

## Da Maa's Eggs

"Daa Lowrie, kin you please tell wis da story about you fitching da Maa's eggs?" whinned Rasmie and Libby is dey tusseled we een anidder apa da floor.

"Weel stop kerrying on afore wan o you land in da hospital! Noo, git intae your beds and all tell you da story afor Willy Winky comes."

Dey craaled intae dir beds and Lowrie chaad up a chair atween dem.

"My faider, whaa wis named Robbie, wis a very kind herted sowl and wid do onything for his wife and seeven bairns. We wir aa born and brought up at da Nort Hams o Roe in a peerie twa bedroom but and ben hoose, we nobody around wis for miles and da nearest shop at da brig o Muckle Roe.

"Everyday faider wid go tae da tap o da nort face and clim doon it tae fitch da maa's eggs. My aldest bridder wid be at da tap makkin sure da tick rop bided on da stein. Tinkin about it noo dat most o been hert drapping job becise if da rop faaed aff or snaped in twa den dat wid o been da end o me and my faider."

Both Libby and Rasmie's faces turned white is a cloot at da tought o no hivin dir Daa tae hae sprees we.

"Dad wid tack me doon on his back tae had da eggs and tae tak da strain aff mam for haeing tae look efter aa da bairns. I wid be sittin in a keppy creel tied on tae Dad's back. I'll nivver firgit da feeling at da boddem o me belly is we took da eggs awa and da maa wid come tawards you, head first and its eens develing intae your sowl makin you petrefied. Da sea wid be crashing up apa da facey and every noo and ageen you wid heard da steens rumiling.

"Whin we wid win back ontae dry land it wis usually aboot da heicht o da day. On da wye hom ower Dad wid always tell wis tae be grateful tae your midder is she dus alok for wis."

Libby's face wis in tought is she sat biting her nails in a dwam. Tinking about her mam wha dus aathing for both her and Rasmie.

"Efter we hid some denner at da heich o da day faider wid set aff for da Laird's hoose at Busta whaar in exchange for da maa's eggs we wid git some bread. If dey wir enough eggs for da Laird's dad wid keep wan for wis and mam wid split it atween 7 bairns tae hae wan morning, raa in a cup, it wis said tae keep awa da feery. For milk we hid a coo and for mutton we hid twel sheep wha wid lamb every year and gee wis hugs. Da walk tae Busta wid tak a good tree hours dare and back, makin you awfil spage da day efter.

"On da 13<sup>th</sup> of April 1940, faider wis caad up tae war and left mam we aa wis tae feed and water. She wid aye pit on a brave face but she wis stuggling is her day wid start at five we milking da coo and feenish we pitin wis tae bed. Da day he left, da last bowsy he geed wis aa, we nivver kent he widna be returning."

Lowrie hid a tear in his eye, looking very solumn, an Rasmie cam and sat on his lap, geein him a big bosie.

"Daa Lowrie?"

"Yis, Rasmie"

"If do could geen back and tell de faider wan thing whit wid it be?"

"Dat's a hard thing tae tink about..."

Da chair creeked as he leaned back, his glasses faain doon his nose.

"I wid say thankyou for aathing he did and teached me."

Rasmie, we his toom in his mooth, began tae fiddle we Lowrie's beard. Rasmie's mischevious look dat he aye hid fell awa and his face looked lik butter widna melt.

"Daa I tink Willy Winky is come tae Libby."

"Yis, noo faa doo asleep," he smeeged gently.

Hannah-Lisa Laurenson