

DINNAE MAK ME LAUGH

Funny Glaikit Poems in Scots



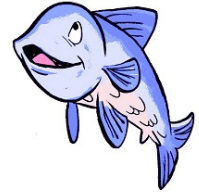
Illustrated by Dylan Gibson
A Scots Hoose Production

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BETTY THE VAMPIRE SLAGGER

Gregor Steele

(tae the tune o *Rudolph the Ridd-Nosed Reindeer*)

Betty the Vampire Slagger,
Widden stakes they wir nae use,
She liked tae fleg the undeid,
Jist by giein them dug's abuse.

Aw o the Vampire Slayers,
Thocht that she wis aff her heid,
They used tae pelt puir Betty,
Wi mingin dods o garlic breid.

Then yin dreich and muinless nicht,
Wan vampire did say,
“Ah’ve made a jag and awfie soon,
Tae widden stakes we’ll be immune!”

Aw o the feartie Slayers,
Shoutit fae the cludgie flair,
“Gaun yersel wee Betty,
Slag them aff fur ever mair!”



AGGIE BASH

Susi Briggs



Watch yersels, but dinna fash
About the Witch cried Aggie Bash.
She cures yer plooks and heals yer rashes,
Sells love potions tae lads and lassies.

Eyntments fer jaggies, biles and stings,
Aggie can mend aw mainner o hings.
She's maistly wise, couthy and douce
But she has the pooer tae curse yer hoose.

Sae jist ye mind, dinna gie her snash
Or ye will get the worst o Aggie Bash.
I heard she cursed auld Jock McKirk
Fer sayin her potions didna wirk.

He suddenly lost the remote for his telly
And fun a big slug in the tae o his welly.
The cat next door went efter his budgie
And his mobile phone fell intae the cludgie.

His dug got guffy and stank oot the room –
Aggie just cackled an jumped oan her broom.
Jock wis dumfoonert, he'd taken the worst –
Aggie Bash is the Witch o the Fashious Curse!

WHEN SQUIRRELS TAK OWER THE WARLD

Gregor Steele

Ye're oot on yir bike, gaun through the trees,
They lowp in yir road in anes, twas and threes,
Hopin ye'll cowp – aye, that's whit they like.
When ye're lyin on the grun, they're awa wi yir bike.

In the middle o winter, on a nicht wi nae moon,
The New Squirrel Army will ride intae toun.
Ane on each pedal and ane on the bars,
Smashin hoose windaes and scratchin the cars.

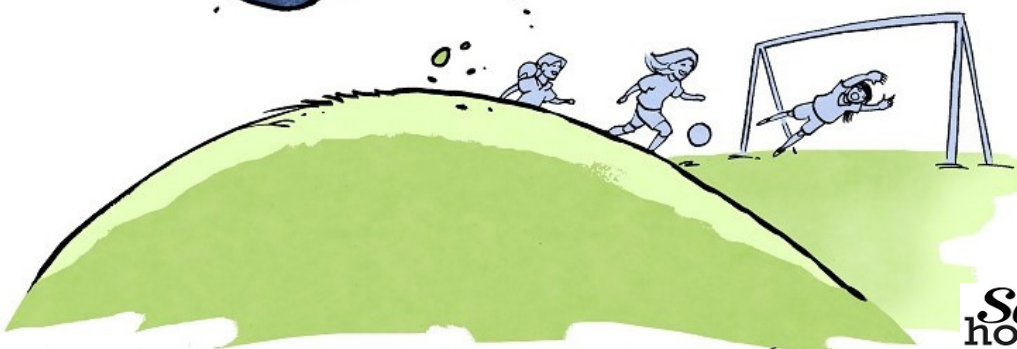
They'll brek intae the baker's and nick aw the breid
Tae bribe cushie-dooos fur support ower-heid.
They'll capture the castles, brek oot guns and swords,
And we aw maun bow doon tae oor Squirrel ower-lords.



SEE THE WEE LADDIE

Gregor Steele

See the wee laddie, nae use at aw,
Last tae be picked fur the team at fitba,
Aye the coo's tail when the schuil has a race,
Airms and legs aw ower the place,
See the wee laddie oot on the moor,
Hikin and bikin fur oor efter oor,
Huntin fur treisure by the tummilt doon hoose,
Wi an ee oot fur spaceships as he drinks on his juice,
Makin up stories he micht ne'er tell,
Tae onywan else except fur himsel,
See the wee laddie, a smile on his face,
Happy's the laddie wha's fund his ain place.



