

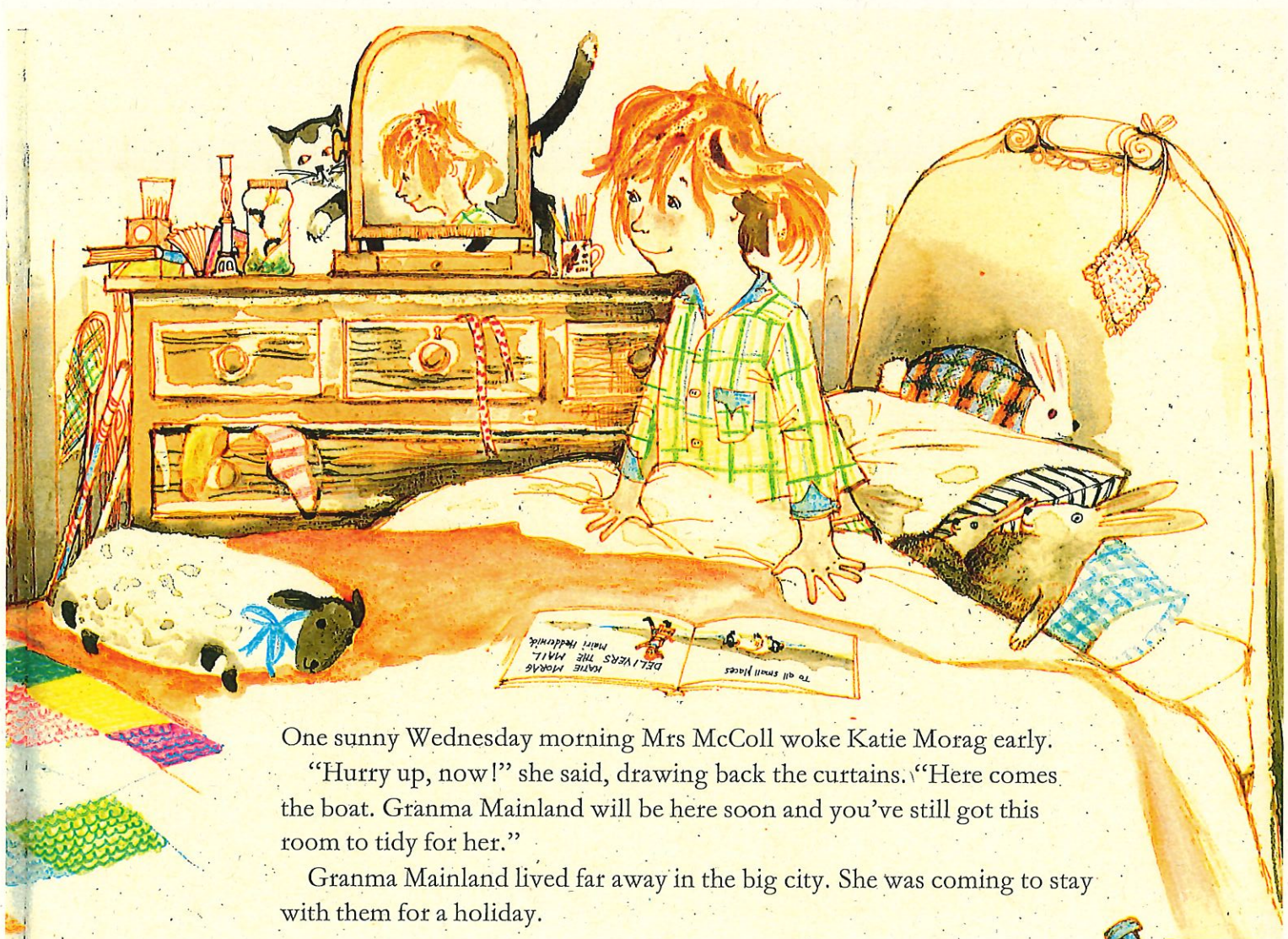


Katie Morag

and the Two Grandmothers

Mairi Hedderwick





One sunny Wednesday morning Mrs McColl woke Katie Morag early.

