

## INTRODUCTION

Narrator: Pompitie was a wee g-nome that bade on the Five-Stern Gress Common an near the Heuchie Knowe. His wee houss haed twa windaes in it, an a door, am a lum as heich as heich. In the front gairden, the war twal heich sunflouers aw in a raw. In the back gairden the war a whein aipil trees an thrie blawawa plants cuivert in blawawas.  
Ae day, as Pompitie wes fliein atowre the Common, whit soud he see but the Broun Ogre staunin crackin wi the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows at hir houss door?

## SCENE 1

The *Gress Common* before the house of the *Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows*. There is curly-bush left and a large toadstool right. The *Broun Ogre* is in conversation with the Witch and he has a large needle with a golden thread in his hand. Enter Pompitie, who is equipped to lift off the ground now and then, in simulation of flight. The Ogre carries a large club in his other hand and when Pompitie sees him he is very alarmed.

Wutch: Twa-thrie steiks wi that an yeir dream wul be as guid as ever it wes!

Pompitie: (*Aside*) Oh Mercie!

(*Pompitie quickly hides himself in the curly bush*)

Broun Ogre: Ir ye richt shuir it wul wark richt? Ah haena been sleepin weill at aw this whyle back frae the want o ma favorite dream. Ah aye wauken up in the wee smaw oors, an for the rest o the nicht, Ah'm tossin an turnin this wey an that. It's lyke Ah didna ken whit wey ti turn. It's an awfu job whan ye canna git yeir sleep richt. It's no fair at aw, Ah tell ye.

Wutch: Naething is fair in the warld.

Broun Ogre: Whan Ah canna sleep, Ah hae awfu nichtmeirs. Whyles the ill dream is that awbodie in the warld is deid binna masell, an Ah'm left aw ma lane – ti fend for masell an wi naething ti eat. It is lyke the war naething at aw in the haill warld but ma bed an me lyin on it. Whyles Ah dinna ken wha Ah im.

Wutch: Aweill, we aw hae oor problems.

Broun Ogre: Whyles the dream is that Ah'm no here at aw – that Ah wes never born, sae that naebodie haes ever heard o me, an naebodie can see or hear me, an awbodie carries on lyke Ah haed never been here at aw.

Wutch: Ah'm rael vext ti hear that.

Broun Ogre: Ah've tried coontin yowes lowpin owre a dyke, but eftir Ah coont thrie or fower hunder, Ah gie up, an here the ill dream cums back again. Ae nicht, ane o the yowes fell owre the dyke an hurt its leg, an Ah lost coont an haed ti stert aw owre again.

Wutch: Howt, ye needna fash. The Needle wul sort aw this for ye.

Broun Ogre: Whyles Ah try sayin ti masell, owre an owre again, whit ma mither uised ti say whan she pit me ti bed: "Nou Wullie, juist you courie doun an gaun ti sleep this verra meinit!"

But that disna wurk aither.

Wutch: Mebbe ye soud try bydin wauken aw nicht. That's ane o the best weys o fawin asleep --- tryin ti byde wauken.

Broun Ogre: Ah haena tried that.

Wutch: But never heed! Ah haena the tyme ti pit in listenin ti your meiseries aw mornin. Ye hae the Needle. That wul be a groat for the Needle.

Broun Ogre: A groat---! Did Ah hear ye say "a groat"?

Wutch: Ye did that!

Broun Ogre: A haill groat---! Ah coud buy twa guid denners for that. A haill groat---! Ye fairlie ken hou ti chairge!

*(He fumbles in his pouch for a coin.)*

Wutch: Ye'l finnd it's cheap at the price. Yeir health soud cum first. Gin ye haena yeir health ye haena mukkil, Ah aye say.

Broun Ogre: That's aw the siller Ah hae ti lest me or the weekend.

*(He hands over a coin reluctantly.)*

Ye fairlie ken hou ti chairge, Wumman! Ye've an awfu neck!

Wutch: Aweill, if it cums ti the bit, that's an awfu neb ye've got on ye. Ye'r nae eyl pentin yeirsell.

*(The Ogre fingers his nose speculatively)*

Broun Ogre: Ah'l tell ye this. The Needle haed better wurk. Ye'l hear mair aboot it gin it disna.

