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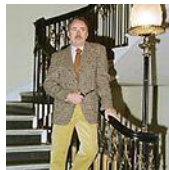
Sgeir  
regular

The Claymore Legacy  
#1067128 - 16:05 06/06/2006

📧 Reply   🗨️ Quote   ⚡ Quick Reply



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...



As the castle doors closed behind me, I was startled to hear a familiar voice, "Aye. Come awa' in there. Ye'll have had yer tea I suppose?"

So it was true. Claysie really was now Lord Claymore. But he looked so distant, as though he had undergone some transformation.

Without warning, a strange faraway look came into Lord Claymore's eyes. He was being transported through time, borne along on a sea of memories. I tried to regain his attention.

"Claysie! Wake up up man, what's the matter?" No response.

I reflected upon the strange chain of events that led him from being the Principal Race Officer of a CCC bash, to acquiring the title of Lord Claymore, as well as the draughty castle and the remaining lands of Clan Claymore.

He was remembered as a happy and contented young man, the life and soul of the Senior Common Room of a leading centre of academic excellence in the North of England. Unfazed by faddish and fanciful modes of fashion he was a memorable figure, even in the so-called Swinging Sixties.



Lord Claymore, 1966

Somehow, I knew I had to break his reverie.

"Pssstt!", I hissed in his ear.

He looked down; "Och, I know, I know, I've done it again. I chust cannot help it all, at all."

*To be continued*

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Ü

Post Extras: 📧 🗨️ ⚡ 📄

📖 Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1067160 - 16:30 06/06/2006

📧 Reply   🗨️ Quote   ⚡ Quick Reply

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Ach I remember well Claysie's coming out ball, it was well attendend ... from Motherwell to Camberwell , all were there,Derbyshire came dressed .. apart from Bakewell which was a bit burnt ..

-----

If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Jimi](#)]

#1067170 - 16:35 06/06/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

"Aye", said Claysie, warming to the happy recollections, "Though I later found out that some people thought she was a bit of a tart".

He suddenly seemed more relaxed. "Come awa' through, I'd like to be showing you my new conservatory and patio. I had it designed by Para Handy hisself ye know."

-----  
U

Post Extras:     Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Sgeir](#)]

#1067175 - 16:38 06/06/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Claysie, suddenly paused, struck by a sudden thought, "dae ye mabe think she looks a wee bit overwashed, if ye tak ma meaning?" He anxiously enquired.

-----  
U

If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Jimi](#)]

#1067189 - 16:47 06/06/2006


 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

His condition was clearly worse than I'd thought. What is God's name was the man gibbering on about. "Overwashed? What, the patio?"

"No, I meant the grey curtains."

The curtains and the furniture fabrics were a tasteful shade of green.

-----  
U

Post Extras:     Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Jimi](#)]

#1067196 - 16:50 06/06/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

His Lordship rose slowly from his pillow and rang for his wrinkled old retainer. "Get the village to send up another Lorne sausage, Para, I'm expecting Wee Jamesie to join us for breakfast. And ask her Ladyship to come in and see me, I believe I may have something under the tartan to interest her."

"Congratulations, my Lord" said Para, as he ricocheted towards the door.

"Damn man's been at my malt again," thought Lord Claymore of Dunstuffin, "but I promised his mother I'd look after him. After all, she was very good to me on my 13th birthday."

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:    Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Twister\\_Ken](#)]

#1067248 - 17:40 06/06/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

He pulled me close, saying, "Come here quickly, I've something to show you."

I recoiled in horror, recalling the Chentleman's Cruise re-enactment of "*Wicker Man - the Deliverance Days*".

"No, no, it's all right", he said. "It's something I read in the Telegraph," waving a yellowed newspaper cutting from March of last year.

"It's started, chust as it says in the Bible."

"Chust listen; *The engagement was announced between Reichsfreiherr Philipp-Franz Von und Zu Guttenberg (whose parents are named as George-Enoch Reichsfreiherr Vond und Zu Guttenberg and Christiane Henkell-Von Ribbentrop, nee Grafin Von und Zu Eltz) and the Hon. Alexandra Louisa Macdonald, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Macdonald.*"

"But if that weren't proof enough, chust lissen to this; *"Reichsfreiherr Philipp-Franz von und zu Guttenberg and his wife, the former Hon Alexandra Louise Macdonald (b. 1973), were presented with a son, Johannes (Joe), born in Austria, 12 January, 2004. Philipp is a son of Reichsfreiherr Georg-Enoch von und zu Guttenberg and Christiane Henkell-von Ribbentrop [nee Grafin von und zu Eltz], of Schloss Guttenberg, Germany, and the Alexandra is the eldest daughter of the 8th Baron Macdonald [Chief of the name and arms of Macdonald], of Kinloch Lodge, Isle of Skye.*"

"It's the da, da, da..... damn it, I've forgotten."

"Dadaist Movement?"

"Naw."

Sgeir  
regular

Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Sgeir  
regular

Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

Twister\_Ken  
regular

Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

Sgeir  
regular

Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

tbcb

Post Extras:    

tcm  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1067508 - 19:04 06/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 11/01/2002  
Posts: 20452

Claymore awoke slowly the next morning. The word "legacy" in the thread puzzled him.

Was it a play on the Madelaine Legacy, with attendant yawn Da Vinci Code undercurrent, lamely hinted at by huge cut/pasted chunk of lightly-irrelevant dull minor-european peerage information?

Or did the "legacy" refer to another recent thrillerish pseudo- classic work of so-called literature?

Timed to coincide with the feature film release of The Bourne Supremacy, starring Matt Damon, comes a new and slightly too-complicated novel in the bestselling tradition of Robert Ludlum's beloved Bourne series - The Claymore Legacy.

Claysie, international assassin of deadly reputé, has retired from the CIA and now a professor at Texas Holdem University. Claysie's life is finally his own--until he becomes the target of - guess what - yes, a deadly assassin.

Barely a half-step ahead of his nemesis and the CIA, who believes he has gone rogue (yet again, even after the last three times when he hadn't) Claysie finds himself a pawn in a larger, far deadlier game.

Through the sharp evening light, Claysie's watched as - to his horror- the deadly Sgeir and accomplice Wecraft stormed the boat, ate lots of canapés and left moments later. Now what?

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
regular

Para's Tale [Re: tcm]  
#1067541 - 19:16 06/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

ACT 1 Scene 2. The Drawing Room, that evening.

The sound of the empty gin bottle hitting the floor slowly brought me to my senses. Gradually I became aware of a strange breathlike sound behind the draught screen.

"Is that an asthmatic rat you have there?" I enquired solicitously.

"Naw, dinnae fret man, Para's in the arras. He looks after my every need and has been a tower of strength to me in all my trials. Said he personally knew the architect that designed the new west wing. Aye, and got it all for a guid price too, so he says."

"Since then, he's kindly fitted a second-hand Aga into the boat for me."

Right, I thought, I'll need to get to the bottom of this. I called him over.

"And chust how long have ye been working for your master, my guid man."

"Fowr months, yer worship. But ah've no always been a servant, mind. Ah used tae be a well-known Glasgow business man, a supplier of people's needs, software, CDs, an' a' 'at, oot the East End.

"Even had a wee jingle on Radio Clyde;

*It disnae marra if ye come fae Barra,  
Or Ayr, or even farra'.  
Get all your CDs fae me,  
See me, Para, wi ra barra."*

"My stall was known as 'Para's in ra Barras'. Great in't it?

"Rhymes, see. I really wantit tae work in mair words like Balmacara and Che Guevara, but that shilpitty wee rhymer Jimi didnae come up wi' ra goods."

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

claymore  
regular

Re: Para's Tale [Re: Sgeir]  
#1068645 - 16:28 07/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

I spend a great deal of my time attempting to understand the minds of young people on a range of academic courses.

Reading this diatribe has made me realise that they are probably really quite alright and that I am perhaps looking too deep. On the other hand I do have some genuine concerns for my good friend Sgeir and the other contributors here.

-----  
Regards  
Claymore  


Post Extras:    

Dougie\_the\_Mate  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1068744 - 17:58 07/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 28/03/2004  
Posts: 135  
Loc: Scotland

While I am enjoying the narrative about Claymore, I must remind you all that no one ever referred to Captain Peter McFarlane as 'Para' 😊😊 To all who know him he is Peter, or Para Handy. 😊😊

One would almost think that Saxons were taking part in this developing tale!!!

-----

Best wishes from Caledonia

Dougie

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

The Claymore Legacy [Re: claymore]  
#1068773 - 18:19 07/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Claymore reflected on what he'd just written above, and thought, "No, these are good and trusted sailors. I was completely wrong. Jimi, Twister\_Ken, TCM and Sgeir are the sanest and most fine people I have ever had the greatest privilege of knowing. And if I ever again suggest otherwise, I must be out of my mind"

"Now, c'mon Para, don't chust hang about there, get some drinks served."

"Aye, right.... Jings, whit's that? A think it's a chap at the door Your Lordship".

"How d'ye know it's a chap?" demanded Claymore.

"Seems tae be wearin' troosers, Your Lordship"

"Trousers, eh? Well, show him in man, show him in."

"Allow me to introduce myself Your Lordship. I am Detective Inspector Hector McLector of the Highland Constabulary. I am here on a most delicate issue."

"And what might that be my good man? We at Claymore Castle have nothing to hide."

"Well, Your Lordship, if I might put it this way, I was wondering whether you have a green fleece in your possession?"

"Green? No, I can't stand the bloody colour. All my fleeces are grey."

"Oh! Right! That's fine Your Lordship, I might as well be on my way then."

Claymore took McLector by the arm. "But stay sir, have a wee dram, and tell us what this is all about."

"You're a verry kind and chenerous man, Your Lordship. It's all a bit difficult to explain, but back at the station it's known as the *Case of the Headless Man*."

Claymore looked relaxed. "A headless man, ye say? Like in an accident at sea, or perhaps a gruesome family quarrel?"

"No. More like a headless man in the Duchess of Argyll sense of that term."

"I see. That was a terrible business you know"

"But there's more. We believe it may be connected to satanic ritual at Ardfern."

The uneasy silence was only broken by Claymore, spluttering in his whisky. "Ardfern you say, we haven't been there for years. Och, and as for satanic rituals, you really shouldn't pay any attention to the silly stories you hear from the locals".

"Aye, but there's proof ye see. A photograph. Chust look what appeared in today's *Oban Times*."

Sure enough, there, under the headline *Strange goings on at Ardfern*, was a blurry photograph.....

tbc

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1068919 - 21:15 07/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

Nooo ... if youse wud jist be a wee bit further south ah might hae a pic o yon trooserless loon ...

Post Extras:    

Jimi  
regular

 Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1068951 - 22:01 07/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

i do'nt ken what he iss, but he's duvellish like a man that would be sellin' onions!

-----

If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535

 Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Jimi]  
#1069062 - 00:22 08/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

The visit of the poliss man had had a deflationary affect upon his Lordship's auroral tumescence. Her Ladyship, sorely disappointed - well, disappointed, anyway - snatched the Oban Times from D.I. McLector with a cry of "Don't tell me the old goat has been at it again. I wondered where my crochet hook had gone."

