

Da Northern Rock Cress

Da clocked thumped an uncomfortable melody, Penny felt unasy. Peerie Gibby's heayvy brithes warmed da bad o her neck, his heid faan tae hir shooder. Penny's fingirs were loosley liced atween her great-aunt, Ann-Jean's. She gently squeezed Ann-Jean's hand, hoopin it wid reestled her. Hit didna. A wave o sadness kem ower Penny, she let go and motioned at Gibby, time tae go.

'Bye Ann-Jean', Gibby exclaimed in his usual perky manner.
'See you soon!', Penny seyd. Silence. Time stopped, wee only da risin and faan o da blanket abon Ann-Jean's breest, fae her gentle briths brak in da stillness.

Fae Ann-Jean fell ill, a ting at hom wis a mix o lood silences and whit felt lik pointless conversation. Hir fok wir eywis workin tae mak ends meet and, Penny did aa she could tae leynd a hand. She saw Ann-Jean iveryday and couldna understand how she'd faan ill sey fast.

Da tought whirled in Penny's heid at night. Her toughts wir interrupted by a tug o hir covers. It wis Gibby.
'I canna sleep.' he seyd, his tiered eyes weighing him doon.
'I'll read dee a story', Penny smiled.
Gibby scuttled tae git a book... 'Muckle Roe Myths'. He clamering aside Penny.
'Will Ann-Jean be aright?' His tear stained fice aboot ta greet. Penny wished she wid be, but wisna sure, so just cuddled him, and turned da page...

'Da Secret o da Northern Rock Cress'

*Adventure awaits dem seekin hope.
Trough da valley o Roe, past da docks, alang da cliffs, doon by da rocks.
Dare lies da healing powers o da Northern Rock Cress, waiting tae arise...*

It wisna lang afore dey drifting aff tae sleep.

Penny's Ded and Gibby met her aff da schule bus, Gibby hed sometin glistenin in his fingirs, Ann-Jean's locket.

'Whit is du doin we yun!?' Penny seyd, worried.

'She wanted you tae hiv it.' Ded exclaimed. Penny ran hir fingir ower da ootline o da fleur on da tap.

'Its' a Norther Rock Cress' Ded seyd.

Penny shot up, lookin at Gibby.

'Just lik da myth!' He seyd.

A dis time Penny tought da myth wis about a rock, no a fleur. Inside da locket lay a wilted, white, petal. Maybe it wisna a myth!

Penny dragged Gibby we his cuff and began tae run.

‘Whare ir we going?’

‘On an adventure’, Penny said, strongly. ‘To find a Northern Cress’

‘Why?’

‘Its wir only hope tae save Ann-Jean’, Penny seyed, wiping her fragile eyes.

Da wind picked up as dey ran tae da valley.

‘I’m tierd’ Gibby moaned.

‘I see da docks, wir close!’, Penny seyed, pittin Gibby on her back.

She slipt Gibby ontae da grund as dey approached da dock.

‘Up here!’ Penny pointed abon Gibby.

Gibby took her hand as dey journeyed up da banks. Da blustery wind made it herd tae walk. Penny looked ower da cliff, waves hurried ower da steyns. She wis scared, but too far in tae turn back.

Da wind died doon as dey clambered doon da rocks. Wee na pictirs tae guide dem, it wis herd to navigate. Penny seemed tae mak oot a path, dey followed it until it stopped. Penny took a long, defeated brith.

‘Whit noo’ he seyed, his wirts disapearring into an echo.

Penny perked up.

‘Did you hear dat? Her words too echoed softly.

‘We must be near a cave!’ She scoited aroond, firgitin tae watch Gibby wha wis on a fowirs, tryin no tae slip as he craaled tae a crack in da cliffs.

‘Gibby!’ Penny spanged toward him, scrippin her hand apon da sharp steyns, but wis too focused on Gibby tae care. She watched him disappear intai da cliffs.

Scared, Penny followed.

‘Gibby?’ she shouted.

‘Here!’ Gibby yelled back.

Following Gibby's voice, Penny fun him, and dare, nixt tae him wis da Northern Rock Cress...

She couldna believe it! Gently, she picked a petal, and as it touched her skin, her cut disappeared. She gasped in disbelief.

'We did it Gibby!' Penny seyed, tears biggin up, 'Lets go hom'.

Penny removed da wilted petal and replaced it. It fit perfectly. Wirds couldna describe da hope Penny wis pittin on dis as she closed da locket and put it on Ann-Jean. Hit lookit so natural on her. Dey watched Ann-Jeans eyes begin tae open, full o life, her brith lost it's shakyness as she opened her mooth.

'I kent you wid do it' Ann-Jean seyed, geein dem each a muckle smooriken apou dir heids.