

CROMARTY COURTHOUSE

LEARNING ZONE

The Scram Scone Chielachie

Original work by Moira Munro with her pupils Gregor, Sophie, Tait, Maisie, Joseph, Jamie, Isobel, Florrie, Finlay, Dean, Angel, Alexander, Aidan and William in 2012

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This class **role-play script** allows younger pupils to get their tongues around some of the Fishertoun and other dialect in use around Cromarty until quite recent times. A full **Fishertoun/dialect dictionary** is available at www.cromarty-courthouse.org.uk for individual creative writing based on this activity. The **recipe for scam scone** can be used as an extension activity as an exercise in estimating quantity (as well as delicious!).

The repetition in the script makes the phrases easier to remember.

Narrator(s): *Boors an' boors ago an auld culyach an' an auld boddach lived in a wee laroach in the Fishertoun in Cromarty. They fancied bakeen a bitty gudlach fer their dinner. Soon they set aboot makeen a scam scone Chielachie.*

Boddach: *Thee shall mak' the shape o' a wee monnie o' a flattie...*

Culyach: *...an' thee shall pit on the currants fer its een and its neb an' its mooth an' its buttons!*

Narrator: *Then the auld culyach and the auld boddach cookit the scam scone Chielachie o' a flattie i' the hot breckans. It smellit sae guid!*

Boddach: *Noo thee fetch oor ashets, wumman!*

Culyach: *An thee fetch thy muckle knife!*

Narrator: *The bodach was about tae cut the scram scone Chielachie in twa when the wee monnie sat up an' jumpit clean off the flattie! An the auld culyach and the boddach said:*

Both B & C: *What? What? Ar thee gaeen byoch?*

SSC: *Aye!*

Narrator: *An' he liltit...*

SSC: *Rin, rin, as fest as thee please, thee cannae ge' me - I'm the scram scone Chielachie!*

Narrator: *An' the scram scone Chielachie ran clean oot o' the laroach an awa' doon past the stroopie.*

Boddach: *Thon's oor dinner!*

Culyack: *Gae byoch, quick!*

Narrator: *Next the scram scone Chielachie met a hungry poyte.*

Poyte: *[Oink] At thee seekeen, wee mannie? Ar thee gaeen byoch?*

Narrator: *...askit the poyte... an' the scram scone Chielachie said:*

SSC: *Aye!*

Narrator: *An' he liltit...*

SSC: *Rin, rin, as fest as thee please, thee cannae ge' me - I'm the scram scone Chielachie!*

Narrator: *On an' on rin the scram scone Chielachie, wi' a boddach, a culyach, an' noo a poyte at his twa heels. Next he met a dun coo.*

Dun Coo: *Stop, fer I am wanteen tae eet thee! Ar' thee gaeen byoch?*

SSC: *Aye!*

Narrator: *An' he liltit...*

SSC: *Rin, rin, as fest as thee please, thee cannae ge' me - I'm the scram scone Chielachie!*

Narrator *On an' on ran the scam scone Chielachie, doon past the stroopie, wi' a boddach, a culyach, a poyte and noo a dun coo at his twa heels. Next he met a sleekit cuddie in a wee pool.*

Cuddie: [opens and shuts mouth like a fish] Ar' thee gaeen byoch?

SSC: Aye!

Narrator: *An' he liltit...*

SSC: Rin, rin, as fest as thee please, thee cannae ge' me - I'm the scam scone Chielachie!

Narrator: *On an' on ran the scam scone Chielachie, doon past the stroopie, wi' a boddach, a culyach, a poyte, a dun coo, an' noo, a cuddie flickeen its tail, at his twa heels, but this time he came tae a burn.*

SSC: Ach, naw. How am I goeen tae gae byoch noo?

Narrator: *A canny tod heard his cry an' oot he came tae see if it was suheen or nuheen.*

Tod: Ar' thee gaeen byoch?

Narrator: *...askit the canny tod.*

SSC: Aye, but thee'll eat me, said the scam scone Chielachie. But so will thon crew an' all... Ach, nuheen for it. Will ye tak' me ootower the burnie?

Tod: Aye, ah will that.

SSC: An' ye willnae et me?

Tod: I willnae. I have ettan a fat auld clocker theday already.

Narrator: *...said the canny Tod, takeen a keek at the flyeen cuddie, the dun coo, the poyte, the culyach an' the boddach i' the distance.*

Tod: The burn is wide an' the burn is driech. Thee must try to stay dry, scam scone Chielachie! Hang ontae ma' tail, wee monnie.

Narrator: *An aff swam the tod wi' the scam scone Chielachie haungen ontae' his tail.*

SSC: Ach, ma toes is aa' driech. Can ye no sweem a bitty fester, Tod?

Tod: Aye, weel. Hop on ma back, wee monnie.

Narrator: *An' so the scam scone Chielachie hoppit on his back. Then the wind began tae blaw...*

SSC: Ach, ma legses is aa' driech. Can ye no sweem a bitty fester, ye stupeed tod?

Tod: Aye, weel. Hop on ma heid, wee monnie.

Narrator: *Then the scam scone Chielachie saw that the sleekit cuddie was catcheen them up wi' blazeen speed.*

SSC: Ach, noo ma currant buttons is aa' driech. Can ye no sweem a bitty fester, ye lazy tod?

Tod: Aye weel. Hop on ma neb, ye druntyach wee monnie...

Narrator: *The scam scone Chielachie hoppit on tae the tip o' the neb o' the canny tod. An' the tod tossed the wee monnie intae the sky, wi' a guid sallikataazer frae his buss!*

SSC: Naaaaaaaaw!

ALL: SNAP! CRUNCH! GULP! The canny tod scoffit him doon. An' that was the end o' the scam scone Chielachie, i' the hairy maw o' Mister Tod!

Narrator: *Which jist learns ye, does it no', that if someone is guid enough tae help thee, thee shouldnae gie them ony cheek.*

Vocabulary in alphabetical order

ashets	plates
auld	old
boddach	funny old man
boors	years, time
breckans	ashes
byoch	away
Chielachie demackie)	naughty small boy (a naughty small girl would be a
clocker	old hen
cuddie	small fish
culyach	funny old woman
driech	wet
druntyach	bad-tempered
een	eyes
fancy	cake
fest	fast
flattie	flat stone used for baking, or a plate
gaeen byoch	going away
gudlach	sweet foodstuff like cakes
keek	look
laroch	cottage, wee house
liltit	sang
maw	mouth (of an animal)
monnie	a little man
mooth	mouth

muckle	big
neb	nose
nuheen	nothing
ootower	across (literally out-over)
poyte	pig
rin	run
sallikataazer	thump or blow
scram scone and salt	oatmeal pancake or crumpet made of meal, water
sleekit	smooth
stroopie	well
suheen	something
thee	you
tod	fox