

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL



Every girl's dream is to own her own pony, but I had no chance. Well, that was until I managed to get Aunt Jeana's support and we both worked on Grandad. My first pony was Marble, a steely grey, who unfortunately I only had for a short time; for he took ill and we lost him. Once again, Aunt Jeana came to the rescue and managed to get her brother Alston to find me another pony. Along came Silver, and we had loads of walks etc. along

with Grandad and Aunt Jeana. I got the gates opened for me!! And of course my wee poodle Mandy came too, and had to be lifted onto the pony.

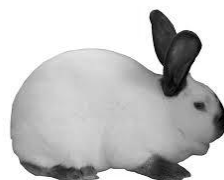
Joyce

Thumper was grey and white, like his Disney namesake, and not well. There was no way that he was going to be left at home while we went to Wormit so Thumper travelled north with the rest of us. I remember my Dad's tight lipped acquiescence to the hutch being packed in the car too. And then the inevitable happened - we were no sooner at Lynedoch than Thumper died and was buried with due ceremony among Aunt Jay's rose bushes.

I remember sitting in the drawing room feeling very sorry for myself when Uncle Bob and Aunt Jeana came in." Hold out your hands Anne", said Aunt Jeana and into my outstretched mitts was placed the tiny ball of white fluff that was "Snowball" the beloved bunny that was still fighting the good fight with the dog when I got married 10 years later.

I have the feeling that my Dad wasn't as thrilled as I was after all; he was the one who got rid of the tropical fish when Jean and I went to Wormit one weekend....

Anne





Some of my most vivid memories of Brighty involve dogs- particularly Snowflake the Westie, and Whisky, who could walk the legs off Duich, our Cairn/Jack Russell cross, who ended up doing somersaults in his attempts to keep up! One time we were walking past a barn with Whisky leading the way as usual, when he suddenly disappeared. A few moments later he reappeared with something in his mouth - a massive rat, which he swung to and fro until its neck broke. He was a great dog, with a lovely nature - but not if you were a rat! Two other things which stand out were the time I saw a calf being born (describing it at school impressed my 'townie' classmates no

end), and the lamb's docked tail Uncle Bob gave me one Easter when we were staying at Wormit and had come to Brighty for a couple of nights - unfortunately it never reached school, as it was well 'on the turn' before we left Wormit!

Jean

I never knew the real Snowflake, although I saw photos of her, but visiting Aunt Jeana's in Newport it was always nice to see the toy Westie, also called Snowflake, sitting on his chair.

Mairi

My father had an ulterior motive when he offered Bidy the donkey to Aunt Jeana - she lived in a field of Highland Cattle at Star Inn and he wanted rid of her!

Peter



Bobby and I were cleaning Millar and Grandad's stones, where Aunt Jeana and Grandad had had many walks with the dogs.

Helen Scott

It always seemed ironic she wanted to play games with cat in the title given she dislikes cats so much!

Alison

