

Weel ma dearie, hark at you staunin up in front o aa thon ile bigwigs in the board room syne! Oh Ah see, it's caa'd a presentation is't? Weel Ah wis affa proud o ye ma quine! Aa yon lang-heidit wirds! Noo did they tell ye fit ye hid tae say? Or did ye hiv tae mak yon up yersel? An ye fairly workit magic wi yer computer! Michty, yon fowk must a thocht ye affa clivver, an you a wumman an aa! An yon mannie asket some gie orra questions didn't he?! Bit he wis gey taen wi yer clivver answers, an thankit ye *very much indeed!* Noo, wid he be English? Aye, Ah thocht aat. But he wis very nice!

Noo faa's yon reid-heided dame that gars abody dee her biddin? She's a soor-faced besom isn't she?! An gie bigsy we't. Yer needin tae tell *her* tae mind her ain business! Noo, are *you* that trainee quine's boss? She's nae feart tae spik back, is she? Weel bit it's high time she learnt tae spell! An her wi twa degrees... Ye ken, they've ower mony quines at yer wirk. They'd be better o a man tae tak charge!

And faa's your boss? It's nivver yon yella-heidit quine? Awa! Bit she's jist a young lassie! And dis she tell ye fit ye hae tae dee ulki day? Fit wye did they mak *her* the boss an nae you? You're the een that dis aa the wirk! Did ye nae tell them that? Dae they nae ken aboot aa the clivver things ye telt yon fowk in the board room?! Wid that English mannie nae pit in a wurd fir ye...?

An yon quine jist back fae maternity leave! Mercy me, Ah nivver heard the like in aa ma life! Bit... fit wye can she manage tae wirk an her wi a bairnie? Is that fit wye she gings hame afore you? An you hivin tae bide an work til aa the hoors! That's jist nae richt quine! Yer ower saft fir yer ain gweed!

Weel it's high time ye'd a man and then they'd hae tae let ye ging hame early. Ye'd jist hae tae say yer gaan awa hame tae mak yer man's tea! Ye ken Ah dinna ken fit wye ye hinna a man quine. Ye've let aa the bunnets ging by, witing fir the hats. Bit yer still a bonnie eneuch quine... fin yer hair's nae an affa sicht! Could ye nae pit in a roller or twa, and gie't a wee bit curl? Ye'd affa bonnie curls fin ye were a wee quinie! Fit aboot askin yer hairdresser if she'll gie ye a set? Fit? Yer hairdresser's a man?! Weel it's nae muckle winner yer hair's sic a sicht!

Ye ken, in my day a wumman o your age that wisna mairriet widda been caa'd an aul maid, and she'd a lived wi her mither, or in a garret... nae in a bonnie modren hoosie like yours. Bit oh fit a redd up ye bide in quine! An you sittin readin buiks and drinkin tea gin ye be Lady Muck... an yer hoose a midden! Yon's a disgrace! Noo, could ye nae rise a bittie earlier in the mornin? Ye could dee yer Hooverin, gie the place a wee bit dust, an peel a pucklie tatties afore ye gaed awa tae yer wirk... syne ye widna be in sic a sotter!!

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