Ah'l be wantin ma siller back, sae Ah wul.

Wutch: Dinna you worrie yeir heid aboot that! It'l wurk awricht.  
Yeir favorite dream wul be as guid as new.

Broun Ogre: Ah howp sae! Ai, Ah div howp sae! Ah'm sair missin it. Aweill,  
Ah'l awa hame an try it oot afore Ah try ti gaun ti sleep the-nicht.

*(He turns and marches away ponderously to the right, carrying the needle in his left hand and the club in his right, with a sound of heavy tramping. The Witch retires inside her house and shuts her door. Pompitie starts to emerge from the bush, but the Ogre hears the sound of rustling, halts, and looks back. He leans on his club and absent-mindedly sticks the Needle into a large red toadstool. He listens for a few seconds. Pompitie freezes.)*

Broun Ogre: Whit wes that, Ah wunner? Ah thocht Ah heard a rabbit or sum ither  
thing Ah coud fell wi ma mukkil stick. Ai, Ah wad fair lyke ti kill  
sumthing this mornin! Sum wee furrie thing Ah coud eat for ma  
denner.  
Ae clour wi this an it wad be deid!

*(He brandishes his club)*

Ah coud sweir Ah heard sumthing rustle-rustlin!

*(The Ogre shakes his head, resumes his progress and tramps off right, grumbling: "A haill groat, God sakes--! She fairlie kens hou ti chairge!")*

*(When the sound of his tramping has died away, Pompitie emerges from the bush, takes off and continues his flight across the Common in the same direction as the Ogre. He soon notices the Needle sticking in the red toadstool. He descends ti see what it is, lands and pulls it out of the toadstool.)*

Pompitie: Ah wunner wha's aucht this braw needle? This is fair the biggest  
needle Ah hae ever seen, an look at that threid! It's as bricht as a ray o  
sunshyne.

Guidness gracious me! This maun be a needle that belongs the Wutch-  
That-Mends-Rainbows! Ah wunner hou she cam ti loss it?

*(He looks about here and there, pretending that there is some possibility the Witch could be about)*

Pompitie: Ah dinna see whit the auld Wutch wad want wi sic a gret mukkil  
needle. Mebbe she haes thrawn it awa.

*(Again he looks about him, pretending there might be something else the Witch had dropped. He holds up the Needle.)*

Pompitie: This is verra lykely a threid the Wutch uses for mendin the rainbows. That's juist whit it wul be, richt aneuch. Whit grund fun it wad be ti shew a whein steiks in the tourie o ma best bunnet at hame. Syne it wad skinkil lyke the sun itsell, sae it wad. Here, Ah coud uise the needle as a dirk, tae! It wad be guid for stickin inti fowk. It wad be the verra thing for that. Ah coud gie ma frein, Pepper, a richt gliff wi this. Ho, Ho, Ah nicht even gie the Broun Ogre a jag in the hurdies wi it. Ah coud cum oot frae ahint a curly buss an gie him a richt guid yin in the bum whan he wesna lookin. Syne Ah coud jouk back again ahint the buss whan he wes rinnin about rairin his heid aff wi pain.

*(He brandishes the Needle triumphantly, then sticks it with its thread into his jacket, takes off and flies away delightedly to the left towards home. But in a short while, he feels something pricking him. The Needle has to be rigged to appear to stick into him.)*

Pompitie: Ow---! Yow---! Whit's this---?

*(He tries to pull out the Needle, but it appears to be stuck fast. A high-pitched voice—the voice of the Needle—is heard)*

Needle: Ah dinna lyke this road hame. Wad ye be sae guid as ti obleige me an flie roond bi the Hen Wyfe's houss?  
*(Pompitie is astonished and examines the Needle)*

Pompitie: Sae ye can speak as weill as jag, can ye?

Needle: Ye wad be surprised at whit Ah can dae.  
Ah hear ye'r gey brave aboot jaggin ither fowk.  
Mebbe YOU wad lyke ti ken whit it feels lyke?  
Try this for a stert!

*(The Needle pricks him again)*

Pompitie: Yow---! Ma Conscience---! Whit ir ye jaggin me for?  
Whit dae ye think ye ir daein?

Needle: Ah dinna want ti be sherp wi ye, but wad ye kyndlie obleige me bi gaun hame bi the Hen Wyfe's place?

