

Bonxie Geo

“Oh Peter, whit’s come o’ him?” Beenie lamented, trimlin we faer.

“Dunna worry Beenie,” reassured Peter, “he’ll joost be comin.”

“But he’s niver dis laet Peter! Ony idder day he wid be back by noo.”

“Yis, yis, I ken, but mibee he stopped fir a sheeks we some fine craetir.”

“Weel, I suppose...”

Aerlier dat day:

“Richt dan, yun’s me, awa tae da shop, is du needin ony errants Mam?” aksed Mansie, Beenie an Peter’s son.

“Weel, just da usual, saat, ta keep aa dis fish dat’s aboot eenoo, an mell please Mansie,” answered Beenie.

“Fine dat, see you eftir.”

An aff Mansie gied, awa tae da shop, aboard his boat, we da sail riggit an ready. Mansie hed tae fitch aa da errants, fir his midder an faider wisna able onymare.

Winnin tae da shop wis easier said as dön fir hit wis mare as tree mile awa. Fae dir hoose, at Watslure, tae da shop at Waas wis da gaet Mansie med ivry wance in a while.

Da best pairt, fir Mansie, wisna da shop hitsel, bit da journey. Mansie likit naethin better as da caald, fresh, wind blaen trow his slicht, hair and ower his young, handsome, quiskery, face. Seeing da scarfs an tysties, an mibee draan a piltock or twa on da wye hame-trow, med him feel braaly blyde dat he wis able tae geen on dis gaet.

Efir a start, he wan tae da shop, hed a lichtsomes yarn, got da mell an saat, an headed back tae his boat. On da wye hame-trow tae Watslure, something caught Mansie’s eye. It wis a graet muckle spar o’ wid an Mansie wanted hit! Wid wis scarce so he wis aye watching fir ony coming we da sea. Dey wir wan problem, hit wis flottin aboot in Bonxie Geo. Bonxie Geo wis da maist oorrie cave tae da wastird, we hits high-up röf an coll-black waas an bonxies oagin aboot, hit wis certainly far war as da rest!

So in Mansie gied, bobin up an doon lik a cork in da waatir. Ivry minute da tick, mirky sea wis turnin coarser an coarser. Mansie hed tae act braaly smart if he wanted tae gyit da spar an win hame-trow. Slowly and carefully Mansie watched, lik a solan, fir da perfect wave tae tak him closs enough tae grab dat splendid piece o’ wid. Whit Mansie wisna mindin wis his mast an sail wis still up. On da first wave Mansie reekit oot, we his strong airms, an yokkit a hadd o’ da spar. He wippit hit up we rop an, feelin relieved an braaly prood, he tocht he wid hed fir hame. Dat ment avoidin dizens o muckle, black, coorse rocks an skerries on da wye oot o’ da cave o’ Bonxie Geo. By da time Mansie hed gotten half wye oot, da second, third, fort an fift wave hed passed him an da sixt an seevint wis on its wye. Shun da sixt wave

passed an still Mansie wisna minding about da mast! Da sail, still fastened tae da mast, got shiggly as hit scraped along da röf o' da cave. As da sixt wave slooshed oot, da boat guid doon we a doose! Dat med Mansie look up, an ony dan did he mind da mast wis up. Da seevint wave wis in sicht, an hit wis a big een. Mansie pulled an rived, we aa his strent, tae tak doon da mast, but hit wis ower laet. Da seevint wave struck, da boat lifted up we hit an da mast brocht up in da röf o' da cave we a BANG! Da mast gied richt trow da boddam o' da boat an da boat capsized, Mansie an aa. Eftir a peerie start da sea brook up whit wis left o' da boat, rivin hit intae smiddereens, an of coorse, Mansie wis at da boddam by noo.

“Richt Peter, dis is no lik him avaa. Rig-on claes an we’ll mak for da banks an see if we canna see him.....”

By Ena Priest

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