

SCOTS STORIES

Twa sisters

She's loud, I'm nae. She's messy, I'm nae. She's confident, I'm nae. Although we share share an affa lot o stuff, personalities isna ane.

She'd dee anything tae be centre o attention and mak folk watch her bit yir attention wid probably ariddy be drawn by i volume o fit she speaks at. She's iways singin n loupin about I hoose. She's iways full o life n it's a surprise if yi iver hear her it peace. Even fan she sleeps I still hear her mumbliin awa tae herself. But me, I'm the opposite, or at least at's the way a see masel as. I'd dee anything tae nae be centre stage or in front of a crowd. I hate being in front o audiences, even jist speakin in a sma group o people thit I dinna kane. No, she'd yap awa tae them happily. She's quite social, iways needin to be oot we her pals but me I like jist relaxin by maself ivery noo n again. Bit I suppose not iverybody is thi same are they?

I'm the neat n tidy ane. Athin his tae be placed neatly, presented neatly. Ma bed iways his tae be made, tucked in a neatly, that is a must. Ma desk in oor room is neat. Athin placed perfectly. Ma wardrobe i same, claiths neatly in piles, makeup arranged neatly roon about. It's almost as though thi room is split in half half i time: half neat, half messy. But, she hates it. She'd much prefer if her bed wisna made at a, in wis left in a rummle a day lang. At jist drives me oor i edge. How can you nae want yir bed made? I ofen mak it for her jist to save i hassle bit at puts me in i bad books. Her wardrobe is neat fan she wants it tae be or mare likely fan I want it tae be! But maist o thi time I'd personally say it's a sotter. Stuff awy!

A suppose you could say we do share some traits if yi think about it. We're baith pretty musical. We've baith played i piano and noo we play i fiddle. We baith enjoy it and I suppose I could admit I wis a wee bit jealous it the speed she learnt tae play it at but she wid of heard me play it afore. Even wee thi fiddle we are still very different. She's raced right through i grades but I moved slowly through them.

Noo she's even beginning tae catch up we ma. I really dinna like standing or playin in front o folk bit she'd happily gee a wee concert tae anybody. If I wis gan tae I'd hiv tae go tae a different room n play fae there. She's even gone and played solos it competitions but there is nae a chance at all you'd see me deein that. I'd quite happily go n play we a group o folk bit fan I wis her age I'd hide awa ahin abidy n if I wis lucky I hid masel right at the back. But no, she'd easily stan right at i front. A suppose we are actually almost the opposites o each other.

We are just the average normal sisters though I suppose even if we do share a room n hiv for eleven years since she wis born. So we're bount tae hae the odd argument or twa! Or even the odd wee ongan joke.

It Christmas, me in ma breather teamed up tae wind her right up. The

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present we'd bought her wis a wrapped up n under i tree - thit wis glowin we i wee fairy lights n the unmatchin baubles (the glass anes n the wee wooden mannies). We started a wee joke cause you kane how abidy his at one thing their feer o. Somin thit sends shivers doon yir spine fan you see it. Well for ma sister it's dogs. So withoot even thinkin aboot it ivery time in sync fan she went near I present, near i tree or in fact iny time she wis in the room "Woof" or a "we told you to be quiet". It wound her right up. We found it affa funny but she didna think quite i same. But it's good fun sometimes!

Wee sisters are affa annoying maist o the time. Fit iver they dee it's iways as though they want tae wind yi right up. I mine fan we were wee n used tae play we thi dollies. We'd spen ages setting the game up n naming ivery doll wee hid. In eventually fan it came tae playin thi game. She'd turn roon n say she wisna needin tae play anymare. And I time fan we played, well tried tae play hide n seek. She wis countin and I wis hidin. Turns oot she wisna countin at a and I wis just hidin for i sake o it. I mine I wis freezing. So I suppose we've hid our fair turns.

For anybidy thit thinks we look similar, I really dinna see fan on earth they come fae. I've got dark hair, eyebrows, eyes. She's got light.

We may be thought o tae be quite i same bit in actual matter o fact we're nae. She's loud, I'm nae. She's messy, I'm nae. We're just two sisters thit share thi same room.

by Hope Sutherland
(Buckie High School)