WHEN GRANDA GOT THE INTERNET

Gregor Steele

Ma Granda's ayewis fixed ma bike,
But noo he will admit,
That syne he's had the internet,
The bit's on the ither fit.

"Ah cannae mind ma password –
it's gone richt oot ma heid."
"Try the name o yon auld dug ye had
and the date that it drapped doon deid."

"Ma Wifi isnae workin –
Ah think Ah've got a bug."
"Were ye hooverin this mornin?
Ye've pulled oot the router plug!"

"Ma typin comes oot havers –
it's been like that aw week."
"Gang intae keyboard settings –
noo chynge it back frae Greek!"

Sae that's me and ma Granda,
Aye at each ither's hoose,
Wan wizard wi a spanner,
Wan wizard wi a moose.



DINNAE MAK ME LAUGH

Matthew Fitt



Oh, dinnae mak me laugh.
See that cloon mask on yer face?
Please gonnae tak it aff.
And dinnae tell that rotten joke again,
Please – no on ma behalf.
And tak yer punders aff yer heid –
Ye look like a giraffe!
See the day? Whitever ye dae,
Jist dinnae mak me laugh.

Gonnae no mak me laugh.
Dinnae cloon aboot like a galoot,
Pick yer neb and ping it aff,
Stick yer tongue in puggie dung,
Sit fertin in the bath.
Screw the nut, wull ye?
Try no tae be a nyaff.
See the day? Whitever ye dae,
Jist dinnae mak me laugh.

FASH

Shane Strachan

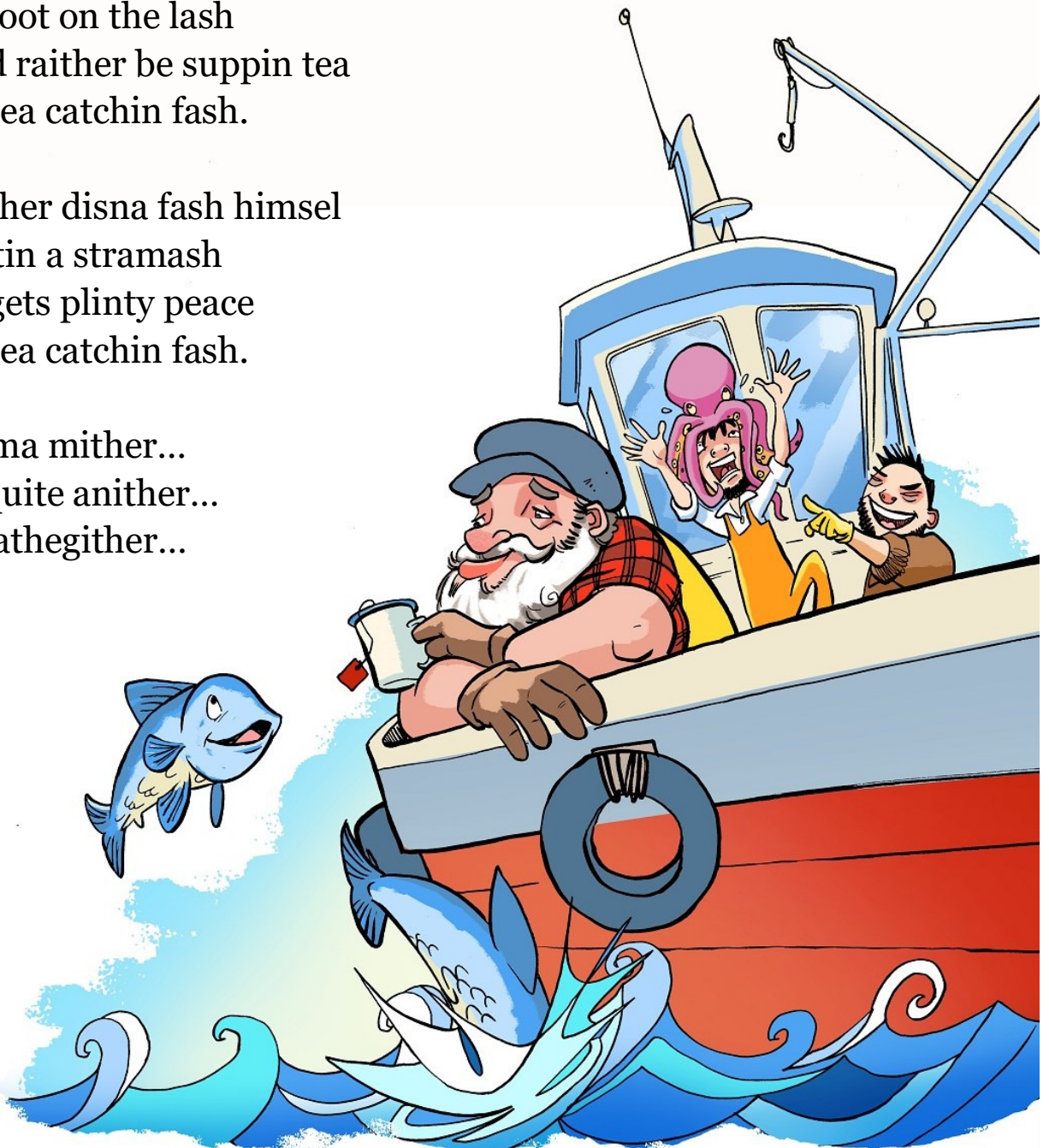
Ma faither disna fash himsel
wi fit's fashionable and flash
for hauf his life is spint
oot at sea catchin fash.

