



## *Just for a laugh*



*If it's no ae thing it's anither,  
Like bein annoyed by a sister or brither;  
Or coupin a cup o tea in yer lap,  
Fa'in aff the chair fan haein a nap.*



*Noo the grapes still sma are roasted green,  
Some days the temperature is extreme;  
I canna understand this summer ava,  
It seems tae gie us athing but sna.*



*Preparin for freens that dinna come,  
Gettin a sooty blaw doon frae the lum;  
Growin fruit that the birds keep eatin,  
They nab them a' I feel like greetin.*



*Roasted ae meenit syne soaked tae the skin,  
Whatever I dae I jist canna win;  
This maks we winder is it me or the weather,  
For if it's no the tae thing it's the tither.*

*The weeds keep on growin it maks me seek,  
Havin tae clear the same bit ulky week;  
Aines I canna dae for I'm no able,  
Are tourin as high as the tower o Babel.*

*By Eila Webster*