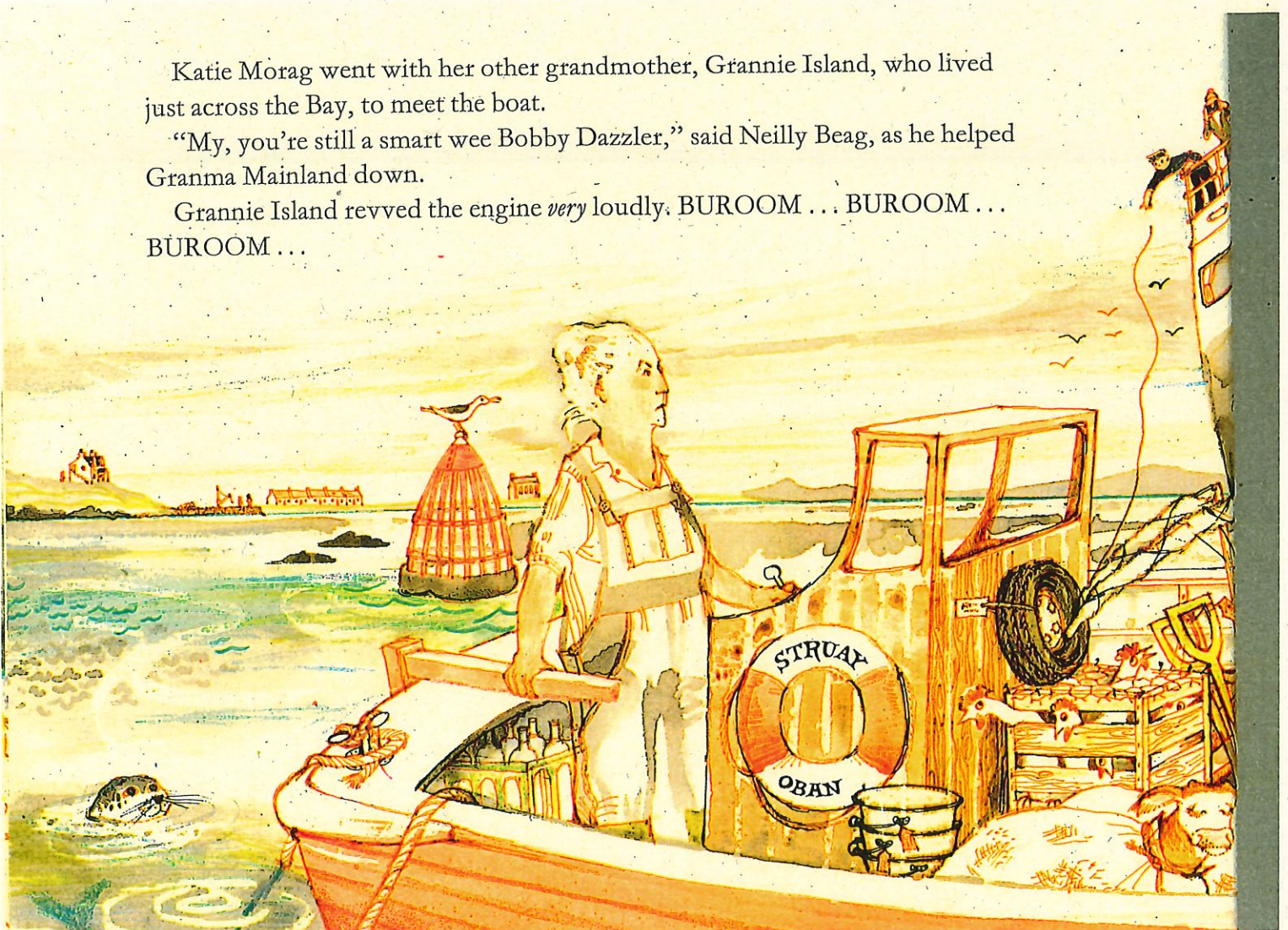
"Hurry up, now!" she said, drawing back the curtains. "Here comes the boat. Granma Mainland will be here soon and you've still got this room to tidy for her."

Granma Mainland lived far away in the big city. She was coming to stay with them for a holiday.

Katie Morag went with her other grandmother, Grannie Island, who lived just across the Bay, to meet the boat.

"My, you're still a smart wee Bobby Dazzler," said Neilly Beag, as he helped Granma Mainland down.

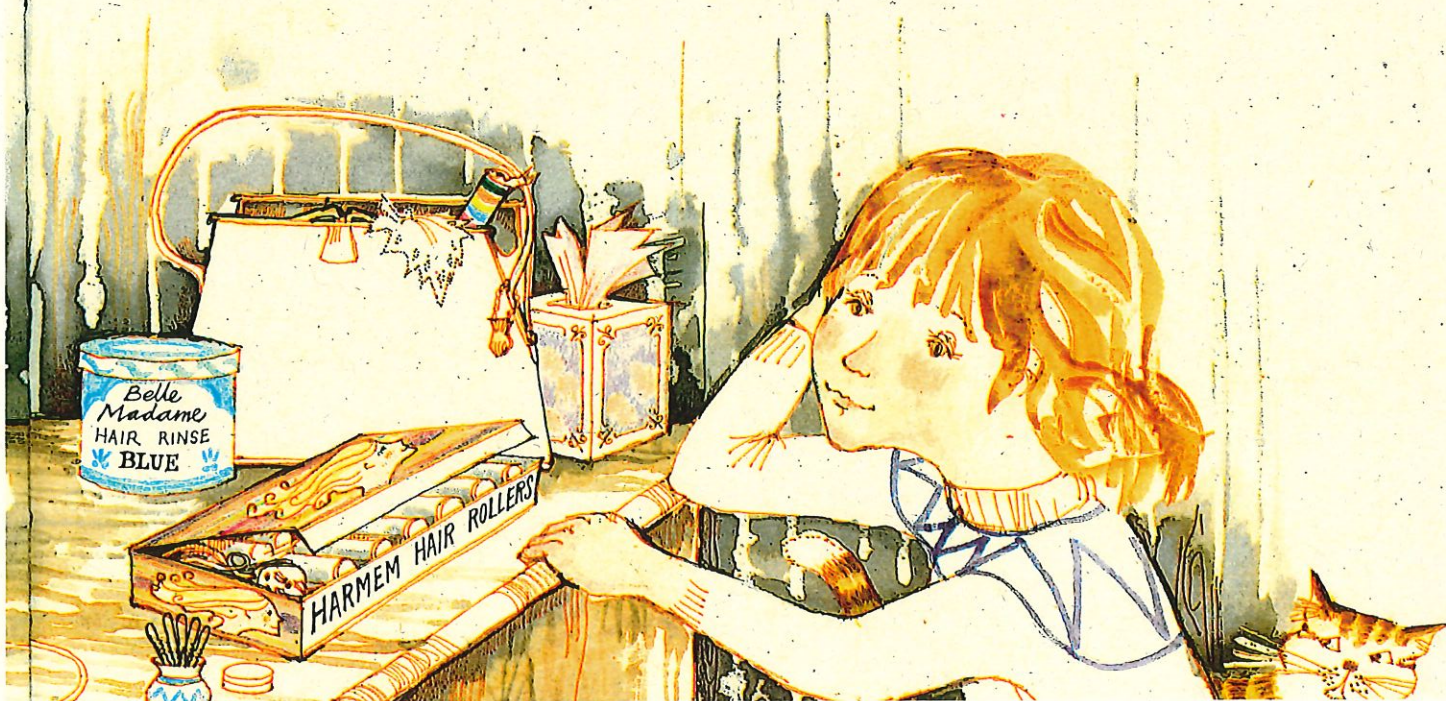
Grannie Island revved the engine *very* loudly. BUROOM ... BUROOM ... BUROOM ...



