

Haes Du Nae Sock?

(A Bairns' Story)

Patrick is a peerie patchwark dinosaur dat bides in Gunnister. He's aboot six inches tall an is med oot o aafcups o dungarees an jumpers. He's cheust a peerie mootie dinosaur, an he haes twartree patchwark animal freends. Whin dey geng oot veesitin, dey aalwis tak dir makkin wi dem. Aa aless Patrick, wha canna knit fir his airms ir too short.

Dey wir ee time a peerie while ago, whin Patrick an his freends decided ta geen ta Sullom ta visit Granny Jessie fir a catch up. Shö wis a fine owld body, an wis da fastest knitter in da nort. Aa da patchwark freends cam in da door an set demsels on da couch in front o da fire.

"Noo dan bairns!" shö said, giein each animal a pat on da head.

"Noo dan Granny Jessie!" dey aa chirpit gleefully.

"Hit's aafil fine ta see you aa ageen, an in wan piece as weel!" Shö turned ta Percy da patchwark cat, wha's face wis turned lik a braand wi embarrassment. "Da last time you wir aa here, it wis eftir Percy wis rivven his backside on a twig in Voxter I mind," shö said, smaegin tae hersel. Percy keepit quiet, he didna want ta be reminded o whin he ran oot o da trees, laevin a trail o stuffing.

"Wid du aa lik some tae, bairns?" Shö axed, "Da kettle's cheust boiled."

Dey wirna gotten her answered afore shö shot oot da door tae da scullery. Dey wid be gittin whither dey likit it or no. An dan, wan bi wan, dey aa hockit oot dir makkin. Aless fir Patrick, wha sat in da middle, wi naethin ta do. Da soond o fower sets o wares da size o dressmakker's pins clatterin an da cracklin fire filled da room.

Granny Jessie cam back troo, wi five peerie thimmles wi clay handles. Dey aa set doon dir makkin an drank dir tae. Patrick's tae guid cowlid, fir he couldna git da thimble tae his patchwark lips.

"My losh Patrick!" Granny Jessie exclaimed. "Haes du nae sock wi dee daday?"

"He nivver haes a sock wi him, he canna knit," whispered Paul da patchwark penguin. "He's fir nae use," he uttered under his breath.

Granny Jessie's mooth cheust aboot drappit tae fa flör. "Du's jokin!"

"He's no," admitted Patrick. "Me airms ir too short an I canna git da wares ta touch." An wi dat a gret sleb appeared on Patrick's face. Da sleb got langer an langer wi every stitch knitted bi his freends. Dey wir aa feeneeshed dir tae bi noo an wir back tae knittin.

Eftir a while, Patrick sighed. "Am gyaan ta geen fir a walk," he said. He wriggled aff o da couch an wandered oot da door, his sleb just aboot draggin ower da floorboards.

He walked doon da road, past da quarry, an oot on tae da main road. He keepit headin nort until he cam tae Collafirth Hill, an dat's a lang, lang wye fae Sullom. But dinosaurs can run fast whin dey lik, an Patrick hed tae git dere afore da sun set. He wis wantin ta speak tae someen. He med his wye ower tae a broo, whar he fan a Wise Owld Trow wi a face lik a torn smuck, hoidin fae da sun.

"Noo dan," he cackled. "Whit brings dee tae Collafirth Hill daday?" He stood up, an his beard draped ower his claes an flappit aboot his knees.

"Am come fir some advice," Patrick whimpered. He wis nivver seen a trow afore, an wan wi siccan an ugly face wis even mair gluffisome.

"Weel, if it's beauty advice du's eftir den du's come tae da wrang trow!" an wi dat, he lat oot a hearty gaff dat echoed across da hill. Patrick gae a peerie toothy grin. Dis wis a nice trow. He tow't dey wir nasty peerie tings.

"No, it's no dat," he replied. "Does du hae a magic spell dat can mak me airms langer?"

Da Wise Owld Trow wis taen aback. "Why wid du want me ta do dat?"

"Cis me freends cin aa knit, an I canna. It's unfair an I feel left oot! Me freends keep makkin fun o me an me silly airms!" pleepit Patrick, swappin his airms lik propellers.

