

# Oor Nikki

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'Aye, Donna, oor Nikki's such a nice dresser, she's really goat great taste, so she huz. Dae ye know, she huz three fur coats, all o' them real, so they urr. But she cannae wear them ootside coz of the animaal rights extremists. She telt me she is jist waitin' fur the prices tae go up in China, so she is. D'ye member that fur stole Ah goat when Ah got merit? The wan ma Granda gave ma Granny for hur Golden Jubilee? Nikki sold it tae a wuman in Shanghai last year and ma share wiz a hunner-an-twenty-five quid, so it wuz.

'Donna, ye shood see hur when she struts hur stuff, so ye should. Aye, she sure knows how tae pit oan the swagger, duz oor Nikki. Wan day Ah saw hur in Buchanan Street being interviewed by that nice guy aff the tele, ye know, Desmond whit's his name? Ah just breezed past coz Ah was in a rush. Ah phoned hur the next day and she span me a great tale aboot a doakumentry on fashion for the older wuman. She said if it got used in the video, she wid git a fee o' five hundred spondoolucks. But Ah think she was jist spinnin' me anither wan o' hur tales.

'Dae ye know she phoned me wan night and telt me she was jist back from a garden party at Holyrood Palace where she met the Queen and that stuck up man of hers. Said she had been selected fur hur charitable work, servin' soup tae the down and outs late at night just off George Square. *Aye right!* Mair like ye would have seen hur jist aff Blythswood Square in a mini skirt wearing nae knickers, if ye get ma drift.

'Bit she was aywiz clever, oor Nikki, right frae a wee girl. Did ye know she won a scholarship tae St Al's back when we lived in Toonheed? And she wis two years it the Art School and did a lot of posing in the buff tae make ends meet. Then she shacked up wi' wan o' the lechururs, bit it wiznae a man. Oh no, it was a wuman, a Professor, so she wiz. Then they split, a bust-up coz the Professor wuman goat some veneerayall disease frae Nikki, and it all came oot, her 'business' activities at Blythswood Square. Anyway, that's why she could never huv kids although she did manage tae swing it and get hersell ontae the cooncil's list as a fostur parent and they geed her a great semi in Mossspark and did it a' up fur hur. Bit efter a year or two, they took hur aff thur list coz she was smokin' dope an' lettin' the weans smoke it tae. But she held ontae that nice hoose. Ah went there wance and she keeps it lovely.

'She huz a boyfriend, a gay guy, whit's his name, ye might huv seen him on the tely, Alan somethin'. He huz a PR business an' frae time tae time tae time she pretends tae be his lovey-dovey so thit he can pass himself aff as a regular guy tae clients. He does a ton o' business for charities, sales drives, that sorta thing. Oh aye, an' Nikki can speak French and Spanish tae, went tae classes at Strathclyde Uni so she duz voiceovers for Alan thingamyboab, so she duz. She hud a big fancy caur bit she loast hur licence fur speedin' while under the influence.

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'She noo she goes evurywhair by taxi, her pal Robert huz a black cab. As Ah said, she's moovt ontae eBay, sellin' claithes online. Most days Robert takes her on her run -aroon the charity shops in posh places - Newtown Mearns, Giffnock, Shawlands, Bearsden, Milngavie, even oot tae Lenzie and Stirling. When she sees sumthing she fancies, she ahlwiz haggles ower the price tae create a 'worthwhile margin'.

**Oh bugger!**

Donna, Ah need ye tae haud oan on a wee minute hen, will ye:

***Tiddles McGovren, will ye stoap chayzin Billy the Budgie and lee him ah-laine! And yoo Billy, will ye stoap peckin' lumps off ma pelmit, if ye please.***

Noo, where wiz Ah Donna? Oh aye, if the buyers ur local enough, Robert'll delivur fur hur, when he's oot and aboot ahtween drivin' his fares. But she huz a business account with DHL and ships a' aroond the wurld, so she duz. China's hur big mairkit, so she telt me, wherr therr's a lottae rich women thit ur jist gagging fur British claithes. Did Ah say she huz a wee sewing machine an' a label-maker? Aye, she pits oan fancy fake labels frae Harrods and Burberry. Playin' them at thur ain game, she says. Aye, thur ur nae flies on oor Nikki, so thur's no'. Aye, ye have tae hand it tae hur, so ye dae.

Oh, look, Ah'm sorry Donna, Ah've goat a call waitin', probably Terry, it's his usual time fur a bit o' 'scolding'. It's aywiz the same wi' Terry, 'flashing' in Cineworld or jerkin' aff ontae his wee girl dolly in the confessional at the Immaculate Conception. Nikki pit him ontae me, so she did. She duz the money side frae hur website, pays me in cash, twenty-five fur a ten-minute session. Afore Ah let them start, they huv tae gee me a code number frae the list she's geed me. They call me 'Amanda', so Ah'm anonymous. And Terry, poor wee soul, huz referrt a' his pals tae me, the wans frae the treatment centre, so Ah'm daein' aroont ten sessions a week.

'Look, Donna, Ah'll ring ye back the morrow, OK? Take care, hen. Toodle-pip.'