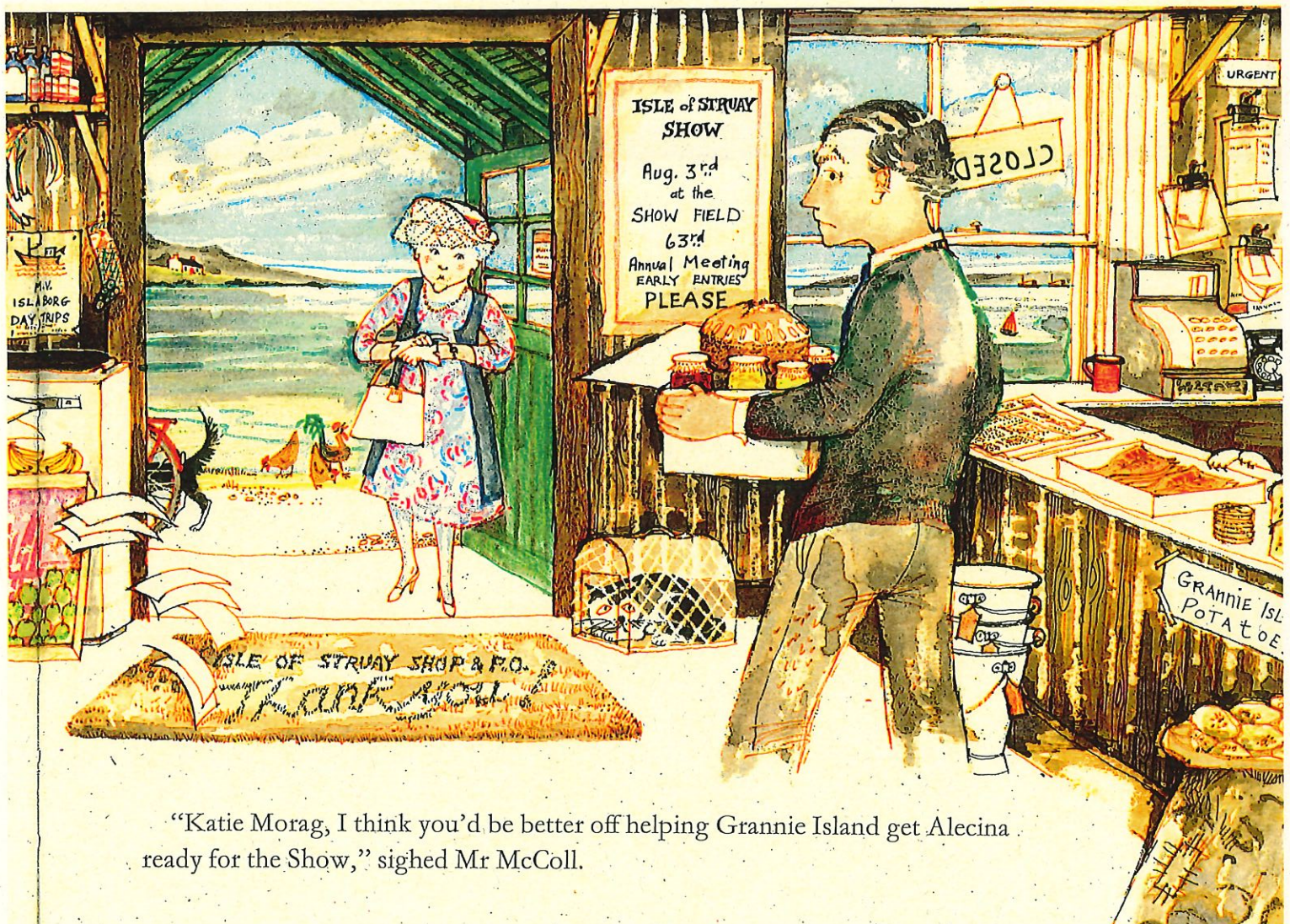




Katie Morag watched, fascinated, as Granma Mainland unpacked.
“Do you like this new hat I’ve brought for Show Day, Katie Morag?”
Granma Mainland asked.
“Och, her and her fancy ways!” muttered Grannie Island to herself.



