

If you are looking for quotes about buildings, town or city life, you can find a few here. However, you will find many more in *Cloud Howe* or *Grey Granite* (book 2 and 3 of *Scots Quair*) which you can access and search for free at <http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks07/0700471h.html>

*use 'Ctrl F' to search for a specific word or a specific town. Many Aberdeenshire towns are mentioned in the trilogy!

1. Next door the kirk was an olden tower, built in the time of the Roman Catholics, the coarse creatures, and it was fell old and wasn't used any more except by the cushat-doves and they flew in and out the narrow slips in the upper storey and nested there all the year round and the place was fair white with their dung.
2. Off he set, she was left alone among the black trees that bent over the greyness of the kirkyard. Unendingly the unseen grasses whispered and rustled above the stones' dim, recumbent shapes, and she thought of the dead below those stones, farmers and ploughmen and their wives, and little bairns and new-born babes, their bodies turned to skeletons now so that if you dug in the earth you'd find only their bones, except the new-buried, and maybe there in the darkness worms and awful things crawled and festered in flesh grown rotten and black, and it was a terrifying place.
3. They were past Drumlithie and the Carmont then, you could smell the woods of Dunnottar and look out at them from the window, girdling Stonehaven down to its bay, shining and white, the sun was out on the woods and the train like a weasel slipped through the wet smell of them.
4. But the sun was out now on the long Stonehaven streets and Chris went past the Academy down to the market, still at that hour with just a stray cat or so on the sniff around, genteel and toff-like, Stonehaven, cats. Down through a lane she caught a glimmer of the North Sea then or maybe it was the sunlight against the sky, but the smell of the sea came up. And she still had plenty of time.
5. ...the best of weather the day held still, Laurencekirk looked brave in the forenoon stir, with its cattle mart and its printing office where they printed weekly the Kincardineshire Observer, folk called it The Squeaker for short. It had aye had a hate for Stonehaven, Laurencekirk, and some said that it should be the county capital, but others said God help the capital that was entrusted to it; and would speak a bit verse that Thomas the Rhymour had made, how ere Rome--

became a great imperial city,

Twass peopled first, as we are told,

By pirates, robbers, thieves, banditti;

Quoth Tammas: 'Then the day may come

When Laurencekirk shall equal Rome.'

CLOUD HOWE

6. ... the moon had come and was sailing a sky lilac, so bright that the Manse stood clear as they turned and looked back, the yews etched in ink, beyond them the kirk that hadn't a steeple, set round with its row upon row of quiet graves, the withered grass kindled afresh to green, in long, shadowy tufts that whispered like ghosts. An owlet hooted up on the hill and through the quiet of the night round about there came a thing like a murmur unended, unbegun, continuous, the hum of the touns--and that was queer, most folk were in bed!
7. So they passed quiet down through the wind of East Wynd, over to the right the hiddling of lanes where the spinners bade, nearer the road and black in the moon the school and the schoolhouse set round with dykes. They passed a joiner's shop to the left, Chris peered at the name and saw ALEC OGILVIE, then came to a place with shops all around, a grocer's shop with D. PEAT on the sill, fat lettering over a shoemaker's--HOGG; and a narrow little front that barked PETER PEAT. Beyond, to the right, a lane wound down to the post-office kept by Macdougall Brown, so Chris had been told, she hadn't been there.
8. Round by here you could see the Mills, in the big glass windows across the field the whirr of the wheels as they caught the sun, the spinners at work in the dust and the smell; but you liked the Mills, you'd been down there twice, with Charlie, he said the folk in New Toun were daft to speak of the folk in the Mills as only spinners, there were foremen and weavers, and a lot more besides; but they all looked like spinners.

GREY GRANITE

9. Standing still so breathing that little while she was suddenly aware of the silence below--as though all the shrouded town also stood still, deep-breathing a minute in the curl of the fog--stilling the shamble and grind of the trams, the purr of the buses in the Royal Mile, the clang and swing of the trains in Grand Central, the swish and roll and oily call of the trawlers taking the Forthie's flood--all pausing, folk wiping the fog from their eyes and squinting about them an un-eident minute--