

"A Pipers Tale"

Once upon a time, the lowlands of Scotland were full of roaming herds of bagpipes. Enriching the lives of the populace, with their sweet music being able to be heard from miles away. But, without warning, a rampaging army of badly-tuned English 6-string guitars swept in and decimated their numbers. Most of the remaining pipes took refuge in the Gaelic-speaking lands of the Highlands and Islands. And some crept away southwards to hide amongst the miners of Northumbria, to evolve into a quieter breed. However, the campaign backfired on the English, as the dominance of the guitars led to the loss of the ancient choral songs everyone knew. And was replaced by solo singer-guitarists bleating feebly about middle-aged angst and vegan curries. It was only the return of the Jolly Jack Tar, with his shanty songs, which vaguely stirred the memories of the singers. But, to this day, as just reward, the heart-felt songs and music belong to the Gaels and the Celts, lamenting their beloved bagpipes.