

This poem is based on a true story, when I visited my Uncle Jack and Auntie Bet's farm at Bybush, St Katherine's, Aberdeenshire, when I was about 11 or 12 years old.

### **Almost a Gonner, was the Champion Scunner!**

Doon on 'e ferm,  
Sic a dangerous place,  
I stottit o'er a steen,  
An' landed flat on mi face.

A black e'e 'at wid fear ye,  
An' a scrapit snoot,  
A' cos I caught a steen,  
Wi mi tackety boot.

An' 'at wis jist 'e start,  
Fer next, I wint intae 'e byre,  
An' a great muckle stirk wi horns,  
Didnae like mi attire.

'e beast fa'n he saw mi,  
Charged, cos I wis wearin' reid,  
I ran an' clambered o'er some bales,  
Else, I wid hae bin deid!

I lookit doon,  
On 'e great snortin' beast,  
By a whisker, I'd escaped wi mi life,  
Evaded bein' deceased.

*I thought to myself, safer oot o' here.*

So, I wandered tae 'e ferm hoose,  
Draan by a winderfu' smell,  
Bannocks cookin' on 'e griddle,  
An' sum cheesy scones as we'el.

On wint 'e butter,  
Ye cud smell it meltin'-in,  
On wint some homemade strawberry jam,  
An' on mi face, wis a great big grin.

In mi moo 'e bannock wint,  
Oh it wis devine,  
I said tae mi auntie "*ken 'es,  
I've niver tasted a bannock sae fine*".

*"Ere ye go, hae sum mare,  
I've made plinty",*  
So, I hid anither an' anither,  
An' afore I kent it, I'd scoffed about twinty!

Auntie said. "*Hae sum milk,  
Tae wash it doon,  
Fresh fae 'e Jersey coo, 'es mornin',  
Perfect fer a growin' loon*".

Wash it doon it certainly did,  
I've niver tasted milk sae sweet,  
*"I've got some space noo"* I said,  
*"A couple o' 'em scones wid ging doon a treat!"*

**Stanley Bruce,  
5<sup>th</sup> October 2020.**