

A Hallach Quine

Extract from a story by Brenda Crane

The sun's up early, like me. I've tucked my frock into my knicker elastic an I'm scrabblin my broon sandals onto the first spar on Auntie's back palin. I'll jist heuk my hands ower the tap for a lookie. Aw, nae piggies!

I'm oot here every mornin te see them wrigglin an piggin, pinky-plumpy an needin a cuddle. Een o them's got a cheeky black lug, but I like pink best, like yon sugar piggies fae the market in Aiberdeen. Och, it's a shame. I love them that much... Oh - ooh!

That wis me, tummelin back wae a flump onto the girse near Auntie Jean's purple lupins - een or twa are hingin doon like bent preens. Ma'll kill me. I've been tell't te behave at Auntie's an keep mysel clean an tidy, for eence. Better pull up my socks and fold ower the taps, then... pat them in neat aroun ma queets. Ye see, sandals work yer socks doon fin ye run ower much an ye'r a hallach quine, like me (that's fit Ma aye says, fin I come in lookin a sicht wae ma petticoat hingin doon).

Hing on a meentie, an I'll pull this streechy string o rubber aff the heel o my sandal for good luck. Better rub the taes wae spit te cover the scushle marks as weel. Fit I like best about Clarks sandals is yon floerie cut-oot aneath the T strap - an the crepe soles fairly mak ye run fast an jump high at the skippin.

Up I get, then. Did I nae tell ye that we're here, on wir holidays in Pittenweem? At Auntie's bonny hoose in St Abb's Crescent? In case ye didna ken, at's in the Kingdom of Fife. Fin Uncle Bill tell't me, Ma had a lach. Ye see, Ma an Auntie come fae Peterheid, like me an my sister, so maybe naebody ivver tell't Ma. Bit I ken. Fit's the King an Queen of Fife's names, I wunner? I'll ask Uncle Bill later on.

Fit next? I'm gey fed up. Through the winda, I see them claekin ower their butteries at the kitchen table. They taste better here, ye ken. Ma says it's the change o air, but really it's Auntie's hame-made raspberry jam. We canna hae rasps at hame because the seeds get stuck aneath ma Da's plate. But I've looked under the plates, fin I help Auntie clear the table, an I've nivver seen ony seeds. I think Da's kiddin me on. Aul folk are affa bad for aat.

. . . . continued in POTB Issue 15