



*100 Word Tale*

The Merry Gaberlunzie

The Land Rover Defender crossed the border at dead of night. Lights off, electric motors hushed. It's cargo: contraband supplies for Scotland's embargoed whisky distillery.

Suddenly, the moor was awash with light. English troops surrounded the vehicle, weapons locked and loaded. "Dismount! Hands up!"

Out stepped a smiling tramp. Wild Hair, shambling manner.

Waving a bottle of whisky.

And then a shout of recognition: "It's him! King Boris!" England's merry monarch - famous for disguising as a gaberlunzie and disporting with the common people. Many a dram was quaffed that night. And in the morning, nobody could remember much at all.

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