

A Fine Night fur a Yarn

"Hi'i Joannie, dats a most spleyndid night oot dere. A good haerd frost an da merrie dancers ir oot an aa."

"Oh right whit laek is da merrie dancers danight, Lowrie?"

"Just braaly bright da whole o' da nort sky is fairly green."

"Gibbie o da Lea wis tellin me dat whin he wis at da whalin' he fell in wi Swedish man an trow da conversation da noardern lights cam up an he said dat in dir country da merrie dancers wir seen as a gret shoal o herrin' reflectin i' da sky at night an an dat da fishermen wir gyaan tae hae good catches an da crofter fok saa it as a sign o warmth an light fae da nordert an dey wir gyaan tae dö weel in da comin year."

"Oh I nivver kent dat Lowrie, dats very interestin'. I wis yaarnin wi a Finnish man aff o a yacht apö da Victoria pier ee night a while ago, I wis still at da fishin den so aboot fifteen year ago noo, anywye he said dat in dir folklore it wis seen as a firefox runnin dat fast ower da snaa dat its tail took lowe an sent sparks flyin' up inta' sky. An some sami fok tow't it wis a muckle whale but i canna mind right aa aboot it."

"I heard somteen aboot dat right enough Joannie it's no dat believable is it?"

"No really but a lot o folklore isna dat believeable trows an aa da rest."

"Oh dunna git me started apö dem, a lot o owld rubbish, your old fok wid fill you up wi dat much o' it at you wid be faert tae go hom at night whin you wir peerie."

"I keen fur sic a lot o nonsense."

"Weel I better heid fur da hoose noo Joannie."

"Cood du no bide fur a cup o tae or coffee?"

"Na I better no da wife will laekly be winderin whits come o me I said I wis gyaan tae faetch paets den I tow't I wid come along you, so I'll be some idder night mebbe fur a grain langer an we'll mebbe spik mair sense dat night."

"Weel weel, come again lowrie."