

THE SCOTSMAN AND THE FASHONISTA
By GeodesicDragon

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1. AUTHOR'S NOTES

Anyone who has read my FIMFiction profile will know that I am Scottish. And anyone who has heard my audio blogs will no doubt have some idea as to what a Scottish accent sounds like.

But could I write a story where one of the characters is Scottish?

Since you're reading this then of course the answer was yes. Yes I could, and yes I did. I had a lot of fun writing this, and I hope you got a laugh out of it. And even if you didn't understand a single word of it, don't worry — there's an English translation of the entire story afterwards.

Why did I use Rarity for this? Two reasons. One, she has a posh accent, and two, we all know she feels about ruffians. And they don't get much rougher than a Scotsman (and I should know).

Anyway, that's pretty much it. No point in filling pages with my inane ramblings. You no doubt want to read this.

Well, be my guest.

Or, as we say in Scotland...

"GET TAE FUCK!"

--

Christopher "GeodesicDragon" Urquhart

Author

2. ORIGINAL VERSION

The sewing machines in the Carousel Boutique worked non-stop as Rarity rushed between them, working on her latest designs. Ever since humans had arrived in Equestria, the seamstress had found herself inundated with new clientèle. Not that she was complaining, of course. In fact, she craved the challenge of creating clothing for a species unlike any she had seen before.

The bell above the shop rang out, indicating another customer had arrived. As Rarity stopped her magic, the sewing machines ground to a halt. Straightening herself as best she could, the unicorn trotted out onto the shop floor, a warm smile on her face.

Her eyes brightened when she saw a human male standing in the middle of her establishment. He was wearing a backpack and perusing several of the nearby mannequins, each one bearing a Rarity special. Upon hearing the hoofsteps approaching, he turned.

"Welcome to the Carousel Boutique," Rarity said politely, "where everything is chic, unique and magnifique! Are you purchasing for yourself, or somepony special?"

"Masel', lass." the human replied. "I'm here because I've bin hearin' that ye're the one tae see aboot gettin' a suit made."

Rarity balked slightly at the humans accent. It was quite different from anything she had heard before.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but could you say that again? I'm afraid I didn't quite understand you that well."

The human blinked.

"Whit's so hard tae understand?" he said. "I'm efter a suit. Cin ye make me ane or no'?"

"Oh, I see. You'd like a suit?" Rarity said.

"Aye."

"I see." she replied. "I just had trouble making out the words, due to your... unique accent."

"Och, awa'." the human laughed. "It's jist a Scots accent. There's nuhin' unique about it."

"Er, of course." Rarity said. "Now, please follow me, and I will take your measurements, Mr...?"

"Jist ca' me Jock." the human replied. "A'body else does."

"As you wish... er, Jock." Rarity replied.

She led Jock into the back of the shop, which was filled to bursting point with rolls of fabric, empty ponykins and mannequins, reams of paper with new designs, and various other bits and bobs that one would expect to find in a fashion emporium.

Rarity motioned towards small pedestal in the middle of the room with a nod of her head. Jock put his bag down and stood on it, straightening himself up and holding out his arms.

"Just hold still, and I shall take the measurements I need." Rarity said. "It will only take a couple of minutes."

"Nae worries, lass." Jock replied. "You jist take yer time. It's no' like ye've got onybody else waitin' fur ye."

Rarity smiled politely, as Jock's words went in one ear, only to come screaming out the other as incomprehensible babble.

Using a hoof, she grabbed a tape measure and held it against Jock's outstretched arms. She took the measurements she needed; arms, chest, waist, and then moved to the inside leg.

Jock stifled a laugh as the tape measure moved closer to his nether regions. He looked Rarity in the eyes and grinned.

"Normally when a lassie wants tae grab me there, ah hiv tae take her oot fur denner an' a movie first."

Rarity dropped the tape measure in shock. She didn't understand most of what Jock had said, but she *did* understand 'grab me there', and 'dinner and a movie'. She looked at him incredulously.

"How dare you!" she snapped. "I am *not* the sort of mare who jumps into bed with any stallion who treats her properly! I am simply taking your inside leg measurement for your suit, and I would thank you to keep your vile comments to yourself!"

Jock laughed.

"Calm doon, lass." he said calmly. "Ah wis only haein' ye on. Jings, ye're fair easy to rile up. Though Ah suppose that bein' a tailor can be awfy stressful, what wi' a' the orders and stuff, ye ken?"

Rarity huffed.