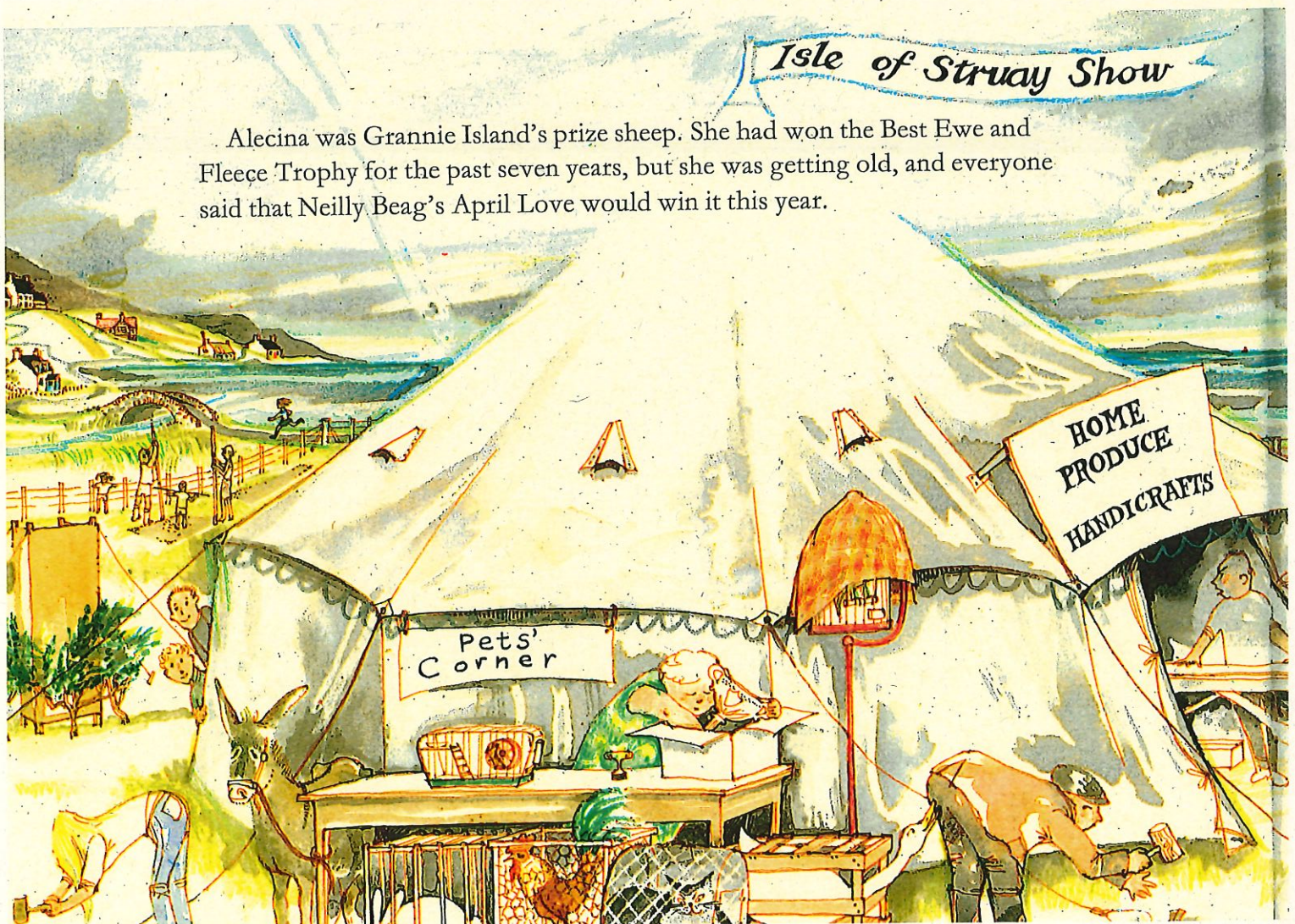




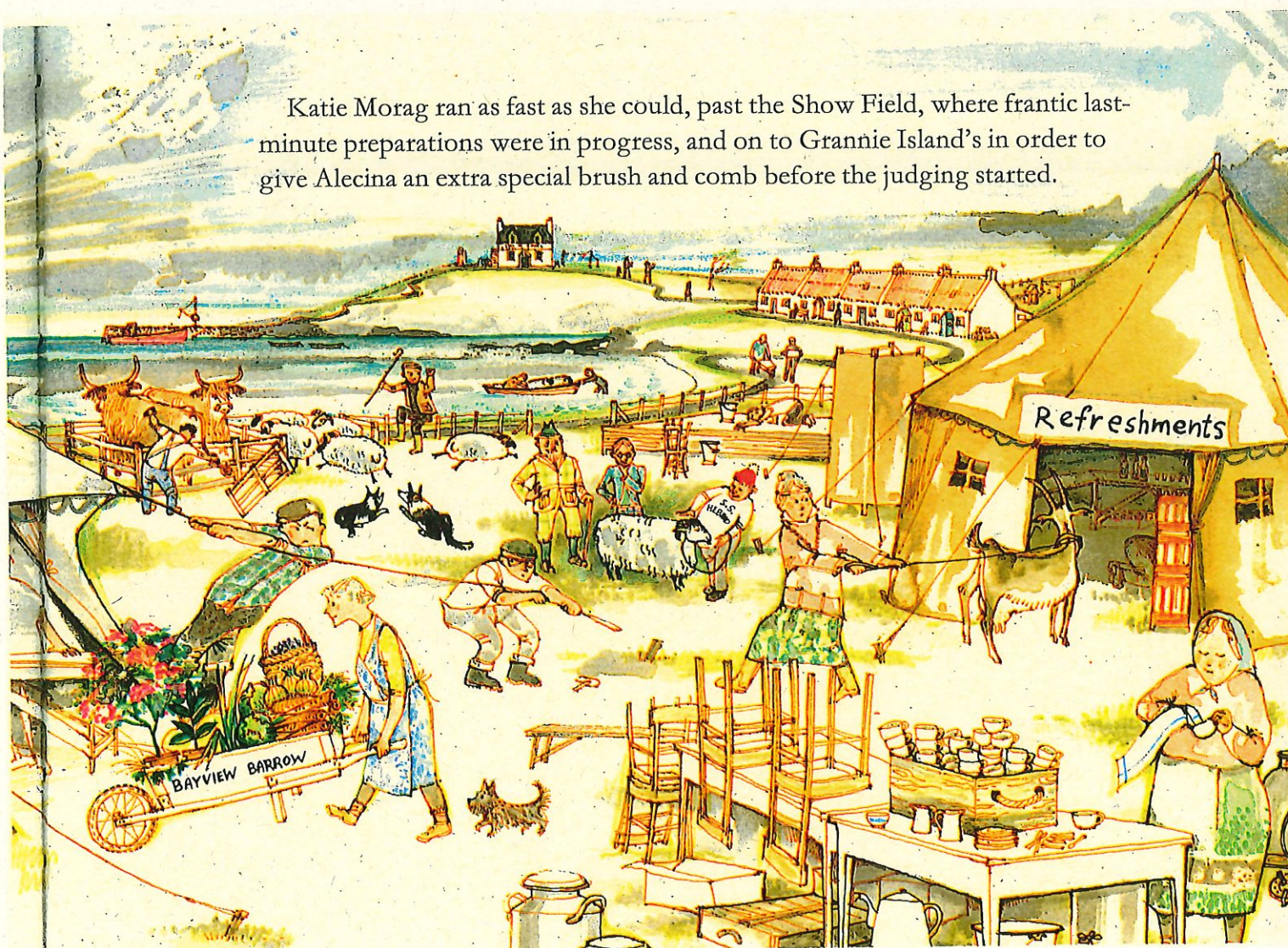
"Katie Morag, I think you'd be better off helping Grannie Island get Alecina ready for the Show," sighed Mr McColl.

