

Da Map in da Bottle

Dir wis eence a bridder an sister caad Oscar an Olivia an dey bed in a muckle, new hoose by da beach. Dey lickit ti play upon dir computers an phones, lik da Nintendo. Dir mam an dad sed dat dey hed to go ootside at least eence ivery day, fur nae less as two hoors!

Wan day dey gaed doon ti da beach whar dey hed played fir years (or it felt lik years ti dem!) dey kent ivery ston an burn upo da beach. Dey walkit alang da beach (weel, Olivia ran, but Oscar laeket to wak) an back agen, ivery time dey gaed. Dis day dey can across a gless bottle. It didna look lik een dat widda come fae tesco, it lookit aald and braaly worn an da gless wis as smooth as a ston fae da burn. "oo, pick yun up" sed Oscar. "I dunna ken," said Olivia, "I dunna want ti cut mesel on da gless". "It's no broken" said Oscar, "you'll be aright". But Olivia picked up da bottle and saa dit dir wis somethin inside him. "Whit's yun?" she sed, as she poket her peerie finger in ti try to yock ahad o hit. Inside dir wis a piece o pipper. Although it wis a peerie bit weet sho could still mak oot da writin or pictirs.

"It's a map Oscar! I winder whit it's fir?". Oscar yockit ahad o da piece o pipper. "Oscar! Peeriewise!" As Oscar opened da map he saa dat it lookit laek da beach day dey wir on. Dey could see shape o da costline and it cam in in a smooth line just laek dir beach. On da map dir wis a roond circle whar dir hoose is. Da circle hed a cross in da middle. "Olivia!" sed Oscar, "a cross must mean dat dirs treasure! We need tae git wir shivels!". "I'm no sure" saed Olivia, but Oscar wis hedding up ower da broo and makin fur da gereeg tae look fur his shivel. Oscar wis braaly quick and by da time dat Olivia med it dere Oscar had already hedding tae da gairden, wi a snaa shivel in his hand. "Oscar! You canna dig up da gairden wi a snaa shivel!" "Why no?" sed Oscar, "it wis da biggest een I could fin!" "It's no goin to work" sed Olivia "you need a metal shivel to braak da grund". Oscar med his wye back tae da gereeg an fan a peerie trowel and Olivia fan a muckle spade. Dey lookit at da map an decided tae dig right in da middle o da gairden, an it seemed tae be right whar dir faider had pit in a fountain. "We'll hiv tae dig a tunnel under him" sed Oscar as walked carefully tae da side o da fountain and started to pit his trowel in da grund. Olivia set aboot digging too and da diggit fir aboot an oor an tow't dey wir makin braaly good headwye whin dir faider cam hom. "Whit on Earth ir you two daein?" he shouted as he lookit in da gairden and saa dir wark. "Yun's whar da pipes and wires ir fir da fountain! Yun's dangerous, git awa fae yunder

right noo!” Olivia and Oscar wir braaly gluffed, dir faider didna usually use a lood voice. “But we hae treasure map!” sed Oscar. “A map?” dir faider sed, “sha me da map!”. Oscar took da piece o pipper and shaaed it tae his faider. His faider lookit at it and den he startit tae gaff and gaff. “Dis is a plan fir da fountain!” he sed. “I drew yun oot on a piece o pipper ee night whin I wis spikkin tae Uncle Geordie aboot wir plans fir da fountain! It wis a fine night and we haed bowt a couple o bottles o Spanish beer fir efter wir tae. I tink yun plan wis poked in da tap o da bottle afore we pat it in da recycling. I dunna ken how it ended up on da beach, but da cat wis aye trying tae win in yun purple recycling bag we used tae work wi, so mibbee he upended yun night and da bottle rolled doon tae da beach”.

