



Fricht

Matthew Fitt

Mrs Licht
Got a fricht
In the middle o the night.
Saw a ghaist,
Eatin paste,
Then the pair o them got chased.

Sammy Skiff
Got a gliff
At the edge o a muckle cliff.
Let oot squeaks,
Filled his breeks.
Noo when he walks his bahookie creaks.

Mr Cleg
Got a fleg
When he biled a chocolate egg.
Wis jist goo,
Looked like spew –
Wid ye like a chocolate poo?

Mrs Beart
Wis aw feart
When in her bed a ghost appeart.
It gart her leap.
She heard it peep,
“Haw, shut yer gub, I’m tryin tae sleep!”