

Da Brochin
By D. H. Sandison

**The interior of a Crofters Cottage. Tammas seated by the fire,
head wrapped in a hap with larger one over shoulders, apparently
suffering great pains, moans and crys aloud**

Tammas:	<p>Oh dis day, dis day; Fir my puir head. Whaar tink's you is Betty, mightna shu bune here til a warmed me a air a blaand ir swats, dat might a ta'en dis shiverin awa.</p> <p>(Enter Betty carrying pail and kale stock)</p>
Betty:	<p>Is doo nae better, Tammas, whaars da pain haddin dee? Is hit dee stamic? I wager do's aetin ower muckle o yon kirn mylk ir dan stap—a body sood notice what dey aet.</p>
Tammas:	<p>Oh, doo wid ken, hit wid set dee better til a been in, keeping on a fire here afore me an warming a air a blaand a da peerie pan. Dis cowld is trow me very bones. Na doos tinkin mair about sheeksing troo da hooses. Puir Tammas is little a dy touchts.</p>
Betty:	<p>Doo is a tirn grice if ever wan wis. Yon's what I get a my days wark, sheeksing trow da hooses in heth. Just look whats geen trow my haands dis day, Kirnin, Bakin, swillin oot da bits o Claes, da kyes maet, da hen's maet, da duke's maet, da ting a grice tatties a ta be made ready an laid afore dem, Dat's beside a da rest, frae hockin oot da sty an sae furt, An noo, am bune doon i da yard fir a kale hert ta pit on wi yon sheep's head fir da supper. Sheeksing in troth; Hits dy sheeksing dats broucht dis apo dee, staanding wi a nicht a distress at da Saandy Loch trapin wi auld Betty dat da Saandy Loch water could be baith maet and drink fir da Lerwick folk. I wis some o da Lerock folk hed a heard dee, doo widna a come hame as doo did, tak do my wurd fir dat.</p>
Tammas:	<p>Oh, fir dy shaarg, dy never ending shaarg. I wis do wid gie me pace. Do'll lately get somebody else ta shaarg at an dat in a shune time, I'm deeing, oh dis day, dis day, fir my puir head.</p>
Betty:	<p>Da best place for dee is dee bed. Try an win til her afore doo faa's ony waar, an maybe stoops i da ess. Da doctor is doon by seeing Tama's fit, an I bade him come along an see dee, so he'll just be coming in. Doo's a bonny laekly for him tae see. Man could doo noa hed on dee new claith braeks? Tammas: Do hed no richt ta tak da doctor in, he can du me nae guid, I hae nae beleif a til him. Whatever am dune noo. O less a less fir dis weary ert.</p>

Betty:	<p>If doo hed a deed without seeing a doctor, I keen do wid a made dee a wark. Bit here he comes. Tak dis hap better in aboot dee and spake sense ta da man whin he questions dee.</p> <p>(Enter Doctor)</p>
Doctor:	<p>Good afternoon. Where's the patient?</p>
Betty:	<p>Patience, patience, dir truly no muckle patience wi him, sitting fraeting lik a bairn.</p>
Doctor:	<p>Is this your husband?</p>
Betty:	<p>Dats hit, it's a I got whin I might a hed better, its a am hed an I might hae worse. An hits a am lakely ta hae noo. If a wimman get wan man, if he sood dee, hits eneuch. Twa in a lifetime is ower mony, besides she sood gie dem a shance dat got nae man ava.</p>
Doctor:	<p>Quite so, but my man, can you tell me what's wrong with you?</p>
Tammas:	<p>Hits yer place ta tell me what's wrang wi me, hits a question fir a doctor ta pit. I aye said I hed hae faith i doctors.</p>
Betty:	<p>Oh, Tammas, Tammas, fir dy lang tung.</p>
Doctor:	<p>You mean his tongue is coated, Probably a derangement of the digestive organs. Put out your tongue.</p>
Betty:	<p>(Bringing scissors from off wall) Clip, sir, Clip while your at it, clip weel an dunno spare, am aye toucht dat Tammas hed ower lang a tongue.</p>
Doctor:	<p>Tut, tut, my good woman, don't be foolish. Answer me, does your husband take his food well?</p>
Betty:	<p>Dir naething da maitter wi him as far as dat gengs, he et twa aetmeal brunnies, a baremeal bannock an a fluer bannock is tick is dey could be wi guid fresh butter, an a duke egg be non fir his tae, two o yon peerie Voe Biscuits fir his eight o clocks, an a trunsher a tatties an twa saut herring fir his supper. Dat wis yesterday's mait, an weel kent I dat he wis aeten ower muckle.</p>
Doctor:	<p>That will do, you needn't detail his articles of diet so minutely. Does he sleep well?</p>
Betty:	<p>Sleep, da snores o him da streen wis laek a nor-easter i wir lum, Na hit wis me dat didna get sleep. Fir sic an snores—aless you hed a heard him.</p>

Doctor:	<p>Well, there's nothing very much the matter: he has caught a slight chill; let him get into bed at once and give him a teaspoonful of this mixture every four hours. I will call again tomorrow. Good day.</p> <p>(Doctor Exits)</p>
Betty:	<p>(Pouring out mixture into spoon) Here doo is Tammas, doo heard what he said. Tak dis and get ta bed at wance.</p>
Tammas:	<p>(Knocking proffered spoon out of Betty's hand) Will doo dare come offer me pushen, awa wi hit. I'll hae nane a yer dirt.</p>
Betty:	<p>(Picking up spoon) Ill sight sit i dee haands do untaftkful fiend but if do winna hae hit, I'll tak it ta maesel. It winna be lost, an prevention is better dan cure dey say, (proceeds to drink from bottle) Heth it tastes fine.</p>
Tammas:	<p>I wis I hed Osla ta mak me a brochin. Dat wid du me some guid, I ken. Just see fou she cam an made up a mixture fir wir grey staeg ere yesterday. He wis laying ipo da bizzie wi da breath nearly oot. An efter we got da stuff run doon wi him, da oor wisna oot fir he wis ta his feet.</p>
Betty:	<p>For ony sake Tammas, dunna mak desel a moniment, because da lass made up a brochin fir da staeg an he cam aroond, is dat ta say dat shu can cure a human being. Doo is lossing what grain a wit doo hed.</p>
Tammas:	<p>Dunna doo try an tell me Betty, Osla wisna gaaing ta be a scullery maid i da Gilbert Bain fir tree hale months withoot learning about folk's illness and what ta gie dem. I truly wiss she wid come in, bit lit me win ben fir I canna sit ony langer.</p>
Betty:	<p>Gang du wis, an I'll fill da peerie pig wi het water ta pit tae dee feet. Bairns what tink yee cam ida pig (Looks aroond room)</p> <p>(Tammas Exit)</p>
Osla:	<p>Weel my Betty, fou is it wi dee da day?</p>
Betty:	<p>Oh, very poorly lass, he's doon head an wha ken's if he'll ever be ony higher, hits truly a black oot look fir me.</p>
Osla:	<p>Am wae ta hear yon. I joest ran alang ta see fou he wis, I toucht da brochin wid a dune him guid.</p>
Betty:	<p>Na he widna lay da medicine athin his mooth du is I likit.</p>
Osla:	<p>Weel du sood run hit doon wi him. Da puir baest haesna da sense ta ken its gaaing ta doo hit ony guid, hits no lik a human.</p>