

Candidate 2 evidence

Mibby

Fur ye mighta been dragged up, n tain aff yer mam.
N yer da mibby couldny see ye fur ees habit.
N mibby yer mam hud wan tae.
N mibby when ye wur in primary, aw yer pals hud nice scooters n bikes.
N mibby ye wur ashamed ae yer hoose n couldny huv embdy in.

Fur yer da mighta died young, n left you wae nuhin but hurt.
N mibby when ye wur 15, ye thoat about tryin aw that stuff tae see wit yer da loved about it mare than you.
N mibby ye really miss yer da noo, bein' 17, bit mibby sometimes ye hink ees no even worth missin, cos ye wurny worth lovin'.
N mibby when the topic ae the drugs cims up n school, mibby evribdy turns roon ae look it ye.
N Mibby in yer modurn studies class yer eyes well wae tears when thur talkin about the affects ae wealth on yer health.
N Mibby it makes ye hink about the affects ae neglect oan the soul.

Fur yer mam mighta goat better, n fun ersel a wee group.
N mibby yer ma spends er time it meetins noo, n oan the phone ae the loast souls, instead ae gittin fully it.
N mibby yer proud ae yer mam, n ye love wit shes done fir ersel n chinged er life about.
Bit mibby ye sit in yer room, fulla resentment, listenin ae er talk tae thum aw oan the phone.
N mibby ye hear er been gentle wae thum.
N mibby ye git fulla envy, n hink ye must be the only dafty daft enough tae envy any ae they poor souls.

Fur aw yer life, ye mighta been telt thit it wis an illness.
N mibby ye wur telt thit aw yer maw n da's fuck ups wur jist thur illness.
N mibby it worked fur the furst cutla year, bit mibby that same auld daft explanation git a bit harder ae believe.
N mibby ye stoaped acceptin' it fur an excuse.
N mibby cis everibdy startit drillin this inty yer heed, ye startit hatin yer maw n da fur gittin mare sympathy thin you ever did.
N mibby folk seen yer maw n da is poor souls.
N mibby thats where aw the hatred n resentment n loathin startit.

Fur aw this death, might no uv even been new ae ye.
N Mibby ye wur broat up n the sesh capital ae Europe, n aw yer boay cousins hud died young n fully it tae.
N mibby aw the rest wur in Barlinnie n Polmont wae phones they hud planked.

N mibby aw yur neighbours wid cim ae the door n ask yer mam fur a fag ur skins ur tabacca.
N mibby win they wurny it yer door, they were oot it the steps it the flat acroass the road.
N mibby they wur sittin oan the burst couch yer ither neighbour hid done away wi efter the cooncil geed er a new wan.
N mibby they hud a can in thur haun, n mibby they drank lit fish cos they thoat they'd fun thur soul it the bottom ae the can.
N mibby sometimes, it night, ye sit n hink aboot yer eld street, n ye hink aboot the poor souls.
N mibby sometimes, ye might jist miss the community spirit ae thit cid only be seen if ye wur wan ae thum.

Fur ye mighta climbed fences n trees is a wain.
N mibby ye climbed up the loak ups anaw.
N mibby ye'd cim in the hoose mockit.
N mibby yer maw wid git oan it ye fur wastin yer new trainers ye'd hud fir 6 month bae that point.
N mibby ye'd see yer maw pittin watter oot the tap inty the jug a milk.
N mibby ye'd be sittin wi yer heed er the bath n yer maw hid the bone comb oot fishin oot the nits ye'd goat fae school yisterday.
N mibby, jist mibby, ye'd sat nixt tae the lassie way nits yisterday in purpose.
Cos mibby, ye jist liked the feelin ae yer mams hauns in yer hair.

Fur ye mighta thoat a coulda wrote ye a glossary ae help ye unnerstaun this.
N mibby whilst yer readin this yer hinkin "wits she talkin aboot".
N mibby a dont hink ye shoulda goat a glossary ae help ye unnerstaun.
N mibby a hink that cos a never hud a glossary ae help me unnerstaun, a wis tae figure it oot fur masel.
N mibby, deep doon, a dont want ye ae unnerstaun.
Cos mibby, ma experience is the only hing av goat aw ae masel.