Ma faither disna fash himsel
wi showin aff his cash
for he'd seener mak mair siller
oot at sea catchin fash.

Ma faither disna fash himsel
wi gan oot on the lash
for he'd raither be suppin tea
oot at sea catchin fash.

Ma faither disna fash himsel
wi startin a stramash
for he gets plinty peace
oot at sea catchin fash.

As for ma mither...
that's quite anither...
story aathegither...



DAFTIE

Gregor Steele

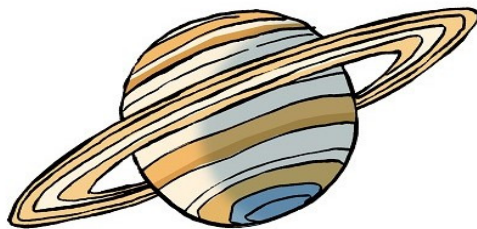
Scots
hoose

$$\nabla \cdot E = \frac{\rho}{\epsilon_0}$$

$$\nabla \times E = -\frac{\partial B}{\partial t}$$

$$\nabla \cdot B = 0$$

$$\nabla \times H = J + \frac{\partial D}{\partial t}$$



Daftie's tartan army, Daftie's tartan army, Daftie's tartan army,
Pit yer hauns in the air!

Daftie's tartan army, Daftie's tartan army!
Folk dinnae ken his richt name, and that's no fair.

He came up fae the country tae a smairt high school,
He spoke like you and me and he didnae look cool,
Ither laddies cried him Daftie but we ken that wisnae richt,
Fur Daftie chynged the world at the speed o licht.

See the planet Saturn, see the ring aroon it?
See the planet Saturn, see the ring aroon it?
Showed it wisnae solid, it wis aw wee bits,
He showed it wisnae solid, it wis aw wee bits.

He wis a demon at the physics - gases, waves and heat,
Electricity and magnets pit thegither awfie neat,
He taen the first colour photie the world had ever seen,
(It wis a tartan ribbon, it wis ridd and blue and green).

Daftie's tartan army, Daftie's tartan army, Daftie's tartan army!
Noo hear oor caw!
Daftie's tartan army, Daftie's tartan army!
His name wis James Clerk Maxwell, and he wisnae daft at aw.





IGOR

Susi Briggs

There's an awfy big speeder livin in ma shed
Wi nine muckle een and echt hairy legs,
Twa snashy fangs fer chowin up fleas
And echt hairy pooks on his echt hairy knees.

Bein kinda feart, I tried no tae show it
But the grass wis gettin lang and I needed tae mow it.
So I chappit oan the shed door and cried oot "Hallooo-aa –
I'm comin in Igor cos I'm needin the mower!"

Igor shooted back, "Aye nae bother hen, dinna fear me –
I'm jist hingin oan ma web wrappin up ma tea."
Sae noo I dinna fash masel aboot Igor in my shed
Wi his twa snashy fangs and echt hairy legs.

I'm no feart o beasties syn I gie them a name,
I gie them a voice tae talk wi, it's a fabby wee game.
Aw beasties like tae hae a richt guid blether –
They sit and gab aboot gairdenin and the weather.