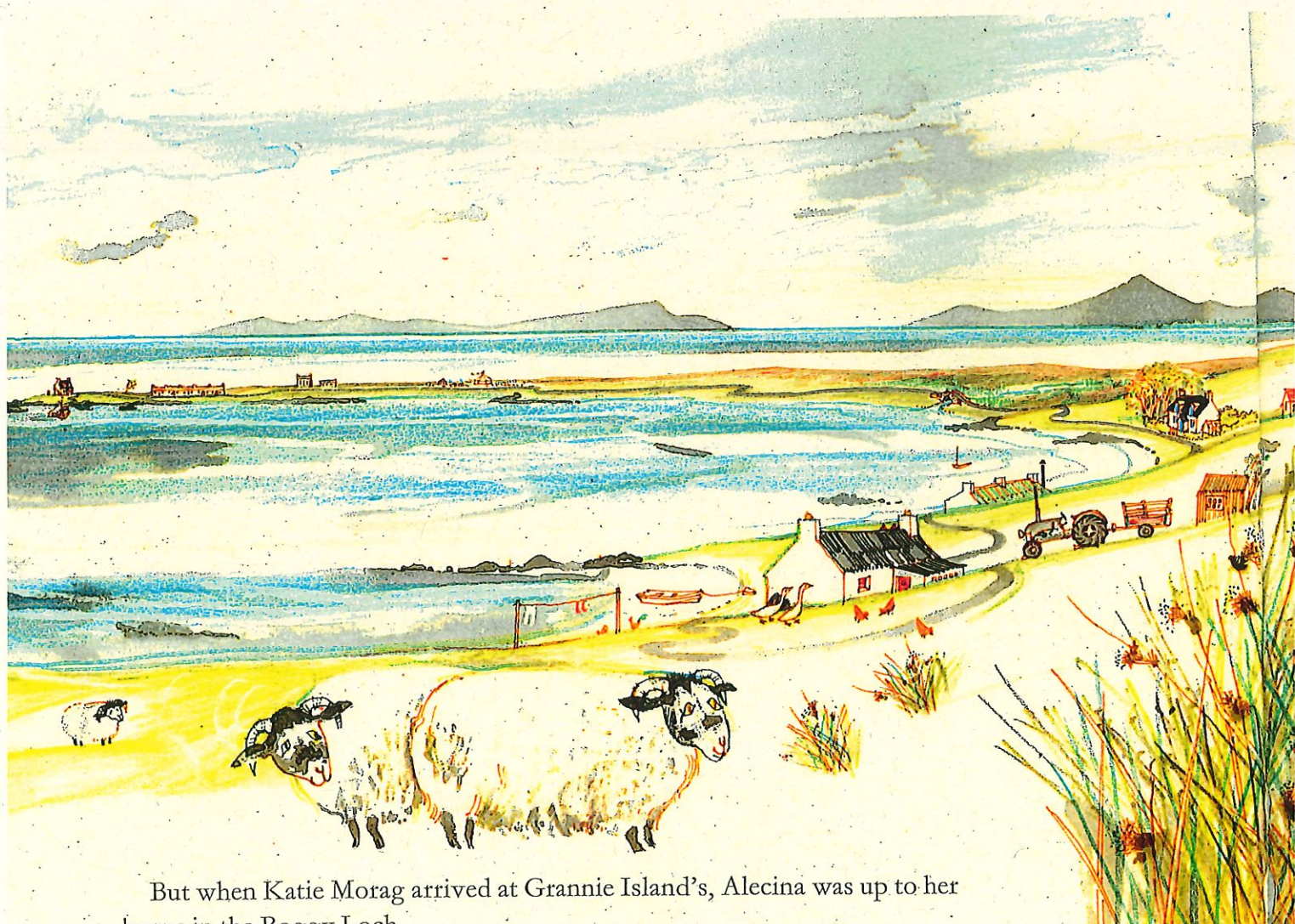
Isle of Struay Show

Alecina was Grannie Island's prize sheep. She had won the Best Ewe and Fleece Trophy for the past seven years, but she was getting old, and everyone said that Neilly Beag's April Love would win it this year.

