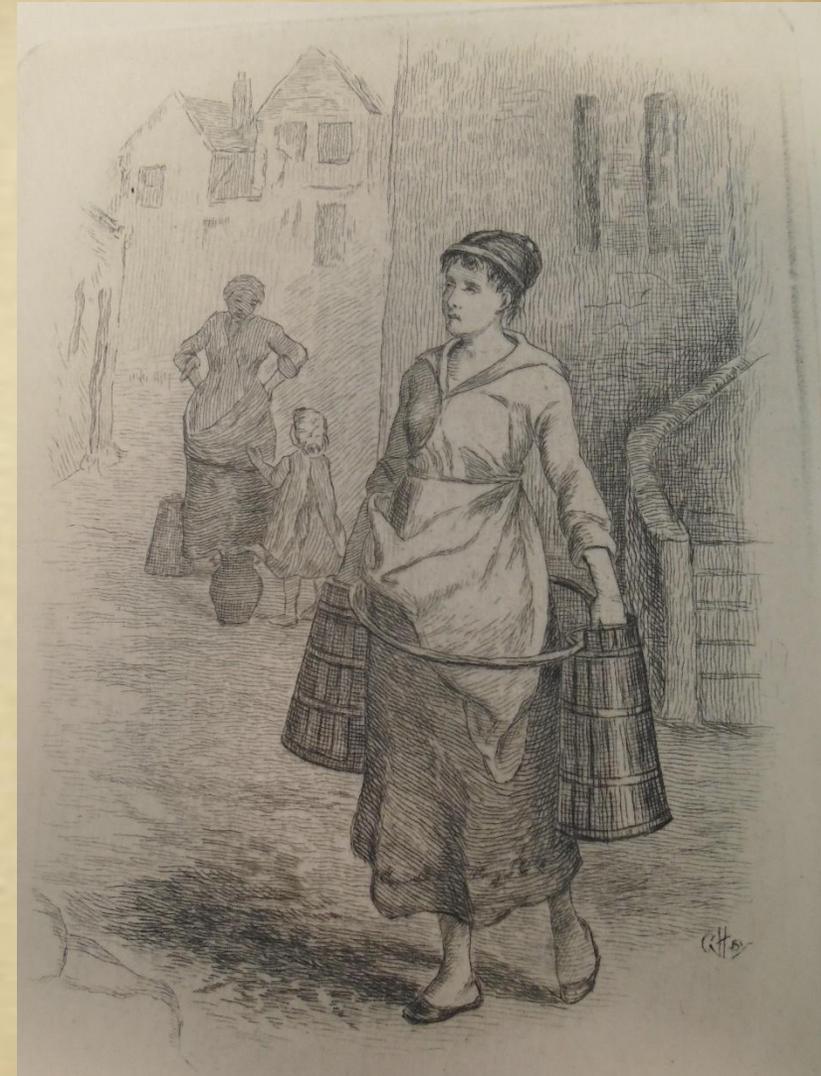


My name is **Kath Gibson**. I was born in 1762 in the Pleasance, outside Edinburgh's city walls. I come into the city every day for my work.

I am a water carrier. I queue up every morning at Fountain Well on the High Street. There's dozens of us, packed in together, waiting to load up our pails with water before it runs out.

Almost nobody has running water in their homes, so it is my job to deliver it to them. When I've filled my pails I carry them throughout the city, along the streets and down the closes. The narrow closes I walk down to get to people's houses smell really bad – people empty their chamberpots out their windows and I have to wade through sewage and rubbish to get to where I need to go. I spend all day going up and down many flights of stairs to sell my water.



My name is **George Watt**. I was born in 1775 in Thurso in the Highlands, although I live in Edinburgh now.

I work as a chairman. Most chairmen in Edinburgh are from the Highlands, people think we are stronger and we work harder than people from Edinburgh

My job is to transport wealthy people around the city in my sedan chair. Edinburgh's streets are narrower and more winding than the streets in most cities, so people can't use horses and carriages here – it's the sedan chair or walking.

