

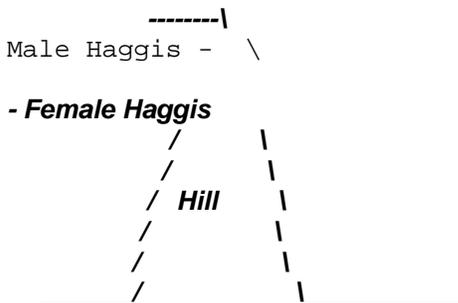
## BREEDING HABITS OF THE HAGGIS

*Now, here's an intelligent question (at last!). I've been wondering how long it would take someone to ask this one, so I have already researched the reply.*

*When the wee yins are born, the female haggis, like all aquatic, avian animals, suckles her young. Haggis however are sticklers for protocol, and the male wee yins suckle on the left side, while the females are restricted to the right side. (In the very few instances where all the wee yins are of one sex only, this does cause the odd little problem).*

*The effect of this is for the male legs to develop in such a way that when they mature, they run in a clockwise circle, while the females run in anti-clockwise circles. (I say circles here, but really, it's only when a haggis finds flat ground that it runs in circles).*

*Now of course, mating couldn't be easier - perhaps I should draw a diagram:*



*As the above two are quite innocently going about their daily foraging, it is a certainty they will meet, because as the male forages in a clockwise direction, while the female goes anti-clockwise, provided they are at the same level, they will shortly meet, and the inevitable courtship ritual ensues - the male asks her out, gives her a box of chocolates, a bouquet of flowers, and takes her to the pictures. (Just joking actually - Haggis don't go to the pictures - they don't have any money).*

*Now before I depart this subject, I must mention the pair wee yins where the whole family are unfortunate enough to be of one sex only. Well, the mother requires relief (like all mammals) in this situation, so she sets up a rota where some suckle one side one day, and then move over to the other side the next. The unfortunate results of this procedure are two fold. First of all, the pair wee yins don't know what sex they are, and grow up with a major identity crisis, but even worse, they grow up with three equal length legs.*

*Many years ago, these strange beasties did not survive long, but in more modern times, provided they manage to find a road, they will make their way down from the hills, into the towns and cities, provided they don't get flattened by passing traffic. Here they forage in dustbins, and get what food they can from passing kind hearted people, but alas, they will never find the joys of mating, as they are destined never to meet another haggis, and even if they do, they would be too embarrassed to say anything, because they are never quite sure whether it's a male or a female.*

*Sad, isn't it ?*