

EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 8

Januar 2016

New Year Newsins

SUBSCRIEVINS

Subscrievins are nou due.

Siller ti SLS, 4 Ancrum Drive, Dundee DD2 2JB or pey online

£20 ordinar memmership

£25 owerseas, jynt, schuil or college, corporate

SANGSCHAW 2016

send entries afore Januar 31st

Entry dates for submeissions: 31st Januar 2016 ti *Sangschaw*, c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP. Cheques/Postal Orders peyable ti 'Scots Language Society.

£5 ilk entry or three for £12, wi nem & address separate. Nae entries by e-mail acceptit.

Aa entries in Scots/Lallans, nae English. An naething that has been submittit or furthset itherwhaur, please. Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune, but send a copy o the piece owerset in its oreiginal leid.

3 Tassies ti be awardit: Hugh MacDiarmid for poesie, Robert McLellan for prose, an John MacPhail Law Tassie for owersettin; £100 ti winners an £50 ti rinners-up.

Aa competitors wull get a written assessment o their wark.

Takin Tent o Weemen Collogue 2016

Saturday, 4th June 2016

St Matthew's Church, Tay St, Perth PH1 5TF

Scottish weemen srievers, frae Christian Johnston, ti Marjorie Fleming
an Violet Jacob

£20 includin lunch

Scotsoun CDs

new issues forby, ti be coft online at

www.lallans.co.uk

Hae a luik!

The Curlin-Pownd

An extract fae *The Fremd*, a novelle

Jane Allan taks a stap along the auld railway line that gangs fae Little Girnie tae Meikle Girnie. Lang back closed, its track liftit, it's nou a fitan cycleroad – an weel uised that wey. The bittie furth o Little she taks the jimp seeable owergrown peth tae the auld curlin-pownd – lang syne fowk uised anither peth seein as hou the trains wis uisin the railway line thae days, but thon peth's nou gaen. Efter lik twa hunner metre, she wins tae the pownd an sits down on the auld bink thare.

She cums here for the lown wee sit down an think on things, for it's a guid bit for it. It seems tae 'ir its ainlie 'irsel cums this wey nou, for she niver sees onie ither bodie here forbye the orra time, an e'en than sic a bodie the niver taigles. It's 'irsel, she thinks, keeps the peth that gits 'ir here see able ava.

She leuks tae the pownd. Maist roun, mebbie fiftie metre athort, it's smaa the day as it for ornar is. She fins it that sootherin an pleisurin tae see, it's leukin tae it helps 'ir thinkin, parteiclar on the mair fashin things.

She aft thinks on the odds o the pownd thir days fae afore thai biggit the new indoor rink i Meikle that made it superfluous. It hisna been uised for the curlin or tentit ava for monie's the year nou an aathing shaws it. The irn bink she sits on eenou is that roustit an she muves on it ava it shoogles a wee - whit ither binks wis thare is gaen hailie. The auld curlin-hoose that keepit the stanes his ainlie the pairt o the ruif upon the place; the ainlie windae lozenless (tho its twa apen brods stieve yit); the door hingin aff o its bauns, faain intae the biggin; the blae pent on the widden door, windae-brods an chess hauf peel'd aff, the timmer itsel fair dozent; e'en the waas is hard up. An the shinner peth that rings the pownd is that smuir'd wi girse an ither growth it can harlies be made intae.

Hou unalik tae whan the place wis that weel uised an tentit. It wis lik'd for streetchin tae an roun it, simmer an winter, but maist for the curlin itsel, parteiclar the bonspiel atween the twa Girnies held ilka year. The muckle feck o Little wad forgether thare for the occasion, a hantle Meikle an aa. It mean'd the bittie mair tae Little, for it wis the chance tae waur thair mair adversare an auld fae; tho an thai did, Meikle wad say Little hid the better o playin hame, whit wi the pownd i thair parish an thair side o the Water o Girnie that's aye been the mairch atween thaim. It wis that the hert o thair auld stour that i the hin-en o its heyday sum cry'd it 'the Hampden Park o the Girnies'.

Jane can imagine the sain o sic spiels. A stere day i the howe o a fell winter: the air snell, the landour o nakit trees an the grun owerblaw wi snaw. The place stow'd oot wi Girnie fowk, Little an Meikle mell'd thegither, watchin the rinks as thai rowe. Sum fowk thair lane, but the muckle feck i sinnrie wheens: hail faimlies; curns o men or weimen, or the baith thegither, the yung anes daffin an splorin; gangs o bairns playin amang the getherin raither nor watchin the curlin itsel. Maist staunin, sum curcuddoch on the few binks thare, an ilka bodie that weel happit for haudin cosie. The rair o the stanes sclyin along the frost, the shoots o the skips wis in thair rinks, the gollers o the thrangit ice ring in the pownd exhortin thair ain side, an the hail time fowk yabblin awa. A steam train passin on the auld line, wi its ain rair, smeeikin proodlie, an whustlin an exhortation; the passengers shapin tae git a guid leuk o the sicht.

