

The Grunstones

Ma mither's cryed Sairie. Afoir shae wes mairriet on Hugh Brecham shae wes cryed Sairie Grunstone. Whan, wiouten onie wird, ma faither lowpit the kintra, ma mither bak-chynged ti hir maidin nem. Shae telt'z at hir guidman wes nou a tratour, brigganner an liear an at ma brither an masell suid alter our signators ti Grunstone. Bot A wuidna, an wul aye be kent bi the nem ma faither gied me, Frizell Brecham. Ma brither John follaed ma mither. John isna o ma bluid, ye ken. Born i Efrika, he wes wantin kin, sae ma mither an faither adopt'm whan he wes bot a spruit. John aye gangs Mither's gate tho A dinna wyte'm fur't. He wuid bene a sterved orphant gin mither hedna taen'm unner hir weing. Nou he's a beig, sonsie loun an mair clos ti me nor onie ither buddie i the warl.

Bot A hae vaiged awaw frae ma subjek - Mither. Ye ken, tho, at it's aye mair blythsum ti wryte about thaim at ye ir fain o. Oniegates, ye maun stert sumwhaurs.

Ye'l hae takken tent at faither wes thocht ti be an unco cours deil effir he plunkit hiz dewties. Nae dout ye mey speir whitwey ye didna hear tel o siccan a skellum. The'r guid raison.

Tho ye peruissit aw the nyowspeppers an leistent ti iverie braidkest, ye winna jalouse whit familie ye ir readin about. Ye winna ken o Hugh Brecham at vainisht frae the knowlege an sicht o mankynd wi a saicret machine stown frae the gouvernement, an at a whylie syne i a nicht o drumlie haar hiz

puir faimilie fun a deid auntieloip i the laft o thair bungalo. The poliss hed ti gralloch it, afoir thai tillie-hewit it apairt an tuik it outby throu the trap i creils. Than the neipours stow aw the gigots an loins an hed a branderin o'm. Na! ye wuidna ken o'd fur it wesna telt o i the meidia, no ein the meisterie o ma faither's 'sauntheid'. Bot A ken nou whitna gemm wes on gaun an ettil ti gie ye an aefauld account o the hale hypothek gin ye'l leisten eydentlie.

Afoir A set tilt tho, A suppose ye'l be wunnerin whitna lassikie is this at wul hing out the faimilie's fyled waashin fur the sicht o aw an sindrie? Weill, ye'r richt. A suidna dae't, bot A canna haud bak, fur ma Faither an masell ir, i ae respek, aw ae ou. We cuid nivver gie owre an inlat ti tel a taill. Whan we wes littlins he wuid gie'z lang lagamachies about hiz youthheid at wes nivver teidisum. A sei nou at thae flaws gied him a heize ti drie hiz weird an at A tak eftir'm. At thon tyme, thae taills gart ma fowks argie-bargie lik gib an tyke, fur ma Mither thocht sic yairns bot sprowsin, tho ti ma Faither thai wis gospel an catecheism rowed intil ane an wes nae mair a lie nor the Guid Buik itsell.

Forby aw thon, A hae a det an dewtie ti ma faither. Juist as the Israelytes yaised the Auld Buiks ti pas on thair lairs an trewths ti fuither generautiouns, Hugh Brecham ettilt ti lat me ken hiz vairsioun o the wull aventurs at brocht about hiz dounfaw. He did it bi endytin a dyet buik an dernin it awaw whaur he kent A wuid fin it. Lik A wrate i the foirgaun, eftir readin't, A sei the warl aw deifferand, altho nocht substantious hes chynged. Bot ti gie ye the pictur syde an wyde A propone ti draw out aw the faks about ma faimilie at A hivna sae ferr mentionat an ye'l can desyde fur yeirsells gin A hae it strait or agley; quader or skew-wiff.