Fur ye mighta got aulder, n startit dain yer ain hing.
N mibby ye startit wearin less clase gin oot way yer pals.
N mibby yer pals did anaw.
N mibby you n yer pals wid stert runnin aboot w the elder boays, the wans thit knew mare thin you did.
N mibby ye fair liked wan ae thum.
N mibby eh liked ye back.
N mibby ye wur never sure if eh did ur no.
N mibby aw that insecurity yer da geed ye wis showin lit a cauld sare.
N mibby it wis cis eh hud a habit ae ees ain.
N mibby ae wis jist a poor soul.
N mibby it was cause ye couldny read um, jist lit ye couldny read yer auld da.

Fur ye mighta pit oan a voice tae hide ahint.
N mibby ye'd furget ae turn it aff.
N mibby you'd talk like this, cleary and properly, to hide what you had come from; and continue to return home to.
N mibby yer mam wid ask wit ye were speakin lit that fur.
N mibby ye'd furget ae switch it back oan, n yer teachers widny unnerstaun wit ye wir gin oan aboot.
N mibby the wiy ye talk goat recognised is a language a wee while ago (roon aboot the time you git recognised tae)
N mibby they cin ge away n stick thir correct pronunciation up thur arse.

Fur ye might sit yersel in yer room it night.
N mibby ye hink aboot aw the mibbys.
N mibby ye hink aboot wit coulda been different.
N mibby ye hink aboot how good it coulda been, n aw the potential.
N mibby ye hink aboot how minny ae the poor souls ye once knew might be deed noo, probably.
N mibby ye hink aboot wit yer maw n yer da mighta been like, afore it aw, afore you.
N mibby ye hink they mighta still been thigither.
N mibby ye woulda stiyed in a nicer hoose.
N mibby ye didny git a ridneck tellin yer pals maw's n da's yer address win they wur drappin ye aff, cis ye couldny git ahaud ae emdy tae git hame.
N mibby ye cringe win ye caw it hame, cis ye never felt safe, n ye never felt welcome.
N mibby ae you it wis jist four waus thit felt lit a cage.

Fur ye mighta startit the big school, n seen ye wur actually orite it stuff.
N mibby it wis weird.
N mibby ye wur good wae the essays n the hinkin.
N mibby folk telt ye yev goat a ticket oot the scheme here.
N mibby ye listent.
N mibby ye git yer heed doon, n ye startit tryin harder.
N mibby ye'd goat a cutla good marks the furst time.
N mibby another load the second.
N mibby ye startit picturin yersel oot the scheme fur good.
N mibby yer oan yer road oot noo.
N mibby it isny is for awiy is it wis a cutla year ago.
N mibby, your no gonny be a poor soul.

Fur ye mighta seen sim serious stuff is a wain.
N mibby even noo ye see it wi yer eyes shut.

N mibby win ye git yer bloods done it the doctors, yer back in yer das hoose.

N mibby win the wummin puts the stretchy hing roon yer erm, it feels aw too familiar

N mibby ye hink win yer da hid yer school tie roon his.

N mibby win ye look in the mirror ye see yer mam, n win yer angry ye see yer da.

N mibby the thoat eh becomin either wan ae thum terrorises ye.

N mibby the birthmark in the same place is yer mams, thit ye used tae be so proud ae; ye hide ahint makeup noo.

N mibby every time ye look it yersel, suhin aboot ye chinges.

N mibby it's cis ye don't really know who ye ur; jist who ye've been made tae be.

Fur ye might look back, oan the hard days.

N mibby ye look past aw the carnage.

N mibby ye see some ae the days wurny si bad.

N mibby ye'll be oot n aboot n ye'll smell a smell ye smelt as a wain.

N mibby that smell ye smelt wull remind ye ae the days ye played fitba doon the park.

N mibby ye'll hink aboot that time yer pal fell aff er chair in computin.

N mibby ye'll hink tae yersel, nae matter the amount a shite ye endured, wid ye chinge it?

Wid ye? Wid ye really?

N mibby ye'll hink tae yersel, thit ye widny, fur a minute.

N mibby ye only thoat that fur a minute though, a fleetin' wan it that.

N wan day, win ye've goat oot.

N ye huv yer Rolls Royce.

N yer wains ur well fed.

N yer ma hud says sorry ae yer face, no er sponsor.

N ye've goat yer big fancy joab.

N ye've goat the money fir mare letterin oan yer da's heedstain.

N ye unnerstaun corporate etiquette.

N ye'll huv git merit.

N n aw its poor souls, wull be a hing ae the past.

N ye'll no needty worry anymare.

N mibby, there'll be nae mare mibbies.