

Nicotine Patches

Ye nicht no believe it but this ane is foondit on a conversation that really taen place. Juist the names haes been chynged.

Geordie Jooks' guid pal Andrae haes a wife cried Teenie. Noo this Teenie is an awfu wumman for talkin. Fae the meinit she gets hersel ower the bed in the mornin, tae about five meinit efter she faws asleep at nicht, it's juist talk, talk, talk aw the time. Andrae aye tries tae keep weel oot the wey as aften an for as lang as he can for there monies the time that a Vickers machine-gun wad be nae match at aw agin Teenie's tung. But there times an aw when he cannae dae ocht about it an haes tae juist bide in the hoose an thole the muckle onding frae the mooth o his better hauf. Barrin thae times that he nicht be eatin oot at the gowf club, denner times wis ane o the times he couldnae jouk.

Ower the years he haed lairnt hou tae switch his lugs aff an, at the same time, his tung haed lairnt hou tae gie juist the richt monosyllabic reply noo an agane sae that Teenie didnae catch on she wis talkin tae hersel. The words in his automatic leet wis maistly, "Ay", "Ay?", "Naw", "Uh huh" an the odd, "Is that richt?" But Andrae haed tae awn that this ploy didnae aye wark an every noo an agane he wad pit his fit in it an get caught oot.

This denner time, Teenie haed been gaun her dinger ever syne they haed sat thirsels doon at the table an wis fairly giein it laldie noo that she haed gotten hersel intae a guid gaun rhythm.

"Ken thon Snawface's Veronica, thon Veronica ane that smokes like a power hoose lum?"

"Ay."

"Weel, ye'll never guess. She's stoppit smokin. Twa month noo an never haed a draw."

"Mm."

"Duin it aw wi thae nicotine patches tae an noo, her sister Sadie says she's gaun tae try an stop an aw. Can ye imagine thon Sadie ane no smokin? Gin thae patches can get the likes o her tae stop an aw, then A doot they maun be naethin short o miraculous. Ye'd hardly credit whit a wee patch on yer airm cuid dae noo-a-days. Are you listenin tae me, Andrae? Ye're no sayin a word thare. Dinnae think A dinnae ken when yer mind's awa somewhaur else. Ye're juist like yer faither. Nae doot ye're wishin ye cuid get patches tae stop fowk talkin an aw. Ay, A ken you, Andrae Broon."

Andrae's auto-pilot chynged ower intae manual.

"Och, ye can get patches oot the chemist shop for that areddies." says he.

"Tae stop fowk talkin?"

"Ay."

“A didnae ken that. Ye mean ye stick a wee patch on yer airm an that helps ye tae stop talkin?”

“Naw, A daurs! Ye hiv tae stick it ower yer bluidy mooth wumman! – **Ooouch!**”