A shocked silence - TCM had been tinkering with the fuse box - filled the morning room.

Loc: k, stock & barrel.

"Would you care to explain yourself, my Lady?" , asked the kilted sleuth, breaking the silence.

"Who's going to pay to have that mended?" demanded Claymore, "Money dis'nae grow on Scots Pines, you ken."

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Jimi]  
#1069164 - 07:56 08/06/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

"Neffar mind that, Your Lordship. Chust look at this", growled Hector McLector, the once again trousered Chief Inspector, taking the newspaper from Her Ladyship. "It seems that the victim of this terrible terrible assault has disappeared. Here, take a look at the *Times*."

His throat dry, and his chest tight, Claymore looked down;



8 June, 2006

Welcome to The Oban Times - Fancy a Wet Highland Holiday? Do you need information?

Strange goings on at Ardfarn



ASSAULT VICTIM MISSING

Police continue search

"Aye", hissed McLector, "That's the headless man I was after telling you about. The beast!"

Lord Claymore looked stunned. With as much precision as he could muster, he pushed the paper aside and whispered, "And the, err, victim? Disappeared you say?"

"Aye, without a trace, poor man. Seems he was a wee bit of an Internet guru, with extensive business interests in the UK and South Africa. But there have been no postings from him for several days.

"Och weel, I'll not be wanting to be disturbing you any further Your Lordship. You haff been most helpful and kind, so I'll bid ye fareweel. Goodnight to you, Sir!"

-----  
U

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Sgeir]  
#1069214 - 08:58 08/06/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

I was wondering which way this was going....

At present your collective parentages are being questioned by his Lordship.

-----

Regards  
Claymore

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Sgeir]  
#1069264 - 09:43 08/06/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

in a silver grey fog that was not unpleasant, Claymore lay at Craighouse pier and Claysie read a belated evening paper. "Desperate fog at Melfort!" He said to his shipmates: "We're the lucky chaps that are here and oot o' it!" It hasnae lifted in Oban for twa days and any amount o' boats missing between Tobermory and Fort William."

"Tch,Tck! Iss'nt that deplorable." said Para " Efter you with the paper, Claysie. It must be full of accidents. And ah've a strange yearning for a bit of Shadycooo."

-----

If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Jimi]  
#1069963 - 19:00 08/06/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Evening crept across the extensive lawns of Dunstuffin Castle, where the Laird, his staff and guests were preparing for an unquiet night. There were things they knew that Inspector McLector, trained in the the Strathclyde army of occupation and used to the doings of Gorbals Scalpies, could never have guessed.

"Parahandy, bring me ma Purdies, loaded with solid slugs. And a skean dhu for yourself".

"Aye ma Lord." Parahandy shuffled off towards the gun room, detouring via the study, where he sought reassurance from a decanter of Auld Alliance & Leicester Malt. Wee Jamesie had hied off to the billiards room, and returned clutching an ebony cue, the butt end weighted with depleted uranium from Claymore's secret stocks in BNFL. TCM was picking sharp-edged instruments from a rather handsome toolbox he had acquired along the road to the glens.

"I think we'll be safer in the west turret" opined her Ladyship, as the gloaming began lapping at the ancient pile. Lord Claymore gently rubbed on some cream he'd bought from one of the missing man's less salubrious far eastern enterprises.

Outside a keening sussurated through the box hedges of the parterre.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1070649 - 10:51 09/06/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Wid there be ony chance o' a few royalties coming my way, should this ever get published?

-----

Regards  
Claymore

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: claymore]  
#1070656 - 10:59 09/06/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Do Mills & Boon pay royalties?

Donald

-----

<http://www.holidayseil.co.uk/index.html>

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1070660 - 11:08 09/06/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Come on Ken, admit it. You're Sylvie Krin, aren't you?

-----

Itis apis spotanda bigon etoo.

Post Extras:

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Aja  
regular



Reged: 06/11/2001  
Posts: 3069

jhr  
regular



Reged: 26/11/2002  
Posts: 8359  
Loc: al shop for local people

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Jhr]  
#1070668 - 11:17 09/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

Fitztightly hasn't yet made his entrance.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1070787 - 13:20 09/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

As the long shadows crept towards a short summer west highland night, the Pope and his friend Marty Bormann were huddled over the glowing embers of a brassiere in a small lodge close to Dunstuffin's estate. They were trying to toast some marshmallows but they kept falling off the toasting fork and falling in the fire. "Sod this for a game of stormtroopers!" said the Pope as he cracked open anither can of Tennents, "Lets go and poach some salmon."

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheld

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Jimi]  
#1080644 - 17:49 20/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

"Your Lordship, it seems we've a had quite a lot of replies to your invitations."

"Never mind the expense Para man, chust make sure we haff another bottle of sherry in the cupboard", replied Lord Claymore.

U

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Sgeir]  
#1080647 - 17:53 20/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

Para went pale. "I do remeber distinctly advising your Lordship against too-widely advertising the forthcoming celebrations..."

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: tcm]  
#1080652 - 18:03 20/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

Lord Claymore face contorted with rage: "And whit the hell d'ye mean 'too-widely advertising'?"

"I tellt ye to chust put a wee postcard in Mrs Webcraft's post office windae in Balvicar, ye gormless git, ye."

U

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Sgeir]  
#1080765 - 19:40 20/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

"Jings, crivvens, help ma boab" cringed Para, quivering in the arctic cold.

"There's been a dreadful misunderstandin' your Lordship! Mr Webcraft has placed your announcement in his [shop window](#) and it's accessed daily by the search engine of choice of 5 billion computers."

-----

Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas.

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Silkie]  
#1080822 - 20:33 20/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

"More bad news I'm afraid, m'Lord", trembled Para Handy. "There's a Mr Wallace Arnold on the telephone, and he's after wanting to know what reception arrangements have been made for his [charabancs](#), and their drivers and postillions.

U

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy (contd) [Re: Sgeir]  
#1081748 - 17:58 21/06/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

"Ach weel, there's nothing for it, Para my guid man. We'll chust have to concede defeat, but we'll make it difficult for them. Instead of saying we'll meet at the Tigh an Truish at Atlantic Bridge on Seil, at eight o'clock, we'll call it the House of the Tumbling Trousers, by the Clachan Bridge at 20:00 hrs on 29th June. That'll confuse 'em.

"They'll no ken whaur we are, see! Now awa' down and put that new card back intae the post office windae."

His Lordship turned away, and gazed wistfully through his new double glazed Eberspacher conservatory. His two new gazebos

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

tcm  
regular

Reged: 11/01/2002  
Posts: 20452

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Silkie  
regular



Reged: 19/01/2004  
Posts: 1557  
Loc: Scotland

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...



were peacefully grazing in the garden. "Aye, weel, such contentment. but, as we know, round every channel bend lurks a hidden rock."

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

tcm  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy: a visit to the links [Re: Sgeir]  
#1081819 - 19:16 21/06/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 11/01/2002  
Posts: 20452

<http://www.tigh-an-truish.co.uk/index.html>

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
regular

The Claymore Legacy: a formal event [Re: tcm]  
#1117334 - 09:06 28/07/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...



Court & Social

July 28, 2006

Court circular

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

July 27: By command of The Queen, Lord Claymore (Marishel-at-Arms for Blackjack and Sudoku in the County of Argyll) called upon The Princess Royal, this morning in order to wish her safe passage on her forthcoming cruise. Lord Claymore was accompanied by Count von Eberspächer of the IKEA Foundation.

July 27: The Duke of York, Special Representative for International Trade and Investment, today carried out engagements in Tajikistan.

The Duke of York this afternoon attended a Lunch with the Governor of Jimi. The Duke of York afterwards opened Sworde-Teppa English Language Centre, Kurgan-Tube.

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

Twister\_Ken  
regular

 Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1122856 - 19:11 03/08/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

Due to inclement weather associated with a shortfall in the seasonal arrival of centigrades, Lord Claymore, chief of the McFisheries clan, has reluctantly announced that within his baliwick kilt/trews changeover day has been brought forward from the first odd numbered Thursday of September to the beginning of the grouse slaughtering season.

Traditionally, wearing of the kilt has been optional during officially-recognised midedgays (shown by flying a pair of black balls from his Lordship's turret) but to compensate for the shortened kilt season this privilege has been discontinued for this year only. His Lordship's manservant, Fitztightly, has arranged extra supplies of soothing salve for the midge-afflicted, and has offered to apply it personally.

Lord Claymore's press spokesperson, Fiona Bangs-Cox, said that his Lordship, in consultation with his trusted old retainer, Jock Strapp, had concluded that scrotal frostbite was - this year - more likely to be a problem for the clansmen than ballbite. She added that the situation would be reviewed "if it stopped fecking raining for mair than eighteen consecutive minutes."

The Bishop of Bruichladdich has approved the announcement.

-----  
U

If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy: a formal event [Re: Sgeir]  
#1149639 - 01:06 31/08/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

Extract from The Times Court column for July 27

His Lordship, the Muckle Claymore of Claymore, strode over and introduced hissle to the Princess Royal. Hersel, not having met his Grace afore noo, passed him by and offered her hand to his Lordship's manservant Jimi who is a very short person indeed. Her Highness was bent double tae reach him. His Grace wizznae awfy pleased at haeing Her Highness's bum thrust at him and remarked that it looked like a deid heat in a zeppelin contest.

Post Extras:    

claymore  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy: a formal event [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1149683 - 06:36 31/08/2006

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

A confusion descended upon the court and its assembled inhabitants at this apparent sleight upon his goodself, the noble





Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Claymore. Being a man of decent breeding with a fine leg to boot - he said very little and twas well this was so. her Royalship then turned back to the Claymore and spoke thus - Claysie my ageing poltroon - think you not strange that I should appear to prefer this stunted one to your divine self?



You know how fond both I and my rather delectable offspring are of dumb animals - that is all this was - a show of affection for the afflicted.

A slow smile spread over the craggy features of the Claymore - his piercing blue eyes which could light the very heavens, danced as the waters on the azure lochs of his homeland, and taking the delicate hand of her majesty gently within his great paw of a hand he kissed her tenderly on her upturned and willing button of a nose

Regards  
Claymore  
😊

Post Extras: 📎 📎 📎 📎

Twister\_Ken  
regular

📎 Re: The Claymore Legacy: a formal event [Re: claymore]

#1149735 - 08:26 31/08/2006

📎 Reply 📎 Quote 📎 Quick Reply



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

After the vision of pulchritude had departed his Lairdship's commodious and well-appointed great cabin (we shall, delicately, not enquire what might delights may have been partaken, within) Baroness Norma Sgrate-Knowse, Lady-in-Waiting to her delicious majesty, returned to the good ship to enquire whether the royal reading spectacles may have been left there.

"Aye, I ate ra boogers" replied a wee, smirking, red dwarf. True enough, one sidepiece from the blessed glasses was still dangling from his lips. "And I'm saving this bit. S'just ra richt size for getting ra wax oot of ma ears."

