

## Lambin Time – Teagan Skye Johnson Age: 11

Wan fine day, idda haert o Baltasoond, Stuart an Kirsty wis hangin oot da washin. Jess wis caain in da sheep, maa-in an takkin at. Diana an Jacky wis crawlin aroond da gaerdin, pickin aa da flooers an gaffin.

Hit wis lambin time, an Stuart kent at his ewes in Yell wid be startin shon. So, he wis teen in his ewes. Dey wir biden in da big shed at Staurt wis biggit twa years ago.

"Stuart, whans yun ewes o dine gyaan to lamb? A'm seek fed up o da sicht o dem," shoutit Kirsty fae in under a bed sheet.

"Nae lang noo. A'm tinkin I micht move da Yell ewes closser," Stuart replied, grinnin at Jess.

"Oh ya Mam, lit him! Du keens am wantin ta lam a Yell een, no joost Unst eens!" Jess eeged her on, as Kirsty feenished da washin an set da basket doon idda keechin door.

"Hmm, mibbe ya mibbe no. A'll tink aboot it."

"A'll start riggin up da pens, Jess, an du caa da ewes up an doon da hill a couple times."

"Och, Dad! A'm joost gotten dem doon da flippin hill!" but sho whistled on da dug an turned da sheep aa da sam.

A couple oors litter, sho wis pechin fae da struggle o rinnin up da hill fower times.

"Dad! I cannae do ony mare! Dad?" Jess realised dir wis naebody idda gaerdin apert fae her.

"In here Jess!" caaed Staurt, fae da hoose. Dey wir aa in da keetchin, wi steamin mugs o tae. Jess's een wis a black cuppa.

"Joost how du laeks hit!" Smeegit Kirsty, haandin her a tin o biscuits. Sho took a chocolate brownie, her Mam had made.

Joost at dat moment, da phon rang idda passige.

"A'll git hit!" Jess startit ta git up, headin fir da door.

"Dad!" Sho roared "Hits fir dee!" Sho held oot da phon ta faider.

"Ta. Hallo? Oh hi Jason. My ewes aaricht? Oh ya! We'll com in I da moarnin wi Jess. Cheerio!" He pat da phon doon.

"Whit ar we doin damoarin?" aksed Jess.

"Wir gyaan in ta Yell damoarin, Jason has seen a couple lams wi wir ewes." Replied Staurt, no takkin his heed oot o da pipper.

"Yas! I wis wantin dat ha happen shon!" Sho startit dancin aboot da keetchin, makkin Diana an Jacky sprootle.

"An whit aboot me? Am I joost left ta look eftir da twins? No tanks! I micht ging an see Emma an Connor, her peerie boy." Piped up Kirsty, blaain on da bannocks sho wis bakit.

"Mmm! Whan am I gittin een, Mam? A'm been a good lass aa day!" Hintit Jess, stoppin dancin an sittin doon on her bum.

"Git aff du peerie scorie! Dir fir Granny, no dee! Dinna wirrie, am made anidder batch, fir wis. I kent du wid be wantin eens!"

"Ya, dat I am!" gaffed Jess.

Eftir a good night's sleep, Jess an aa da rest o da family wir up an fed, eager ta git in da ker.

"Come on! Git yun trailer hooked up ta da ker!" Jess chugged doon da rest o her cuppa an heedit oot da front door.

"Don. Raedy?" Stuart lookit at da bairns aa strappit in ta da ker.

Eftir twenty meenits, dey wir joost gottin on da ferry.

"Och keen whit am left? My joopie!"

"Och no ageen! Stuart, turn up yun music a grain, dis is me faverite song!"

Dey saa da grund o Yell, wi booncin lams in da parks. As dey droo up at da side o da rodd, Jess coold makk oot dis wis her Dad's laand, shon ta be hirs.

"Der's wir ewes!" Smeegit Staurt, seein da hardy black faeced ewes wi roond bellies!

Whan dey had gotten ower da fence, an ower da header, da ewes wis gaddered aroond dem, ready ta be fed.

Eftir about twa oors o lambin, Jess wis aaful hungry. But sho pushed on, ta git da last o da ewes lambbed.

"Last een. Och man, sho's HUGE!" Jess gaffed, rollin up her sleeves.

Sho wis da ony een dat wis haaein triplets, an wis roughly da sam width as a coo!

"Aw, look at dem!" Jess wis emotional, seein da tree lams wi da ewe.

"Noo, lit's git dem in da trailer!"

In da moarnin, Jess wokened up wi a start. Sho rubbit her eyes, an pooed da sheets aff o her face. Sittin up, Jess lookit oot o hir bedroom windoo, an saa aa o da ewes an lams, aetin da girse.

"Weel, me leegs are spaegie!"

Da End!