Igor and me are freens and eyways will be,
He jist minds his ain business catchin fleas fer his tea.
I've beastie freens aw ower in the gairden an the shed
Whaur bides Igor the speeder, Mary the slater and an eariwig I caw Fred.



DANCIN DAFT

Les Wheeler

I'm a boogie-woogie, hufflin-shufflin, wiggle-waggle woo
An a prancin-dancin, hippy-hoppy, diddle-daddle doo!
Fan the first wee caveman hit a steen an made a clinky din
My feet got affa yokey an my heid begun tae spin.

It wis tippy-tappy, fitsie-footsie, parradiddle prum
My airms an legs wir yarkin like sticks upon a drum
An since the time o cavemen I've bin duncin ilka day,
Aul-fashioned waltz or polka, a hornpipe or strathspey:

Macarena, Cha Cha an Mississippi dip
Rumba, samba, echtsome reel - that'll keep ye fit!
Re-bop, be-bop, a funky French can-can –
As lang as there is rhythm that'll keep me gyan.

It disna mak nae difference, be it techno, jive or soul,
Hoose, hip-hop garage or gweed aul rock an roll.
The music is fit maitters - jist ony kine at aa
Fanivver it gets stertit I'm aff an I'm awa.

I'm a boogie-woogie, hufflin-shufflin, wiggle-waggle woo
I'll be aff an prancin-dancin, sae cheerio for noo . . .
Yeah!!



Scots
hoose

Ten wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Ten wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie should get caught by his maw
There'll be nine wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Nine wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Nine wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie got stuck cause he wis smaw
There'll be eicht wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Eicht wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Eicht wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie got tobered by a baw
There'll be seeven wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Seeven wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Seeven wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie should split his breeks in twa
There'll be sax wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Sax wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Sax wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie's troosers burst and aw
There'll be five wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Five wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Five wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie should flit tae Kelvindhaw
There'll be fower wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Fower wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Fower wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie should faw and brek his jaw
There'll be three wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Three wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Three wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie wis greetin for his maw
There'll be twa wee laddies dreepin aff a waw

Twa wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
Twa wee laddies dreepin aff a waw
And if wan wee laddie couldnae dreep at aw
There'll be wan wee laddie dreepin aff a waw

Wan wee laddie dreepin aff a waw
Wan wee laddie dreepin aff a waw
And if that wee laddie should up and shoot the craw
There'll be nae wee laddies dreepin aff the waw

TEN WEE LADDIES

Matthew Fitt



Scots
hoose

The Weedgie Wasp is gallus,
It's jist a totie thing,
But if it cannae thole ye,
It packs a muckle sting.

The Bampot Bat's a brammer,
By day it hings in shade,
At nicht it's at the wind ferm,
Haein a hurlie on a blade.

The Hoochter-Teuchter Hoolets,
Like tae wear the kilt and sporran,
Fur eichtsme reels that stert at nine,
And still be gaun the morn.

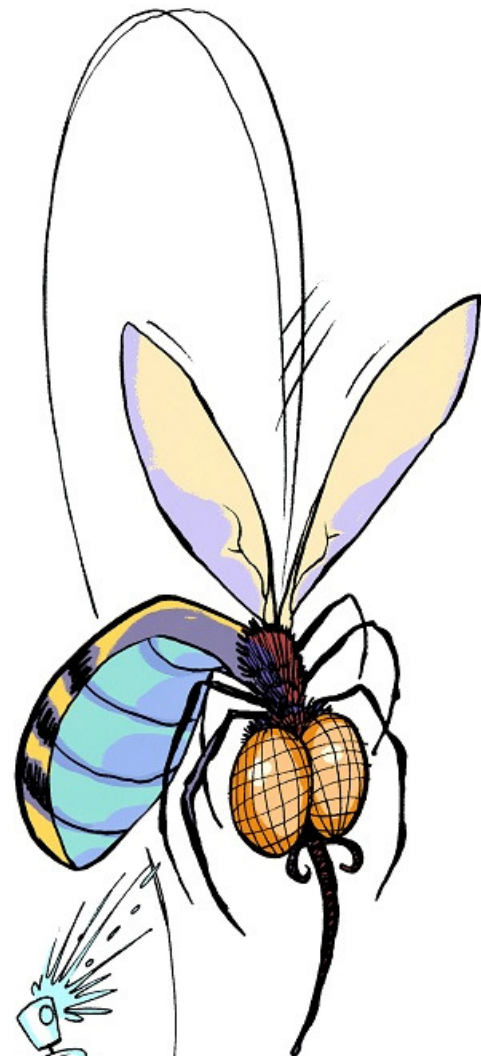
Ye micht no like the wee Mad Midge,
But ye cannae doot its speed,
It flees that fast, afore ye ken,
It's nippin at yir heid.

