

Hamish's Hypothesis  
HAMISH

It had been a long hard winter with little relief from its snow; but now there was a crispy southern wind promising an end to such woes. There was a smell of spring and a hint of warmer times.

Judging by last year, though, we are in for everlasting sunshine with an array of pink skin rapidly peeling, sometimes browning but mainly flaking off. All this will be accompanied by the quaffing of large quantities booze backed by loud slurred voices. The World will go mad on drunken ceilidhs.

As the year progresses, all grasses and foliage will dry and fray with mankind's temper, with nations blaming one another; farmers gazing at fields of wilting crops; we mortals snarling at dried-up spigots; even breweries stopping watering their beer and people complaining to . . . what? The council? The government? All the usual suspects.

I can see the time will come when someone will light a match and the whole World will turn into a giant fire-ball. No! That's not the end of mankind! not quite yet. For the aftermath of all this fire will be a gigantic plume of smog trapping vast volumes of CO2 beneath its canopy. All animal life is doomed – even the smallest mouse, the ants, the beetles, the worms all life that depends on oxygen, even the fishes of the oceans. There will only be lush green covering all without a break; no beasties chewing.

What a bleak picture!

I think I'll go and have my afternoon snooze before I write my latest poem, now that I've worked out the story-line.

The Poem

BLUE tae GREEN

It sterted no a wheen o' years awa,  
Just efter heavy winter snaw.  
A crispy southern wind did blaw;  
Foreboden time!  
Then sprightly coloured spring, real braw  
An aw seemed fine.

Then summer came; the sun shone bricht.  
It seemed to shine baith day and night.  
Folk went pink an drank till ticht -  
- Aw hertie;  
A drunken rabble – whit a sicht!  
A national pairty.

Summer gied way tae simmer time  
An aw the grass and trees dried fine.  
The heat reached near tae ninety nine  
- That's Fahrenheit -  
As aw the world blamed Aly Einstein  
And longed for moonlight.

Mony the folk grew hot an' flaming.  
Emergencies were daily claiming.  
You, and me, and he, were blaming  
Yin another;  
The lot consumed in counterclaiming.  
A real scunner!

A pall o' smoke o'er land and sea;  
The World sae derk, nae sun tae see;  
Brass monkeys nippet you and me.  
Real cauld!  
Waning o' oor World tae wintree  
An' sairly mauled.

The plaid o' smoke grew thick and thicker;  
Bonny World turned cauld and caulder;  
CO2 got dense and denser,  
Aw wi smut.  
The rain it fell gar awthings greener;  
Nae critters but!

Well, there ye go, tis plain tae see,  
We're doomed tae Hell eternally.

So there we are! But we shouldn't be surprised; for it has all happened before, away back 350 million years ago when Earth was in it youth and coccolithophores roamed the seas. Their dead trapped CO2 and captured an awful lot in the form of chalk (v the White Cliffs of Dover) at the bottom of the sea, *ergo* there must have been a lot of CO2 there in the first place. That was the green time when only plants inherited the earth and life as we know it thrived; until, that is, all the pollinating beasties died off too and all turned to brown dead rubbish. Yes! That's where we're heading.

To quote John Lawrie – *we're awe doomed, ah tell ye; doomed.*