Pompitie: *(In a pompous voice)* No lykely--! Ah'l no dae that.  
Ah aye flie this road hame.

Needle: Aweill, doutless that is true on ordnarie days, but the-day, ye maun gang the wey Ah want ye ti gang. Aither that or Ah wul shew yeir twa sleeves thegither an tak ye ti the Broun Ogre, wha wul clour ye owre the heid wi his mukkil stick, stowe ye in his larder, an hank ye on a huik.

*(Pompitie begins to tremble and shake with fright on hearing this)*

Pompitie: Wu-w-wul ye? O Mercie---! Aw-Awricht, mebbe it's tyme Ah gaed hame bi anither road for a chynge. Ah haena seen the Hen Wyfe for a whyle. But whit div Ah hae ti gang thare for?

Needle: Ye'l see whan we win thare. The puir wumman needs yeir help.

*(In dismay, he turns himself round to go home by the Hen Wyfe's place. In practice, he flies off right.)*

CURTAIN

## SCENE 2

*Before the Hen Wyfe's house. The Hen Wyfe is on her doorstep, shading her eyes with her hand and looking around her anxiously. Pompitie enters from the left. At the other end of the stage the Gangril Man is digging his potato patch.*

Hen Wyfe:     *(In a pathetic voice on seeing Pompitie)* See me, a puirlyke craitur!  
Wha wul gae an look for ma tint choukie hen that winna cum hame?

*(The Needle goes prick-prick into Pompitie)*

Pompitie:     Ow---! Yow---! Crivvens---!

Needle:       You say "Ah wul", or Ah'l shew yeir sleeves thegither an tak ye hame  
til the Broun Ogre, wha wul clour ye owre the heid wi his mukkil stick,  
an stowe ye in his larder, whaur he wul hank ye on a huik.

*Pompitie trembles and shakes some more, but the Needle goes prick-prick)*

Pompitie:     Ow---! Yow---! Ow---!  
Ah wul, Hen Wyfe! Mercie, Ah wul!

Hen Wyfe:     Thank ye, Pompitie! Thank ye verra kyndlie! That is rael guid o ye.  
Ah'm a gey puirlyke craitur, sae Ah im! Sae as ye'l ken hir, ma hen is  
a kynd o brounie-gray color, maistlie. She haes kynd o riddie feet.  
Look oot for the riddie feet!

*(The Hen Wyfe goes in and shuts her door behind her)*

Pompitie:     Nou Ah sal flie hame for ma tea.

*(He turns to go left, but the Needle goes prick-prick again)*

Yow---! Aaaa-Ow! Help---!

Needle:       Na, Na, ye'l dae nae sic thing! Did Ah no hear you offer kyndlie ti  
help hir?  
Nou we sal gang an hunt for the Hen Wyfe's lost choukie.

*(Pompitie looks very cross, but flies and runs all over the Common looking for the lost hen)*

Pompitie:     Ah canna see onie hen at aw! This is uissless!

Needle:       Ah think we wul dae a sicht better doun on the grund. The hen micht  
be hidin oot o sicht sumwhaur.

*(The Needle goes prick-prick again)*

Needle: Did ye hear whit Ah said? Land on the grund!

Pompitie: Yow-ow-ow--! Here, that's awfu sair! Stap jaggin me, wul ye!

*(Pompitie lands and continues running on foot)*

Needle: No that wey---! It wad please me ti gang til the left!

*(Pompitie corrects his course and runs about some more, but again the Needle goes prick-prick)*

Pompitie: Ow---! Yow-ow---! In the name o aw that's guid---!

Needle: Turn roond an gang back the wey ye cam! Ye've cum owre ferr.

*(Pompitie turns round desperately)*

Pompitie: Ye'r garrin me gang the maist stourie an bramblie weys o aw. Ah'm aw stung wi nettles an Ah can see nae hen.

Needle: Juist you keep yeir een open! YOU speak back ti me aince mair an Ah'l gie ye a jaggin ye'l never forget!

