



Foo the Adder is sae Lang

contributed by Sheena Blackhall

Sheena Blackhall is a storyteller from the Grampian Region who tells in her native Doric.

Sheena comments: This is a movement story. Each animal has its own movements and, as each new creature is introduced, the children mime the movements to different music.



Lang, langsyne, the adder wis a wee roon craitur the shape o a scone, bonnie an glittery as a brooch. An ae day, fin he wis sunnin hissel on tap o a rock, twa beasts cam oot the wids and winted tae takk him hame an keep him as a treasure.

The first tae spy him wis a sherp-cleuked futterat, that dances like a dervish, roon an roon, roon an roon, fin he hears the blackie cheepin.

The secunt wis a wee reid ant, fa merches like a sodjer, up an doon, up and doon, fin he hears the blackie cheepin.

[optional, percussion music/recorder for children to move to in role of ant/futterat]

“I saw the adder first,” said the futterat.

“Na, it wis me,” said the ant.

Sae they baith took an eyn o the adder, an started tae tug, back an fore, back an fore.

[This could be too boisterous with some classes. Children can interlace their fingers and simply rock their arms back and fore.]

Fin it looked like the ant wis lossin, he spotted the wild cat wi his wavy strippit tail steppin ooto the trees, an he cried oot lood:

“I wint the adder for my ain.

Gie me a haun tae fetch him hame.”

An the wild cat put his airms roon the sides o the ant, an they rugged back an fore, back an fore, back an fore.

Bit the wark wis hard an the day wis hett and they baith began tae tire.

Efter a wee while, fin it looked like the futterat wis lossin, he spotted the jinky squirrel stepping ooto the trees, an he cried oot lood:

“I wint the adder for my ain.
Gie me a haun tae fetch him hame.”

An the jinky squirrel put his airms roon the sides o the futterat, an they rugged back an fore, back an fore, back an fore. Bit the wark wis hard an the day wis hett and they baith began tae tire.

Efter a wee while, fin it looked like the ant wis lossin, he spotted the siller salmon lowpin up frae the burn, and he cried oot lood:

“I wint the adder for my ain.
Gie me a haun tae fetch him hame.”

An the siller salmon put her fins roon the sides o the wildcat an they rugged back an fore, back an fore, back an fore. Bit the wark wis hard an the day wis hett and they baith began tae tire.

Efter a wee while, fin it looked like the futterat wis lossin, he spotted the speckly trootie lowpin up frae the burn, an he cried oot lood:

“I wint the adder for my ain.
Gie me a haun tae fetch him hame.”

An the speckly trootie pit her fins roon the sides o the squirrel, an they rugged back an fore, back an fore, back an fore. Bit the wark wis hard an the day wis hett and they baith began tae tire.

Efter a wee while, fin it looked like the ant wis losin, he spotted the wide-winged erne fleeing oot the clouds, an he cried oot lood:

“I wint the adder for my ain.
Gie me a haun tae fetch him hame.”

An the wide-winged erne pit her wings roon the sides o the salmon, and they rugged back an fore, back an fore, back an fore. Bit the wark wis hard an the day

wis hett and they baith began tae tire.

Efter a wee while, fin it looked like the futterat wis lossin, he spotted the flappin doo fleein oot the clouds, an he cried oot lood:

“I wint the adder for my ain.
Gie me a haun tae fetch him hame.”

An the flappin doo pit her wings roon the sides o the trootie, an they rugged back an fore, back an fore, back an fore.

Noo, wi aa this ruggin and tuggin, the futterat, the ant an their friens hid streeched the adder oot frae the shape o a wee roon scone till a lang bit o rope, an aa this ruggin an tuggin hid pit him intae a fine fizz.

He wummled an shoogled and shoogled an wummled like a bit o elastic till he skyted ooto their hauns an raise up spittin an hissinn, wi his wee forkit tongue, an threatened tae bite the hale jin-bang, if they didna leave him alane.

An that is foo, tae this day, the adder is lang like a bit o towe, an foo naebody gings ower near him fur fear he’ll bite.