

Dear Mr. Mackie,

Ah hope ye dinnae mind me callin ye that, ma Mum tawd me not tae but ah try not tae lissen tae her. Ah just wunted tae wish ye aw the best on yer birthday, sinse ye huv lived tae such a specktackyuler age an aw, an tae tell youse a wee bit o a story.

Ma name's Rebecca, ye can call me Beckie, and ah'm fae Dundee but ah liv in Maryhill, Glasgow. A few munths ago, befor aw the wurld hud tae crawl into its shell like a wee turtle cuz o this virus, ah climed aw the way tae the top o yer Lighthouse, in the senter o Glasgow. Not tae be rood, but why wood ye bild a lighthouse so far fae the sea? And cood ye no huv put a lift in? Onnest tae God, ah wuz nackerd wen ah got tae the top. Ennyway, ah reached the top wi ma Mum an we wur checkin oot the vew. Not tae be negatuv, but it wuz terribul. Even in the sun, ye cannae caw Glasgow a pritty site. One o ma pal's awways says: "Glasgow is a delishuss meal on a durty plate." Well, ye can see the durt fae up thair.

Sorry, ah'm gettin ahead o maself. Ye see, ah'd nevir hurd o youse or yer Lighthouse a year ago. Ah wuz still livin in Dundee an, as ye've probubly herd, we've got a brand new V an A up there (look at us goan up in the wurld!) and ah hud a wee look round it. See, ah don't wunt tae be too negatuv, cuz ah luvd aw the exhibits, but ah wuz just no a fan o the bilding. Ma sister kens all about arkitecture, an she sed it's fantastick but it just wasnae fer me. Too complickated, too modurn, too sy-fy. But then, wen we wur walkin aboot the inside, ah stumbuled intae this wee wooden room wi aw this purple glass, these wee red lites an aw these beootiful pannels. It wuz ded simpul, an it just felt so cozy. It wuz like the room hud been transplanted intae the muzeum, like a new hart or sumthin. Ha, sorry, look at me gettin aw poetick. So, ennyways, ah asked ma Mum aboot the room an she tawd me aw aboot ye. Sed ye wur aw aboot "art noovoh," an that Glasgow wuz full o yer stuff. She sed art's only got wurse sinse wen yoo wur yung, but she says that aboot evrythin.

She sed that on the Lighthouse too, wen we wur lookin at Glasgow. She sed it's only got wurse sinse they cut up the sittu wi that motorway. She sed it wood hae been much prittier wen Rennie wuz a bairn.

Ennyway, back to ma story. By the time ah'd mooved tae Glasgow, ah huv tae say ah had fergotten about yer wee tearoom in the V an A. But, livin in Maryhill, ah walked doon tae Lidl awmost evry week an past this cute wee church on a junkshun evry time. Ah didnae ken that it wuz anuther one o yers until ma Mum came tae stay and she tawd me. Aw the traffic goan past it made her say it agen: "och, these things only get wurse."

Tae cheer her up, ah desided we'd go on a wee hunt aroond Glasgow, fer aw the wunderful bildings ye desined: the school muzeum on Scotland Street, the Willow Tearooms (a wee bit pricey, mind), the Art School (ah'm so sorry aboot aw them fires; ye sure sumone's no got it in fer ye?) and even oot tae Hill Hoose. Ah huv tae say we wur stunned. Ma Mum wuz absolootly buzzin wen we headed fer the Lighthouse; she cawd it the "peace dela resistanse" (ah think that's French). As ah've awreddy tawd ye, we just aboot made it tae the top withoot oxyjen tanks, an as we wur stood thair takkin in the vew an catchin oor breth ma Mum looked ded sad, an she sed yoo-kno-wat agen. Ah dinnae think she foond any peace dela resistanse.

So, reelly, Mr. Mackie, ah wunted tae ask ye a questyun. Wuz it aw reelly so much better wen ye wuz a bairn? Cuz ma Mum's ded serten it wuz, but ah'm no so sure. Tae me, it seems like thair's plenty thing's gettin better aw the time. Like Dundee gettin its V an A, an Maryhill gettin that massuv Tesco, an wutever miracul o modurn siense that's keepin youse alive today (speekin o wich, ah hope ye'r keepin safe in these daynjerous times; we dinnae wunt tae looze a treajure like yoo). But ennyway, ah thot youse wood be the rite persun tae ask, sinse ye've been aroond so long.

Ah also wunt tae say thanks, Mr. Mackie, fer aw yer beootiful bildings an yer cullered glass, an fer givin me an Mum that amayzin weekend. Thank yoo fer beein the best thing on Glasgow's durty plate. Ye make this big sitty feel like home.

Aw the best,

Beckie