*(They reach the Gangril Man's potato patch, where the Gangril Man is digging. There is a hen evidently lying asleep on the patch. Pompitie approaches the Gangril Man.)*

Gangril Man: *(Leaning on his spade)* Graund mornin, Pompitie! It's taen a turn for the better. It's better nor it wes yestrein, but it's no no sae guid as it wes the day afore yesterday.  
Ah think the sun's lyke ti cum oot nou.

Pompitie: Div ye think sae? Ah daursay ye'r richt.

*(Pointing)* Is that burd lyin owre thare the Hen Wyfe's choukie?

Gangril Man: Ah daursay it is! Ah dinna ken wha else haes hens aboot here. It's been lyin sleepin here this haill blissit day. Ah expek it wul be fair tyrt oot wi layin owre monie eggs.

Pompitie: The Hen Wyfe said it wes a brounie-gray color. It looks lyke the burd that belangs hir. She askit me ti finnd it for hir.

Gangril Man: Ye'd better tak it back til hir than. Ah wul be vext ti see it awa in a wey. It lays guid eggs. Ah wes switherin aboot whuther Ah soud hae it for ma supper. Ah haena tasted roast chicken in a guid lang whyle.

*(He resumes his digging. Pompitie lifts the hen and evidently wakens it up with a great deal of squawking. He then leaves for the Hen Wyfe's house. The Gangril Man casts a wistful glance after him)*

Pompitie: *(To hen)* Dae ye want me ti thraw yeir neck? The Hen Wyfe wul no thenk me gin Ah bring hir hame a deid hen. Juist you byde still the-no gin ye dinna want me ti thrappil ye! Ye'r mair bather nor aw ye'r worth, sae ye ir!

*(There is a pause whyle he flies across the Common)*

*(He is before the Hen Wyfe's house again. The Hen Wyfe is inside. Pompitie approaches, carrying the hen. Holding the hen by the neck he knocks on the door of the house. The hen continues to protest.)*

*(The Hen Wyfe answers the door and when she sees her hen, she is delighted)*

Pompitie: Here yeir choukie, Hen Wyfe! It's no deid!

Hen Wyfe: This is rael guid o ye, Pompitie. Ah'm mukkil obleiged. It wes guid o ye ti help a puir dounhauden bodie the lykes o masell. Ah canna think hou oniebodie wad want ti dae sic a favor for a puir waesum auld craitur lyke masell. Ah'm shuir Ah dinna deserr it at aw. Oniething wad be guid aneuch for the lykes o me.

Pompitie: It wes naething, Hen Wyfe. Ah wes gled ti dae it.

Hen Wyfe: But Mercie, Pompitie, ye look sae wabbitie, an worrit an waebegaen. Juist byde you thare a meinit! The'r sumthing Ah'd lyke ti gie ye.

*(She goes into her house carrying the hen with her. There is a loud squawk of protest from within and she returns with a rather sad-looking hen's feather which she offers to Pompitie.)*

You tak this, Pompitie, for it wul bring ye the luck!

Pompitie: *(Unenthusiastically)* Wul it? Thenk ye, Hen Wyfe!

*(Pompitie takes the feather, sticks it in his bonnet and starts to fly for home (left), but the Needle immediately goes prick-prick. The Hen Wyfe goes into her house.)*

Pompitie: Ow---! Ow---! Ai that wes awfu sair!

Needle: Whaur dae ye think ye'r gaun?

Pompitie: Ah wes ettlin ti flie hame. Ah'm sair needin a rest.



*(Pompitie tries to pull the needle from his coat to throw it away, but it is stuck fast.)*

Needle: Ah'l tell ye whan ye can gang hame.

Pompitie: This is the nearest wey ti ma wee houss. Ah aye gang this road hame. This is the gait Ah aye tak.

Needle: Aweill, that is on ordnarie days, but the-day ye maun gang roond bi the toll road, for that's the road Ah want ti gang. Aither that, or Ah wul shew yeir twa sleeves thegither an tak ye hame til the Broun Ogre, wha wul clour ye wi his mukkil stick, an stowe ye in his larder, whaur he wul hank ye on a huik.

*(Pompitie stands and sighs and sobs and weeps, but the Needle does not appear to notice and simply goes prick-prick again)*

Pompitie: Ow---! Wow---! Oh dear, Ah'm lyke a prein cushion! Please leave iz alane, wul ye?

