

## A Veedit tae the Shows

The Mackenzie faimlie set aff for the shows.

“Hurray!” cried Sandy.

“Yippee!” yelled Sam.

Da asked, “Kirsty are ye cumin an aw?”

We’re haein a hail day at the shows.”

Mither brusht Kirsty’s lang broon hair.

Faither parked the car. The laddies skipped an whizzed aroon.

Therr war stalls wi candy floss an face pent.

Sam cowpit Sandy ower as they lowpit up intae the swing boat. They grabbed at the strippit raip wi their hauns. Dad girnit as they gaed ower high.

*Mmm sizzlin hamburgers an sticky taffie!*

“Ma, can A hae hair braids?” askit Kirsty.

Ma sighed, “Na Kirsty, nae hair braids theday.”

*Mmm reekin purpie candles an strawberry sweeties!*

The Mackenzie faimlie war fair pleased tae meet up wi their neighbours an they blethert an laucht. The clown on stilts trippit ower Sandy an the the mannie playin the drums wis daft. Faither jined in.

Kirsty tried agane, “Please, please mither can A hae hair braids?”

Mither sighed, “Na Kirsty, nae hair braids.”

*Mmm green ice cream wi blae sugar flooers!*

*Mmm Marzipan muins an sterna!*

Sandy an Sam wintit siller balloons. The laddies drank up cauld watter frae reid plastic cups. Kirsty says in a quate voice, “Please Ma, can A hae hair braids?” Ma sighed, “Na Kirsty, nae hair braids.”



Kirsty thocht. She skipped along till she wis at the stall whaur they got their tickets. The wifie haed a map o the shows. She haed gowd specs an a fantoosh goon. She liftit the map an glowerit an said, Na ma dear, nae hair braids theday.

Ma huntit fur Kirsty an mumbled, “Whaur haes she gan?” “Whaur’s oor Kirsty?” she askit the wee laddies. Faither cried lood an lang. Sam turned white.

“Kirsty! Kirsty!” they aw cried. Kirsty foond a special tent wi fringes an bells. It wis braw.

*Mmmm lavender an lanterns!*

Da sighed lood an lang. Ma hid a thocht. She rushed tae the muckle tent at the hert o the shows. Thon yin wi a gowd banner. Kirsty wis therr watchin a bonnie bleck tray stappit fu o bricht reid glesses. They hid turquoise draigons pentit on them.

“Ma, please kin A hae a reid gless wi turquoise draigons.”

Ma didnae answer. Da bade ahint ma.

Her Ma said, “Kirsty, A wis feart. Ye didna bide by me at the shows.”

“A’m affa sorry Ma”, Kirsty whispered.

Sandy’s siller balloon drifted awa an he wis doonhertit.

The wifie at the tent hid aipple-shappit earrings hingin frae her lugs. Kirsty cudna tak her een aff thaim an her lang hair braids an aw.

“Wud ye lik sum tae?” she askit Kirsty.

Kirsty leukit at Ma.

“Ye dinna deserve them Kirsty”, Ma replied.

Da pit his tuppenceworth in, “If ye dae what ye’re telt, ye kin hae hair braids neist time.”

Sandy yawned an Sam ran roon an roon. Kirsty bocht a fluffy purse an trailit aside her Ma an Da. The sky wis derk. Kirsty lowpit aside thaim. She plowterit throu aw the dubs. She gowkit back at the shows. In the car, Sam an Sandy slept. Da snored.

Ma wad drive thaim hame.

Kirsty wis awa in a dwam, mindin the shows an smilin. Neist time she micht get hair braids.....