I spend all day outside in the busiest, smelliest and most crowded parts of the city. I meet a lot of different people, including people who have just arrived into the city from the port in Leith.



My name is **Gilbert Scot** and I was born in 1768.

I work as a master weaver, which means I manage the work of other weavers and earn enough to have my own home for myself and my family. I run a small factory, in the basement of my house. The factory is very cramped and there aren't any windows, so it makes me feel queasy sometimes.

When I started getting a headache my doctor advised me to visit St Bernard's Well which is on the Water of Leith. Every day I go there and drink the well water and swim in it. It's always very busy there. Today I had to drink the water while three men were still bathing in it, one of the men had a rash all over his face and looked very unwell.



My name is **Kitty McWilliam**. I was born in 1603. I am a servant maid and I live in my master's house in Edinburgh's Cowgate.

I am a widow and all my children are grown up now. My three sons each left home at 7 years old to work as apprentices to a blacksmith. My two daughters are both married. I had four other children, but they died long ago.

I am good at treating people when they are sick. As well as treating the family I work for I am often called out to visit their sick friends and neighbours. I often sit up all night cleaning the sick, feeding them and changing their bed linen.

The baby I am looking after today is my master's nephew. The baby has a fever, headache and chills and it won't stop crying.



My name is **William Buchane**. I was born in 1627 in Canongate, just outside Edinburgh. I live now in the parish of Greyfriars Kirk. I have four children.

I work as a labourer. It isn't regular work, I go wherever I'm needed. In the summer and autumn I often go down to the Scottish borders to find work harvesting. In the winter and spring I try to find work here in Edinburgh.

We don't have any land to grow food on or keep animals on so we keep two chickens and a goat in our two room home. We can't always afford to buy food so we need to keep them for their eggs and milk. However hard we try to keep it clean it gets quite dirty and smelly sometimes and the mess attracts rats.



My name is **Henry Cameron**. I was born in 1612. I work as an apothecary and my shop is on Edinburgh's High Street.

I don't have much to do with diagnosing people or deciding what medicine they should take. Mostly they come in with a list of what they want and I give it to them. There's great stacks of all sorts of medicines in my shops – from powdered beetles to crow's legs and bat blood.

Rich people usually send their doctor to get their medicines. Less wealthy people come in themselves. Often people come in when they're very sick and I don't like serving those ones – sniffing and coughing all over me.



My name is **Ned McIntosh**. I was born in 1803. I started work as a stonemason when I was 13 years old. Most of the stone comes into Edinburgh by train or horse and cart. Moving the stone to the yard is hard work though. A lot of the work building Edinburgh New Town is complete, but not all of it. I'm working mostly in Stockbridge now. We work on the stone in big sheds, to protect ourselves from the weather. The work is pretty varied and includes carving, paving, fixing chimney and sinks as well as erecting new buildings.

