

Ertie & Da Diving Board

Ertie is a peerie trow dat bides at da back o da hill o Voe. Ee day he wiz feeling braaly doon on it ciz his cousin Beenie wiz biding wee him until her ain hoose wiz dried oot eftir da watertank burst. Beenie wiz kinda perskeet an wiz aye on at Ertie tae wash ahint his lugs an trig himsel up - not things dat Ertie wanted to do.

Dis day, Beenie wiz joost feeneshed washing da butt floor an wiz led dire warnings on Ertie dat he wiz not tae walk on it til it wiz dry, when der cam a pikk at da door an in cam Erties pal Emma wi da gutteriest boots you hiv ivver seen. Weel, Beenie turned purple an I canna repeat whit sho said but lats joost say Ertie an Emma skinned oot braaly quick.

Dey ran and ran until dey cam tae Lower Voe - baith o dem pecghin an gaffin time aboot. "Whit ir you pair been up tae" axed Fudge da rabbit dat wiz hivin a peerie brak fae his usual job o counting passing cars.

"Oh, emm, err, weel, I kinda got gutter on Erties floor" pecghed Emma.

"Ahh" said Fudge "An you skeedaddled afore Beenie hed your guts for gerters"

"Yeah" said Ertie "Sho didna look best pleased" an da tree o dem burst inta fits of gaffin again.

When dey wir calmed demsels Fudge axed "Is du been up tae da skip lately Ertie?" kennin dat hockin an purlin wee bruck wiz Erties favourite passtime.

"No, am no been for a start but I tink I might geen for a look da day - a'm no in muckle o a hurry tae geen hame....."

"Ha ha" gaffed Fudge "I bet du's no! Weel, I better get back tae me counting - let me ken if du fins onythin interestin"

"Will do - see de later Fudge. Is du comin Emma?"

"Yeah I can do - I tink da peerie trows ir up at da loch an I promised Mam I wid keep an eye oot for wir Jeemie for du kens da kind o mellishin he can get up tae"

"Oh yeah, ony too weel! Come du den an lats see whit we can fin".

So aff dey set.

When dey wan up tae da skip Ertie got his eye on an ironing board. It wiz a great muckle thing (compared tae da size o a trow) wi a gyaddgy green an yellow floorie cover.

"Joost da thing for a diving board!" said Ertie.

"Dus du tink?" axed Emma no soonding aa dat convinced.

"Yis, yis da very dab - come du Emma - we'll hiv a spree"

"Weel, arright den, I tink I see da peerie trows ower yunder at da side o da loch onywy".

So Ertie managed tae get da ironing board hockit oot an atween him an Emma dey managed tae git it draggit up tae da side o da loch.

"Why is du here?" truttled Jeemie whan Emma appeared aside him an his pals Rasmie, Robbie an Tirval in da guttery hol dey hed hockit oot aside da loch "Did Mam send dee ta check-up on me ageen?"

"Yis an no" replied Emma "Mam did tell me tae keep an eye oot for dee but a'm come up here wi Ertie ciz he's fun himsel a diving board".

"Ooooh - a diving board. We wid hae fun we dat widden we lads?"
"No you couldna" said Ertie kenning only too weel whit Jeemie wiz capable o ciz he wiz been on da wrang end o his pranks wance too aften.
"Oh, why no Ertie? It's no lik you an Emma ir going ta play on it!"
"Wir needin ta practice wir skills for da Olympics. Dis is 2012 an da games is in Lunklet du kens - wir sure ta come hame we a medal if we practice"
"Ehhmm, Ertie - could we practice for the Olympics too?" Jeemie smiled sweetly.
"No - dus far ower peerie. Go du an carry on platchin in your guttery hol - dats whit peerie trows dus"
"But, but, but Ertie...." aa da peerie trows chorused.
"No buts! Just ance!" growled Ertie.
"Kin we at least watch you settin it up den?" axed Robbie we a sneeg on his face.
"Aaright, but nae nonsense wi you - or else!!"

Ertie set about gittin it ready. He hauled and tugged an reesiled at until he got it exactly whar he wanted it. It wiz hingin kinda squint an didna look aa dat sturdy but dats likely why hit wiz in da skip in da first place. Ertie tought it wiz splendid!
"Sees du dat Emma!" said Ertie.
"Yeah" said Emma "It's certainly somethin!" an she hed an awful job keeping her face straight.
"A'll hae first go" Ertie declared.
"Dat du can" Emma replied.
So Ertie hauled himsel up ontae da end o da board an med a great wark o streachin an lookin important.

Meanwhile, da peerie trows were busy pitten da plan dey wir hatched intae action.....
An if Ertie hed o been paying attention he wid o been aware o dem making der wye ower tae da side o da board an haulin demsels up so at dey wir standing on een anidders shooders.

"Right" shouted Ertie "prepare to be amazed" an he sterted hopping doon da board lik a lamb playin ower a broo. Joost as he wan aboot half wye doon, da peerie trows yokkit da lever on da side o da board an Ertie shot aff sideleens we a "aaaaaaaaaahhhhhh" an disappeared headfirst inna da guttery hol da peerie trows wir been playin in meenits afore.

Weel, da peerie trows fell aboot gaffin an Emma hed ta join in. Ertie wiz clatched in gutter fae head ta fit! Da only bit dat wiz white about him wiz his een an evan dey hed guttery mots in dem! Ertie hauled himsel oot, glowered at da peerie trows an trudged aff for hame withoot saying wan word ta eny o dem.

When he wan in sight o da hoose, he saa Beenie standin at da door wi her hands on her hips.

"Don't du even tink aboot comin inna dis hoose in yun slester" sho said an haaled Ertie by da lug oot onta da green afore da hoose. Beenie geed an got da aald tin bath oot o da shed an set da hose runnin inta hit. Dan sho disappeared inna da hoose an cam oot wi a great

muckle bottle o Fairy Liquid.

"Right - in du gets!" she ordered

"Am no needin....." protested Ertie.

"NOW!" she roared an Ertie saw der wiz nae point in arguing so he did as he wiz bid an hauled himsel in ower da side o da tub. Beenie rolled up her sleeves, hauled on her rubber glivs an set aboot her task. Soon Ertie wiz so gubbed up he lookiot lik a soapy cloud! Ertie sat dere mutterin under his breath aboot aa da things he wiz gyaan ta do tae Jeemie when nixt dey met. I widna lik ta be in his shuun!!

Da End

- By Merran Thompson, Age 9