instead o haein tae come aff the bike for the hill as he'd tae dee wi his aal yin he jist flickit the gears for the brae and wint up it athoot a pech. He turned doon the lane aside his uncle's an as luck wid hae it he wiz dailin the back yard. Mighty fitna show Gordon made as he drew inaboot. In nae time ava he wiz surrounded wi his uncle, auntie, cousins an a fair puckle o the neebours. Ae me sic ongyans!

Gordon baskin in the glory tellt them this and that aboot the bike rattlin aff the specifications like a manual aa the while watchin that naebody actually pit a fammil ontae 'HIS' bike. A couple o fammils did try tae touch it but Gordon smacked them awa. His uncle wiz impressed wi the Smiths Pathfinder lamp sayin it wi save a fortune on batteries. Gordon seek it wisna dark enough yet for a show came up wi an idea an speired his uncle tae open the gairden shed. Coverin the wee windae wi his greatcwite tae shut oot the licht him and his uncle wint intae the shed wi the bike an shut the door. Gordon flickit the dynamo anent the back wheel put the bike up on its stand an gave the pedal a gweed caa. Mighty the shed lichted up as if he'd jist put up a searchlicht. Nae peelywally battery lights here! Na na this wiz the real thing! There wisna an affa lot o room in the shed so he teen abody in twa at a time so he could gie them a show. Mighty but the licht wiz that strong he thocht he smelled burnin cobwabs that hung aboot the corners o the sheddie.

Suitably impressed by Gordon's bike and aifter a cuppy o tay and a piece he teen his leave tae mak his wye hame tae the Cyack. His auntie as usual made a fuss makkin sure he'd his aal greatcwite weel wuppit aboot him and that he wore his balaclava tae keep oot the githerin freest hae his lugs.

Gordon waved tata an set sail for the Artamfoord road. Eence he left the toon he put his bike up intae third gear and in nae time he wiz fair knypin on. Turnin doon ontae the Artamfoord road proper the shadas o githerin darkness made for a richt eerie hurl so he leaned back an flickit the dynamo anent the back wheel an mighty but the road afore him lichted up like day. By the time he drew level wi the ruins o Fedderate castle nicht wiz weel doon and even wi the bricht licht fae his lamp Gordon wiz beginnin tae regret takkin this road hame. He mind on some o the stories aboot Fedderate castle. It wiz said the Deil hid

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biggit it in ae nicht for tae entice men tae the gates o Hell an mony wiz the story aboot fowk disappearin nivver tae be seen again. Some fowk said that on certain nichts o the year aboot the time o nae moon ye could see ghostly lichts flickerin aboot the ruined windaes as Aal Nick himsel entertained aa the souls he'd teen tae a banquet o roasted unsained bairns. For a second Gordon thocht he'd seen a flicker at een o the windaes. This made Gordon pit on a spurt o speed. His leggies started tae pump like twa steam pistons tae wun by the castle as fast as he could. That's fin he felt the haan ontae his shooder then the second haan on the ither yin and they started tae pull him backwyes. Gordon whimpered and caa'd the bike even harder. Aal Nick wiz ontae his hump an the harder he caa'd the harder Aal Nick pulled. He could feel owld leathertail's hot breath on the back o his neck and as he wiz bein slowed doon the lichty on his bike grew dimmer an dimmer till eventually it wint oot and Gordon and his bike cowpit intae the ditch at the roadside.

The ditch wiz half full o water and Gordon wiz makin an affa spleeter tae wun awa but nae a move could he mak. Gordon jist lay there makkin a crooin sound as he smelled the smell o Hell's fire an breemsteen waft aboot the back o his neck. Gordon by this time wiz way beyond screamin and jist crooined an whimpered like a bairn. A thoosand thochts passed throwe his heed an nae yin o them gave him one bit o hope. It wiz Hell's fires for him nae doot aboot that ava. He wiz terrifeart tae look ower his shooder nae wantin tae see intae the face o his ain damnation. He groaned oot o him as the smell o sulphur breath reekit roon his heed.

