

Stories in the Doric from the Monastery of Fable

By *Sanners Gow*

Panloaf- - - You Know!

Hector Puddins landed a cracker o a job up at Sullom Voe in the Shetlands at the start o the North Sea oil boom. He wiz a shutterin jiner and wiz vrochtin at the makkin o new piers for supply boats tae land. This wiz the early 70s and he wiz earnin £300 a week a fortune back then I'm tellin ye. (At the time Hector wiz gettin £300 quid a week I wiz earnin £4-8/6d a week as an apprentice painter cove!) He wiz fower weeks on an one week aff and wi the week aff he usually spent it scutterin about wi different D.I.Y. projects. He'd made a wall unit oot o marine ply tae show aff his wife's capidemonty figurine ornaments and hid papered the livinroom waas wi the latest woodchip paper. Oh mighty they were affa grand! Ilka time he came hame his wife enterin intae the spirit o their new life as middle class citizens wanted an animal skin coat. Ae me heedy got an affa size. Tae emphasise their new status she wanted an animal skin cwite or 'coat' as she now caad it so that fin she waakit doon the street her lower class freens wid be green wi pure envy. Ower the next fyowe months Mrs Puddins keepit harpin on at Hector aboot an animal skin coat. Eventually Hector relented and said the next time he wiz hame they'd gyang intae Aiberdeen and he'd buy her an animal skin cwite. Oh me Mrs Puddins wiz fair ower the meen wi this and wiz ettlin for the month tae pass. Mighty she wiz tellin her chums that 'My husband--(a week afore she wid've said 'Ma man' noo it wiz 'My husband') wiz gan tae purchase an animal skin coat once he returned from his business trip. She'd really entered intae the spirit o things and effected the panloaf wye o spikkin endin sentences wi 'You know! Nae as a question but as a statement o fact that left ye in nae doot ava that she wiz o a better class noo. Oh me ye've nae idea! She stoppit gyan tae Tam Dow's shop for eerins but noo wint there for to 'purchase groceries'- - Och sicin ongyans I'm tellin ye! Onywe time passed and Hector Puddins came hame fae his 'business trip' up tae his waist in gutters and chappin marine ply hoardins roon new jetties mair like. Business trip indeed!!

Oh mighty but he wiz treated like a king fin he got hame. Steak, chips an haaf a dizzen fried eggies were produced afore he got his beets aff. Mrs Puddins hid really pulled oot aa the stops on this yin I'm tellin ye. Even a bottle o Blue Nun's vinegar- - I mean wine wiz produced wi a flourish and poored intae glaisses wi thistles on the side. (Noo the time I'm spikkin aboot fowk in Macduff thocht that 'Blue Nun wiz the ultimate name for vinegar - - I mean wine. I'm tellin ye!). Onyhow I digress, so on wi the story. Mrs Puddins hid even wint as far as purchased (bocht) eye mascara fae Max Factor so that fin she made sheepie's eenies at her husband he'd notice the flickerin. For desert she lead him tae her boudoir for a bittie o horizontal P.T. but I winna gyang intae ony details here but leave that tae yer ain dirty minds.

Next mornin bricht and early Mr & Mrs Puddins caught the Alexander's Bluebird bussie tae Aiberdeen noo 'Aberdeen' accordin tae Mrs Puddins wi her newfound panloaf spikkin. 'You know!' For the whole journey aa she spoke aboot wiz the animal skin coat and how she'd be needin to 'discard her old friends as not being fit company for the likes of her. You know!' On an on this wint aa the wye tae Aiber- - - I mean Aberdeen. Mighty fin they got there

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boorachs o fowk were heavin their wye past eenanither at an aff rate. Oh me sic ongyans I'm tellin ye! They wint intae a cafe for a pie and a cuppy o tay much tae Mrs Puddins's consternation sayin 'If any of my friends could see me now I should be most affronted!' Lookin aroon aa the fowk she said "Just as well we aren't in Macduff for them to see us!" Hector by this time wiz mashin the fine greasy pie doon his neck and slurpin at his tay like a pig at the trochie. She pushed her pie awa fae her wi a ladylike shudder and teen oot a packet o fags. They were fancy Russian fags o different colours that een o her heroines smoked in her favourite romantic novels. But oh the stink I'm tellin ye! Hector wavin awa the reek speired at his spouse if she wiz seekin the pie.

She shook her heed puffin awa at the guff o waur fag. Her pie seen follyt the first een straacht doon Hector's thrapple and a load of the maist affa slurpin sounds fae his tay. Aifter braakfast noo break-fast they made their wye doon Market street towards the fancy shops that sellt animal skin coats. She near fell a couple o times wi her stiletto heel shoes on the cassiesteens nae the best surface tae walk wi that kind o sheen. I'm tellin ye! But accordin tae her she dare not go for an animal skin coat wearing anything else. You know! They passed a few o the big fancy shops that sellt animal skin coats and Mrs Puddins wiz gettin a bit worried at this.

Hector says "In here!" as they struck left doon the steps intae the New Market. There wiz raws o shops sellin aa kinds o stuff but for some reason it didna hae the ambiance o a place that sellt posh animal skin coats. But jist as Mrs Puddins wiz beginnin tae panic they came upon a funcier lookin place wi a big sign proclaimin it tae be 'The Tatt Boutique'. In they wint and Hector walked inaboot tae a quine filing at her nails. A quiet conversation later and she left tae gyang throwe the back. Mrs Puddins started makkin sheepie's eenies at her loving husband once again. In fact her eenies were flutterin so fast there wiz even crummles o mascara on her eebroos The lassie returned wi a coat ontae a hanger covered in tissue type paper. Oh mighty but Mrs Puddins near wint intae a swoon like her heroine wid've done in the novels. Hector teen it fae the lassie and said "Here my darling your animal skin coat!" Oh me she near fintid wi this and she managed a "Thank you my darling husband!" blowing him kisses tae boot. She took the coat and tore aff the paper tae reveal a 'donkey jaicket' the ultimate animal skin cwite! "You Know!"