Borrowers

Audio transcript

Length: 2 minutes, 38 seconds

The gales for proverb, I will not borrow a [clay pot], neither will I lend one.

But not many know where it came from. It is told that there was a woman who lived as many do today on loans. She lived in the village at the head of Loch Darloch, Kinloch, in the Isle of Skye.

Probably she had begun housekeeping without much furniture, for she was for a number of years indebted to a woman neighbours for a [clay pot], a clay pot, in which she might cook her food from day to day.

But at last she purchased a [clay pot] often for herself. And she was very proud of it, on the day she took it home. She had set it in the fire to cook her midday meal, when suddenly it occurred to her, with some alarm, that the neighbouring woman would want to borrow it off her as she'd been in the habit of doing from them. She ran out the door and standing on the peat stack or dung heap.

She shouted at the top of her voice so that all her women neighbours might hear. I will not borrow a [clay pot]. Nor will I lead one. And then returned inside perfectly certain in our own mind that she had done a shot. But when she came back to the [clay pot], there was nothing left of it. But the withy on which the fish had once been strung.

For the [clay pot] had gone to fragments. With the haste she'd have been to proclaim to the other woman that you neither born or when the [clay pot]. She had forgotten to put water in it. And while she was shouting in the peat stack, the heat of the fire broke the [clay pot] into little bits. And she had nothing left but the pot toque she was now worse off than she had ever been before. For she was still without a pot. And shameless though she was. She had not enough confidence to allow her to ask for the loan of one from her women, neighbours, women.