*(Pompitie sets out for the toll road and flies off right)*

CURTAIN

### SCENE 3

*The Common by the Tea Wyfe's House. The Tea Wyfe is sitting by her door, swirling the contents of a large teapot. The sound of heavy tramping and moaning is heard from offstage. Enter the Broun Ogre looking distressed.*

Tea Wyfe: Coud ye no mak less noise? That's an awfu dirdum ye mak strampin up an doun wi thae mukkil feet o yours.

Ir ye here eftir yeir tea?

Broun Ogre: Tea---? Me--? No me---! No the-day!

Tea Wyfe: Whit ir ye eftir than? Ye canna be here kis ye fancie me?

Broun Ogre: This mornin, Ah peyed the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows a haill groat for hir magic Needle an nou Ah hae tint it. Ah canna finnd it oniewhaur. Ah maun hae putten it doun sumwhaur near the Wutch's hous, but Ah hae been aw roond thare an the'r nae sign o't. Whaur can it be?

Tea Wyfe: Ah'm shuir Ah dinna ken. Ah've been suttin here aw day. Whit wad Ah ken about it?

Broun Ogre: Ye haena seen oniebodie gaun past haiglin a mukkil needle, hae ye?

Tea Wyfe: No that Ah can mynd o. In fact, Ah haena seen oniebodie at aw. Whit war ye wantin wi the Wutch's Needle?

Broun Ogre: Ah wantit it for ti mend ma favorite dream. Ah canna sleep richt athout ma favorite dream. Whaur the Deil can it be?

Tea Wyfe: Yeir dream---?

Broun Ogre: Na, the Needle---! Ah need the Needle ti sort ma dream.

Tea Wyfe: Howt, Man, never heed dreams! Ye'r a growne man. Ye soudna fash yeirsell about dreams. The tea is weill maskit. Coud ye no dae a cup?

Broun Ogre: Ah hae nae siller for ti buy tea, eftir peyin the Wutch for the Needle.

Tea Wyfe: Ah dinna lyke ti miss a sale. Ye coud aye pey me anither day.

Broun Ogre: Na, Na, Ah haena tyme the-day!

Tea Wyfe: Ah coud merk ye doun in the ledger?

Broun Ogre: Ah'l hae ti hunt for whaever haes stown the Needle. Ah'l kill him athout mercy whan A finnd him. Twa-thrie clours owre the heid wi this an he'l no be stealin onie mair Needles.

*(He brandishes his club)* He'l be stane deid!  
That wul lairn him a lesson he'l no forget!

Ah maun awa nou, Ah hae nae tyme ti waste or Ah finnd this thief.

*(He moves to leave)*

Tea Wyfe: *(Holding out the teapot)* Cum back, ye coud hae a guid cup o tea for naething.!

*(The Broun Ogre ignores her and tramps off)*

CURTAIN

#### SCENE 4

*The Common by the Toll House. The Toll Man is standing by his door in his red jacket, looking about him here and there. Pompitie enters from the left.*

Toll Man: *(Seeing Pompitie)* Wha wul gang an buy for me a guid thummilfu o tea? Ah coud fair dae a guid drink o tea. Ah'm as dry as a stick, sae Ah im. This is gey dry wark staunin here waitin Ah can tell ye.

*(Pompitie does not reply to this)*

Needle: You say, "Ah wul"! *(The Needle goes prick-prick)*

Pompitie: Ow----! Wow---! *(Sobbing)* Ah wul, Toll Man!

Needle: Say, "Ah wul, gledlie---!"

Pompitie: Ah wul, gledlie, Toll Man!

Needle: Thank ye kyndlie, neibor---! Ah'm as dry as a stick. Ah coud dae fyne wi a guid cup o tea. Tak thir! Here twa pennies an a siller thummil! Watch an dinna you loss the pennies! That's hauf this mornin's drawins at the toll.

*(He gives Pompitie two pennies and a silver thimble into his hand, goes in and shuts his door)*

Pompitie: Nou Ah sal flie hame. *(He turns to move left)*  
*(The Needle goes prick-prick)*  
Yow-ow-ow!

Needle: Sae ye war gaun ti keep the Toll Man's pennies ti yeirsell, war ye?

Pompitie: Please, Needle, Ah wesna!

*(Sobbing)* Ah wesna!