The Drookit Doo's a daft yin,
And no that guid at singin.
It stauns up on the auld belltooer
In rain, its feathers wringin.

Sam the Stuckie has a freen,
Whase name is Shug the Spug,
They hae their bath in a big ridd bowl,
Aye scunnerin the dug.

FYKIE FLEEN THINGS

Gregor Steele

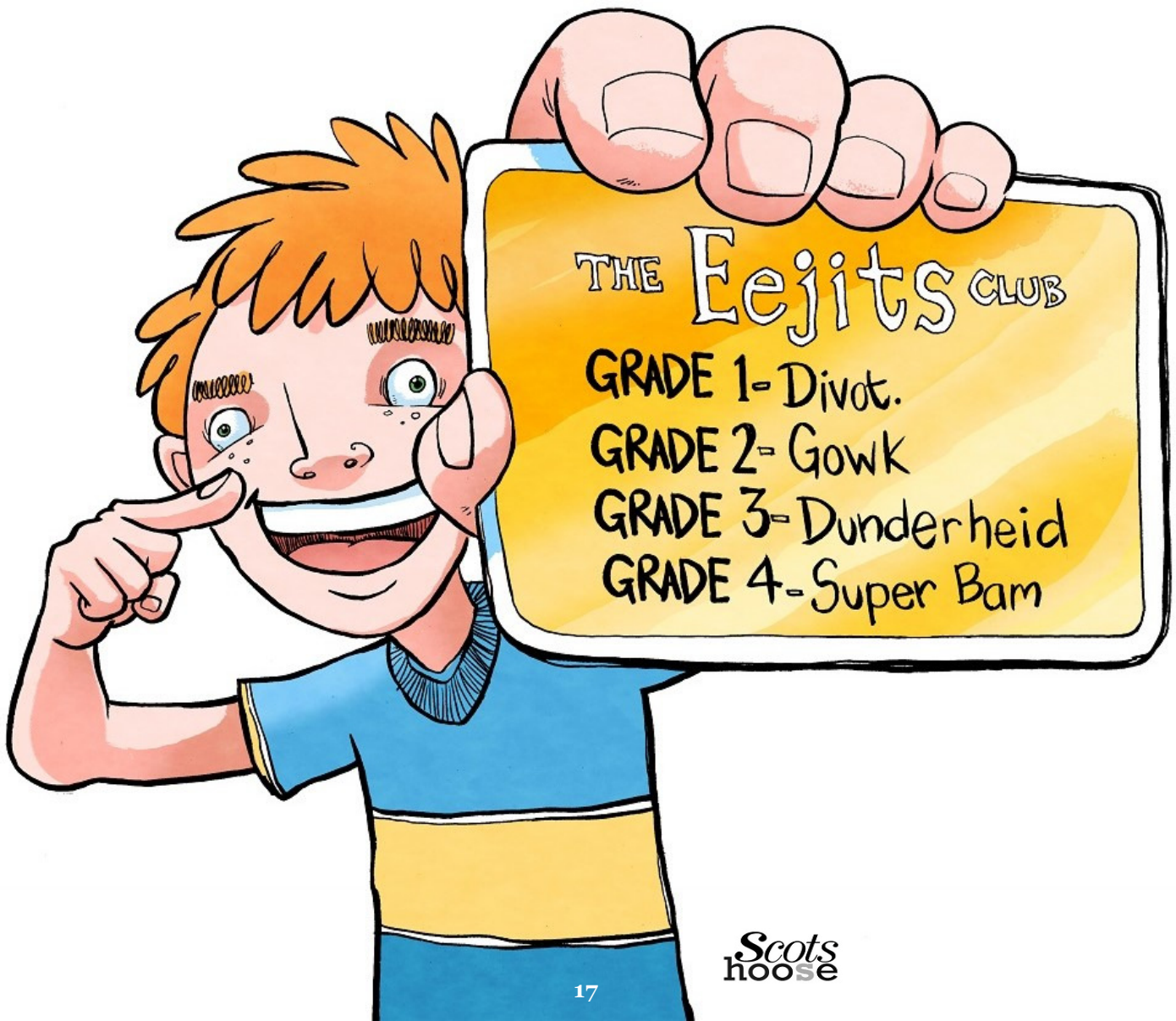


THE EEJITS CLUB

Gregor Steele

Sae ye want tae jine the Eejits Club?
Weel shaw us yir CV –
Ye dae doughnuts in yer motor
At the retail park Grand Prix,
Fae the first tae tenth November,
Ye set fireworks aff at nicht,
Ye share things ye see on Facebook,
Withoot checkin if they're richt.

