

## Gie's a Brek!

**The truth is whiles funnier nor fiction juist like this ane – ye'd better believe it.**

In his younger days, Geordie Jooks haed aboot eicht year warkin as Assistant Shipyard Manager. In thae days, there wis nae official tea-brek for the men that warked in the shipyard an on the new ships that wis in the water fittin oot alangside the quay but they aw taen ane juist the same, baith in the forenoon an the efternoon. The managers aw kent this an, tho they cuid quarter ony man catched (dock quarter an oor aff their pey), they maistlins turned a blinn ee an ettill tae bide oot the wey at thae times.

Ae day tho, it wis juist aboot thon time o day when Geordie wis abuird a new ship fittin oot an he gaed tae the heid o the gangwey tae gaun ashore for his ain tea in his ain office. As he stepped on tae the heid o the gangwey, whit did he no see, but a wee apprentice laddie on his wey back abuird the ship wi three billie-cans o reekin het tea in his richt haund an anither twa in his left.

Geordie stepped back frae the heid o the gangwey tae let the laddie abuird sayin, "C'mere son!"

"Ay sir!" said the laddie haudin the three cans ahint his back an no kennin whit tae dae wi the ither twa.

Tho Geordie, like aw the ither managers turnt a blinn ee, in a situation the likes o this when he cam face tae face wi it, he haed tae be seen tae be daein somethin sae that, frae the men's pint o view, the tea-brek wisnae gien ony official staunnin bi the management.

"Whae's tea wad that be son?" speirt Geordie.

The laddie gulped, feared-like, an said, "A'm no awfu shair sir, but A think it micht be Brooke Bond's."

Geordie focht hard tae keep a strecht an angry face athoot laughin as he said, "Weel juist you gaun an tell Maister Bond that if A catch him sendin you ashore agane tae get his tea, A'll hae him quartered afore he can say Typhoo!"