

## Me Graandmidder

Shö's dead noo. Shö deed I 1981, whin I wis about six years aald. Hit's a braaly lang start noo, bit I can weel mind a lock a things about her veevly, as if it happened bit a week ago.



Shö wis me faider's midder, an I niver kent her man, me aald daa. He deed afore I wis boarn.

Me graandmidder's name wis Mary Fullerton, an shö wis brought up i Papa, a peerie island alongside Burra. Dey wir nae contact wi da outside wirld, apairt fae da boat.

Shö'd hed fower sisters an tree bridders. In 1915, whin da Oceanic göd ashore upon Foula, a barrel wis sighted aff Papa. Tinkin da barrel wis mebbe aff da Oceanic, her faider and twa o her bridders göd oot i da boat ta hail hit. While rowin her faider collapsed, likely wi a hert attack, an whin a gale blew up, da boat coupit ower. Da boat wis driven shore at Langa, a smaa skerry. Da twa bridders wir able ta mak hit ta Papa, an as dey wir nae boat noo, da family leyd oot white sheets ta hail sumeen i Hamnavoe. Da nixt day a motor boat wis pet oot, an da twa bridders wis taen ta hospital.

At about da sem time (First World War), me graandmidder's youngest bridder wis serving i HMS Ramsay idda Navy. Da ship wis torpedoed aest i Shetland an he wis lost. Da mixter i da twa disasters forced da family ta flit ta Hamnavoe. Me graandmidder wis twell years aald at da time. No lang efter dey flitted ta Hamnavoe, een o her bridders wis smitten wi tuberculosis an died.

Twa o her sisters emigrated to America, an bedd dere aa dir time. Me grandmidder an her idder sister married i Hamnavoe. Shö bedd idda sem hoose since shö mairred. Hit wis a croft hoose, at hed locks i different pieces pet on ta hit ower da years. It wis don up in 1917. Me grandmidder ösed ta sit alongside da hert-stane, bit shö wis never longsome. Shö wid mak, an speak, aa at da sem time.

Da hoose wis mirk, wi peerie windows, an hit smelt aald. Dir wis a widen brace, braaly high up, wi a clock tickin abön it. Da sittin-room wis whaar da boaniest oarniments wis keepit, an wis hardly iver ösed. Da keetchen wis dar main room idda hoose, an whin du wis sittin in yon ower-waarm room, du could a been sittin yunder in 1930. Da shairs wis aald, da wa-paper wis aald, but da sink an da calander lookit new. Furbye dat, hit wis da kind i room du wid faa asleep in. Still noo, I canna geng idda room ithoot tinkin i me graandmidder sttin dere, wi her white hair an her glesses, her flooery pinny an her muckle shair. Da wires wid be gien as fast as l'm ever seen onybody mak, an shö wid aye be haein cups i tae.

I wis likely ower peerie ta ken her richt afore shö deed, bit I can still mind finnin a sense i soaroo whin shö deed, even toh I kent her fur siccan a short time. I dunna ken foo me faider took hit, or his bridder an sisters, but whin dey

speak about her whin shö wis younger, whin dey wir bairns, I can tink o her laachin, da fine wife at shö wis afore shö died. I wid never tink o her as being soor-faced, it wisna laek I mind her. I wised I could a kent her better an fur langer.

I hae twartree things at mind me o her – a lace med gansey shö med, ta fit a twa-year-aald. I hae a locket me faider bought her wi da first money he airned at da fishing.

Wir bin oot ta Papa whaar shö wis boarn, an da beeldins ir aa rummelled Doon noo. Du wid tink hit wis a sad place, wi aald töm hooses, bit hit's no. Du can imagine hit bein foo i fock, an lichtsome. Mebbe some day someen'll bide dere ageen.

***Sylvia Jamieson, (16), AHS pupil, from Burra***