Ye willnae hae a vaccine,
It's aw "GPS and DNA",
Ye think climate change is havers,
Cause it snawed wan year in May,
Weelcome tae the Eejits Club!
Ah say withoot a qualm,
Though ye'll stert at Grade Three Dunderheid,
Ye'll soon mak Super Bam.



NAE PETS ALLOWED

Thomas Clark

I'm no allowed tae hae a dug,
(Ma Maw thinks they've got fleas.)
A sparra or a braw wee sprug,
(They'd mak ma Granda sneeze.)

I'm no allowed a bonnie doo,
A deuk or crocodile,
An octopus or Hielan coo,
(Ma Da wid run a mile.)

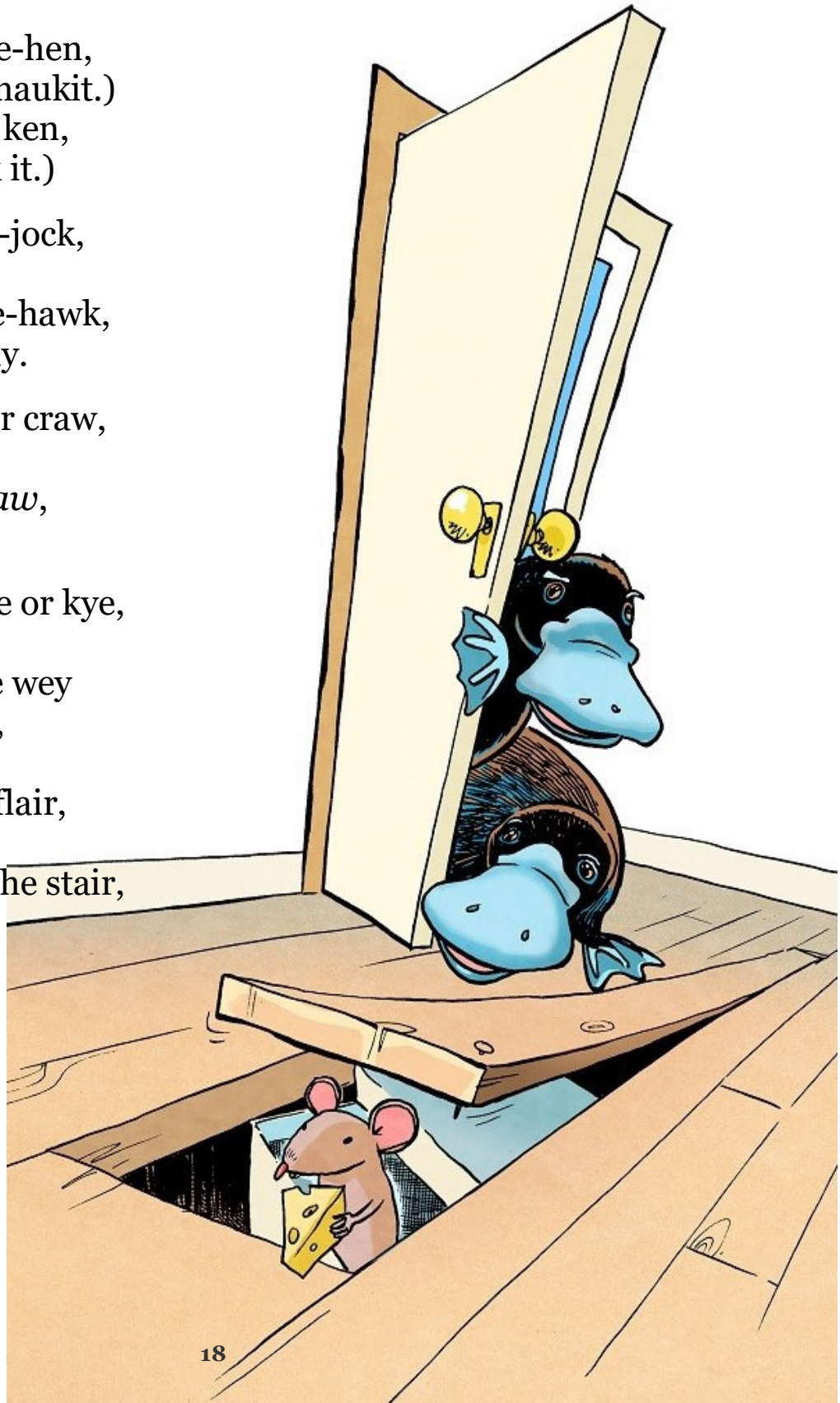
I'm no allowed a chookie-hen,
(Their cleuks get *awfy* maukit.)
I'm no allowed a tod, ye ken,
(I'd need a lead tae walk it.)