Needle: Ye telt the Toll Man a lee an ye war gaun ti keep his pennies ti yeirsell, war ye?

Pompitie: Please, Needle, Ah wesna!

Needle: Ye telt the Toll Man a dounricht lee an ye war gaun ti keep his pennies. Ye ir a leear as weill as a thief.

*(Cheerfully)* But Ah wadna lat ye dae a sleikit thing lyke that.--- sumthing ye micht be ashamed o eftir.

Needle: This wul lairn ye no ti tell lees!

*(The Needle goes prick-prick)*

Pompitie: Yow-Ow-Wow! Help---! Murder---! It wesna me---!

Needle: Nou we sal set oot for the houss o the Tea Wyfe.

Pompitie: Ah wesna gaun for ti keep his pennies. Ah wesna---!  
Ah juist wantit ti gang hame for a wee rest first.

Needle: Stert fliein!

Pompitie: *(Pathetically)* But Ah dinna ken whaur the Tea Wyfe bydes.  
Ah've never been thare afore, but Ah ken it's awfu ferr awa.

Needle: Stert fliein!

Pompitie: But Ah dinna ken whaur ti gang.

Needle: STERT FLIEIN!

Pompitie: B-B-But---!

Needle: Ah'l no speak again.

*(Pompitie starts running and flying desperately right, and a pleasant voice is heard)*

Feather: Juist a wee bit ti the richt, Pompitie!

Pompitie: Wha's that speakin? Wha ir ee?

Feather: This is yeir auld feather speakin. A wee bit mair til the richt for the Tea Wyfe's houss. Eftir that, keep gaun strecht on an Ah'l keep ye richt gin ye gang wrang. That's whit Ah'm here for --- ti help ye.

Pompitie: Thank ye Feather! O thank ye, thank ye!

*(Pompitie corrects his course and leaves to the right)*

CURTAIN

## SCENE 5

*The Common by the Tea Wyfe's house. The Tea Wyfe is sitting by her door holding a large tea caddy. Pompitie enters from the left.*

Feather:        Nou ye ir on the pad that leads til the Tea Wyfe's door.  
                  Thare she is, look!

*(Pompitie sees the Tea Wyfe and goes up to her, holding out the two pennies)*

Tea Wyfe:     Mercie, an wha is this wee man? It's Pompitie the g-nome, an Ah'm  
                  no mistaen. Ah haena seen you sen ye war a wee bairn.  
                  Pompitie, Ah wad haulie hae kent ye.

Pompitie:     Tea Wyfe, an ye please, wad ye be sae guid as ti gie me a guid  
                  thummilfu tea for the Toll Man? He is dry as a stick.

Tea Wyfe:     Whan is he no? Ay, shuirлие, shuirлие! Ah can shuirлие dae that.

*(The Tea Wyfe fills the thimble with tea from her caddy and gives it to Pompitie, who gives her his two pennies)*

Tea Wyfe:     Thank ye Pompitie! Tak guid care o that tea, nou!

Pompitie:     The'r no mukkil tea here!

Tea Wyfe:     That's a richt guid tippence worth! The Toll Man is ma guid frein an  
                  that's the verra best tea. That's aw the road frae a place cawed  
                  Darjeeling. That's nane o yeir soupins frae sum Bombay fluir!

Pompitie:     *(Pompitie inspects the tea critically)* Ah see a stalk or twa in there.

Tea Wyfe:     Ye haena seen a mukkil needle lyin about oniewhaur, hae ye?

*(Pompitie gives a start and tries to hide the Needle by gathering his jerkin around it. The Tea Wyfe is replacing her tea caddy.)*

Pompitie     A mukkil needle---?

Tea Wyfe:     Ay, a big braw yin.

Pompitie:     N-N-Na, no me! Wha wants ti ken?

Tea Wyfe:     The Broun Ogre wes here an he wes tellin me he's lost yin belangin the  
                  Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows.

Pompitie: D-D-Did he?

Tea Wyfe: The Broun Ogre wes in an awfu lyke temper. He says he's gaun ti hunt doun whaever stale his needle an blouter him wi his gret club.

Pompitie: Ai, Mercie---!

Tea Wyfe: He says he's gaun ti kill him athout mercy..

*(Pompitie looks like he is going to spill the tea)*

Caw cannie, nou!

