

Da Trowie Knowe

"Dey ir amazing!" said Tammy who had never seen the Northern Lights before.

"Yun wis a lang walk, but I'm blyde we cam." Said Isla out of breath.

Tammy was a cheeky boy who loved crofting and detested vegetables. He had brown hair and brown eyes and had blue melts everywhere as he was very clumsy.

Isla was much the same as her twin brother Tammy but less immature. She loved animals and played the fiddle. Isla had brown hair, sea blue eyes and very fair skin.

"Lit's geng in here Isla."

They went into a small croft house to explore, but from the dark of night, a humongous green flash from the Northern Lights filled the sky.

"Whit wis yun?" shouted Tammy.

"I dunna ken, let's geng hame!" said Isla.

The twins sprinted down the steep heathery hill to tell their Mum what they had experienced.

"Mam we've seen a muckle green light fae da Mirrie Dancers!" shouted Tammy.

Although their granny wasn't paying attention and was concentrating on knitting her jumper she knew what was going on and butted in before their Mam could speak.

"You ken whit dey say about dat."

"Whit!" said Isla anxiously.

"It opens up da 'Trowie Knowe', Me an granda went dere wan time."

Isla and Tammy didn't believe their granny and went up the hill the next morning. They could hardly see where they were going as it was that foggy.

"We should geng hame Tammy."

"Oh come on Isla dunna be fairt, as if we're gyaain ta see a Trow."

Suddenly they heard a rustling in the heather.

“Let’s hope yuns joost a rabbit.” Whispered Tammy.

Next they knew the twins were inside some sort of cave.

Inside the cave there were troll-like creatures and the language they spoke was a language they didn’t recognise. The creatures were quite short. They had dark greenish brown skin, their claws were very sharp and they wore ragged clothes.

“Whar ir we Tammy?”

It was only one cave-like room with bits of pottery sticking everywhere. It was cold, damp and smelt like rotten eggs.

“Granny did say da ‘Trowie Knowe’ wid open wi da Mirrie Dancers,” said Isla quite concerned.

“Dis is cool, it’s lik da Tardis! It’s peerie on da ootside an massive on da inside. Watch oot Isla, deres wan ahint de!”

Behind Isla stood one of the small funny looking creature with claws that could slice you in half, eyes as black as night and height wise, not that scary! The biggest stood forward and spoke.

“Can he spaek English?” whispered Isla with a very frightened voice.

The Trows spoke in a peculiar way but the twins knew they wouldn’t be let out.

“I-I-I’m Tammy an dis is my peerie sister Isla.”

“I’m only twa oors younger as de!” she snapped at Tammy.

“I want tae win hame!” moaned isla.

“Calm doon Isla, wi will win hame.”

They settled in with the Trows but they still wanted to get out. They gave the twins a bed made of hay and they all fell asleep.

They woke up to the sound of fiddle music at about six in the morning. Tammy immediately grabbed a spare fiddle and joined in. The weird thing was Tammy didn’t know any of the tunes but for some reason he did.

Isla warmed up to the Trows and decided to join in. Again she didn’t know any of the tunes but could play them.

The Trows were very friendly and nice, they even made breakfast for them (which was gruel) and made them beds out of straw.

"Holy moly! Yun wis amazing."

"I ken, but I think it's time we geng hame now Tammy."

"See you efter." They said in sync.

"Jinks!" shouted Tammy.

The twins tried to get out three days in a row, but the Trows wouldn't let them. The biggest Trow could speak English and he said the only way they could get out was if they played one more tune. So they did until night time again.

The tunes were phenomenal! nothing like they had heard everywhere else in Shetland.

"Should we bide wan mare night Isla?"

"Fine den."

They danced with the Trows until their feet ached then went to bed.

The next morning the twins were let out of the 'Trowie Knowe'.

They walked down the hill back to their house but there was nobody there, anywhere in fact. Everyone had vanished, all that was left was ruins of old houses.

"How lang were we in yunder fir?" said Tammy.

"I dunna ken."

They had heard stories about people going into 'Trowie Knowes' for two days and actually being there for two hundred years.

"Tammy, do dusna think da stories about time warps ar true?" said Isla as they stared in to the nothingness of what was Vidlin.