

YULE TEXT 1/4

Whin Christmas wis Christmas

by Iris Sandison for *Shetland Life* (an extract)

On Christmas Eve dey wid be a bizz on da hale day. A bakin o bannocks, boilin a tongue an reestit mutton an a pluckit gös ta swee, ready for da Christmas denner.

Excitement mountin! Guizin in prospect, so you riggit you up in whitever you could fin. If you hed nae faas-faces, dey wid aye be a aald pillowcase at you could cut holls in for een. Roond da neebir hooses we wid go - on fit, of coorse, black-dark but we hed a blinkie. Do you mind da ginger cordial? Hit seemed ta come in tree strents, dependin on hoo muckle water wis been added tae da concentrate - strong, braaly strong an een approachin vindaloo. I preferred da raspberry een or Ferguzade.

Hame afore da big guizers cam. If it wis a fine nicht, you wid maybe hear da hoochs o dem across da voe. An da hoose seemed ta fill wi dem, luggin accordion, fiddle, guitar or whitever, an a truly lightsome nicht wid follow.

Drams wir taen, of coorse but no in tumblers. Da men wid maist laekly hae a half-bottle, poored oot intae a gless laek a timmel, dan passed aroond, refillin whin needed. In general, weemin didna wirk wi drams, idder as maybe ta 'joost weet da mooth.'

bizz	buzz
blinkie	torch
een	eyes
faas-faces	face masks
gös	goose
hoochs	shouts
neebir hooses	neighbouring houses
on fit	on foot
riggit up	dressed up
strents	strengths
swee	singe
timmel	thimble
weet da mooth	take a sip