"I am *not* a 'tailor'," she pouted, "I am a fashionista. There is a very big difference between the two."

Jock raised an eyebrow.

"Oh aye?" he said. "And whit would that be?"

"Tailors make ordinary clothes for ordinary ponies." Rarity replied. "I, on the other hoof, make *extraordinary* fashions for all!"

Jock snorted.

"Crivvens, lass! Ah'd heard that ye had an ego problem," he said gruffly, "but this is jist ridiculous."

Rarity could feel her temper rising.

"I do not have an 'ego problem'," she said darkly, "you are thinking of Rainbow Dash. I am simply proud of the work I do, and why shouldn't I be? Everypony is talking about my fashions, and I have a list of exclusive clients as long as your arm!"

"And whit about the 'ordinary tailors'?" Jock asked. "Whit, ye 'hink ye're better than them?"

"Of course not!" Rarity defended. "In fact, I go to a lot of other designers when I need a helping hoof! It just so happens that my designs are... preferred... among Equestria's elite."

"There ye go again wi' the ego." Jock muttered, before changing his accent to mimic Rarity's. "Oh, I *do* admire your work, but I have to say that nopony in Canterlot is wearing any of it now, are they? Why, they prefer my work over yours. Quite frankly, darling, I don't know why you bother."

He punctuated this by putting one hand on his hips and waving the other hand around in a manner more suited to royalty.

Rarity's eye twitched involuntarily as Jock continued his mocking tirade. Eventually, she snapped.

"I should have guessed that an uncouth barbarian like yourself wouldn't understand fashion if it bit him on the flank!" she snarled. "And your *accent*! Every word sounds like somepony is pouring acid into my ears!"

Jock simply looked at her and snorted.

"See whit Ah mean?" he said. "A'thing Ah've heard aboot ye has been true. Easy tae rile up, an ego the size o' England, and completely unable tae take a joke. Ah dinnae ken why Ah even bothered ma arse comin' in here."

"You came in here because you wanted a suit." Rarity shot back. "And looking at you, I can probably guess what it's for. You look like such a ruffian, I wouldn't be surprised if this suit was for your next court appearance!"

Jock narrowed his eyes.

"Ah guess Ah cin add 'stereotypical' tae that list as well, noo." he said. "Whit, ye 'hink that because Ah'm Scottish, that automatically meks me a criminal? Well, Ah cin be stereotypical tae."

Rarity blinked.

"Oh, really?" she said sarcastically. "Well then, go right ahead."

"Well, let's see." Jock replied. "Furst o' all, yer accent is right posh. Secondly, Ah cin tell jist by lookin' at ye that yer a neat freak, wi' yer mane an' tail a' styled up like that. So, that leads me tae believe that you're jist a prissy, self-centred, arrogant *bitch*."

Rarity didn't miss a beat.

"Better to be prissy," she said with a smirk, "instead of a despicable low-life such as yourself, who probably wouldn't know what a comb *looks like*, let alone what it *does*."

"Where Ah come from," Jock shot back, "this haircut is the latest fashion. An' there wis me thinkin' that you kept up-tae-date wi' a' the latest trends. Or is humanity no' fashionable enough fer ye?"

"I've seen many humans since the link between our worlds opened up." Rarity snapped. "And none of them have been as awful as you. I can see why you came to me for clothes — the ones you are wearing now are truly awful, and you wanted only the best."

"Jings, ye're right." Jock replied. "Here, ye couldnae tell me whaur Ah could find 'the best', could ye? Cus it isnae here!"

"That's only because you're dragging down the atmosphere of my store!" Rarity yelled, her patience all but gone. "I have had enough of your presence. Get out, and don't ever darken my door again!"

"Gladly." Jock snarled. "And Ah'll make sure tae tell a' mah friends about ye... so they cin avoid ye like the plague!"

Rarity scoffed.

"I *sincerely doubt* that any of the people whom you no doubt associate with would come anywhere *near* an upmarket establishment such as mine!" she said. "Just leave, and take your empty threats with you!"

Jock didn't reply as he stepped off the pedestal before taking his bag and leaving the room. The sounds of the front door opening and then slamming shut followed soon after.

As the sound echoed through the now empty shop, Rarity sighed.

"Some people." she muttered, before heading back to her sewing machines and resuming her work.

"You twa telt me that Rarity wis the best o' the best." Jock said, addressing the two mares — a pink earth pony and a cyan-coloured pegasus — in front of him. "Ah spent twenty meenits inside her shop, and Ah didnae see anythin' tae back that up."