That's nane o yeir stourie rubbish, Ah tell ye!  
Ye look lyke ye'r gaun ti skail it, lad.  
That tea is wurth its wecht in gowd.  
The Toll Man wul fairlie enjoy that, Ah can tell ye.  
It wul warm the cokkils o his hert.

Caw cannie, wul ye?

Pompitie: Ah hear ye, Tea Wyfe.

*(Pompitie carries the thimbleful of tea gingerly offstage to the left)*

Tea Wyfe: *(Crying after him)* You tell the Toll Man Ah wes speirin eftir him!  
Mynd an tell him Ah wes askin for him!  
An ask him about his sair back!

CURTAIN

## SCENE 6

*The Common by the Toll Man's house. The Toll man is still standing by his Toll House and is holding a small brown teapot in his hand. He is looking expectantly about him. Enter Pompitie carrying his thimbleful of tea from the right.*

Toll Man: Ah thocht ye war never lyke cummin.

*(He holds his throat)* Man, Ah'm that drouthie!  
Ah'm as dry as a stick! Ah'm kynd o hairse i the thrappil the-day.  
It's richt drylyke wark this, staunin here!

Pompitie: Here ye ir, Toll Man! The Tea Wyfe wes askin for ye.

*(He hands the Toll Man the thimble. The Toll Man empties it into his teapot. He is delighted.)*

Toll Man: Ah'm mukkil behauden ti ye, Pompitie. Ah'm juist deen for a wee jirbil o tea.  
This wul fairlie slocken ma drouth. It's grund tea she aye sends me.

Pompitie: The Tea Wyfe telt me ti speir about yeir sair back.

Toll Man: Ma lumbaigie---? Tell hir frae me whan ye see hir, it's aye sair, wi aw the haurd wurk Ah dae, but it haes been waur.  
Wul ye mynd ti say that til hir?

Pompitie: Ay, Ah'l no forget, but .....Ah never see hir!

Toll Man: Aweill, the thocht wes thare. Never heed! Ah'l tell hir masell.  
But Michtie, Pompitie, ye div look wabbitie, an wurrit, an wabblie,  
an waebegaen.

*(He takes a green leaf from his pocket and gives it to Pompitie)*  
Hyuh, Pompitie! Tak this, for it wul bring ye the luck!

*(The leaf is dry and withered, but Pompitie takes it and sticks it in his coat)*

Wul ye no byde for a cup an a bit crack wi me? Ah'm gey thrang wi this toll, but Ah can aye finnd tyme for a wee crack.  
Wul ye no byde an be neiborlyke?

Pompitie: Na, Na, thank ye! It's tyme Ah wes gaun hame.



*(The Toll Man shakes his head, waves him goodbye and goes into his house to make his tea. Pompitie starts to fly home.)*

Needle: No that road, Pompitie!

*(The Needle goes prick-prick)*

Did ye hear whit Ah said? NO THAT ROAD!

Pompitie: *(Shrieks)* Yeow-ow-ow! Leave iz alane, wul ye?

A-a-ow! Ah canna staun onie mair o this.

Ye jaggin Deil that ye ir---!

WUL-YOU-STAP-JAGGIN-ME?

*(Pompitie tears at the Needle in his coat and tries to wrench it away, but it is still stuck fast)*

Needle: Ye'd better no try that again or ye'l be vext for it.

Pompitie: Ah aye gang this road hame.

*(He stamps his feet in a tantrum of vexation)*

Ah aye gang this road, Ah tell ye!

Needle: Aweill, that is on ordnarie days, but the-day ye maun gae roond bi the hous o the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows, for Ah want ti pass the tyme o day wi hir, sae Ah div.

Pompitie: Ah'l never, never dae that. Ah'm feart for hir.  
Ah'l no gang near hir. Ah'l no! Ah'l no! Ah'l NO!

Needle: Aweill, syne Ah sal shew yeir sleeves thegither an tak ye hame ti the Broun Ogre, an he wul clour ye owre the heid wi his mukkil stick an stowe ye in his larder whaur he wul hank ye on a huik.

Pompitie: Ah canna gang. Ah'm feart for hir, Ah tell ye.

