



Lost



by Laureen Johnson



LOST

Note to readers: the vital lost item in this story is for you to decide! It might be a peerie man of some kind – but *it doesn't have to be a man, the dialect calls it 'he' or 'him' anyway*. There are gaps in the text where you should insert the appropriate word when you've decided what it will be.

- It has to be**
- A. peerie enough to go into a Hoover (and stick!).
 - B. **something modern**, that the bairns will know about and might have

It would be good if

- C. you actually had one and could produce it at the end of the story.

Make sure that

- D. Dad's description of it at the end matches the actual item.

Jack wis a peerie boy at bed in Shetland. He wis nearly five year aald, an he hed broon curly hair an a big smile. Weel, he hed a big smile maest o da time, but dis moarnin he didna hae a smile avaa. He wis aaful doon apon it, for he wis lost his

Noo a is braaly peerie, an he can aesy faa doon ahint things. Ee time afore, he fell doon ahint Jack's bed. So dat wis da first place at Jack lookit.

Doon he guid apon his haands an knees an craaled in under da bed. Hit wis dark in dere, so he took a blinkie wi him. He fan twa peerie cars an a half a bar o chocolate. But nae

'Whit's du doin anunder da bed?' axed Jack's sister Rona. She wis six, an sleepit ida tap bunk.

'A'm lookin for me, ' said Jack. 'Is du seen him?'

'No,' said Rona.

'He'll be faan doon ahint something,' said Jack. 'Come an we'll look ahint da radiators.'

So dey took a lang stick an guid pokin in ahint da radiators i der bedroom, an da sitting-room, an da keetchen, and da passage. Dey didna look ida bathroom, for Jack said he never took his in dere.

Whit did dey fin ahint da radiators?

Dey fan some sweetie papers, an owld postcaird, an a brokken bracelet o Rona's. But nae

Der bridder Steven wis ida sitting room.
Steven wis eight, an sometimes said dey wir silly.

'Whit ir you hockin ahint da radiators for?' he axed. 'We're lookin for my, ' said Jack. 'Is du seen him?'

'No,' said Steven. 'A'm no seen him. Du sood a lookit efter him better.'

'Weel, can du help wis?' said Rona. 'He's maybe faan doon ahint da bookcase. Da bookcase is awful heavy. Help wis ta move him.'

'You tak da books oot first,' said Steven, 'an dan A'll help you.'

So Jack an Rona lifted aa da books aff o da shelves an on ta da flör. Dey wir an aafil lock o books. Dey wir dat mony books at da tree o dem hardly hed room ta set doon der feet. But dey managed ta clim in ower an pul da bookcase a peerie bit oot fae da waa.

'Oh look!' said Steven. 'Dere's two o my darts at I lost ages ago!' An he mittened a hadd o dem.

'An dere's my pink pen wi me name on him,' said Rona. 'I wis forgotten aa aboot him!' An she pickit him up an smiled.

'But der nauthin for me!' said Jack. An he wis aafil vexed.

Dan in cam Dad in a skrit, an didn' he trip ower da books an faa *cloosh* apö da flör! Da bairns ran ta see if he wis hurted himsel. But he wis aa right, so dey aa gaffed an gaffed!

'Bairns, whit ir you doin?' axed Dad, when he stoppit gaffin. 'Whit ir you hented aa dis books oot for? An whit wye ir you shifted da bookcase?'

'Sorry, Dad,' said Steven. 'Hit's Jack's faat. He's lost his An he tow't he wis geen doon ahint da bookcase.'

'But he's no dere,' said Rona. 'An he's no ahint da radiators, or under Jack's bed.'

'He's LOST dis time,' said Jack, an sat sadly doon on Dad's knee.

'Dy?' said dad. 'Noo dan, tell me, whit laek is he? Is he ... (insert description e.g. a peerie blue..... wi red.....)?'

'YES!' said Jack. 'Is du seen him onywee?'

'Weel,' said Dad, 'when I wis hooverin da stairhead yesterday, da hoover started makkin a most awful snorin soond. An he stoppit sookin. So I switched him aff an turned him upside doon an oppened him up. An whit did I fin inside da hoover?'

He raise up an oppened da unit ida coarner, an reekit something oot.

'Whit wis it, Dad? Whit wis it?' cried Jack.

'Weel,' said Dad, 'he's a bit shappit-lookin efter bein inside da hoover, but hit *is* dy, isn' it?'

An he oppened his haand an dere wis da, safe an soond.

'Oh, thank you, Dad!'

Jack wis da blyde! Rona wis blyde too. An even Steven seemed ta tink it wis fine.

'An noo,' said Dad, 'A'll shift da bookcase back an help you ta gadder up dis books. We're no wantin Mam ta faa ower dem as weel!'