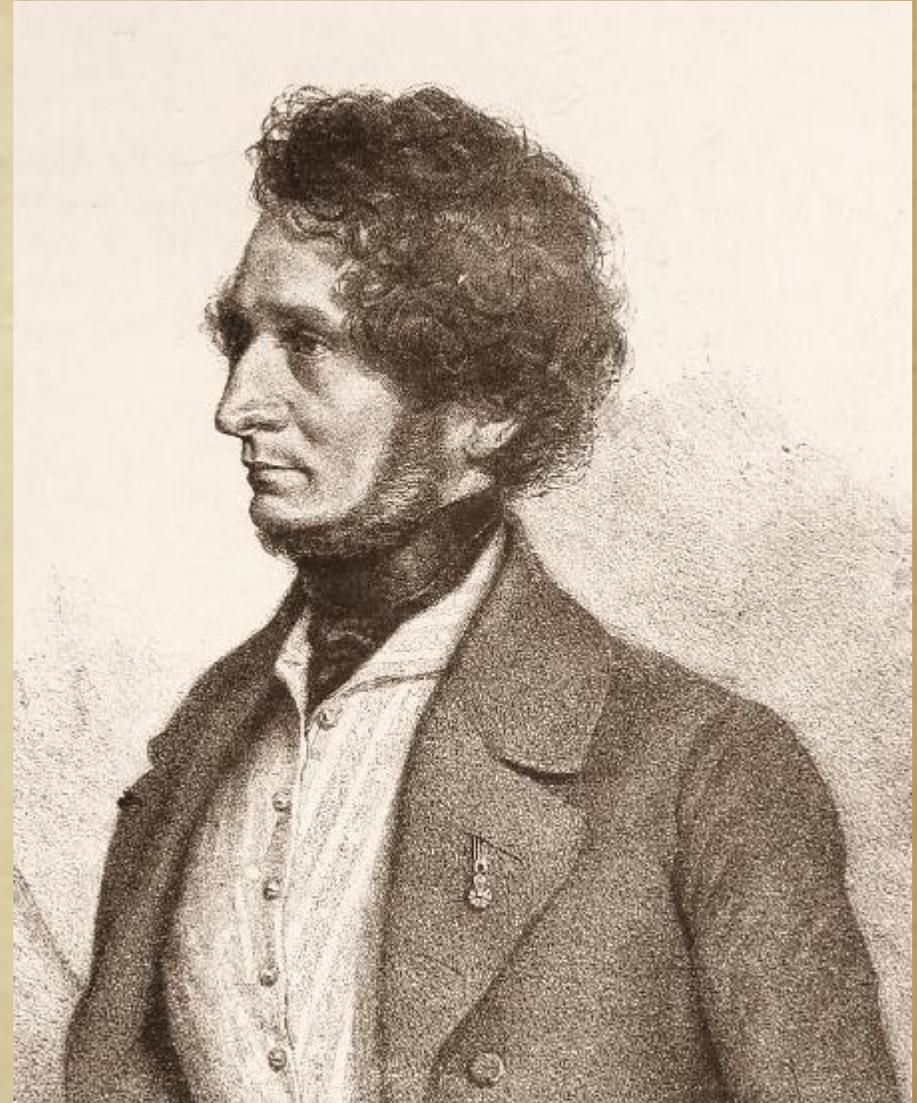
It can be dangerous work – one man was crushed by a cart when the horse pulling it bolted. Another fell off the scaffold and although he survived he had to go straight to the infirmary to be operated on. There isn't enough water from the local well to provide for all the workmen so we drink from the Water of Leith. It's pretty dirty as people throw their sewage and rubbish into it.



My name is **John Clark**. I was born in 1829 in Newcastle. In 1848 I moved to Edinburgh to study to become a surgeon at the university there.

A big part of our studies involves human dissection. While in the past students would just watch their professors dissecting bodies, now we get to dissect them ourselves.

Most of the bodies for dissection come from Edinburgh's fever hospitals. They are the bodies of the sick poor who had no living relatives to claim them for burial. The high death rates from infectious diseases means we have more bodies to dissect than ever before. Some people say that washing your hands prevents you from catching these diseases, but most of us disagree.



My name is **Jack McVie**. I was born in 1827. I work as a butcher in one of Edinburgh's biggest slaughterhouses. This slaughterhouse is on Fleshmarket Close, just off the High Street.

We sell the animals at a market right next door to where they are slaughtered. We don't have any running water to clean the stores or the animals. We also don't have anywhere to take the manure and bones for disposal.

It gets pretty smelly around here and there's talk of making us move our slaughterhouse outside the city. They don't like how it makes the city look (and smell) to Edinburgh's visitors who are staying in the nearby hotels.

It isn't bad work though – I get to take home yesterday's leftover offal for my family.