"Really?" the pink one asked. "Because Rarity is always super-happy to get new customers, because she can make super-cool outfits for them to wear, and she gets to make new friends!"

Jock snorted.

"All Ah managed tae gather wis that she's got a really bad ego, cannae take a joke, is really quick tae anger, and that she 'hinks she's God's gift tae fashion, simply because maist of the ponies in Canterlot are wearin' her gear."

"That doesn't sound like the Rarity we know." the pegasus said. "Right, Pinkie?"

Pinkie nodded enthusiastically.

"Yep-a-roonie!" she said. "Rainbow Dash is right, that doesn't sound the Rarity we know and love!"

Jock shrugged.

"Ah dinnae care." he said. "All Ah care about is getting back tae the office and writing my article. Soon, a'body will ken about Rarity and her awfy attitude problem."

Dash and Pinkie exchanged a puzzled look.

"I really don't think Rarity will care about what your newspaper's opinion of her is." Dash said. "She'll simply laugh it off."

Jock laughed heartily.

"A newspaper?" he said. "You think that's what Ah dae? Jings, is a'budy aroond here so narrow-minded?"

He took off his backpack and opened it, before reaching a hand inside and pulling out a folded magazine. He tossed it to Dash and Pinkie, who looked at it.

"You show her this," he said, "an' Ah *guarantee* that she'll care aboot mah opinion. Noo, Ah'm aff tae catch my train. Bye the noo."

With those words, he walked away, leaving the two ponies to unfold the magazine and look at the cover. Upon seeing it, they both burst out laughing.

"Oh, man!" Dash said. "When she sees this, she is gonna be begging him for mercy!"

"Totally!" Pinkie said.

For there, on the front cover of the magazine, as well as a picture of Jock in one corner, were the words...

FASHION SCOTLAND

EDITOR: Jock Wallace

3. ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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"Welcome to the Carousel Boutique," Rarity said politely, "where everything is chic, unique and magnifique! Are you purchasing for yourself, or somepony special?"

"Myself, lass." the human replied. "I'm here because I've been hearing that you're the one to see about getting a suit made."

Rarity baulked slightly at the humans accent. It was quite different from anything she had heard before.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but could you say that again? I'm afraid I didn't quite understand you that well."

The human blinked.

"What's so hard to understand?" he said. "I'm after a suit. Can you make me one or not?"

"Oh, I see. You'd like a suit?" Rarity said.

"Yes."

"I see." she replied. "I just had trouble making out the words, due to your... unique accent."

"Oh, away." the human laughed. "It's just a Scots accent. There's nothing unique about it."

"Er, of course." Rarity said. "Now, please follow me, and I will take your measurements, Mr...?"

"Just call me Jock." the human replied. "Everybody else does."

"As you wish... er, Jock." Rarity replied.

She led Jock into the back of the shop, which was filled to bursting point with rolls of fabric, empty ponykins and mannequins, reams of paper with new designs, and various other bits and bobs that one would expect to find in a fashion emporium.

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"How dare you!" she snapped. "I am *not* the sort of mare who jumps into bed with any stallion who treats her properly! I am simply taking your inside leg measurement for your suit, and I would thank you to keep your vile comments to yourself!"

Jock laughed.

"Calm down, lass." he said calmly. "I was only having you on. Goodness me, you're really easy to rile up. Though I suppose that being a tailor can be awfully stressful, what with all the orders and stuff, you know?"

Rarity huffed.

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Jock raised an eyebrow.

"Oh really?" he said. "And what would that be?"

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Jock snorted.

"My word, lass! I'd heard that you had an ego problem," he said gruffly, "but this is just ridiculous."

Rarity could feel her temper rising.

"I do not have an 'ego problem'," she said darkly, "you are thinking of Rainbow Dash. I am simply proud of the work I do, and why shouldn't I be? Everypony is talking about my fashions, and I have a list of exclusive clients as long as your arm!"

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"I guess I can add 'stereotypical' to that list as well, now." he said. "What, you think that because I'm Scottish, that automatically makes me a criminal? Well, I can be stereotypical as well."

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"Oh, really?" she said sarcastically. "Well then, go right ahead."

"Well, let's see." Jock replied. "First of all, your accent is really posh. Secondly, I can tell just by looking at you that you're a neat freak, with yer mane and tail all styled up like that. So, that leads me to believe that you're just a prissy, self-centred, arrogant *bitch*."

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Jock Wallace, EDITOR