I'm no allowed a bubbly-jock,
A baudrons or a lambie,
I'm no allowed a swallae-hawk,
In case it stairts a rammy.

I'm no allowed a gowk or craw,
A midgie or a cuddy,
I'm no allowed a pet *at aw*,
Jist gang ask *onybody*,

And if I want some geese or kye,
A beastie, big or wee,
I need tae hide it oot the wey
Whaur naebody can see,

Sae in a box aneath the flair,
I've got a clatty moose,
And in the press, ahint the stair,
A HERD O PLATYPUS.





THE JANNIE AND THE SLIDE

Gregor Steele

The biggest slide Ah've ever seen,
Wis made by three wee lassies,
It ran fae by the canteen door,
Doon tae the techie classes.

We aw taen shots til the Heidie came,
She telt us tae caw cannie,
“A child may break an arm or leg!”
She went aff tae get the jannie.

The jannie came wi a bag o saut,
But pit it tae wan side,
Hauf closed his een, then taen a run,
And cooried doon tae slide.

Hauf wey doon he taen a lowp,
Then birlid richt roon twice,
Airms oot-streetched and on wan leg,
He landit backwards on the ice.

He gied a bow and we aw clapped,
And some cried oot his name,
Syne he walked awa wi his bag o saut,
And we slid til time fur hame.





FRICHT

Matthew Fitt

Mrs Licht
Got a fricht
In the middle o the nicht.
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!”

He sees ye skippin gairdens,
he kens ye'r skiyvin skweel.
He's filmed ye on his phone
aetin gulsh afore a meal...

He's caught ye buddin windaes,
chappin doors for chickenelly.
He kens fit ye've been Googlin
and been waatchin on the telly...

THE CLYPE

Shane Strachan

Onytime ye'r being glaikit,
or actin like a gype,
at some piynt ye'll be clyped on
by that little wee... clype!



Scots
hoose



UP MA JOUK

Gregor Steele

(tae the tune o *My Favourite Things* fae *The Sound of Music*)

Auld season tickets and new basebaw gutties,
White chocolate buttons and warm sausage butties,
A wee jaggie nettle that gied me a plook,
These are the things that Ah keep up ma jouk.

Green jelly babies, a postcaird fae Nairn,
A haiku, a toy coo Ah've had since a bairn,
Ma gran's dug-eared copy o a Roald Dahl book,
These are the things that Ah keep up ma jouk.

Smairt wireless heidphones that didnae cost muckle,
A Mickey Moose watch wi a braw siller buckle,
Twa cans o ginger ma wee brither shook,
These are the things that Ah keep up ma jouk.

When the dug bites,
When the bee stings,
When Ah'm feelin sair,
Ah bring oot the things that Ah keep up ma jouk,
And Ah dinnae greet ony mair.



Scots
hoo^{se}

LIFE'S LITTLE UPS AND DOONS

Les Wheeler

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 fleer.

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.