*(Pompitie weeps pitifully, but the Needle just goes prick-prick)*

Pompitie: Yeee-ow! Mither---! Ah canna thole it onie mair!  
PLEASE, no hir, Needle---! NO THE WUTCH---

Needle: Ah keep tellin ye, but ye'l no tak a tellin. Ah dinna want ti be owre sherp wi ye, but ye dinna seem ti tak ma pynt.  
Try this than!

*(The Needle goes prick-prick again, relentlessly)*

Pompitie: Yeee-ow-aa-ow! Yee-ow-aa-ow! Stap tormentin me!  
Ah canna beir it!

Needle: Ai, ye div lyke ti mak things difficult! Ye ir yeir ain warst enemie!  
Ye'd better lairn ti dae as ye'r telt for Ah can keep this up for as lang  
as ever ye lyke! Ah'm no funnin, believe you me!

Pompitie: *(Sobbing)* Ah gie in, Ah gie in!

Needle: That's mair lyke the thing. Nou that's whit Ah want ti hear! It wesna  
that difficult, wes it?  
*(Pompitie continues to sob)*

An whan ye see the Wutch, ye'l tell hir naething aboot me jaggin ye,  
wul ye!  
*(Pompitie does not answer)*

Aunsir me whan Ah speak ti ye!

Pompitie: A-A-Ah'l no tell hir oniething.  
Please dinna jag me onie mair, Needle! Please, please---

Needle: Ah dout ye deserr anither guid jag, Pompitie. Ye telt the Tea Wyfe a  
dounricht lee back at hir houss. Ye telt hir ye haedna seen me lyin  
about oniewhaur on the Common.

Pompitie: Please, please, please, kynd Needle, Ah didna think whit Ah wes sayin.  
Oniewey ye warn a lye about. Ye war stuck in a puddok stuil.

Needle: That is no the pynt. This is for tellin the Tea Wyfe a lee about me.

*(The Needle stabs Pompitie dutifully)*

Pompitie: Yee-ow-aa-ow! Help---! Mither---! Murder---! Yee-ow-aa-ow!

Needle: Ah wadna say it hurts me mair nor it hurts you, but Ah dinna lyke  
jaggin ye, Pompitie. It gies me nae pleisir, but ye hae ti be cruel ti be  
kynd. Ye micht finnd it ill ti credit, but it's aw for yeir ain guid.  
Whit ye dinna unnerstaun, Pompitie, is that ye need me.

Pompitie: Need ye--? Whit dae Ah need YOU for?

Needle: Ye need me ti keep ye richt.  
In a lyke wey, ye'l aye need me.  
Ye'l need me for the rest o yeir days.  
The neist tyme ye think o tellin a lee, ye'l bring me in mynd.

Pompitie: Ah'm no lyke ti forget YOU in a hurry, richt aneuch.

*(Pompitie turns round and flies to the right for the Witch's house. However, he is reluctant and petulant and dawdles on the way. In the distance is heard the heavy tramping of the Broun Ogre looking for his needle.)*

Broun Ogre: *(Anguished crying in distance)* Whaur ma needle? Ah hae tint ma needle? Ah canna finnd ma needle.

Needle: Ye ken whit wul happen til ye gin the Ogre catches ye, wi me stickin in yeir jaiket?

*(Pompitie runs to hide in a bush, but the Green Leaf whispers to him)*

Green Leaf: *(With a pleasant female voice)* Pompitie, Pompitie, tak tent ti whit Ah say!

Pompitie: Wha is that, whusper-whusperin?

Green Leaf: This is yeir Green Leaf speakin til ye. Hoy on, Pompitie, ye maun hurry an win ti the Wutch-that-Mends-Rainbows first, afore the Broun Ogre wins thare.

Pompitie: Ah canna hurry verra weill, Green Leaf. Ah dinna think Ah im able. Ah'm no able at aw. Ah'm fair forfochen!

Green Leaf: A stoot hert til a stey brae, Pompitie! A stoot hert til a stey brae!

*(Pompitie hurries on as best he can, for he is footsore and weary)*

Pompitie: Ai, ma legs is sair. Ah'm sair aw owre, sae Ah im!

Green Leaf: Dae yeir best, Pompitie! Juist dae yeir best! Naebodie can dae mair!

*(He moves wearily offstage to the right)*

CURTAIN