

Gordon MacGordon, a fine kind o lad,
Wis a rare sort o fella an nae aa that bad;
But he had a problem, this likeable loon –
Fanivver he sneezed his troosers fell doon!

Fan oot in the playgrun the quines wir the worst
They'd throwe dust at Gordon an wait till he burst
Wi a muckle 'Aatishoo!' syne look wi a leer
As peer Gordon's troosers drapped doon tae the flier.

Tae them it wis aa jist a bit o a lark
As they aa stood an lauched at the tail o his sark.
His faimly, affrontit, didna affen gyang oot –
They were feart he'd develop a bubbly snoot.

It wis better, they thocht, tae bide oot o the kirk,
An at skweel he wis gettin 'behind' in his wirk!
His Mither socht help fae the doctor aa richt
But he cwid dae nithin, jist try as he micht.

They syne tried a teacher, the Heidie, the Jannie,
They even brocht in a psychiatrist mannie.
He hrumped as he havered an scrattit his heid
An syne he declared that this wis, "Indeed,

The most curious case I have had I suppose.
The cure it is obvious: he must stop wearing clothes!"
"That's it," Gordon said, "this is really the limit."
As he pulled up his troosers and tucked in his simmit.

But his problem was solved by his Grunny, ye see.
"Remember, my loon, that yer Scottish, like me.
Think aboot that an ye'll suffer nae mair."
An Grunny wis richt, Gordon hasna a care.

He can sneeze awa noo withoot fear or guilt –
For fan Gordon gaes oot, he gaes oot in his kilt!

Life's Little Ups and Doons

Les Wheeler

