**A Dug, A Dug by Bill Keys**

Hey, daddy, wid yi get us a dug?

A big broon alsatian? Ur a wee white pug,

Ur a skinny wee terrier ur a big fat bull.

Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

N whose dug’ll it be when it durties the ***flerr***?

and pees’n the carpet, and messes the ***sterr***?

It’s me ur yur mammy’ll be taen fur a mug.

Away oot an play. Yur no needin a dug.

Bit, daddy! Thur gien thum away

doon therr at the RSPCA.

Yu’ll get wan fur nothin so ye wull.

Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Doon therr at the RSPCA!

Dae ye hink ah’ve goat nothin else tae dae

bit get you a dug that ah’ll huftae mind?

Yur no needin a dug. Ye urny blind!

Bit, daddy, thur rerr fur guardin the hoose

an thur better’n cats fur catchin a moose,

an wee Danny’s dug gies is ***barra*** a pull.

Aw, hey daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Dae ye hear im? Oan aboot dugs again?

Ah hink that yin’s goat dugsn the brain.

Ah know whit ye’ll get; a ***skiten*** the ***lug***

if ah hear any merr aboot this bliddy dug.

Bit, daddy, it widnae be dear tae keep

N ah’d make it a basket fur it tae sleep

N ah’d take it fur runs away orr the hull.

Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Ah don’t hink thur’s ever been ***emdy*** like you.

Ye could wheedle the twist oot a flamin coarkscrew.

Noo get doon aff mah neck. Ah don’t want a hug.

Awright. That’s anuff. Ah’ll get ye a dug.

Aw, daddy! A dug! A dug!

**The Ballad of Janitor MacKay by Margaret Green**

Ma gran is only fower fit ten

but she kens whit she’s aboot,

‘Yev hud it noo, Mackay,’ I cried,

‘Ma gran will sort ye oot!’

See the janny? See ma granny?

Ma granny hit um wi a sanny

 then she timmed the bucket owerum

an he tummelt doon the sterr

an he landed in the dunny

 wi the baikie in his herr.

emptied Fortune changes awfy sudden –

imagine he cried me a midden!

(I goat ma ba back but.)

I wis playin keepie uppie

in the street outside the schule,

when Jock McCann’s big brither

who’s an idjit an a fule,

went an tuk ma fitba aff me

an he dunted it too hard

an it stated ower the railins

inty the janny’s yard.

Aw, Mackay’s a mean auld scunner.

He wis dossin in the sun,

an when ma fitba pit wan oan him

 big McCann beganty run,

an Mackay picked up ma fitba

an he looked at me an glowered

but I stood ma ground, fur naebody

will say that I’m a coward.

But when he lowped the palins

 an he fell an skint his nose

I tukty ma heels an beltit

 right up ma granny’s close.

I could feel the sterrwell shakin

as efter me he tore,

an he nearly cracked his wallies

 as he cursed at me an swore.

‘O save me gran,’ I stuttered

as I reached ma granny’s hoose,

fur Mackay wis getting nearer

an his face wis turnin puce.

Noo, my gran wis hivin tea

wi Effie Bruce and Mrs Scobie,

an when she heard the stushie

 she cam beltin through the loaby.

**The First Hoolit’s Prayer by Ian McFadgen**

“A’ll tak the nicht-shift,” says the hoolit.

“The nicht-shift suits me fine –

An i the deeps o winter

A’ll aye dae the overtime.

“Dinna send me wi thae ithir birds

cheepin in a choir

i the gloamin or at brek o day

lined up oan a wire.

“But gie tae me a solo pairt,

markin oot the nicht

wi low notes that gie goose-pricks

an hie anes that gie frichts.

“An Lord, dinna pey me

wi nuts or crumbs or seeds:

A want tae be carnivorous,

an chow aff rottans’ heids!”