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras: 📎 📎 📎 📎

ParaHandy  
regular

The postman arrives ... [Re: Twister\_Ken]

#1171606 - 12:56 19/09/2006

📎 Reply 📎 Quote 📎 Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

There was a loud banging on the door and a servant dressed in the livery of the Argyle & Dagenham girls pipe band appeared bearing a single white envelope on a silver platter. "Which o' youse gits orra hus lordship, the muckle claymore?" His lordship being occupied on his throne, the wee red dwarf snatched the envelope and steamed it open. It was an invitation to the summer ball at Balmoral Castle. Being of a quick wit, the wee dwarf plucked a pencil from ahent his ears and altered the invitation to read "Her Majesty requests the pleasure of His Lordship with the Bummer Balls" and resealed the envelope.

Eventually, his Muckleness reappeared stuffing his grundies back into his breeks, and his piercing blue eyes espied the letter. Picking it up, he carefully fondled the white parchment, feeling the brazen embossing and read the missive. "A guid yin this, no? jist ra job wi' ma tackle."

Over the next little while, his lordship pondered long over what garments he should wear to enhance the attributes which had attracted her majesty. A little prosthetic help and the whole could be stuffed in a cod piece under a pair of lycra tights. Satisfied with his efforts, his lairdship took to his bunk to conserve his energy for the big day.

Post Extras: 📎 📎 📎 📎

Twister\_Ken  
regular

📎 As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: ParaHandy]

#1178696 - 09:49 25/09/2006

📎 Reply 📎 Quote 📎 Quick Reply



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

...and the first snow flurries whipped around the gray gray halls of home, his Lord, Claymore of that ilk, contemplated the arrangements for his 93rd winter in the Highlands.

He'd learned from long experience that only the hardiest of the breed could be expected to survive a winter at Dunstaffin Castle. It was not so much the extremes of temperature (-5 in the Great Hall, with the fires burning, -23 in the turret bedchambers even with an obliging highland lassie by your side and a wolfhound keeping your feet warm). No, it was the endless recounting of tired tales that drove his winter guests madder than a mullah on methadone.

To hear wee Jimi's 93rd repetition of the greatest work of Rabbie Burns, Ode to the Clydesdale Bank, was a real disincentive. As were Parahandy's endless mumblings about Great Fish Wot I Have Caught. And, he hated to admit, his own mythology about members of the Royal Family and their fascination with his gnarled old todger.

No, this year would have to be different, if he we were to attract a smattering of glitteratti to his fastness. The band of the 91st Royal Scots Halbardiers was no longer a big enough draw, strapping and open-minded lads though they may have been.

What, he pondered, could he find in the way of a compelling reason for minor royals and major c-grade celebrities to mince north of the M25? Why, he might even have to crack open the strongroom, and liberate a goat or two.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [Twister\\_Ken](#)]  
#1178832 - 11:50 25/09/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Just as he was sat in quiet contemplation of the impending winter a letter was brought to him by MacInvercockaleekie, the faithful family retainer. Covered in dewdrops from the latters nose, this missive raised the very heart of the great man. He found a summons - not the usual sort, all bills had been paid the previous month due to run of luck on the blackjack tables at the new Oban Supercasino - but a summons to the Blackpool and Fleetwood Yacht club, on a date which could not be disclosed for security reasons, where his hearts delight, the Princess Royal - WeeAnnie as he was fondly wont to call her - would be paying a visit to mark the Centenary of that once great club....  
At once he was of a fluster and sent for MacEcclefecker with a mind to having some smalls laundered in readiness for the event. If only he knew the date.....

-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [claymore](#)]  
#1179130 - 15:16 25/09/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

Scrotum, his Lordship's wrinkled old retainer, coughed discretely, bobbing up and down a little as he did so.

"And will yer Lordship be requiring yer baggy troosers for this event, m'lord? It'd nae do tae greet her Royal Fragrantness with yer nether garments looking like a bell tent in a gale."

Scrotum, as usual, had a tight grip on Lord Claymore's best interests.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [Twister\\_Ken](#)]  
#1179254 - 16:44 25/09/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Whatever ye think Man," growled his lairdship - "Ets bad enough haein tae pay fer claes wioot hevin tae decide which yins tae wear"  
Scrotums rhumy old eyes blinked in a red rimmed sort of fashion and a tear welled in the left one. The right one had not welled a tear since 1907 when it was frozen from the draught coming out of his master's keyhole - Lord Claymore was in his prime then and bedding everything pretty young thing that fell for his "Come and look at me trophy room " routine.

-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [claymore](#)]  
#1181496 - 00:52 27/09/2006

Reply Quote Quick Reply

ParaHandy  
regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

thur was anither loud knocking oan ra door and the wee scrotum scuttled aff tae open it and a man dressed like ra pope swinging a pawn brokers ba wi smoke pouring oot of it made a dramatic entry. "It is I, McHarley, an' ah'm nae named efter yon chromed pie grater but fer ma skills as a seamstrumpeter to orra ra royalty arround here. Ah can fit youse oot wi' ma cassock, bannock and twa hinging dice in a thrice. Jist youse stand still fer a moment while I run my tape oer ye."

His Lordship was overjoyed at the prospect of being fitted out by the only tailor in the glens to have a Royal warrant and, in his mind, he could see himself striding forward to take Wee Annie's hand and her wilting at his touch.

Scrotum and the Red Dwarf were not impressed. The dwarf asked if scrotum smelt anything odd. Scrotum sniffed but found his passages blocked and after picking green bits out of his nostrils and chewing them, Scrotum sniffed again and muttered "yer right, its cannabis in yon brass ball. Whit are we tae do?".

Post Extras:

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [ParaHandy](#)]  
#1181629 - 08:33 27/09/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

"Cannabis, Cannabis" roared his Lairdshup - "whit dae ye mean Cannabis - get him tae yin Sairbones doon ra toon an hae him fix him wi a pu'thru. Yon Macfester es a guid man at ra doctorin trade - he'll hae him pishin again in nae time." (it should be pointed out at this juncture that the Laird had been on the tincture since breakfast and had got himself just about shitfaced on a fine Amontillado which appeared to be having a detrimental effect on his hearing.

-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)



Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [claymore](#)]  
#1181638 - 08:40 27/09/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

Make mine a schooner of Bristol Cream.

Oh, sorry, forgot that Claymore doesn't do rhyming slang.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [Twister\\_Ken](#)]  
#1181657 - 09:03 27/09/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

He does too - Bristol City.

-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)



Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [claymore](#)]  
#1181732 - 10:03 27/09/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

"Its fer ma back" whimpered McHarley "ah huv tae bend doon wi ma tape sae often that its gi'ing me ra gip" and, with that, McHarley inserted his tape between the Laird's withers. After a while, the tape returned. "Mon, youse a grand pair and no mistake". Whipping the dwarf's toupee aff his heid and the belt frae Scrotum's breeks, McHarley fitted a fine sporran tae his Lordship's waist.

Scrotum shuffled forward grabbing the Dwarf by the neck so the Laird could see his reflection in the Dwarf's heid. "Jings, the lassies will swoon when they see this"

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [Twister\\_Ken](#)]  
#1207832 - 01:12 20/10/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

The athsmatic presence wheezed its way into His Lordship's chamber.

"You rang, My Lord?", Para Handy enquired felicitously.

"Ach man, ye've done it again. Ye've forgotten tae remind me about wee Jamesie's birthday. The pair wee sowl will be sobbin', and greetin', and girnin' again. It's embarrassing, man. I'm fair affronted!

"Better send him a card. Otherwise we'll neffer hear the end o't."

"Too late furra caird, yer Majesticful. Wud ye no' be better sendin' him a webcam over yon Skype thing that ye'r ay bummin' oan about?"

"Man, Para, ye'r a genius. Bring the webcam ower here. I've got something to show him" .....

-----  
U

Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [Sgeir](#)]  
#1207874 - 07:06 20/10/2006

[Reply](#) [Quote](#) [Quick Reply](#)

And so - wi Parahandy holdin his lairdships pyjama bottoms up with the one hand and holding the camera steady with the other - the deed was done.  
"Will I say phone up to say Happy Birthday tae ma wee nephew Jamesie or just send him the picture?" wondered his lairdship aloud.....



-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)



Post Extras:

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: [claymore](#)]

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

ParaHandy  
regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Khyber

regular

#1208099 - 11:03 20/10/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Reged: 13/07/2004  
 Posts: 1499  
 Loc: New Forest, Great Britain

And so his Lairdship departed :  
 'I am just going outside and may be some time.'



-----  
 Khyber

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
 regular

Re: As the autumn equinox fades into memory... [Re: Sgeir]

#1210851 - 10:38 23/10/2006

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Reged: 18/11/2001  
 Posts: 3519

His Lairdship's dutiful servant harrumphed "a card hus been sent tae wee jamesie yer Lairdship - ah gave it tae ra postie, onyways."

"right, well done ma faithful servant. whit wus ra card like? Wus it tasteful an' nice, ken?"

"Oh yes, yer lairdship. It was verra appropriate - both cheeks actually. But ahm thinking that ra wee jamesie micht assume ye've goat ra lurgy looking at yon picture. it looks tae me youse aboot tae dunk yer heid intae ra steaming vick bowl."

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
 regular

Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: ParaHandy]

#1434175 - 13:18 30/04/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Reged: 22/11/2004  
 Posts: 4806  
 Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Para Handy, ever the trusty servant, finished his agenda of estate business with, "Oh, and by the way yer Worshipful an' 'at, there was a message fae Mr Tome, the local electrician. He says he's finished the hale clamjamfery, and he's also fitted the extension line in yer bilges. Says you dinnae need to be using your mobile in there again."

"Thanks a bundle", thought Lord Claymore. "Now a'body kens...."

-----  
 U

Post Extras:    

claymore  
 regular

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: Sgeir]

#1434663 - 19:21 30/04/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Reged: 18/06/2001  
 Posts: 7098  
 Loc: h Melfort

His Lairdship sat sadly shaking his noble head. He'd known the day the paparazzi would have been shot for traitors at such a betrayal of confidences. He made his way in a slow, deliberate, determined fashion to the family chapel in the East Wing of Claymore Towers, and prayed as hard as he knew how for another cloudburst over Stirling....

-----  
 Regards  
 Claymore



Post Extras:    

claymore  
 regular

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: Sgeir]

#1454653 - 00:17 19/05/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Reged: 18/06/2001  
 Posts: 7098  
 Loc: h Melfort

His lordship had settled for the evening, a substantial brandy in his regimental cut glass, settling the gastric juices tormented by the recently consumed venison.

Lounging in the old red leather Chesterfield - which could tell a few tales, considering his options - whether to take a peep at his penny black or whether to retire to his battleroom and settle the Butcher Cumberland once and for all - the telephonic communication piece began to ring.

"Claymore speaking" was barked into the earpiece as his Lordship attempted to quell the infernal vibrations and dim the myriad of flashing lights.

