

My Trowie Drem

Wan day Dad said we wid hae ta go tae da hill sheep an caa at Raurmill. So we aa set aff an started caain da sheep. We guid an da men folk set aff up da Uyea track an alang da hill. Shona, Gago, Bethany, Caco an me sat at da burn waitin for da men folk ta cum we da sheep, an efter a peerie start de cam an den we guid alang da burn . Whan we got da sheep in da cro Mam cam we chocolate biscuits and fizzie juice fir wir twal O'clocks.

A peerie start efter when da days wark wis don, Mam sed denner wis ready so Dad drave wis in da pickup hom. Nanny an Granny Teen had denner ready an we aa heyd a yarn an maet an hufsie. Efter denner wis feenished we aa got piled up in da pick-ups ageen an got back up tay Raurmill an Dad started klippin an paintin oot ewes an drenched dem.

Den we left da ewes an da lambs ta midder up but wan cheeky lipper got oot an me and Mam had ta try ta catch him on da quad. It wis cummin doon darknis an me an Mam wir goin alang da burn we da quad an oot cam a peerie trow! We baeth got a right gluff! He said me naem is Lowrie an am da finest trow you cood iver meet. He sed hiv you herd o da treasure story at Raurmill? Gago had telt me an Mam dis story an we baeth sed yes we hiv. Da trow sed I will shaa you whar da treasure is, he telt wis ta lave da quad an he wid shaa wis whar da treasure is hoidit. So alang da burn we danded, i brung me fiddle an Mam an Lowrie da trow sang

alang we da fiddle. Efter aa dat excitement Lowrie said go ower da pairt o da burn an dig in da middle. So me an Mam diggit an Lowrie got his peerie trowie freends Tirvil an Tammie tae help an Lowrie said see dat sparkle dus fun it my dear! Me an Mam said wow but i wisna wantin tae tak it aa an laev da man we nithin so i gae him a neclas an mam gae him a golden coin an we ony took a perrie drap. Mam got a shimmerin gold coin an i got a neclas we pearls den Lowrie said lets go an catch dis lipper o a lamb. So i draev da quad up tae da cro an Lowrie got him nae budder den me an mam said bye an tanks tae Lowrie an his trowie freends. An when we got back hom ta roadside, I telt Dad dat we hed met an awful fine trow. Dad gaffed an sed dus shurley been dreamin. An mam winked at me an said never say nothing an we went ta bed we wir treasure hidden in wir pooches. Some folk might tell you dat trying ta fin a trow is lik trying ta gadder berries ida welk ebb but you joost never keen!

By Mairianne Jamieson