**Doctor**

**By J.K. Annand**

Up drives the doctor

In his big car.

Comes ben the room

And speirs hoo ye are.

"Stick oot yer tongue.

Cough.  Say ninety-nine.

Let me feel your pulse.

Hen, ye're daein fine.

"Orange juice for denner.

At tea-time, same again.

An aspirin for supper

And ye'll be richt as rain."

**Mince and Tatties**

**By J.K. Annand**

I dinna like hail tatties
Pit on my plate o mince
For when I tak my denner
I eat them baith at yince.

Sae mash and mix the tatties
Wi mince into the mashin,
And sic a tasty denner
Will aye be voted ‘Smashin!’