THE PUDDOCK
by JM Caie

A puddock sat by the lochan's brim,
And he thocht there was never a puddock like him.
He sat on his hurdies, he waggled his legs,
And cockit his heid as he glowered throu the seggs.
The bigsy wee cratur was feelin that prood,
He gapit his mou and he croakit oot lood:
"Gin ye'd aa like tae see a richt puddock," quo he,
"Ye'll never, I'll sweer, get a better nor me.
I've femlies and wives and a weel-plenished hame,
Wi drink for my thrapple and meat for my wame.
The lasses aye thocht me a fine strappin chiel,
And I ken I'm a rale bonny singer as weel.
I'm nae gaun tae blaw, but the truth I maun tell –
I believe I'm the verra MacPuddock himsel'." …

A heron was hungry and needin tae sup,
Sae he nabbit the puddock and gollup't him up;
Syne runkled his feathers: "A peer thing," quo he,
"But – puddocks is nae fat they eesed tae be."