A stream of invective issued forth from somewhere - unintelligible but Scots unintelligible which helped his Lordship sort out the telligible and arrive at the correct conclusion that Wee Jamesie of the misty glen, who according to medical reports had thankfully stopped the strange boyhood practices for which he had had so much treatment, was attempting to speak with his Lordship. Wee Jamesie was the improbable result of a drunken tussle between Para, the ancient retainer and Effie McGlumper, a spinster of the parish with a roving eye and an inability to resist the advances of any man with a runny nose - making her one of the busiest grass flatteners throughout the winter months. The burns unit of Oban general had tended to her nether regions on a number of occasions in the days when the winters were harsh and the land snow covered.

At that point a particularly virulent bout of indigestion rendered the noble Lord unintelligible, leaving the caller to don a puzzled frown and wonder if he had caused offence. Deciding that his best defence was the gallon of waggledance he had consumed, the funds for which he had wrestled from the septic-knuckled representative of the Child Support Agency, wee Jamesie took a firm grip of himself which did wonders in terms of disguising his voice as it reached into the upper octaves available to the male of the species. Adrian Penrice - the CSA man - wished, not for the first time that he had not been so indiscrete with the Soda Syphon at the office millennium party and was still comfortably ensconced in Brightlingsea rather than in the wildest depths of Caledonia.

The noble lord, by this time had gone in search of the Gavison and quite forgot the telephone which he had placed on the glass top of the drawing room coffee table, where it lay for some time with an unintelligible scots castralto voice emanating from it....

-----  
 Regards  
 Claymore



Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
 regular

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: claymore]

#1469161 - 11:32 02/06/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

There was an audible sigh of relief at Team Claymore HQ when the news came through.



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

For over a week, a hand-picked team of weather and cruising experts had been assiduously assessing weather and tide conditions, and, errmm, not forwarding them to Lord Claymore, master and commander of the sailing vessel *Claymore*.

The announcement was made by Mr LJ Sadler. Tears ran down his cheek as he read from the ticker tape. "It's from Mr Tome, and his sideband radio. It seems that His Lordship cleared Coryvrekan at ten past one, yesterday afternoon".

Para Handy inexplicably jumped up, punching the air in a gesture of triumph. "See! Ah telt youse he wuz innocent!"

U

Post Extras:

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: Sgeir]  
#1513189 - 13:50 12/07/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

His Lordship moved to the bow of his fine vessel, sniffing the air like a springer spaniel in heat and absent minded pawing the electric anchor button. "Wull, ahm noo a grandfaither and here's me in ra cory and ah should be at ma wee gurl's side during ra confinement" With that he stamped his bauchles doon in exashperashun and turned to his faithful manservant shouting "full steam ahead, wee jamsie, we've nae a moment tae loose". But fate took a hand or rather his foot as the anchor button got firmly pressed. With a rumble and a clatter his anchor was off and away in a trice. The boat came to a shuddering stop for a moment and then was propelled forward at a great velocity as the anchor bit into the side of a passing relative of the loch ness monster which ParaHandy had already hooked and headed out past cuan at an incredible speed. "Pass me the knife and i'll saw through the bitter end" shouted the auld goat. Wee Jamesie who'd done a stint as a circus knife thrower threw the knife with deadly accuracy and pinned the auld goats sporrان through his legs into the mast. "That could hae been ma knackers, ye wee scaldie, and look .. orra ma sillers spilled oot". Despite his discomfort and the likely loss of the Laird's manhood he unzipped his plaid, stepped out of his grundies, and sliced through the rope. Gasping for breath after his exertions, the Laird contemplated his position.

Post Extras:

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1513222 - 14:24 12/07/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Aja  
regular



Reged: 06/11/2001  
Posts: 3069

...just at that moment a thud, thud, thud, thud, sound was heard from around the next point and Lord Claymore stood still. His good ear cocked to the noise as it came in on the new breeze.

The noise was familiar, heard by many thousands of travellers through out the last fifty years and weel kent on the turbulent west coast.....

Sure enough as the noise grew louder the bow of the fine paddler *The Waverley* on its annual excursion from Oban - appeared round the point as the faint noise of the fiddle and accordian band wafted across to where Lord Claymore stood on the foredeck where his grundies still lay....

http://www.holidayseil.co.uk/index.html

Post Extras:

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: Aja]  
#1513233 - 14:34 12/07/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

"If I wass a man wi' a pickle money by me there's no' a hobby I would sooner have than sailin' a bit yat for my own amusement," said Claysie, as the Claymore came puffing out of Rothesay Bay through the fleet of the C.C.C  
"Sailin' yats for yoursel' iss no' an amusement; it's wan o' them contagious diseases," said Para Handy. "You're better to get bye wi't when you're young, and spend the rest o' your days in the bosom o' your family listening to the mustress playin' the pianolio."  
"It's a great sport," insisted Claysie, looking with envy at a young fellow out on the bobstay of a plunging little cutter trying to clear a ton or so of deep-sea vegetation from the flukes of her anchor.  
"Chust that! And so's keeping white rabbits; but for a man that's up in years a yat o' his own's a terrible affliction. It's the ruination o' many a happy home. A chentleman that hass it iss not much use to his wife and family; he's away on the heavin' billow every Saturday efternoon, oot o' range o' mobile phane. It's better than bein' a chenuine sailor on the Solent, for a solent sailor will always be on his phane tae hame. A chentleman that hass a yat o' his own never talks tae his wife and family, except oan Mondays.

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: Aja]  
#1513452 - 18:14 12/07/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

... covering his naked tackle wi' his haund, the Laird gesticulated tae the hundreds orra trippers frae rothesay who stared in amazement at the scene afore them a'. The capt orra Waverley was screaming at the top of his voice as his boat slowly tipped over with the weight orra passengers oan yin side. Wee Jamesie hurried forward tae save the day wi' a tea towel tae cover his Lordship's knackers efter gieing them a quick wash and dry.

Post Extras:

claymore  
regular

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: Jimi]  
#1513783 - 21:56 12/07/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

"D'ye no Ken, Jamesie ma wee skinnymalink" intoned his noble lairdship into Jamesies eager ear "Thus is why ah took ra contract wi Orange - fer a stairt there'll be nae scurryy wi a' yin Vitamin Sea and secondly - there's niver a feckin signal fae onwhaurs North er Wesht O Cumbernauld sae ra wee mustress cannae contact me and ah'm similarly disabled fae contactin hersel"  
Changing the subject, his lairdship put a bony claw tae his wee companion's shoulder an staightening his worn and weary vertebraes tae their fu' height he said "Come near ma knackers again wi yin o' they knifie throwing capers an by Goad ra world wull hear a' aboot yersel an yon rechabite preacher wha took a shine tae yer wee airse back in Kulbride that time....."  
Nae mair, jamesie.....nae mair"



-----  
 Regards  
 Claymore  
 ☺

Post Extras:    

 Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: [claymore](#)]  
 #1514057 - 08:44 13/07/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 19/12/2001  
 Posts: 15407  
 Loc: omotion

meanwhile over on the PS Waverley, Fiana Fullerton was staring aghast at the scene unfolding on Claymore's foredeck through the specially purchased stabilised binoculars she had specifically bought for viewing her quarry. She had for many years been stalking Lord Claymore in an attempt to gain a DNA sample. She whipped her Samsung camera phone out her dainty cutch purse aimed it through the bins and took a photo. Her brain then engaged .. my DNA sample is in danger .. I'd better call for help .. sweat beaded her smooth maidenly brow and a trickle of glowing perspiration oozed between her firm breasts as she evaluated the situation .. 999 was dialled, "Dang it! No signal!" She grimaced .. if the contortion of suck pretty features could ever be called a grimace and reached into her black thighlength boot for a parachute flare.

-----  
 If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    

Re: Lord Claymore has a new phone fitted [Re: [Jimi](#)]  
 #1514185 - 10:33 13/07/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

ParaHandy  
 regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
 Posts: 3519

.. on the foredeck, the flash of of Fiona's white thigh as she retrieved the flare from her garter was clearly visible and the tea towel was now insufficient to cover the laird's rising excitement so the laird's spinnaker was hoisted to cover his indignity. To their horror, the laird had become entangled in the guy ropes and was carried aloft. Judging from the look of Fiona, it wasn't the Laird's leg that had become entangled. The wind dropped and his lordship splashed into the water only to be rogered by a passing whale. The Laird was hauled aboard with the help of the Oban lifeboat who had seen Fiona's flare. The Laird was exhausted from his adventures and sorely missing the tenner he'd passed on to the coxswain of the lifeboat, then, his mobile rang. It was Dear Heart. Had he yet thought of a name for his granddaughter? Could his day get any worse?

Post Extras:    

Cherished memories of Lord Claymore's OU tie [Re: [ParaHandy](#)]  
 #1514230 - 11:05 13/07/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Sgeir  
 regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
 Posts: 4806  
 Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Could his day get any worse? Probably not.

But for Fiona, this brief encounter brought back a flood of warm memories, from the day she first saw Claymore in his televisual capacity as the Sudoku Foundation lecturer in Craps and Shuff Ha'penny at the Open University.

Those far off days, that tie....



Ü

Post Extras:    

Re: Cherished memories of Lord Claymore's OU tie [Re: [Sgeir](#)]  
 #1514505 - 14:12 13/07/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

claymore  
 regular




Reged: 18/06/2001  
 Posts: 7098  
 Loc: h Melfort

Lying on the foredeck, his willie badly burned from the recent entanglement with the spinnaker sheets the noble laird thought to himself "Things just could not get any worse today" Going below to hollow out a large cucumber for he had once been taught by Gurkha that they make a fine poultice his lairdship thought it time to make a log entry. The fuller realisation that things could and probably would get worse dawned upon him as his sharpened Romney 2b navigation pencil scrawled out the ominous words..."Friday 13th July....."

-----  
 Regards  
 Claymore  
 ☺

Post Extras:    

 Re: Cherished memories of Lord Claymore's OU tie [Re: [claymore](#)]  
 #1514527 - 14:30 13/07/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Jimi  
 regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
 Posts: 15407  
 Loc: omotion

Meanwhile over on the PS Waverley Fiona was beside herself with anguished concern as she watched the man she had worshipped from afar for so long crawl below in mortal agony. Her mind raced as her heart thrashed in time with the Waaverleys massive paddles. What could she do to help hero , no doubt he was lying below at this moment bravely trying to apply a poultice or such like to the remnants of his willie .. what could she do .. she could restrain herself no longer , running up to the bridge she pushed the driver out the way took the wheel rang for full steam ahead and headed straight towards Claymore which by this time was displaying two balls aloft ..

