

# Lazarus

Written bi John Cumming

Whin Robbie cycled by Grönisund dey wir clippin sheep. Da folk lifted der haand an gied a wave as he shot by.

He cam hame da same wye every day fae scöl, an sometimes he wid stop fur a news. But da day he wis wearin his yalloo tee-shirt. Whin he wör his yalloo tap, Robbie wis a racin cyclist at da haed o a string o competitors. At da boddam o Sandibrek he shifted his gaers an stöd up apö da pedals, tröttlin tae himsel as he stunkit up da gaet. *And Wiggins is making a sudden break. He's taken the competition completely by surprise as he opens a huge gap between himself and the rest of the pack!*

At da tap o da lang hill, pechin, Robbie checkit his watch ta see foo fast he wis da day. Lookin up he wis awaar o a peerie greyey-broon bundle, lyin i da middle o da rod. He waavelled owre wi da bike an reckit doon, keepin an eye oot fur traffic. Whit he pickit up wis a peerie bird wi a wide yalloo neb, hits een shut an hits lifeless wings eltit wi stoor fae da rod. Peerie coarns o doon still shaad among da fedders. "Pör sowl, I doot du's no lang oot o da nest," said Robbie, furyattin fur a meenit dat he wis Bradley Wiggins, cyclin champion.

Peerie-wyes, he lowsed da zip o his scölbag an took oot da white hanky his midder pat in every week - da hanky he nivver ösed - dan, rowin da sparrow i da hanky, Robbie laid hit in da tap o da bag, flang da bag owre his shooder an clamb back apö da bike.

Whin he cam hame ta Setter, Robbie cycled right by his ain hoose an on up da rod fur anidder half-mile, till he cam tae a lang but-an-ben wi a slate röf. Proppin da bike ahint da gairden daek, Robbie opened da door an göd in. An aald wife raise fae da table whaar shö wis readin, as he opened da inner door. "Aye aye Robbie, come awa in. Whit's du up tae da day?" Da room wis lang, wi an open fireplace at da far end an a window dat ran nearly da hale lent o da waa. Sittin at da table you could see sooth ower da isles o Haevra, Flotta an Langa. A muckle artist's easel stöd afore da window wi a stretched canvas apön him.

"Wait till du sees whit A'm browt dee, Jessie," said Robbie, settin da scölbag apö da table. "I fan him at da tap o Sandibreck. I tink he most a hed a misanter wi a car. He's no lang dead."

Fae dis room Jessie made pentins o da isles, as shö saa dem fae her window: sunrises an sunsets, da licht i da hömin, da grey o winter, skeins o geese an da flicht o da raingös; hares an kyunnen i da coarn at hairst. In his mind's eye, Robbie saa da draain shö wid mak o da daed sparrow.

Whin he aised da hanky fae his bag, Robbie could feel hit mirlin in his hand. As he unrowed it a peerie wing wis flappin an a glessy eye wis starin at him. He set da bird apö da table. Hit stöd up an fell ower apö ee side. "Weel, weel," said Jessie. "I tink we'll hae ta caa dee Lazarus." Da sparrow tried again an took twa hops afore Jessie cuppit him in her hands. "Will we takk him oot, Robbie?" Stumsed, Robbie nodded his head.

Afore da door Jessie oppened her hands an, wi a mirl o wings da sparrow disappeared. "I truly tow't he wis dead," said Robbie.

Dat Yöl, Robbie got a parcel. Hit didna come wi da post, bit he fan hit inside da porch, rowed in broon paper an addressed tae *Mr. Robert Fullerton* in black letters. Whin he took da paper aff, he fan a framed pentin o Haevra an Langa fae Jessie's window, an, sittin on da windowsill, grey fornenst da hairst licht, a peerie sparrow. I da space at da boddam, along wi da name Jessie Morrison, hit said - "*Tae me special freend Robbie, fae Jessie - an Lazarus.*"

**Dis is juist wan o da stories on da CD *A Hansel o Stories 2*. Here's da idder 6:**

<b>Spooks ida nicht</b>	bi Christine de Luca.	<i>Queer noises in a new hoose in Lerwick!</i>
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<b>Da caddy lamb</b>	bi Christine De Luca	<i>A trip tae a peerie isle – an whit happens.</i>
<b>Sea life</b>	bi John Cumming	<i>Whit can you dö when you're ill?</i>
<b>Rover tae da rescue</b>	bi Christine De Luca	<i>An adventir in Nortmavine.</i>

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You can read John Cumming's stories ida CD tray booklet.

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