

Annie an da Taaties

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No lang ago dey wir a wife caa'd Annie at bed in a croft wi her son, Jeemie an her dochter, Lizzie. Dey hed a braaly hard time o it an Annie wis aye runnin roond tryin ta do aa da wark. Da bairns didna help muckle, fur truth ta tell dey wir braaly lazy. Dey wir aye an excuse fur no bein able ta help.

Voar time cam aroond dis parteclar year, an Annie tocht shö wid ax ageen ta see if da bairns wid help ta dell da yard fur da taaties.

'Na, na,' said Jeemie. 'I canna help da day becis I hae ta go ta da Leisure Centre fur a badminton practice wi da team.'

'I canna help edder,' said Lizzie. 'I hae homwark ta do.'



So Annie joost geed oot and delled aa day till her back wis nearly brakkin, bit shö managed ta feenish da dellin afore bedtime.

Da weekend wis fine an dry so Annie tocht shö wid joost set da taaties.

'Can you twa come and gie me a hand ta set dis taaties?' sho said.

'I canna come noo,' said Lizzie. 'I'm joost goin ower ta see Mary ta sort oot her birtday paerty.'

'I canna manage eenoo edder,' said Jeemie. 'Peter is joost phoned fur me ta come ta see da new game he got fur his Playstation, an I said I wid.'

'Weel, weel,' Annie tocht. 'I'll joost hae ta do it mesel as usual.' Hit didna tak aa dat lang, an shö wis aafil blyde ta get it feenished. Shö even managed ta sow a rowe o carrots an ean o neeps too, as weel as some onion sets. Shö wis weel plaised wi her day's wark.

Time passed an da taaties an vegetables startit ta grow fine. Bit so did da aervie!

So ae fine night efter tae, shö axed da bairns if dey wid come an help her wi da weedin. 'No da night, Mam,' dey both said. 'Dis is Youth Club night.' An wi dat dey geed past her oot da door. So Annie joost hed ta geng an do it hersel.

Da simmer geed on, da vegetables kept on growin, an dey wir aye excuses why da bairns couldna help.

Onyweye, hairst cam around ageen and ae Setterday moarnin Annie tocht dis taaties wid need ta be lifted afore da frost started. Shö tried ageen ta get da bairns ta help, bit wis hit no da day dat dey wir a badminton tournament on at da Clickimin!

Annie pat on her rubber böts an a muckle jacket, fur hit wis turnin braaly cowl'd an da rain wisna far away.



'A'll maybe get half o dem up dis moarnin afore da rain,' shö tocht. Bit da rain held aff, an shö kept goin, an feth, shö got dem aa delled up afore da darkness cam doon. Her back wis braaly sore, so shö cam in an hed a soak in da bath. Whin shö cam doonstairs shö wis feelin kinda hungry, fur shö hedna stoppit aa day ta aet. Shö fancied some chips fur a treat as da taaties lookit dat guid. Shö peeled twaartree taaties, an haetit up da oil in a pan, an wis joost pittin da chips inta da pan whin da bairns cam in. 'We wan da tournament, Mam! Bit whit's yon lovely smell?' dey said. 'Is du makkin chips? Can we hae some?'

Annie lookit at da twa o dem staandin dere waitin fur her ta mak dir tae. 'Ir you no already hed a feed in da toon?'

Da bairns lookit a bit shamefaced, an admitted at dey hed!

'Weel dan, joost you listen ta me fur a meenit,' shö said. 'Hit's me at's don aa da wark wi dis taaties, so dis is a treat fur mesel. An as fur you twa, you can mak some tost!'

Shö sat doon an ett up da chips, an boy, did shö did enjoy dem!



KEY WIRDS

aervi/arvi	chickweed
dell	delve, dig, turn over the ground e.g. before planting
eenoo	at the moment
hairst	harvest
twaartree	a few; two or three
voar	spring

You might say **guid** instead o **geed**, **towt** instead o **tocht**, **dowter** instead o **dochter**.