

A bit about me

Home for me is me family - me peerie bridder an sister ir caad Robbie an Vaila. On fine days dey like winin furt. Dir a place we caa da magic gairdeen, da owld trees maks a good hoydie hole in da simmer, Mam canna fin wis very easy. We dig an we hok an get aa guttery. Whan we win inside I hae ta shak oot me boot an dir ey a heap o mould at comes oot o him. Mam flights aboot her mouldie floor an I hae ta tidy it up. If its a coorse day Vaila wid reydir be inside we Granny Teen wirkin we crafty gear. Robbie likes ta be oot an ploodch in da guttery hols. Mesel, I lik bein ootside wirkin we Dad among wir ewes.

For monny years me family has ey been crofters. It is busy aa year round. In may its lambing time and I gyit ta help lamb da ewes. Day ar dis ewe, shu gyeens cleen high an bults da gate an tries ta bite mams haand. I am faird o hir I wis tankfil dat shes gyeen oot.

Clippin in July at da Bjorgs an jimpin on da oo bales we Dad, Mam, Vaila, Robbie and Gago . We hae a cup o tae an a chocolate biscuit eftir wir feeneshed clippin.

I like caain da sheep at Roarmill an Wast. Sometimes I might get a ewe lamb for helping.

Roy is wir whalp. Whan I cycle he shastes eftir me wheels. He jimps an jimps an tries ta bite da weels aff, its brallie

funny seein him playin. He is five munt owld but Roy is a big whalp.

In da hairst we gyeen ta da marts we wir sheep, Me Caco and Gago. We git bacon an sasage buns an da best part is da lucosade.

In da winter I lik whan me an Dad gyeen ta silage da lambs. Whan it snaws we gyit a feedin bag an slide on wir puggies an backs. It is bralle fun an calld.

Dis is whit I like best aboot me home, whan I smell Graanys warm pancakes in da morneen; da soond o da shalders in da spring at Sandvoe beach; da otters peepin at da waddil - I can see dem oot me bedroom window and I lik seeing da seals in da voe.

I hae anidder home

Sandsound at Da an Nanny's hoose for a sleepowir. I wakin in da morneen we da noise o Da makin his morneen cup an oatcakes. He gyees me a cup o tae an a bit o tost afore we go oot ta do da feedin.

Nannys porch smells lovely we aa her bulbs flooerin. She comes an meets me at da door an gees me a big bosie. Whan we go walks we her alang da road she tells me aa da names o da flooers. We fan a frushie Bloo een she didna keen da name o ee time.

Me Uncle David, whan he comes along Nanny an Da's he ey
maks a kyerrie on kyittlin wis an gyees me a slevirie
smooriekin afore I can get away fae him. We pinch his kep
an hoyd it but he alwees fins it.

Uyea me third home

Uyea, at da lodges watchin solan diving for fish. Brevligarth
lookin trow da owld croft houses and Hevtadale we aa da rid
stons. Whan we caa da hill dats whar we meet Robert we his
quad.

Uyea in da old hoose I sit wee me feet on da side a da
rayburn eftir a days wark at da lambing. In 2019 it il be 100
years since me Gret Gret Granddad Alex gud tae Uyea ta
be da shepherd. His chair is still sittin nixt tae da fire an da
owld hoose is standin strong yet.

Dis is me favireet bit aboot Uyea - da Uyea Isle at sunset
we da sea crashin, an da feelin o da sinkie saand seein da
bonny sheenin Isle.

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