

Da Selkie's Pirse

Ploddin doon da guttery briggistanes, dir buits elted wi a broon slester, Vaila an hir daa climed ower da skroil o' a daek afore dey cud tist da shilpit sea air. Dir fleckit dug Mootie wis heain a skroit about da girse an tuddin at a whitter o' aald rops. Vaila wis hockin about da saand, tairin aifter shalders an maas wha wis skreechin an flappin up an doon da ebb.

Wheelst trippin ower da piles o' shingle, an hummin tae herseel, shu caught o' glimps o' an akker o' bruck. Auld rops an skaddie man's heeds, an elt o' tang an a corpse o' a shag. But whit wis yun? A moorit sack, hard an bonnie, straggles o' curls sprutin oot da top. Shu haaded hit in hir lof, winderin whit hit wis.

'Daa!' shu yelped an raan ower da clutch o' waar. 'Whit is dis?'

He gaaned at hit. 'Weel I nivir! Du his foond a selkie's pirse!' Hit shon in da sun. 'I faan een o' dees years ago.' He sitted himseel doon on da banks broo, an Vaila saat on da birse aaside him.

'Whar did du fin hit daa?' Shu looked oot tae sea, da tarricks sheaksin tae wan an idder, whit a callyshang!

'Weel hits quite o' a yaarn.' He gaafed.

'But daa! I want tae keen!' Vaila pleepsed stampin her buits.

'Aa right den, hit wis a lang, lang time ago. An I wis haeing a poosk about da ebb. Hit wis a bonnie night tae, du cud hear da dratsies sweemin an da gannets bomin. I wis wakkin da shore win I saw a selkie's head on da surface, shu gaaned at me, an den nixt I keent shu hid seemed up braaly clos. Shu roled oot o' da waater an on da saand, but shu wis no jist ony auld selkie, shu hid turned in tae a bonnie lass, we lang hair, an muckle gleemin eyes. 'Whit a gluff I got!'

Vaila wis listenin da sun haed hidden ahint da clouds, an noo hit wis oorie an aaful gloor. 'Did shu spaek tae de daa?'

'Naa, shu wis braaly quiet, but den shu gaed me een o' dees.' Daa haaded up da selkie's pirse, hit still shon in da noo humin. 'Eifter dat shu went awa, back tae da sea, an I niver saa her ageen, aften I winder if I wis jist in a dwam.'

Vaila lookid up tae him, 'Did shu tirn intae a selkie ageen Daa?'

'I dunna keen, shu jist went back tae da waater an doon tae da baa, an yuns aa I keen.'

'Weel!' Vaila pootsed, 'I want tae see da selkie lass!'

Mootie wis ower filsket an wis haein a spree in da saand. 'Du haes tae be aaful quiet, an mibbe do a bit o' whistling, dey lik yun.' Daa smeeged.

Benoo hit wis mirknin, an da soond o' da sea wis gittin looder an looder an dir buits wis in da shormal.

'Weel den Vaila, I tink we shud haed hame, I dunna keen about de but I'm jist fantin!'

'Aaright! Aaright! But whit about da selkie's pirse, canna I taak hit tae shaa Mam?'

Da tide hid washid awa dir fitprints, an all dat wis left o' da shore wis da shingle.

'Vaila du keens wit, hit shud be oor peerie secret, dunna du tink?'

' Weel aaright Daa , I will jist sittit doon here fir da selkie, shu miche want hit back.' Vaila lettid go o' hit, an apun da bruck an stanes hit saat, da sea frod likin hit.

' Mibbe shu will, an onywaes I hae een at da hoose, I keepid hit hiden in a cro, so du skroitin peerie pest widdna find hit!' Daa wis peesterin whilst clappin Mootie wha haed mitten o' a guttery bowe.

' Why coudna I hae a look at hit' Vaila snirled.

' Weel I wis jist lipnin fir da day tae tell du, hit wisna goin tae be a secret fir ivir!'

Den tae gidder aa tree o' dem platcht up da gaet, no lookin aahint dem at da selkie peepin oot o' da waater haeing a muckle noisie.