-----  
 If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1545537 - 16:01 14/08/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

His Lairdship, the right honourable Claymore of Claymore, Lord of the Aisles, Defender of the Faith, President of the Gracie Fields Fan Club (Highland Division), Colonel in Chief of the 91st Pike and Musket Regiment, Procurator Fiscal at the Court of St Haggis and Keeper of Princess Anne's Garter wishes it to be known that:

In relation to the alleged incident of a severe mauling of the stern quarters of a 45 foot Binliner in the sea lock of the Crinan Canal, the eponymously-named yacht variously described as grey or green in colour was not involved, or if it was then he was not aboard, or if he was then he was not at the controls. His Grace is not available for comment, being in conference with Miss Norma Stitz, but speaking on his behalf his wrinkled auld retainer, one Mr Parahandy (who is believed to be no longer in his employ) said "Jings mon, tharra auld tub has nae gorra han'brek orra foo'brek. Hoo's a soul expected to stop ra bleeder, then, eh?"

Any questions regarding this statement should be directed to Messrs Toecap and Spleen, Insurance Adjusters, c/o The Warden, Barlinnie Gaol.

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If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1547137 - 19:13 15/08/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Furthermore, The Laird would also like to add that the aforementioned PHandy's attempts at ingratiation through the supply of software which mysteriously will not now open have been recognised by the good burghers of Whitehaven as a cheap ploy tae get hisself aff ra hook - a thing that the fishes of the oceans of the world seldom need to worry about as Phandy is the worlds worst fisherman ever born - and the Good Burghers are wondering when the Auld Scroat is actually going to turn up at the White Haven with a bit of Y10 and do the decent thing and remove the black stinkieboatrubbingstrake smear that currently adorns the otherwise unblemished hull of the Good Ship Claymore. He would close this missive by adding that blaming the attractive wee floozie who was working the sluices is a bit of a liberty and a cheapshot and his lairdship - being a man of honour and feeling that the honour of the sluicefloozie has been besmirched - challenges the aforementioned lowlife - PHandy - to a duet.

-----  
Regards  
Claymore

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: claymore]  
#1547620 - 09:05 16/08/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

"Ship aboard ma lugger", quoth parahandy, "and ra wee timorous beasties of ra deip will fling tha'selves on ma hook, and we shall eat like sassenach lairds all ra way tae ra land of Sarko."

Nary a fishy did the old goat catch, in two hundred miles of briny passage. I did, though, witness an epic struggle with several strands of bladder wrack, which had him puffin' and pantin' like a pensioner after a strenuous session of the hokey cokey. The great fisherman; pah!

By para's special request, Chris E is not to read this message.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1560107 - 14:40 28/08/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Lord Claymore looked puzzled. "I've been looking through the estate accounts. I didn't realise that you had to employ so many of these temporary gardening sub-contractors. What do they do?"

Para Handy rocked uneasily in his Croc brogues and coughed. Removing a piece of stray catarrh from the front of Lord Claymore's cardigan, he replied, "Well, Yer Wonderfulness, ye see, although you're not always here, we need to make sure that a' thae plants and things in the greenhouse are properly looked efter in yer absence."

"Oh. And how come we're spending so much on subscriptions for the library?"

"Och, maist 'o that's stuff like maintenance manuals. And the subscription for *Eberspächer Times and Conservatory Review* disnae come cheap, ye ken." His red face darkened as he glanced through the clear plastic where the window pane used to be. "Anyway, forbye a' that, there's wee light blue Morris Minor wi' a blue licht on the tap o' the roof comin' up the drive."

"Not again", thought Lord Claymore.

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"Allow me to introduce myself, I'm..." said the man in the brown gabardine coat.

"Oh, get on with it man!" Claymore interrupted, "We know damned fine who ye are."

"Ahem", said Inspector Hector McLector of Argyll's finest. "I thought I'd come and tell ye the good news. Ye'll be pleased tae hear that I've solved the Case of the Headless Man. It turns out that Mr Webfoot, a well known Seil businessman, was actually sailing round various overseas tax havens after selling a large stake in one of his many highly successful business ventures. He sailed up Seil Sound to the House of the Untrousered setting off flares all over the place. He also said he was fully dressed, which I thought was stating the obvious at the time. You boys fairly get up to some high jinx, eh?"



The clock ticked, and the a small drip formed on the end of McLector's nose. "Ach weel, I'll be be taking my leave of you, Your Lordship."

"Aye, chust so. It's been so nice to see you again", Lord Claymore lied.

"Oh, by the way, chust before I go, there was something else."

Something else, though Claymore, there's always another bloody something else.

"I don't suppose you've ever been the victim of blackmail, at all, at all?" asked McLector.

"Blackmail? Naw. I lead a perfect and blameless life", replied Lord Claymore.

"Oh, so you'll have seen the photographs then, I suppose?", McLector slyly insinuated. "The ones in *West Coast Lady Boys*, an American magazine I believe."

Claymore collapsed into his chair, breathless and stunned. He could just about hear Para Handy cough, clear his throat, and say "Ah'll, errmm, harrumph, better be showing ye tae the door then Inspector. He's been taken thae giddy turns again. It's been awfy nice havin' ye roon'."

Ü

Post Extras:    

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Sgeir](#)]

#1560486 - 19:35 28/08/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Meanwhile, the good laird pondered on life's imponderables. How unchust - he thought in his finest Argyll thought dialect, wondering whether to put his imponderables between inverted commas, then thinking better of it as it had been the state of invertedness that had been the very cause of his current sorrow, grief and woe. If only he'd continued with his stated intent that fateful day and continued to polish his Purdeys instead of falling for the beguiling ways of yon big Stirling Galoot the McDonald. Him and his poetry, leading the innocent Claymore away from that straight and narrow wee path he always tried tae trod. And after all, ladyboys sounded very like Ladybower - the place where all those years ago he'd flown his Lancaster Bomber in preparation for that daring raid on the Morvern Dam.

The Laird shuddered silently and unseen at the thought of the handful of meat and veg he'd clutched in the dark back room of the Bon Accord Public House just off Campsie Road, and the nasty crack he'd given his elbow as he pulled back in horror - too close to the heavy woodwork of the vaults bar. Rubbing the once wounded limb gently he was woken from his tormenting dream by the dulcet tones of the aged retainer, Parahandy. "I see the elbow is bothering yerself Sir, will I administer the fiery-jack?" This particular service brought pleasure to Parahandy, who now well into the autumn of his years and enduring the many decrepitudes that such age brings, could still derive some sensation by repairing to the Water Closet and peeing, his lifeless limb enjoying for a brief time the warm glow brought about by resting within the palm of a hand covered in Fiery Jack. Sadly by the time he'd thought this through the laird had rested his whiskery chin upon his gravy encrusted Fair Isle cardigan and was wheezing his way towards his morning nap.

Regards

[Claymore](#)



Post Extras:    

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Sgeir](#)]

#1560681 - 21:39 28/08/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Aja  
regular



Reged: 06/11/2001  
Posts: 3069

It took some time before His Lordship came to. His faithful servant Para had to resort to opening Claymore's secret bottle of Talisker which was alway kept hidden in the mouth of the mangy old tigerskin in the great hall.

"Dinna worry yersel' about all that nonsense my Lord, d'ye hear? It's bound tae be some mistake" Para had always wanted to utter the immortal line "Shurley shome mishtake" but felt that this was neither the time nor place.

At this moment the crafty Jimi eased out of the shadows in the great hall where he had been listening to the events as they unfolded. "Aye" he said, being the quiet type.

Para turned on him. "Whit ye up tae loon?" "Hiv ye nae respect for his Lordship? Look. He's cacked his breeks agin."

Jimi sniggered. "Aye nae the first time the day nae doubt" I've been havin a look on yon World Wide Web his Lordship has had installed. Aye. Very interestin' whit he's been up tae. I've a' the proof needed. It's nae the West Coast Lady Boys at a' he's been lookin' at....." "Remember when he took that trip through tae see his sister in Falkirk? He wiz awa' seein' mair than his sister so he wus.... [Mair like the LADY BOYS OF BANKNOCK!](#) ....

Claymore stood up, dumbfounded and confused. "But....but...." he stammered.....

<http://www.holidayseil.co.uk/index.html>

Post Extras:    

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: [Aja](#)]

#1560734 - 22:07 28/08/2007

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Lord Claymore recovered his composure; Para Handy had thoughtlessly left it lying amongst the pile of old oilskins that his Lordship kept for visiting friends.

After all, thought Claymore, relaxing, it doesn't really matter what wee Jamesie says or thinks about anything. The pair wee sowl had his brains melted when he was abducted by aliens in Banknock; one minute he was on the late night bus from Dunipace to Cumnock, next thing he was whisked up into the Ebersphere where strange beings carried out unusual experiments on his body. And, then, of course, there was the time Jimi had this out-of-body experience in Colonsay.

Ach aye , the fondest of memories ay begin with... Aw, fuckit! I've forgotten what I was thinking about. Ah, yes, Vatersay... As the palm trees swayed in the gentlest of Hebridean breezes, Claysie in his grass skirt, and that damned fine looking piper with the big coconuts....

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Sgeir]  
#1566622 - 12:29 03/09/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

His lairdship's slumbers was interrupted by a passing goat chomping through his grass skirt. "Ah, Fiona, youse are jist sublime. yer touch is like velvet and the blow job ... ". With a whack, the Lairds manservant smote the goat's backside as its jaws clamped oan ra cucumber, bit deeply, and tore it off. "Hmmm ... whit are we tae dae, Donald," enquired Para "the goat's eaten it." "That's torn it" remarked Donald.

The gelded Laird, still mumbling about Fiona, was blissfully unaware orra hus predicament. As luck wid hae it, ra goat was the mascot orra the massed pipe band orra Dagenham girls and with a skirl the band hove into view. Para snipped aff the pipe major's best glen garry chanter and stuffed what was left of the Laird's willie as far as upper C.

Later, Para was ankshushly awaiting the return of the Laird frae his ablueshuns. the usual din orra laird's snorting airse wus hidden ahent ra sound orra pee-broch. Wud the Laird hae notished?

Post Extras:    

Jimi  
regular

 Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1570980 - 22:07 06/09/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Some time later, the Laird in a moment of quiet reflection, passed a chip shop. Though to be more accurate he stopped and failed to pass it, this was an unusual occurence cos these days he very rarely knowingly passed anything whilst the opposite was oft the case, hence the reason for the kilt. Anyroads, he pondered, white or black pudding, then a grimace passed his fine features as he recalled the day he went to see Falkirk in the cup final and the subsequent rumours that had followed him since .. "I never should have supported a team called 'The Braw lads' he mused". Then he brightened, the operation had gone well and things were looking up. "Para .... " he yelled ."Single Fish, please!"

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    

Twister\_Ken  
regular

 Re: The Claymore Legacy [Re: Jimi]  
#1571090 - 23:25 06/09/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

"If it's fish you'll be wanting, yer worshipfulness, it could be taking a fair few weeks to get one on the end a'ma tackle," ra wrinkled old retainer retorted. He felt the cold shivers of bladder wrack begin to wrack his bladder as the memories, like the incontinence, came flooding back.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
regular

The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1657075 - 13:00 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

The clock seemed to tick very slowly on the marble mantelpiece. Outside, the low clouds scudded across the Argyll hills. But at least it was warm in the snugness of His Lordship's study. He threw another yotblog on to the fire.

"In the name of God, when's he going to stop burbling on?" Lord Claymore wondered.