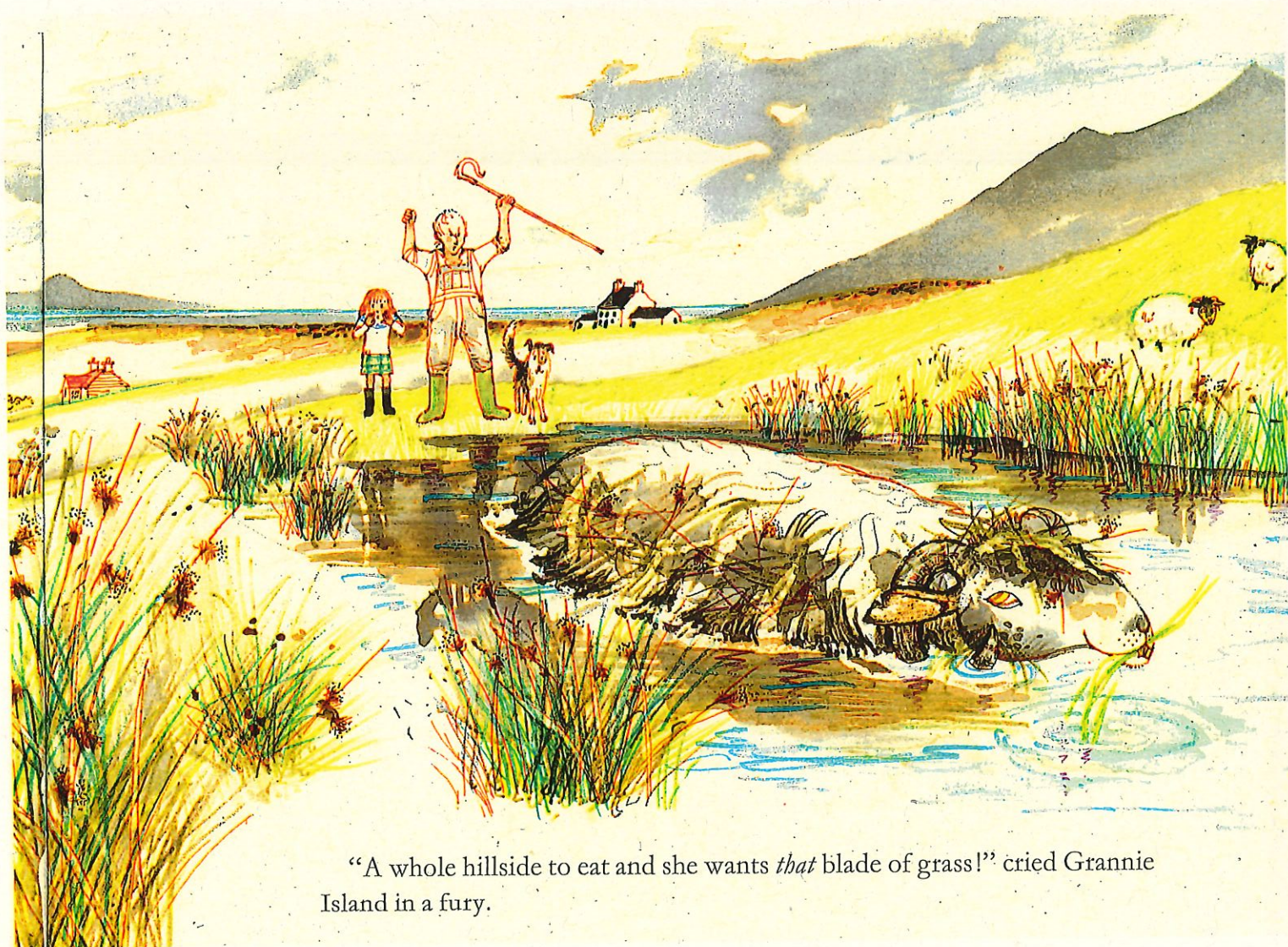


Katie Morag ran as fast as she could, past the Show Field, where frantic last-minute preparations were in progress, and on to Grannie Island's in order to give Alecina an extra special brush and comb before the judging started.



