

Fit Like

Extract from a story by Brenda Conn

Aat year, 2020, the year ma Mary dee'd, I rode the North Coast 500. Fit a bonnie ride aat wis. Five hunner an sixteen mile roon trip fae Inverness Castle; clockwise tae Strathpeffer, up aroon the west coast tae Kinlochewe, Lochinver, an John o' Groats, then doon the east coast tae Helmsdale, Dornoch, an Dingwall. I teen it canny, like, I'm nae feel, nae matter fit Mary wid say. Wi' ma emphysema I wisnae gaan tae be deein sixty mile a day or onythin lik aat. Thon first day I did twa mile, the day efter fower. I jist did a bittie mair ivry day an afore lang I wis ridin twal mile maist days, nae bither. Ma dowp wis richt sair tae stairt wi' bit a lang soak in the tub aye sortit me oot. Then I bocht a pair of thae paddit lycra shorts – ken, thae eens the professionals hae? Aat Amazon Prime is magic – I orderit them in the foreneen an come aifterneen I wis tryin them oan!

"Fit a rig-oot! Aat's a sicht fir sair een!" ma Mary wid hae telt me, laughin her heid aff. She wis aye laughin, ma Mary.

. . . read the full story in POTB Issue 16