

Wednesday, December 3, 2008

Poddlers Ride

"Go forth and tend to my flock" the injured one requested. And so the angel of the North came down upon Hookstone and the light of his fluorescent flashing jacket shone round about him and he was 'sore' afraid (in case Dennis turned up for a speedy ride). But none of the flock turned up to hear his tidings of great joy that the injured one was on the mend and to witness his thanks to last Wednesday's angels of mercy.

No wise people or carers of riggwelters* appeared, so the angel of the North flew off to Jerusborough to check the knock down price of frankincense at Woolies and to find out if the Star had indeed fallen into the beck, thereby confusing the wise men, before returning to the Inn by the Stray where he found there was plenty of room because the injured one had gone out for coffee!

*Riggwelter: from the Old Norse words "rigg", meaning back or shoulder and "velte", to overturn. If a sheep rolls over onto its back and can't get up without help, local Dales dialect says it is rigged or riggwelled. Usually the sheep dies. Some Poddlers turned over a riggwelter a few weeks back and presumably saved her life. So carers of riggwelters could be shepherds. Max G