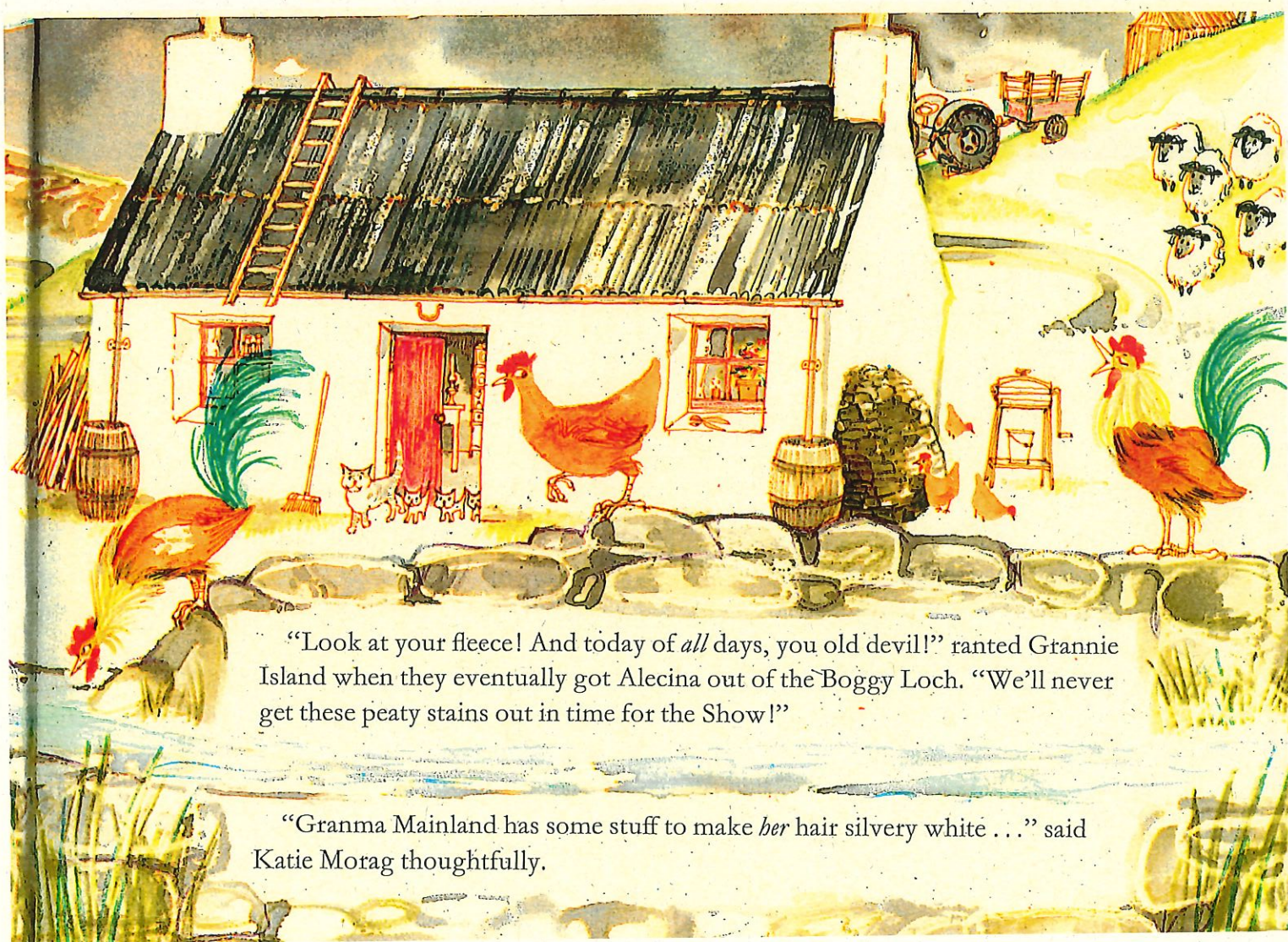


But when Katie Morag arrived at Grannie Island's, Alecina was up to her
horns in the Boggy Loch



"A whole hillside to eat and she wants *that* blade of grass!" cried Grannie Island in a fury.