Opposite him, his sailing companion and literary agent LongJohn Sadler was in discourse about the role of the the ship's log as a narrative device in literature.

"Using the ship's log is well established in fiction", intoned LongJohn. "The best known example must surely be that of the Starship Enterprise, but of course it regularly features in the modern novel, Joseph O'Connor's *Star of the Sea* being a case in point. In the case of the *Star*, Terry Eagleton pointed out that 'the ship is a microcosm of Irish society, the place where a number of different narratives converge, as they do in a piece of fiction'.

"However, I think it was your good self who drew the Scuttlebutt literary forum's attention to Pierre Berthiaume's comment that using the ship's log as a metaphor can also reveal the ship itself as the very instrument of discovery. As he put it so well, '*Mais reprenons les choses au début, par l'étude du compte rendu manuscrit d'exploration, qui paraît d'autant plus en continuité avec le journal de navigation que l'instrument de la découverte est fréquemment le navire.*'"

"Can you think of other examples of the ship's log as a work of fiction?"


"That's it!" Claymore said. "I've had just about as much of this as I can take...." he roared, as he stamped out of his study, his dander right up, as they say.

Shaken by this sudden turn of events, LongJohn reflected on the conversation, and wondered what could possibly have caused so much offence.....

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

Jimi  
regular

 Re: The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: Sgeir]  
#1657101 - 13:14 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Suddenly the music on radio stopped and the sombre tones of a presenter filled the study.

"we have a special announcement to make. Please do not panic.

TRIBUTES are being paid to Scotland this morning after the entire country laughed itself to death.

The alarm was first raised at around 10pm last night as thousands of phone calls and text messages went unanswered.

Small groups of volunteers from Berwick-Upon-Tweed and Carlisle ventured north just after midnight only to find houses full of dead people gathered around still blaring television sets.

By dawn, as RAF helicopters flew over deserted city streets, it was clear that the whole country had suffered a catastrophic abdominal rupture.

Stugeron Steve, a special constable from Nottingham, said: "We went into one house in Dunbar and found three men sitting on the sofa with huge smiles on their faces, still holding cans of 70 shilling. They seemed to be at peace."

He added: "In a boat near Melfort we found a man face down on the fornicatorium floor with his trousers and pants round his knees.

"It seems he may have been showing his bare buttocks to the television when he keeled over."

TCM, a uncivil engineer from Bratfort, said: "I got a call from my friend Sgeir in Stirling at about 9.50pm.


"He was already laughing when I answered the phone, but after about 25 minutes of the most vigorous and uncontrollable hilarity, everything suddenly went very quiet."

Moving tributes are already being placed along the Scotland-England border with many mourners opting to leave a simple bag of chips or a deep fried bunch of flowers.

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    

 Re: The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: [Sgeir](#)]

**#1657124 - 13:26 22/11/2007**

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

[Twister\\_Ken](#)  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

As he reflected on his lamentable lack of restraint, the aging, raging Laird cooled. How could his guest, named after his eponymous nether garments, have known that, writing under the nom-de-plume Randy Kiltlifter, the noble lord had been mortified to have his own, well-crafted novel "The Log of the Blue Doublet", recounting the wave-borne trysts of a handsome, broad-chested, sandy haired, dark-eyed, well hung Scottish noble, and a dashing young princess, known in the equestrian world for the excellence of her seat, rejected by no less a publishing house than Bills and Moon. The humiliation still rankled, especially when he recalled how his wrinkled old retainer, Parahandy, now departed to run a tackle shop in Milngavie-next-the-Sea, had borne him the rejection slip, quoting "They'll nae be wanting yon pile o' yer wetdreams about wee Annie, the noo."

He resolved to fetch a bottle of the 1896 Lochpikker malt, and return with two glasses to his guest, comforting himself that the amber anesthetic would dull the pain that lingered in his heart.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:    

Re: The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: [Twister\\_Ken](#)]

**#1657250 - 14:56 22/11/2007**

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

[Parahandy](#)  
regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

His Lordship, once again, viewed his manly self in the mirror. "Ah hev tae look ma best fer tae receive ma presentation frae Mandy". He flicked a few crumbs off his tux which his faithful manservant, Para, had just ironed on the Laird's ebepacher exhaust. The tux had a fine iron-shaped patch in it. "Youse blithering eejit. Ye've scalded ma ootfit. Whit wull Mandy be saying when ah receive the cup?" "Ah gan boil yer heid" responded his faithful servant "gie'ing youse a prize fer yon witterings which are'nae eggshactly shakespeer and its a' aboot yer lusting efter yon hussy. Ah hud a keek at it and eets ah aboot her fine body". Para eyed the hole in the Laird's tux. "A sporran wud hide yon verra wull. Thon gleswegians wud nivver ken the difference."

The Laird and LongJohnSaddler looked perplexed. Glasgow was not known to prize literary works about an auld goat trundling the western isles with his tackle stuffed in a dagenham girls pipe band chanter. The Laird pulled the invitation out of his pocket along with several camphor balls and a flock of moths. "Jings, the man's richt. Ah've tae get tae glesgae on the nicht ... "

Post Extras:    

Re: The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: [Sgeir](#)]

**#1657280 - 15:16 22/11/2007**

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

[Parahandy](#)  
regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

the Laird turned to his companions and roared "youse promised me the Booker prize fer dietary merit". The Laid wiped the tears of rage and frustation aff his face. "Ma Omega 5 recipes fer cauliflower are mair valuable than Bonny Prince Charles recipe fer that cough mixture ..

Post Extras:    

 Re: The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: [Parahandy](#)]

**#1657351 - 16:01 22/11/2007**

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

[Jimi](#)  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

... the Laird grimaced, acshully he smiled but it would never be mistaken for that by an independent 3rd party, he'd remembered that the time was fast approaching for his rendezvous at the Hoose 'o the Bernekkedarse wi' a figure o' some consequence, who he thought, wid solve some o' his recent woes. He gathered his plaid aroon his broad shoulders and yelled 'Para, saddle me my goat!' Para shuffled in, his red rheumy eyes watering and a nasal periodic drip evident. "C##tface, hae ye been smoking agen?" roared his Lordship "Goat .. now!" Para turned and shuufled back with a steaing pot .. "What the frig is that?" queried Claymore mildly? "Minted goat chops." responded the faithful retainer. "And how the 'eck am I going to get to the pub now?" enquired Claymore softly ... Para scratched his nuts ...

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: The Ship's Log as a work of fiction [Re: Jimi]  
#1657440 - 17:02 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

the Laird was indeed in a fine state. How was he to convey himself? He felt in his pocket for the invitation. His fingers traced the raised heraldic rune of the three golden "C"s intertwined with each other; all laid over an idyllic scene of a yottie at Rothessay reading a log with rapt attention, as if far away, whilst a naked Mandy dressed only in a silken green spinnaker looked on. "Ma boat. that's the answer" and he leapt to his feet giving a high five to his literary agent, the Twister-Ken, who unfortunately being so short felt only the sharp end of the dagenham girls pipe band chanter in his ear. There was loud harrumphing from the Laird's other helpers. "Yer boats nae here" ....

Post Extras:     

Stop! [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1657643 - 18:55 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Quote:

whilst a naked Mandy dressed only in a silken green spinnaker looked on.

That's it! I will not be able to look the adorable Mandy in the eye ever again ...

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<http://www.holidayseil.co.uk/index.html>

Post Extras:     

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Stop! [Re: Aja]  
#1657718 - 19:49 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

.... the sudden shout of "stop!" had the Laird and his followers diving under the table for cover. The Laird shrugged off Wee Jimi who'd done a reasonable impression of gollum and jumped on the Laird's back and said "Whit the hivvens was thon?". The Laird pulled the Dagenham Girls Pipe Band chanter out of his literary agent's airse and absent mindedly rubbed again Mandy's silk clad body on the invitation in his pocket. There was a loud bang and a huge puff of smoke came from the Laird's pocket. "Thon's whur a left ma dout, yer Lairdship" said Para. "Dinnae be daft, thur's magic gang oan here" muttered the Laird and as the smoke cleared, a can of Tennant's lager appeared ....

Post Extras:     

Re: Stop! [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1657772 - 20:27 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Sgeir  
regular



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the  
summer - Dalle...

"Here's today's post, Yer Omniscience", said Para. He deliberately separated one from the pile and lifted it to his nose, sniffed, and continued, "I see ye've got a speshul wan fae ra Lord Chancellor's Office." He sniffed it again, leered, "Oh, hang oan. Noo, whit huv we got here. This yin's perfumed....."

Lord Claymore snatched it from the faithless family retainer. "Keep yer bloody drippy nose away from my correspondence."

"Ooh, 'my correspondence', is it? Ye daft auld goat, you'll get yersel' locked up some day." He slammed the study door behind him.

"Damn his breeks", cursed Claymore. "This is truly intolerable". Taking his Oldenburg & van Bruggen ship's knife, he paused before gently inserting in into the tight slit of the gummed envelope. Taking care to avoid Para Handy's post-nasal discharge, he sniffed the envelope. "Ah, lavender water, and ermmm, Para's *Auld Holborn*."

His pulse raced, and in a frantic fevered furore, tore the card from the envelope. His heart beating wildly, he read



Court & Social

November 28, 2007

Court circular

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Wednesday, 28th November 2007

The Princess Royal Patron, the Butler Trust, will visit Her Majesty's Prison Edinburgh, Saughton, Edinburgh.  
The Princess Royal Patron, Opportunity International United Kingdom, will hold a Dinner at Palace of Holyroodhouse.

Thursday, 29th November 2007

The Princess Royal Patron, Royal Wansstead Children's Foundation, attend a Launch of the Report into the Welfare Role of Boarding Schools at Grocers' Hall, Princes Street, London EC2R.

Saturday & Sunday, 1st and 2nd December

.... keep these days free - there's something I want to do.....

Monday, 3rd December 2007

The Princess Royal will visit the 'Science in the Dock' Exhibition at Glasgow Science Centre, 50 Pacific Quay, Glasgow.

-----  
U

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Stop! [Re: Sgeir]  
#1658028 - 23:27 22/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

The door to his Lairdship's study creaked on its hinges as his faithful manservant entered with a pot of green tea. "Harrumph ... yer lairdship". "Hoo mony times dae ah haf tae tell you that ah only sup Earl Grey?" "Get it yersel next time youse miserable auld git ..."

Para peered over his Lairdship's shoulder "there's a message written oan ra ither side".

His Lairdship turned the card over and started to read the message which had been handwritten by HRH. "Its private so stap youse keeking"

What could HRH want of his Lairdship .... would he rub Mandy again?

Post Extras:    

claymore  
regular

Ye bunch o bastardios [Re: Jimi]  
#1658687 - 16:03 23/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Es naethin sacred aroon here?

