

Ertie & Da Ball

Ertie is a peerie trow dat bides at da back o da hill o Voe. Ee morning he wiz sittin eating his gruel at da butt table whan der wiz a lood rapp at da door an in cam his pal Emma bright-eyed and peghin.

"Whits' du sae excited aboot?" Ertie axed.

"Da Trowie Ball is damoarns night at Johnies hoose!!" Emma squeeked.

"So whit?" Ertie replied "Its da sam every year".

Emma soched, hit wiz nae use trying ta explain ta Ertie - he joost moaned about aa thing.

"Am getting new shun!! An dus coming wee me tae da Toon right noo! C'mon Ertie hurry, hurry!".

"But, but am eatin me brakfast" Ertie spluttered.

"Plenty o time ta eat later - I'll mibee even treat de tae a fish supper" Emma grinned "Noo, c'mon shift desel".

So Ertie reekit doon his jacket and made for da door wi Emma pooin at his sleeve - he kent dat whan Emma wiz in dis kinda cant der wiz nae shiftin her.

Dey med der wye doon da toon ta spik wi Molly da yow.

"Am gettin new shun for da ball damoarn Molly!" Emma squeeked.

"Oh, whit lovely! Du'll be needing a diversion den?" Molly replied.

"Yis please!! An I promise to tak you hame da most choclety chocolate biscuit dat I can fin!"

"Make sure du dus" Molly glowered "Am pittin my life on da line for you you ken, a chocolate biscuit is but a smaa payment whan you tink on it".

"I promise Molly" Emma replied glyin at Ertie "I'll no forgit".

"Jings" said Ertie "You pair ir never going ta firgit ir you?? An onywy, I didna firgit, I wiz mugged by a whiterit"

"Hmmm, likly story" said Molly as Emma tried no tae gaff.

"It's true!" yelped Ertie.

"Weel, du might mind da day dan Ertie? - whiterits permitting" Molly smeeaged.

"Yis Molly, I'll mind" Ertie replied.

"Good, come you dan bairns" said Molly as she led dem doon tae da roadside.

Ertie & Emma took der positions ahint da muckle toog o girse alangside da rod an Molly stood aside dem waiting for a likly target.

"Right, git ready noo" said Molly as sho sterted ta wander inta da rod "dis muckle pick-up sood git you tae da toon in nae time" an wi dat da pick-up slowed doon enoff for Ertie an Emma tae scramble aboard an Molly turned tail an ran back ta da side o da road roaring "dunna forgit me biscuits!" ower her shooder as sho geed.

Ertie wis pooskered whan dey finally wan hame. He'd been dragged trow ivery trowie shoe shop in da Toon only ta geng back tae da first shop, ta buy da first pair Emma hed tried on! Typical! But dey did mind Mollys extra chocolaty biscuits - phew!

Johnie Trow bides in a grate muckle 6 story house (dats a massive house fir a trow) but most o da community events are held dere beciz right at da boddam deres a room wi a mirrir baa and a lighty up dance floor dat flashes diffrent colours. Da next floor is a muckle room kinda like a hall. Da next floor has a muckle sweemin pool an a water slide, floor

number 3 is a muckle restaurant place (it makes da best mince an tatties a trow can ever eat). The next floor is a muckle art gallery dat sells trowie art an da tapmist floor is Johnies house. Johnie trow is a awful fine auld trow an he is always trien tae fin wies tae plaase abody. But Johnie wiz gettin a sore back fae walkin up an doon aa yon stairs so he installed a lift.

Ertie wiz lookin forward tae tryin out dis new lift as his skip scanin hed been successful for finin aa da bits ta mak it.

Emma gied home tae try her claze on fir da dance, so Ertie wiz left at his hoos twidilin his tooms. He skoitet at his watch an saa hit wiz 24 hours tae da dance..... an den hit hit him. *He* still didna hae a suit fir da dance! The only suit dat he did hae wiz ida wardrobe an hed been eatin be mochs.

Mary wid be able ta help - he thought nae mair and ran oot da door athoot even pittin on his jacket. He ran up da rod an knocked on cousin Marys door. Sho cam tae da door an Ertie explained his dilemma.

