

Da Trow o' Fogla Skerry

I wakened up wi da bright, blazin, morneen sun in my een, no recollection o' whar I wis. Da unmistakible smell o strang, lucky-lines wis aa aroond me. My lips wir craacked up, tistin lik saat while my back and legs wir in agony underneat aa da ruckly stanes. I swear, hearin da saft, swishin soond o da waves wis aboo tae send me aff tae sleep again, but instead sometin wis keeping me wide awak and it wisna da birker o' a day. I tried tae git up ontae my feet but I fell back doon, machtless. Da fitstep soond I wis hearin wis gittin looder an looder, closer an closer. My hert wis poondin so herd, I tink it wis aboot tae jump oot my chest. I held my breath whit felt lik twa minutes straight. Den dere it wis.

A trow, lookin doon at me. I clenched my fists rubbin dem on my een, tryin tae believe da mootie, hairy figure standin, starin at me wi een as yaloo as a saadiloo's pair o' feet. An, I fan myself starin back.

Efter da gluff I got fae whit joost happened; I tried askin a few peerie questions. I even tried knappin tae da trow! Den I joost sat dere no sayin a word and tought aboot whit my midder wid say if I telt hir whit I wis doin ee noo.

Da trow irped aboot fir a while til he took a double glance at my left knee. I looked doon efter him an noteesed my knee haed a muckle scrip on it, dat didna look too great. Aa o' a sudden he scurried aff ahint a stane an disappeared. I sulked lookin at da scrip on my knee, tinkin aboot da trow and whar he'd gee naff tae til I saa twa wrinkled mits wi a weet cloot held in een, edgin taewards my knee. Da trow wis back and helpin me! He still made some gruntin soonds but I saa da concentration in his fis underneat da feetiks.

My een wir still brally sore an blurred but I wis sure I could see an orange coloured shape comin taewards wis and I shoon noteesed I wisna da only wan dat haed seen it. Da trow's een widened at da sight o it and turned his heed tae me.

He pit a peerie rippek maa made oot o' wid in da palm o my hand an pressed my hand intae a fist, noddin his heed at me as if tae say it's fir me.

As he waaddled aff ageen, a lifeboat man cam an cerried me ontae da boat, aksin me questions aboot a fishin trip I haed seemed tae be on. While da man wis slowly tellin me aa dis information, I wis startin tae mind some o' da tings I haed experienced dat night. I mind it wis a dark an gloomy night o' wind an rain on my faider's boat, waves oxford blue wi cotton coloured foam, aggressively blashin in my fis. Men wis nyiggin at rop, desperately tryin tae haad dimsels doon. Shune in a flash o seconds, I felt mysel bein lifted by da force o a wave. I vaguely mind seein my faider roarin my name, foreheed scrunched up and fear spreed across his fis. But in a metter o seconds, I could hear nothin appert fae mysel screamin inside my heed, searchin fir air.

Remindin myself aboot it gave me a caald chill craalin up my back but I wis also far too busy lookin at da widden rippek maa da Trow haed geen me.

Even on da why hame, I kept tinkin aboot da trow I met. Da trow dat helped me when I wis aa sriped up. Da trow dat haed een yaloo as da middle o' a mayfloer. Da Trow o' Fogla Skerry.