Thon days seems faur awa tae Jane. The curlin conteenas at the indoor rink i Meikle, but thare's nae bonspiel atween the twa Girnies onie mair, nor ocht lik it - curlin or ither gaits. Thare's the auld plea yit, uv coorse, for that wull niver en tae nivermass.

Tae Girnie fowk – for that o't Scots fowk generallie – sic dualities, sic feids, is kyndlie an no monie sees thair parteiclar importance tae the hamelan, no monie sees thaim apairt o Scotlan's ain wey o be-in, the kintra o Meikles an Littles, Owers an Nethers, Westers an Easters, Blecks an Whites, Aulds an News, an aa.

Tae Jane as a Daoist – an she thinks it aiblins this maks 'ir ane – sic dualities micht weel be a meith o Scotlan, but it's kinna the kythin o the cosmic principle o yin an yang forbye. Sae the ae Girnie is yin, the tither yang; thair cumin thegither whit maks the warld o the Girnies whit it is; nane o the twa can want the ither.

Rab Gowkie, 'the Bard o Girnie', sees the dualities a kythin o the Caledonian Antizyzygie that wirks on's makkin an aa. Jane licks Gowkie's poem anent the curlin an aye mynds on it whan she sits at the pownd; parteiclar the line 'fire an water meets – an grees!', whare the fire is the mouten lava turnt tae the grenite o the curlin stanes, the water the frozent scruf o the pownd; the twa elements thus greein that wey for the curlin tae be play'd.

Thare's the ae dualitie she's parteiclar taen wi presentlie: the freenship atween 'ir brither Douglas an the umwhile Fergus Gowkie. Thai been feres fae thair time at Girnie Hie Schuil – thon place whar Little an Meikle forgethers lik the confluence o twa waters – maugre Douglas gaun tae Little Primarie an Fergus gaun tae Meikle. The freenship wis whiles guid, whiles ill, for baith the twa o thaim. It's the ill effeck that seems tae be the uiss for Fergus deein, Douglas sauntin, an fowk jalousin Douglas is amissin for be-in responsible for Fergus's daith.

Fear't for 'ir brither's tift an weird, here at the curlin-pownd she's furth o the sair, dowie air hame wi 'ir pawrents an the best place for greein wi whit micht cud cum tae licht. That wey the pownd his a raison d'être yit.

Hamish Scott

Santa Sonnet

I scartit a wee missive tae Santa
and, alang wi world peace an aa that stuff
an better times for them that's had it rouch
I spiered a cupla things for me anaw
It's up tae you auld beardy, it's your ca
Ye mebbe think I've got mair than eneuch
awready an I've no had it sae teuch
Sae nae complaints if ye dinnae play ba

While I was screivin, I taen a wee pause
an thought about the thing I sairly need
Aye, but then I just scored it out and laucht
for, fine a ken there's nae 'Sanity Claus'
that can sairt out the trouble wi ma heid
caum me doun an mak me a bit less daft

Kevin Connelly

Mrs Tamson's Dug

Unco transaction at the Shettleston brainch

The laws is the laws, Mrs Tamson,
they winna rive and they winna rug;
I speir Wha's your co-signee?
And ye say There my ginger dug.

Gin I dinna authenticate him,
the Bank 'll gie me what-for;
Are ye Mrs Tamson's dug –
will ye be her guarantor?

Chairlie McSweeney, shairly ye ken them –
a wee ginger dug and a weel-daein wife?
Ye'll meet them ilk day on the braid streets o
Glesca,
ye've kent them the feck o your life.

It's na that I dinna lippen upo them –
Scotia's grandeur's sic as thae.
An affydavy frae a dug -
what wad the Governors say?

Peter Cameron

The Wee Kirkcudbright Centipede

*I gaed tae Kirkcudbright for a few days holiday in the
simmer. I expeckit the wee centipede tae be iverywhaur;
T shirts, mugs, key rings an wee toy centipedes but there
wis nae trace o her onyplace.*

Where is the wee Kirkcudbright centipede?
No in Kirkcudbright that I could see
She's awa on her hols mebbe, like me
Or mebbe the puir wee thing is lang deid
Made famous in a song in the Scots' leid
but nae longer famous in Kirkcudbright
where she probably ate and drank for free
Lived high on the hog but nou it's dry breid
Once celebrated, and nou cast aside
Charity shoppin for a hunner shoes
Auld and decrepit, ignored, it's a sin
Too lame these days tae dae the palais glide
Aye, her dancin days are done I jalouse
And she's lost her cheeky wee Matt McGrinn

Kevin Connelly

The Tobermory Dodo

Whit's yon ye say?
Ye've ne'er heard
O Tobermory's
Wingless burd?