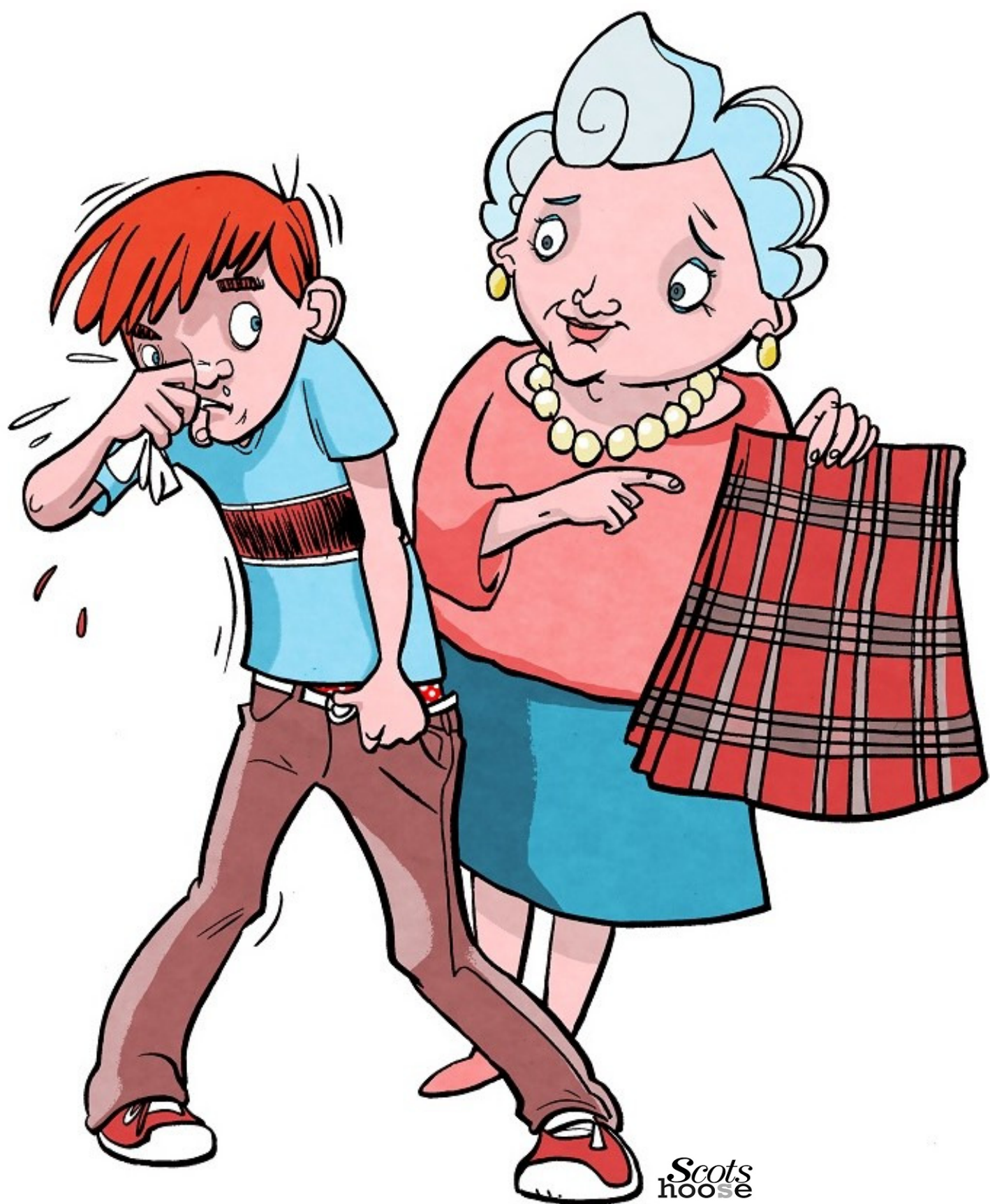
It wis better, they thocht, tae bide oot o the kirk,
An at skweel he wis gettin 'behind' in his wirk!
His Mither socht help fae the doctor aa richt
But he cwid dae nithin, jist try as he micht.

They syne tried a teacher, the Heidie, the Jannie,
They even brocht in a psychiatrist mannie.
He hrumphed 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!



MRS NAE OFFENCE

Gregor Steele

2021

Are we still cryin her Mrs Nae Offence?
Dae ye really need tae ask?
“Nae offence yir face looks better
When ye wear yir virus mask.”

“Nae offence but see twa metres,
Please dae whit the polis tell ye,
And staun a bit doonwind o us
Sae I dinnae hae tae smell ye!”

“Nae offence but see yir cookin?
Yir mince Ah couldnae thole
Sae Ah dinnae really blame ye
Buyin up aw that shunkie roll.”

It wis wance mair up tae Grannie
Tae stap this dug’s abuse
Gran skelped her wi her broolly, sayin
“Nae offence, stey in yir hoose!”





Scots
hoose