Jings - ah faithfully pen a few lines tae record ma summer cruise - ah happend tae win a wee trophy and whit dae ah hear? Ye agein bunch ae daft loony ranters. Para es definitely deed noo as ah weel ken whit has been happenin here. An jes leave ma Mandy oot ae this - she's aff limits tae youse all - sae think on er it'll be ma wee straight left that ye'll be experiencin'

-----  
Regards  
Claymore  


Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Ye bunch o bastardios [Re: claymore]  
#1658890 - 18:46 23/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

His Lairdship's paw picked up the Tennant's lager can which had mysteriously appeared. One of his followers cautioned his Lairdship "ah wus knee high tae a midge when last they brewed yon". His Highness scoffed whilst wrecking the pull-off and pierced the end on the Dagenham Girl's Pipe Band Chanter.

Thus comfortable, his Lordship proceeded to read Annie's message. "Aw jings, whit is she saying aboot me licking her body in my email. Ah nivver sent yin tae her".

There was a loud harrumph. His faithful manservant "ah'm nae sae certain, yer Lordship. yon new ibox thing youse wus fiddling away with and which hud orra stuff oan it which got youse awfy confused, remember?"

"Whit are youse saying my most faithful manservant?" said his Lairdship in his most unctuous manner. "My man Muzzy telt me hoo tae switch it oan and dae things wi it."

"Wull, ah telt ye nae tae fiddle wi orra yon stuff and ah think the message youse sent tae Mandy nicht hae nae got there? Youse might hae sent it tae wee Annie?"

"Jings, help ma bob. Ahm done for noo ... whit am ah tae do?"

Post Extras:    

Twister\_Ken  
regular

 Re: Ye bunch o bastardios [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1659280 - 01:06 24/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

His lairdship picked up the ibox thingie, dialled up the interwebsuperhighway through Mrs McFackerty in the Glenfallopien telephone exchange, and began enquiring about the price of salivary gland implants and tongue extensions.

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:    

claymore  
regular

Re: Ye bunch o bastardios [Re: Twister\_Ken]  
#1659470 - 11:20 24/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

McMuzzy - the self styled and newly appointed Keeper of His Lairdships Blackberry sniggered quietly in his cozy wee eerie in the North East Corner of Claymore Towers.

By re-configuring all the names held within as aliases - (The Muz was never quite sure whether this ought to be aliai) and meta-tagging them to others nested within the database - the confusion he was causing his Lairdship was immense - and the ability to unscramble and therefore extricate the Laird from the sticky situations in which, increasingly he was finding himself - was lifting the stature of the Muz to stratospheric proportions in the eyes of the auld miser. Stature was something that had long bothered the Muz - being the probable product of a shallow overnight relationship in a bus shelter in Dock Street Fleetwood between Ivy Musgrabbim and a trawlerman from Strangford - Ivy was never sure it wasn't the Deckie from Maryport - but "yer Dad was a trawlerman" always seemed to Ivy to have a slightly better ring to it than a Deckie from Maryport so the young Muz grew up in that belief. Unfortunately neither of his possible Sires were blessed with much in the way of inside leg length and so it was that the Muz had had to live his whole adult life within close proximity of a tailor - even Marks and Spencers finest Blue Harbour 34 waist 29 inside leg needed a 4 inch reduction and an elasticated gusset. Returning to the cosy eerie - Muzzy sniggered again as he now saw the demise of that light fingered, runny nosed, fartyarsed auld foreskin Para Handy and himself taking up the role of "Retainer" with its incumbent opportunities for a bit of pocket lining at the expense of his less than generous employer - the Noble Laird. Having said that - he felt a growing affection for the bold Claymore and hoped this did not get in the way of future plans to become the sole beneficiary of his Lairdships will.

Having tightened upo the security on the vaults and being the only person with the security code he was finding that he'd created ample oporunity to go through his lairdship's last will and testament. The houses and land were at present bequeathed to that ne'er do well nephew Jimi - something would have to be done about that and fairly quickly considering the lairds failing health.....

-----  
Regards  
Claymore  
😊

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Ye bunch o bastardios [Re: claymore]  
#1662741 - 08:50 27/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

his ex-most faithful manservant had become the official wine-taster for the Laird now that he was famous; he feared for his life from heavies employed by Bills & Moon who's causus bellum was laudandum.

the laird's household, who were summoned to greet his Ominipresence upon his return from Glasgow with the cup, saw the Laird's corset appear with a band of swarthy bengali's from the Cowcaddens brandishing gleaming scimitars and teeth protecting the litter carried by several sepoys.

"Yer majesty, whur dae youse want the cup put?" asked the senior swarthy.

The Laird swept the mantelpiece clean and pointed. "Here, my good man, and here's twa bob fer yer trouble"". The swarthy's scimitar swished through the air but his faithful nan servant interposed himself; "ouch" he exclaimed. In extremis, his faithful manservant muttered "... and if youse think ahm cleaning that ivery week, ye can get stuffed, youse auld goat .. "

The phone rang and LongJohn his literary agent answered it. After listening to the caller, LJS spoke to the Laird "thon's publisher efter a sequel ... "

Post Extras:    

claymore  
regular

Re: Ye bunch o bastardios [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1663040 - 13:40 27/11/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

In the gathering dusk, the Laird sat in his favourite chair, wearing his faded velvet smoking jacket, favourite glass of favourite whisky in hand and regarded the magnificent trophy now adorning the mantelpiece of his study. Life had often been kind to his nobleness he pondered as his auld eyes gently closed and his breathing grew heavier. No stranger tae incontinence he woke with a "fuckandbuggerit" as the freshly tipped contents of the glass soaked through his ageing tweeds.

-----  
Regards  
Claymore  
😊

Post Extras:    

Jimi  
regular

Consti patio [Re: claymore]  
#1668420 - 14:08 02/12/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

Surveying his sodden aged tweeds an idea passed through his motionless frame. "Time to produce another log" he muttered tae himsell . A few minutes later beads of sweat speckled the domed heid as his ravaged features contorted whulst he heaved and puffed with no effect except to induce a small rivulet of sweat to trickle bown his left temple. The Laird paused from his exertions with a sudden thought passing (that wiz the only thing that passed that day) through his mind ... "F#cking writer's block!!!!"

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:    

ParaHandy  
regular

Re: Consti patio [Re: Jimi]  
#1669174 - 10:28 03/12/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

"ah jings ... anither day's gone by .. ra cup's needing a clean ... "

His Highness heaved himsel up and grasped what he thought was his quill and tried to dunk it in the ink. The Dagenham Girls Pipe Band Chanter which was still attached to his severed willie wouldn't budge. With a shuddering of his aged frame, the great literary giant of the clyde fell back into his armchair.

The Laird reminisced of the day on Rothesay beach, dressed as a coquettish maid in a grass skirt, and bemoaned the loss of his youthful looks ravaged by the booze and the hours of scribbling. he muttered "if ah cud git yon Muzzy, ma faithful manservant, tae ghost write ma next log ....

Post Extras:    

Sgeir  
regular

Re: Consti patio [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1670183 - 00:19 04/12/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply



Reged: 22/11/2004  
Posts: 4806  
Loc: h Linnhe in the summer - Dalle...

Outside, the growl of the wind rose to a howl. White horses raced through the anchorage, galloping up the shore and over the hill at the back. "I'll need to get that bloody crew tae anchor in deeper water next time", thought Lord Claymore gloomily.

The crashing of the waves brought it all home. "How can I possibly cope with the sheer Nietzschean exegesis of the drama, not to speak of the conflicts of this situation," he wondered aloud.

"Ach, ye're startin' tae slever again, ye daft auld bampot", said Para Haunless, his faithless servant and éminence grise. "Why don't ye jist get oan wi ra bluidy writin', and start peyin' yer wey agin."

Lord Claymore sat at his chart desk and pondered. It really was true. It had only been three weeks since he'd collected his

Tennent's Extra Strong Lager Award for New Fiction at the Cuan's Cash and Carry annual ball. And yet, here he was, stiffened, as it were, by writer's block.

"I suppose ye'll be wantin' yon Rev MacHurley tae pray fur ye agin. Fat loat o' guid that'll dae ye", his manservant sneered.

The vessel lurched in the foamy sea, chain could be heard dragging across the sandy bottom of Loch na Cac Mòr. "Enough, enough, I can't take any more", cried Lord Cacmore, Claymore's lifelong friend from prep school. "We need to do something! We must unfetter ourselves to free your creative genius once more!"

The howling in the rigging intensified as the vessel's anemometer registered 97 knots. "Thank the Lord for small mercies. At least we've got wur CQR weel dug in", chipped in Jimi, the elfin faced seafaring wee bauchle fae Cumnock. "Better than thae daft lookin' things."

The words froze as they left his lips. The Eberspächer had been playing up again. The good ship Claymore lurched as every spar and piece of rigging began to sing their crazy incantation. An eerie choir was shrieking in the shrouds.

"Oh no! Wuv hud it noo – that's thae banshees singing in wur rigging" moaned Para Handy. "Wur doomed, nae kiddin, right up, wuv hud it noo".

"Hold on!" cried Long John Sadler. "Hark'ee at that. That's real bootiful music to moi ould ears. Listen, they're singing....."

Sotto voce, to begin with, but with gathering intensity.....

*yippie yi ohhhhh*  
*yippie yi yaaaaay*

*Yippie yi Ohhhhh*  
*Yippie yi Yaaaaay*

*YIPPIE YI OHHHHH!!!*  
*YIPPIE YI YAAAAAY!!!*

YIPPIE YI OHHHHH!!!  
YIPPIE YI YAAAAAY!!!

YIPPIE YI OHHHHH!!!  
YIPPIE YI YAAAAAY!!!

"Praise the Lord," cried Long John, falling to his knees. "We're saved! We're saved!"

"Aye," coughed Para, his voice choked with emotion, his rheumy old eyes awash with yellow mucus. "Jings aye, we're saved right enough.

"It's thae Ghostwriters fae Skye come tae save us."

Post Extras:     

claymore  
regular

Re: Consti patio [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1670274 - 08:41 04/12/2007

 Reply  Quote  Quick Reply





Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Away in the aforementioned eyrie the Little Musgrave was watching his cctv screen - the auld laird appeared a little agitated and switching up the sound on the concealed microphone stitched into the leather armrest of the Waring and Gillow the Muz was able to pick up the general source of his Lairdships sorrow grief and woe.

Writers block indeed - googling "Crusing Logs" a host of results came up - Bluemoment. com seemed to be offering at least 74 solutions to his lairdships problem.

Skipping nimbly down the back stairs the Muz entered his lairdships study - "Good Afternoon Sire" he murmured humbly - "do I find you sound of Wind and Limb this day?"

"Aye indeed ye dae" replied the noble laird" Sound in all but ma blasted fingers - they will nae pen a word fer me"

"What do you wish to pen Sire?" asked the Muz, respectfully as usual

"Anither fecking log ye daft wee begger, whitrafeckdaeyethinkah'mtrying taepen?" roared the auld goat as bad tempered as usual - the Muz blinked at the ferocity of the retort but resisting all temptation tae deck the auld sod - he smiled benignly and offered his lairship a jammie dodger - "Would it help the Noble Lord if I were to offer assistance in the form of a modicum of reportage that I unearthed recently?"