Ti uz bairns, Mither wes aye a plusquamperfek kinna wumman. Shae nivver stent wi'z. We aye hed a guid screingin wi a pumiss stane or a nail birss gin we hed bruikit hauns an a sair dicht ti the bak a our craigs gin we hedna washed aricht. We aye semed ti be takkin the gate ti the Kirk an the Sabbath Skuil, or on ivverie-days ti skuil. We wes aye busked and bouned an i guid tyme an rele. Puir John aft hed a tear i'z ei wi the sair kaimin he gat ti ted out hiz lokkerit hair at wuidna shed. A wisna onie mair joco, fur ma twa



"Puir John aft hed a tear i'z ei wi the sair kaimin he gat ti ted out hiz lokkerit hair at wuidna shed.

plets wes that ticht bun wi marone ribbands at thai poued ma eibrous roun ma heid lik a Chinie.

Mither wis a stoup o the kirk, aye studdie an nivver renaigin frae onie dewtie. Shae gied a heize ti the queir, up-prappit the Sabbath Skuil, wes a stanchel ti the auld fowks at pleyed bridge an dominoes i the Kirkhaw, an wes a steid ti aw the shakkin timmers o the hale congregautioun. Furby shae wes a skuil mistres.

Hir beig brither, Airchie, hed peyed fur Mither ti gang ti Universitie an Trainin College out o hiz ain pokneuk. This wis afoir A cam hame. He hed listit as a poliss caddie straucht frae the skuil an wes yirnin a guid wauge bi the tyme Mither wes ettlin at akademik speede. Lik Burns, he air becam a Maisson (tho A wisna ment ti ken). Whan A wes auld eneuch ti veisit hiz hous fur tea an scones, A anerlie can mynd at hiz gairden wes aw set out wi crasie plenn stanes wi couleddie-chukkies along the aiges, an bairn lik, A jaloused at this wes airt an pairt o Maissonik lair. Hiz wyfe wes a quaet sowel at spakna out o tirn fur hiz tuin wes o a rispin an ryvin kynd, an he wes fell kene on yaisin't. An sae he suid, fur he hed raisit hissell ti be Cheif-Vizzier Airchiebauld Grunstane M.B.E. an a gey proud lassie ma mither wes o'm tae.

Wi sic a lamp o a man fur a brither, ye wuid expek onie ither brither ti be a hallierakkit neir-dae-weill. Ye wuid be wrang. The ither Grunstane wes Elishioner cryed Saundie an wes kest out the samen muild. He wes a mair soupil man nor hiz brither bot as steive o purposs. Bi profession he wes a mynin ingineir bot maistlie wirked on tonnells an nyow wemes an cundies, makkin siccar at aw wes trew an straucht an the streiks didna gang agley insyde the wame o the hul.

Hiz guid wyfe wes a mukkil sonsie wumman at nivver peinged bot aet dailie day. Shae wes gey pudgie an hir twa bit bairnies wes wie puds anaw. Saundie wes aft furth o hame wirkin abreid an A think shae tuk ti maet i upmak fur the los o loue. Fur Saundie wes an awfie dreich wicht, at aye semed ti hae the stane stour hingin frae'z ei-brous ein whan he wesna dargin.

Sae ye'l sei at A hed a verra solit waw-steid ti uphaud me durand ma bairnheid. A dyke wiout slaps or crepes ti lat in douts an fashes wes up-biggit aw roun ma hert an harns. John, i parteiklar wes that skuilt an

kirkit an gien sic guid maet an halthie gemms an sports at he flourist intil a strang lad at weill cuid tak dunts an gie'm. Ivverie wird o Mither's wes Gospel t'm, tho.

A wes a whein aulder an cuid mynd whan Mither wes mair joco an jinksum, an ein Saundie cuid crak a knakkie baur ti gie hiz guidwyfe a lauch. Bot, bi the tyme A wes growen, it wes toukit intil'z baith at Mither's gate wes the richt ane an we suid fley awaw onie contrar thochts. Fur a guid pruif o'd, we cuid bot luik at Faither.