Yin day it grew
Gey seek o copin,
Up't an skriegh't fareweill
Tae Oban,

Flew tae Mull
A while tae bide,
Loast the baith its wings
An steyed.

Alas, it ate
Jist Cullen Skink
An twae year later
Wis extinct.

Stuart A. Paterson

Dugs' Nems

The Burns Club o Colliesnechton was a couthy wee howff at the tap o the Glen. Frae there, there was a grand vizzy owre the Hillfuits toun o Tillycludgie, aye, an til the braid, heich rig o Ben Clart ayont.

But the thriesome sittin roun the table bi the winnock werenae interested in onie vizzy. For Davie had jist won thrie gemms o dominos in a raw, hauns doun. Francie was seik, but Dand was beelin.

Ti mak maitters waur, Davie was smirkin like the cat that gat the cream, an blawin about hou weill he'd pleyed his haun.

Francie thocht it politeik ti chynge the subjeck o conversation.

'Eh, Davie. Hou are you an Jean gettin on wi yer new dug?'

'Oh, jist grand. Towser's guid company for –'

'Towser?' splattered Dand. 'Ye cannae caa that dug Towser!'

'Whit wey no? It's a guid Scots nem.'

'Aye, but ye cannae caa a short-haired chihuahua that. It's jist no richt. Tell him, Francie.'

But afore Francie cud intervene, Davie tuik the bit atween his teeth: 'Whit dae you ken about dugs, oniewey? The anerlie dugs in your hous are the twa wallie anes on the brace.'

'It's true,' conceded Dand. 'The wife'll no hae a dug in the hous. She's owre fond o cats. But Ah used ti follae the racin afore Ah gat mairried. Ah was at Powderhall the nicht Norlan Dancer wan thrie races in a raw. Whit a dug that was! Fetestest greyhoond Ah ivver seen. Ah aye rue that Ah nivver pat a bet on Norlan Dancer.'

'Weill, Dand, ye'll no dae the bookies onie favours if ye stick til the wallie dugs.'

The conversation was dwynin, till Francie tuik up the threid.

'Ah mind o a messan that used ti bide oot the Laich Road. It belanged the fermer's wife at Nether Mains, an it aye gaed about like this:'

He leaned forrit an chapt on the table wi his finger nebs. Twa left, ane richt, and again.

'Dot dot dash!' cries Davie. 'Did the dug ken Morse code?'

But Dand gat the gist o Francie's meanin. 'Naw, it anerlie had thrie legs. Am Ah richt, Francie?'

'Aye, and it seemed ti manage jist fine wi thrie. But hou was it cried again? The nem's slipt ma mind.

Oniehou, this dug spent aa its days sittin at the road en, bowfin at the caurs. Funnilie eneuch, it was feart o cyclists, syne the day ane o thaim rade owre its tyle, an brak it. And anither time, it gat in a fecht wi an Alsatian, an tint an ee.'

'Oh, the pur thing. Was there nae en til the craitur's mishanters?'

'Weill, it's deid an awa the lest twintie year syne.'

For a meenit, aa thrie contemplated their empty yill-glasses, and obleevion.

'Richt eneuch,' quo Davie wi a souch. 'The dice o fate faa tapsalteerie.'

'Aye,' grummelt Dand. 'Like the domino stanes an aa.'

'Oh, Ah mind the tyke's nem nou,' says Francie, wi a slee wee wink at Dand. 'The fermer's wife aye caa'd it "Luckie".'

Gordon Donaldson

Veggie Christmas

for Wullie Hershaw

What's Wullie haein for his Christmas dinner?
For me, it's turkey, an easy winner
Stuffing, sprouts an carrots, that would be braw
Roast tatties in goose fat, gravy anaa
The starter? Smoked salmon or some cauld meat
Afters? Christmas pudding is hard tae beat
Wullie will no be getting footerie
though, wi smoked salmon or charcuterie
Roast spuds and parsnips micht be a shoo-in
But, I've nae idea what he'll be doin
though I ken that aathin will be just fine
If there is plenty whisky, beer an wine
And I thank the Lord that we'll baith be blessed
Wi mair than our fair share o' Christmasness

Kevin Connelly

Fruits

Shap fruit maun hae the richt shape
Shap fruit maun hae the richt bouk
Shap fruit maun no hae a gaw:
Wi thir thochts thaim buyin rame

Thaim buyin fruit is aa shapes
Thaim buyin fruit is aa bouks
Thaim buyin fruit is aa gaws:
Bi thair fruits is kennin thaim

Hamish Scott