Lord Claymore as usual was lost for words - mostly because he never really understood what his ever-helpful employee was saying and thus, making a mental note to look in the Oxford Dictionary for a hint concerning the likely meaning of Modicum - which sounded awfully like one of the powders that he regularly caught that ageing wretch Para taking he nodded in a slightly bemused manner and intoned the fatal words

"Whit did ye have in mind....."

-----  
Regards

Claymore



Post Extras:

Re: Consti patio [Re: claymore]

#1670413 - 10:36 04/12/2007

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Twister\_Ken  
regular



Reged: 31/05/2001  
Posts: 13535  
Loc: k, stock & barrel.

The laird repaired to his McAmstrad 8256 computer and fired up the interwebsuperhighwaynet. He googled Modicum. It seemed to be a pharめusuitickle, farmaceutical, buggerit, medecine that was the less expensive version of Supercum. His thoughts turned, unnaturally, to wee Annie's lithe, saddle-firmed figure.

"Parahandy," he shouted, "get yer sorry airse in here an' bring me ma baggy breeks and a tub o' axle grease. I'll be taking a wee trip doon ra village."

-----  
If, at first, you don't succeed...  
...don't try sky diving.

Post Extras:

Re: Consti patio [Re: Twister\_Ken]

#1699599 - 13:33 04/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

The little man beamed expansively before going mental!

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:

Re: Consti patio [Re: Jimi]

#1700472 - 22:41 04/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

The Ageing Laird watched his wee nephew's video - and aged mair. "Whitrafeck...." he mumbled incomprehensibly.

-----  
Regards

Claymore



Post Extras:

Re: Consti patio [Re: claymore]

#1715445 - 16:22 16/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

Jimi  
regular

Reged: 19/12/2001  
Posts: 15407  
Loc: omotion

The Laird woke up to a new dawn, Cripes he thought, is today yesterday's tomorrow already. He wobbled uneasily across the carpet in the way a bowl on a crown green moves before coming to a halt. He stopped and thought .. bowl .. bowel ... the lairds mind worked in curious ways .. a bit like his nether regions these days . is it really time to come out he aked himself? Seeking advice he yelled "Paraaaaaaaaaaaaah" ..

-----  
If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he's too slow or has left at the wrong time!

Dieselheid

Post Extras:

Burns night ... [Re: Jimi]

#1729458 - 16:17 28/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

ParaHandy  
regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

jings, whit does the auld goat want the noo', thought his faithful manservant brushing morsels of haggis and neap from his garments. "the man wid try a saint". But his feeling of well being wasn't to be diminished by the burden of his years of servitude to the laird.

"yusss, yer lairdship, fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, great chieftain o' the pudding-race! Hoo can i be of servish tae youse. Am ah' tae unnerstand that youse want tae be stepping oot thush fine day?"

"Aye. but ah need a leak furst"


Para flung the vegetable at him and the laird blanched in horror as he was reminded of the severity of the damage to his parts by the welsh regimental mascot's teeth and he did a memorable pee-broch through the dagenham girls pipemajor's chanter.

"verra tuneful, if ah may say so, yer omni-parsnip. yer conveyance is ready and whur wid ye be wanting tae gang to?"

"ahm aff tae ra burns nicht orra CCC whur ah've tae dae ra address tae ma women, the blessed Mandy, in ma capacity as ra official raycontoor"

"Hmm .. yer lairdship. yer in yer tux agin, ah see" Para deftly directed a flame thrower at the cloud of moths circling overhead. "ah ken youse only huv ra hots for her but micht ah jist menshun that the address should'nae jist be directed at her'sel"

Post Extras:    

 Re: Burns night ... [Re: [ParaHandy](#)]

#1729518 - 16:57 28/01/2008

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

I've nothing sensible to add (if sensible is appropriate to the thread!), but I couldn't leave it at 99 replies!

-----  
Steve

"I was bored" is not an excuse for anything done with a loaded ballista.


Post Extras:    

Re: Burns night ... [Re: [Stemar](#)]

#1729732 - 20:00 28/01/2008

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

His lairdship eased his fragile frame back into the firm comfort of his favourite Chippendale. His piles had been bothering him after overdoing the haggis a tad, the previous nicht but as had been proven many times over the years, they were no match for Carpenter Chippendale's adze. Twas indeed a grand day. Tae have made it tae a hundred was indeed an accomplishment. Having heard on the wireless about a chapple of 104 aff tae shag himself tae a standstill in New Zealand, The auld gent fell to musing about his conquests over the years - it was a job tae remember them all and the notches on the end of his four poster were not helping much....

-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)  


Post Extras:    

Re: Burns night ... [Re: [claymore](#)]

#1729770 - 20:28 28/01/2008

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Shortly thereafter he awoke from an uncomfortable dream. He'd made a speech at the Burns Night - but what had he said? Panicking now, and in an effort to find the notes he may - or may not - have made for his pre-prandial pontification, he patted the inner lining of his jacket, the 'secret' pocket where he usually kept his wallet, but as usual....to no avail. 'Jings!' he spat. Had he mentioned Carpet Burns? But no that was more than a lifetime ago. Cigarette Burns? But surely Parahandy had cried off. Third Degree Burns? No, he hated music.... Then, with a flood of relief, he realised the notes for his speech were in his sporran. They were gey damp but still readable...

Post Extras:    


Re: Burns night ... [Re: [longjohnsadler](#)]

#1730044 - 23:50 28/01/2008

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

Gazing down with incredulity he read the words he must have spoken  
'Ah sat upon a cigarete  
Ah bear the marks upon me yet'  
Burns.

Tha' black bashturd Para.....

-----  
Regards  
[Claymore](#)  


Post Extras:    

Re: Burns night ... [Re: [claymore](#)]

#1730316 - 11:20 29/01/2008

 [Reply](#)  [Quote](#)  [Quick Reply](#)

deftly removing the sodden sheets, bog roll and roll-ups from the laird's sporran, his faithful manservant peeled a sheet off. "oh, jings, the auld git's got a hold orra ma faither's speech fer ra upcoming dochters wedding".

"erm .. yer lairdship? wus the speech .. erm .. did it gan doon well wi' ra wimmen?"

The laird, feeling faint now, knew something was wrong.

Before he swooned and fell to the floor, his coterie of faithful servants came to his aid and were about to lower him into his chippendale when the phone rang. The laird was dumped as his literary agents, who could recognise the sound of 10% commission even in the auld kirk's belfry at midday, grabbed the receiver. "It's the Oban Times. they're calling youse the new bard of scotland efter yer address."

"ho hum ..." thought his faithful manservant "could'nae hae been orra bad, then? hmmm ... "

The Laird considered his position. Uncomfartable, maybe, as he'd fallen on the wee jimi whose bowels had just moved. "Sae, ahm the new bard?"

[Stemar](#)  
regular



Reged: 12/09/2001  
Posts: 2763  
Loc: A planet somewhere, probably n...

[claymore](#)  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

[longjohnsadler](#)  
regular

Reged: 14/11/2002  
Posts: 2005  
Loc: NW Ireland

[claymore](#)  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

[ParaHandy](#)  
regular



Reged: 18/11/2001  
Posts: 3519

claymore  
regular



Reged: 18/06/2001  
Posts: 7098  
Loc: h Melfort

Post Extras:

Re: Burns night ... [Re: ParaHandy]  
#1730420 - 12:22 29/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

"Jamesie" gurgled his lairdship, the bard  
"Parchment and ma finest quill - ef ye please"

Jamesie - never a man tae have been employed for his intelligence - passed the good laird a towel then ran off to try and capture a pheasant - he'd never seen a quail so widnae recognise one if it had bit him...he pondered for a moment wondering if quails bit

Meanwhile, the Laird realising that he was at the point of literary climax reached into the depths of the roll-top bureau and found paper, pencil and a packet of three with a sell by date of 17th May 1980. He paused for a while, wondering what had been going on in 1980 and why the frenchies had remained unopened. In a flash the whole issue of the paternity suit re-visited him. It is a little known fact that one of the key selling points of dementia is that one can easily and readily adopt an 'out of sight, out of mind' approach to life. Adopting this approach, his Bardship the Laird replaced the package and promptly forgot about it and the red-haired 27 year old forester who was at that precise moment replacing a chain on one of the estate Stihl chainsaws.....

Taking the Basildon Bond and his Bic biro the laird began to write  
"There's a red-eyed, grey haired sailor  
To the side of Oxford Toon  
Wi a hedghog in his pool, a-floatin deid  
An his wife she was a wailing - but auld Douglas was oot Sailing  
An him wi - oot a care within his heid."

A warm feeling of pleasure overcame the Laird, he took this to be satisfaction with himself - how readily the words had flowed - perhaps not to the standard of 'Young Lochinvar' but by God - no' a bad first attempt. Shifting in the Chippendale, he realised that the warm feeling was mair to do wi' his incontinence and reached for the tartan fabric bell-pull to summons Mistress McNair....

-----

Regards  
Claymore

Post Extras:

Re: Burns night ... [Re: claymore]  
#1730556 - 14:00 29/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

longjohnsadler  
regular

Reged: 14/11/2002  
Posts: 2005  
Loc: NW Ireland

'Fegs!' quoth Claymore. 'FEGS!' He wasn't sure what it meant but he liked the sound of it. In fact he wasn't sure he hadn't used it in one of his earlier pomes when he couldn't think of anything else that rhymed with 'legs...'

'It's about time I was recognised with a knighthood for mah literary efforts...' mused the laird ( forgetting that he had already been made a Lord on page 1).  
'Would that be like a burns nighthood?' chortled young Jamesie.  
Claymore chose to ignore the remark. 'Tae hell with Young Lochinvar!' he said, having been to more lock-ins than he could remember. 'I'll petition GB hisself!'

Claymore's hero (some say he had modelled himself on him) was that Australian chappie - Minister for Culture - what was his name? Ah yes, Sir Les Patterson. Well if Les could get a knighthood so could he.  
He looked again in his sporran. 97 pence. He took a brown paper bag from a drawer in his roll-top bureau and stuffed it full of...

*Edited by longjohnsadler (15:31 29/01/2008)*

Post Extras:

Re: Burns night ... [Re: longjohnsadler]  
#1730581 - 14:23 29/01/2008

Reply Quote Quick Reply

tcm  
regular

Reged: 11/01/2002  
Posts: 20452

the dozens of tatty scraps of paper, each containing other highly forgettable attempts at poetry. His attention was diverted...

There was an auld man of belgrave  
Who found a dead whore in a cave  
He said "it's disgusting -  
she only needs dusting,  
And think of the money I'll save!"

Hm. And another one, this time neatly printed on a small square of cardboard:

Smooth a little lube  
Onto any erogenous zone  
And your partner's touch will immediately  
feel far more sensual and intense.

ooh, not bad really? And strangely erotic. But then Claysie realised he gotten hold of the packet of three again and was reading the instructions on the back of the packet...

Post Extras:

Pages: 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | >> (show all)

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