

## It must have been the kilt...



So, while it didn't exactly go viral, posting my view that David Tennant deserves an Oscar for his rendition of "500 Miles" at the BAFTAs garnered nearly 2000 views on my [threads](#) account – proof that sometimes social media does work. I didn't think I was alone in my appreciation, but phew! Perhaps I need to say something as profound about my book to get 2000 eyes on it all at once – oh well, I'll keep trying – something I didn't do in 2024.

A year marked by loss, health dramas, tech failures, daily trudging through work-related mud, redeemed in part by some incredibly beautiful family moments, reminded me of life's constant give and take. Something had to give, and unfortunately it was my writing. The plan is unchanged, it just has different dates on it, so the last thing I'll say about 2024 before looking ahead is goodbye and good riddance!

Covid visited again with a vicious gastro variant, and it reminded me of one of my favourite poems, recited often by a non-blood uncle every chance he could. 'Tae a Fart' could only have been written by a Scot, motivated by the effects of the hearty Scottish diet no doubt. A gut-unfriendly diet that may have contributed to **Robert Burns** demise at 37 years young, although not before fathering 16 children – that we know of! An ardent nationalist and



**I'm not sure how it goes down with non-Scots but here is snippet anyway :)**

*"Oh what a sleekit horrible beastie, Lurks  
in yer bellie efter a feastie,*

*Just as ye sit doon among yer kin, there  
starts to stir an enormous wind.*

*The neeps and tatties and mushy peas  
start working like a gentle breeze*

*But soon the pudding wi' the sauncie face  
Will hae ye blawin' a' ower the place*

*Nae matter whit the hell ye dae a'body's  
gonnae hae tae pay*

*Even if ye try tae stifle it's like a bullet oot a  
rifle*

*Hawd yer bum ticht tae the chair Tae try  
tae stop the leakin' air*

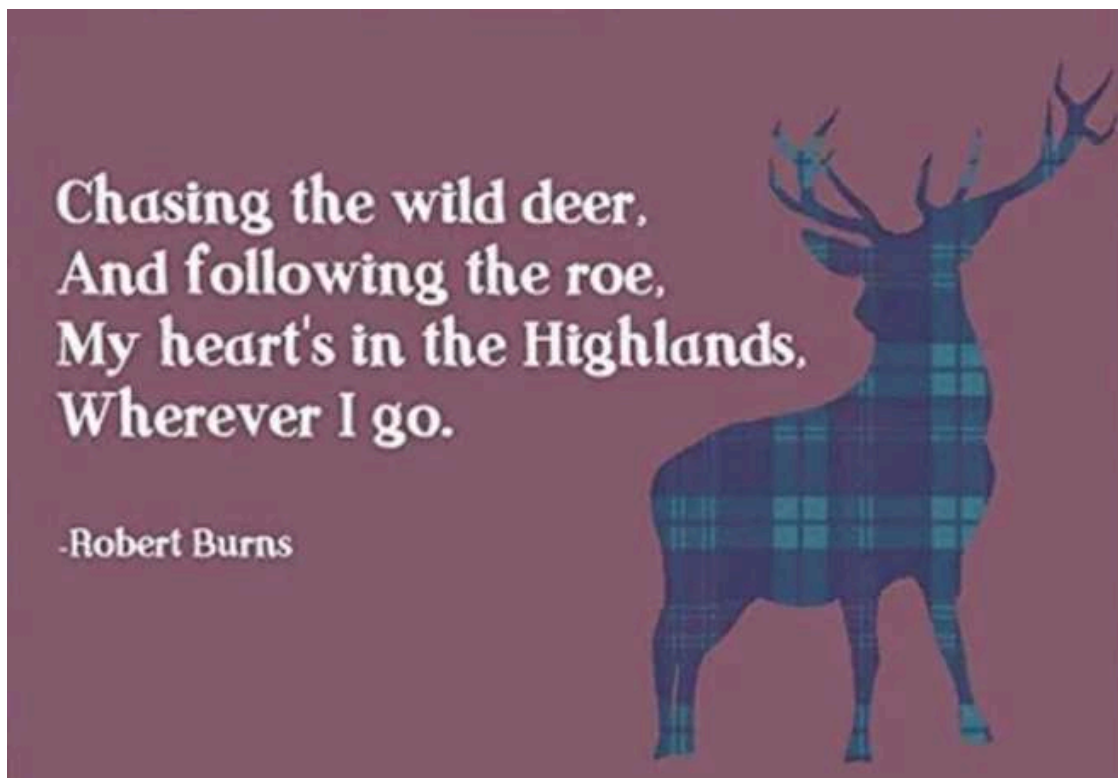
womaniser, he was NOT everyone's favourite, but who can take issue with a man of this thinking:

***“God knows I am no saint. I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for. But if I could, and believe that I do as far as I can, I would wipe all tears from all eyes. Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; but whatever injures society at large or any individual in it, then this is my measure of iniquity.”***

I think every world leader should commit this to memory!

*Shift yersel fae cheek tae cheek Pray tae god it disnae reek”*

*Robert Burns*



Book 2 in my series is almost finished – just a few chapters, then a launch plan. The title is still evading commitment, but that's normal for me. It'll arrive during early hours coffee, or when a sentence shouts back.

Currently my 'people' are still enduring and persevering, as their resilient nature and circumstances demand. They 'live' with me, and I can't wait for them to live with you too. If you have read [THE SIGHT OF HEATHER](#) please leave a review on your buying platform – it will definitely help in making it go viral!



If you haven't seen David Tennant do us Scots proud, then here it is - it's a classic! [500 miles](#)

I hope you celebrated Burns Day on the 25<sup>th</sup> January – If you didn't, there's always next year – providing you manage your diet 😊

'till next time,

*Ally*

xxx

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