"Weel Ertie, come du in, hits only me an Da hame danight, wir Katie-Jean is geen out wie Bobbie o da loch. Come an hae a hock trow Das wardrobe, im sure we'll fin de sometheen" smiled Mary.

Dere cam a roar fae da ben end o da hoose " Mary! whans du comin wie yun cup o tea!!"

"Comin Da, we hae company!" sho roared back dan, sho turned tae Ertie "Sorry aboot yun, noo cum du in fir a cuppa den we'll git sterted ina yun wardrobe".

So Ertie steppit innada house an dippit him doon ida restin-shair.

Mary boosed aboot making da tae an whan hit wiz ready Ertie helpit kert it ben da hoos ta whar Uncle Harald wiz sitting by da fire.

"Oh it dee" said Uncle Harald "whit's du wantin noo?"

"Oh nothin Uncle Harald, just a yarn ana cuppa tea" Said Ertie in a polite voice.

"Humpph" grumped Uncle Harald, and den dere wiz an akward pause.

"Still, Da" Mary soghed "Erties needin a suit fur da dance damorn, an I ken dus *no* goin so.... could Ertie get a len o yur een?"

"Weel - If he promises tae look efter it, den yis. Try hit on tae mak sure hit fits de... wie room - I ken whit dus like Ertie, as soon as da maets up dus joost lik a grice in a trogh" Uncle Harold smeeget

"Tanks Uncle Harold, sood I geen an try him on?" Ertie axed excitedly

"Yis yis go you, hits a blue suit wie goldy coloured buttons on him" said his uncle

So Ertie geed an looked ida bedroom an fun da suit, tried it on an.... hit didna fit him. Hit wiz ower nippit around da middle. Ertie took it aff an pat hit back ida wardrobe. He wandered back intae da ben end an telt dem dat hit couldna fit. He tankit dem fir da cuppa and fir tryin on da suit, an den left feeling braaly glum.

He wandered doon tae Emmas house and rapped appo da door. Jeemie (Emmas peerie bridder) answered da door. Ertie glowered, ciz he still wizna forgeen Jeemie fur landing him in a guttery blett, an grunted "is she in?" Jeemie nodded an opened da door wider as if tae say 'in ya go'. Ertie walkit tae Emmas bedroom an opened da door ta see Emma pengsin idda mirror.

"Oh hello Ertie, foos du?" sho said.
"Dunna hae a suit" truttled Ertie
"Weel" Emma said turnin aroond "Hits aguid thing dat we hiv een dan isin hit!"
Ertie wiz ten-aback, "Really?" he spluttered.
"Yis, I kept een fir de, wan o Dads old eens. Try him on" Emma giggled
So Ertie geed an pat da suit on idda da bathroom, dan came back itae Emmas room wie da suit on. "Hit fits!" he said triumphantly "wi a bit a room forbye!".
Ertie geed hom feelin braaly pleased wi himsel.

When Ertie wakened da nixt day hit wiz nearly dennertime. He raise, hed some brakfast, hed a waash an sterted tae get ready fir da dance.
Whin 9 o'clock finally cam he wiz out da door an awaa tae Johnies.
Ertie met Fudge da rabbit on da wye. Fudge explained he wiz goin ta be a bouncer at dis ball tonight, so that no riff-raff (or whiterits) wid get in an spoil hit.
When dey got dare dey met in wie Emma. She wiz lookin afull bonny in her pink frock and new shun.

Emma thought dat hit wiz kinda exciten being in a magic cupboard dat took you up and down athoot stairs.

Aa night Emma an Ertie eightsome reeled, twosteppit an birked until dey were hedlight.
About 8 ida mornin, whan Ertie an Emma hed eaten der fill, an danced til der feet tiftit, dey decided it wiz time ta geen hame.
Whan dey got outside dey saa a muckle red van dat wiz gyain ida right direction. It stopped in da right place oddly enough, da engine stertit up, dey jump on an headed hame. Hit wiz a braley rummaly run.

Whin dae finally wan hame, Erties feet were afull sore but Emmas wiz worse. Dey were rubbit raa. "Ertie" Emma ganted "Dus du tink I could bide here danight?"
"I tink du'll hae tae, Im no fit tae ge de a piggy-back hame!" Ertie replied sleepily.
"Aright, night Ertie"
"Night Emma"

Da End

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Age 11