"Min, cheust caes I hae da face o a grice dusna mean am goin ta change it. Da sam wi de airms, cheust caes du canna knit, dusna mean du needs new airms. An also, am a trow, no a wizard!" explained da Wise Owld Trow, settin him doon apo da broo. "Du haes ta learn ta live wi de imperfections, mak da best oot o a bad situation! Whin I geen oot, I clatch a grain o *Rimmel Lerook* on me face. Git Da Trowie Look, du keens."

"Weel how on Aert am I gyaan ta mak da best o it?" axed Patrick, lookin at him blankly:

"Weel, du could start wi a pair o langer wares! If du canna git da wares ta touch, mak dem langer!" he suggested, twiddlin his tooderie beard.

Patrick mulled ower dis idea fir a meenit, nestlin intae da girse. "Dat might cheust wirk," he said. "An I keen whar ta fin a pair." A peerie smirk creepit ower his face. "Cheers fir de help an advice! I hiv an idea." He jump up an wis aboot ta set aff, whin da Wise Owld Trow pickit him up be da tail.

"Whar's du gyaan? I tocht du wis gyaan ta bide here 'til da sun cam up!" he axed, da smell o paet reek fillin Patrick's nostrils. He wisna cheust ill-lookin, he wis ill-smellin as weel.

"I liklee could I suppose. I don't tink I wid fin me wye hom in dis dark." So Patrick med his wye intae da Wise Owld Trow's Knowe fir da nicht.

Da nixt moarnin, da Wise Owld Trow med Patrick some möldy tae an some fusty toast fir breakfast, wissed him good luck, an sent him on his wye. Patrick med his wye back ta Gunnister ta fin his peerie hoose empty. Da kettle, however, wis still warm an sittin on da Rayburn, an everybody's makkin wis sittin in dir bags on da table. Dey wir surely geen fir a walk.

Patrick guid ower tae da table an slowly slid aa da makkin aff da wares, an slippit da wirsit back in da bags. He took some affcuts o string an just managed ta tie da wares tagidder. He used aa fower pairs o wares, ta mak wan lang pair! An slowly, he cast on da stitches, and attempted tae knit his first row. He kent how ta do aa dis cis he wis watched dem knittin lang enough ta keen, an it wis difficult, but he could cheust manage. As da Wise Owld Trow had said, he hed ta mak da best oot o a bad situation. Yis, he wis managing, he could knit!

Twartree days later, dey guid ta Granny Jessie's hoose ageen, an dey aa took dir makkin. Or so dey tow't! Dey aa cam in, wan bi wan, an set demsels on da cooch in front o da fire. Granny Jessie took dir tae troo straight away – athoot axin if dey wanted, of coorse – an dey aa drank up. Patrick wis been geen a straa so he could reck fae da table dis time.

"Du feelin better noo Patrick?" shö axed, atween sips.

"Yae, I cheust needed ta look fir advice," he said, smaegin.

"Dat's good, did you fin whit du wis lookin fir?"

"Yae."

Patrick an his freends aa feeneeshed dir tae, an set about ta continue wi dir makkin. But den -

"Whaar's me wares geen?" cried Pato da patchwark puppy, hockin in his Fair Isle bag.

"Dir's only da wirsit left!" grunted Peter da patchwark pig, rivin at da loops. Da atmosphere wis unravelin faster dan you could rip knittin apairt.

"I canna knit if I dunna hae ony wares!" yalkit Percy da patchwark cat, gittan wund up.

Granny Jessie couldna see whit aa da noise wis in aid o. "Whit's wi dis onkerry?"

"We dunna hae wir wares!!" dey aa cried.

"Mercy fadder, whar ir dey geen?" shö axed, gittan in a bit o a tizzy.

Patrick quietly took oot his new wares an started knittin. "Patrick haes dem, da lipper!" shouted Paul. Dey aa stared at him, as he wiggled his airms an feeneeshed anidder row.

"Faader keep me, du's jokin!" exclaimed Granny Jessie, risin oot o her shair in amazement. "Du said du couldna knit!"

Patrick giggled amongst da tröttlin an pleepin an said, "I couldna, but whin I guid ta spaek tae da Wise Owld Trow, he suggested I git langer wares, an try ta knit wi dem. I hed ta mak da best oot o a bad situation: dey canna knit, an am da only een wi a sock noo!"

The end

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