

Wheesht! by Susi Briggs

Shug the dug loved tae sing -

Aaaaroo-roo-roo!

Loved tae sing mair than onythin -

Aaaaroo-roo-roo!

He wid sing in the cludgie,

He wid sing oan the stairs,

He'd sing tae the budgie,

He'd sing onywhere -

Aaaaroo-roo-roo!

He'd sing when he wis cantie

He'd sing when he wis sad.

His faimly loved him even when he wis bad.

Yin nicht when the moon wis bricht and fu,

Shug sung oot his loodest

Aaaaroo-roo-roo-roo-roo!

He closed his een and hauded up his heid . . .

“Aw Shug!” shouted his faimly. “Can ye no haud yer wheesht?”

His faimly did love him but they couldnae get rest.

So they pit Shug in the gairden thinkin it best.

Mibbes he'll get distracted and play wi his toys,

Mibbes that wid stop Shug fae makin a noise.

Shug had nae idea he was daein their dinger.

Shug thocht he wis a fantoosh singer.

In the gairden Hurcheon wis snafflin at the grun

Lookin for tasty treats like slaters and wurms.

Shug says tae Hurcheon, “I’ve been telt tae haud ma wheesht but I’ve no got yin.”

Hurcheon shrugs his shooders and says, “I’ve only got a snuffler and jaggies oan ma skin.”

Shug looks up and sees Hoolet fleein silently in the air.

“There’s a wice bird,” thocht Shug. “She’ll tell me, I’m shair.”

Shug says tae Hoolet, “I’ve been telt tae haud ma wheesht but I’ve no got yin.”

Hoolet thinks and says, “I’ve only got a Twit-Twoo and bonnie feathers oan ma skin.”

Shug sighs tae hisselt then fins puddock in a puddle.

She had a mouthfu o midgies and wis enjoyin a guddle.

Shug says tae puddock, “I’ve been telt tae haud ma wheesht but I’ve no got yin.”

Puddock gulps and says, “Well, I’ve only got a *ribbet* and shiny green skin.”

Shug smiled and sighed. The moon was fu and bricht.

Shug held up his heid and sang

Arrrrrrrooooooaaoooooaaoooo! intae the nicht.

A bedroom windae flew open in the next door’s hoose

And the auld wifie that steyed there shooted,

“Shug! Will ye SHOOSH!”

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