CHAPTER XV (15)

**The Cheil fa wis Rinnin**

In the early evenin Dr. Kemp wis dowpit doon in his study in the belvedere on the knowe owerluikin Burdock. It wis a pleisunt wee chaumer, wi three windaes--nor, wast, an sooth--an buikshelves happit wi buiks an scientific screivins, an a braid screivin brod, an, unner the nor windae, a microscope, glaiss slips, teenie wee gear, a pucklie cultures, an skittered bottlies o reagents. Dr. Kemp's sun licht wis kinnlit, altho the lift wis aye bricht wi the gloaming licht, an his blinds wir up because there wis nae danger o glowerin ootsiders tae nott them pued doon.Dr. Kemp wis a heich an shilpit young cheil, wi blin fair hair an a mowser near fite, an the wirk he wis upon wid earn him, he hopit, the fellaeship o the Royal Society, sae heich did he think o’t.

An his ee, presently wannerin frae his wark, catched the sunset bleezin ahin the howe that is ower agin his ain. For a meenit mebbe he sat, pen in moo, likin the rich gowden hue abune the tap, an syne his ee wis drawn bi the wee corp o a cheil, inky blaik, rinnin ower the knowe-broo tae him. He wis a smaa wee birkie, an he’d on a heich hat, an he wis rinnin sae faist that his shanks near glentit.

"Anither o thon gypes," quo Dr. Kemp. "Like thon daftie fa ran intae me this mornin roon a neuk, wi the ''Veesible Cheil a-comin, maister!' I canna jelouse fit cams ower fowk. A body micht think we wir in the thirteenth century."

He raise up, gaed tae the windae, an glowered at the blae knowe, an the derk wee body teirin doon it. "He seems in a unca hash," quo Dr. Kemp, "bit he disnae seem to bemakkin muckle o’t. Gin his poochers wir stappit wi leidt, he couldnae rin wechtier."

"Spurtit, sir," Dr. Kemp mummlit.

In anither meenit the heicher o the hooses that hid sclimmed up the knowe frae Burdock hid hidden the rinnin cheil. He wis veesible again fur a meenit, an again, an syne again, three times atween the three self staunin hooses that cam neist, an syne the terrace hid him.

"Gypes!" quo Dr. Kemp, furlin roon on his heel an waukin back tae his screivin-brod.

Bit thon fa spied the rinner nearhaun, an saw the doonricht terror in his plottin face, bein thirsels in the open roadwey, didnae share in the doctor's scorn. By the cheil ran, an as he ran he clinkit like a weel-stappit purse that’s flang back an fore. He luikit neither tae the richt nur the left, bit his wide open een glowered straicht doon the howe tae far the lichts wir bein kinnlit, an the fowk wir heezin in the street. An his ill-faured moo fell apairt, an a pyocherin faem lay on his lips, an his braith cam roch an lood. Aa he gaed by stoppit an stertit glowerin up the road an doon, an backspeirin ane anither wi a thochtie o disquaet fur the rizzon o his steer.

An syne hyne up the knowe, a tyke playin in the road bowfed an ran unner a yett, an as they still winneret a ferlie--a win--a dunt, dunt, dunt,--a soon like a pechin breathin, hashed by.

Fowk skirled. Fowk lowpit aff the causey: It passed in skreichs, it passed bi instinck doon the knowe. They wir skirlin in the street afore Mervel wis haufwey thonner. They wir breengin intae hooses an caain tee the yetts ahin them, wi the news. He lippent tae it an made ae hinmaist breenge. Fleg cam stridin by, hashed aheid o him, an in a meenit hid grippit the toon.

"The Inveesible Cheil is camin! The Inveesible Cheil!"