He started a primeval wailin interspersed words o nae sense. Slaivers were dreepin fae his slack hingin mooth as he wailed an blubbered. Slowly his words became clearer an if onybody o this world hid been there tae hear them they wid've heard. "Ahhh God-ova-Jesus Owld Nick let ma go, let ma go!" A big slavery sooch backwyes then "I'm a good laddie ask ma mither she'll tell ye, I'm a good laddie!" Anither slavery sooch but this time wi a big saich ana then "Ahhhhhh meeee!" Frantic tae get awa Gordon started tae offer him souls a plenty even offerin up his New Deer cousins for starters. He even named them aa an tellt Aal Nick far aboot they bade. This got nae response apart fae a waft o sulphur breath so he offered him his auntie and uncle ana as a sweetener. Nae response! Aa the while the haans keepit a gweed grip ontae his shooders an the wafts o Hell's breath makin him cowk. Realisin he wisna gan tae get free this wye Gordon started tae recite the Lord's prayer, leastwyes as muckle o't as he could mind. "Our Father who art in Heaven something? be thy name, something? Something? be thy name- glory- something else?- amen!" He wished noo that he'd listened tae the silly aal bugger o a meenister at skweel- - - oops! He put a haan tae his mooth at the blasphemy aboot the meenister as if tae tak it back an started prayin eence mair and crossin himsel as he saw them dee in films.

His fammils were gan like a winmill and he made mair signs o the cross than ivver were on the Apennine Way. He didna ken if he wiz deein it richt but held gyan onyweye an syne started tae sing hymns. Well nae hymns actually but ae hymn. The only yin he kent wiz 'Jesus loves me' so he gave it lalldie his voice heich wi terror. A budy nicht've heard it as far as New Deer if the ween hid been blawin the richt wye. Aifter a gye whilie o this he broke doon eence mair intae tears snotters an slaivers that were fleein like strings. Calmin doon a bit Gordon started tae treat his predicament as a confessional an blurbbed oot lang forgotten illdeains o himsel and ithers. He shoppit fowk left richt an centre. If Aal Nick hid

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gotten aa the souls promised at ae go he wid've hin tae bigg a new anex tae Hades. By this time Gordon hid started tae rin oot o steam an jist lay in the watery ditch pantin an sabbin wi terror.

Aifter a gye whilie though he began tae jalouse that the Devil's haan though still huddin him ticht hid nivver moved ava throwe aa this cairryon. Gettin braver Gordon put up een o his shakkin haans tae touch his shooder expectin aa the while tae feel Aal Nick's leather fammils, but aa he fellt wiz the epaulettes o his great coat and fin he put up his haan tae the ither shooder wi the same result. "Nae fammils!" He gasped oot "Thank fu- - I mean God!" By this time Gordon getting even braver turned his heed. "Nae reed burnin yaks?" He wint weak and blurtd oot "Oh thank feck!" That's fin he noticed the tail o his cwite wuppit about the back wheel- - "Oh jumpin Jesus, for the love o Christ min! Sic a bliddy feel!" He started tae curse like a trooper as he undid the cwite fae the wheel. Aa his new found religious bent noo forgotten as he swore for a full twinty five meenits athoot repeatin himsel eence while addin plenty o blasphemous wordies tae the mix ana. The aal meenister fae his schooldays got mony o them aimed at him personally an are so bad I daurna print them here. Well well than!

Noo ye micht be thinkin that's an end tae it? The story I mean! But na na nae quite yet. If ye hae a wee traipse by the Artamfoord widdies an wun roon by Fedderate castle o a freesty November's nicht micht be ye'll see the glimmer o a bricht licht comin fae the intimmers o the aal castle waas. An if yer brave enough hud yer wye inaboot tae Fedderate's ruins an shout oot "G O R D O N!" a couple o times. He'll come oot fae the intimmers and if he finds ye deservin he'll gie ye shotty o his Thornton's Bye-Way MKiii bike alang the owld causeway there that leads tae 'nae wye in particular.' And if he's kinichted wi ye he'll let ye hud gyan on the road tae 'nae wye in particular' an doon by tae see me his Maister. - - - "Oh it's fine an warm doon here- - - ask Gordon he'll tell ye!"