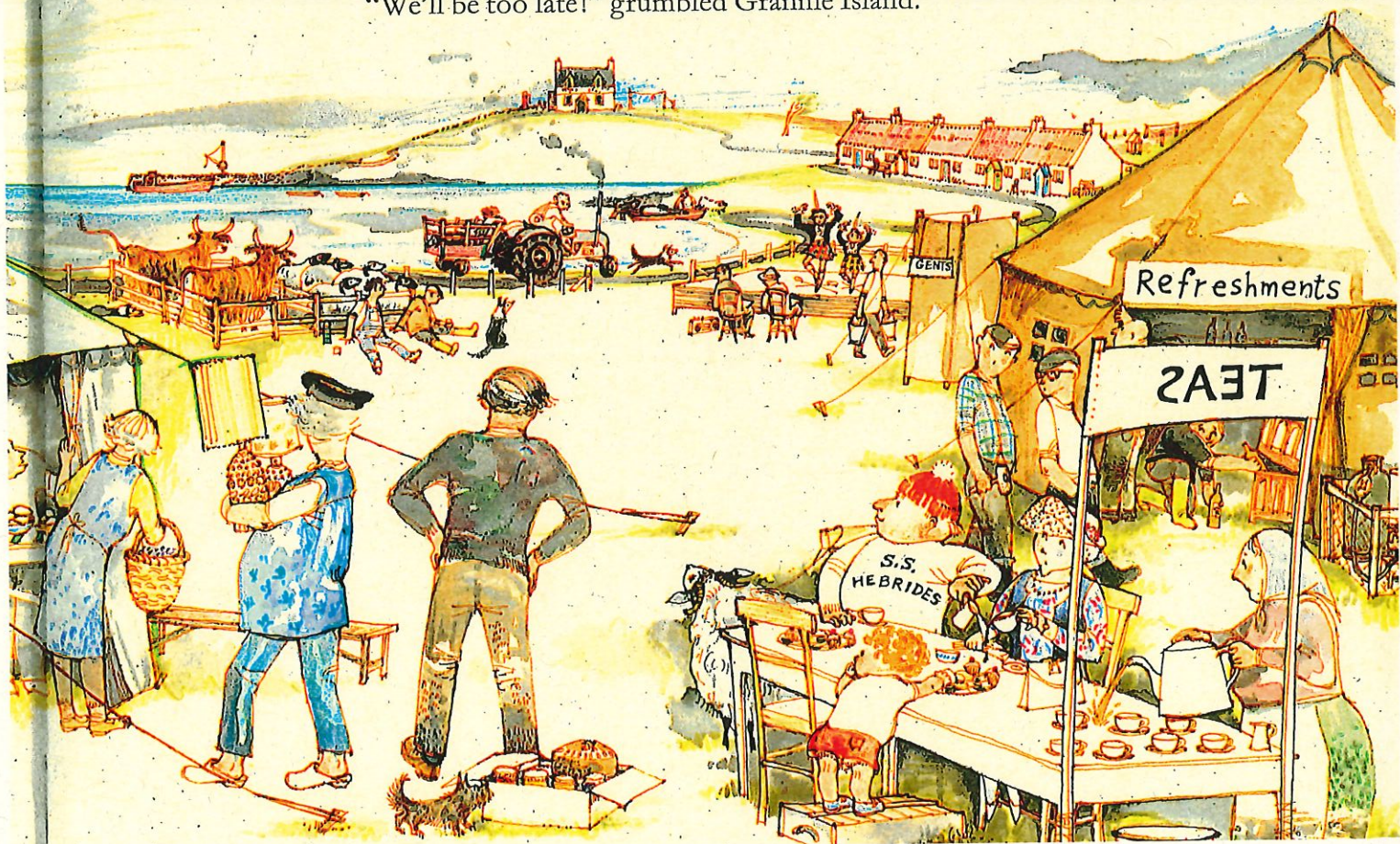




"Look at your fleece! And today of *all* days, you old devil!" ranted Grannie Island when they eventually got Alecina out of the Boggy Loch. "We'll never get these peaty stains out in time for the Show!"

"Granma Mainland has some stuff to make *her* hair silvery white . . ." said Katie Morag thoughtfully.

Everyone looked in amazement as Grannie Island's old tractor and trailer hurtled past the Show Field, heading for the Post Office.
"We'll be too late!" grumbled Grannie Island.

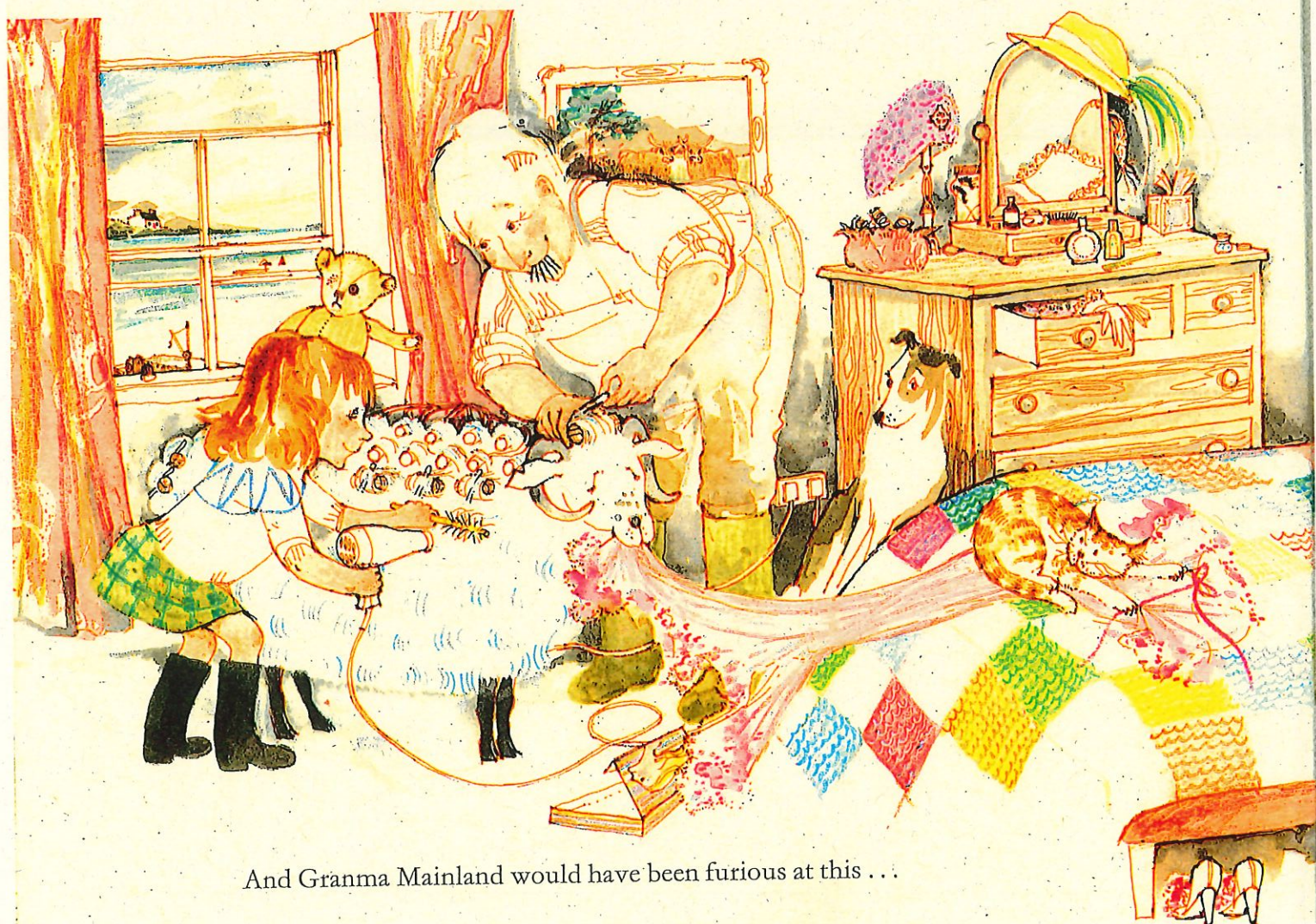




Fortunately, no one was about when they got home, since Mrs McColl would certainly not have approved of this . . .



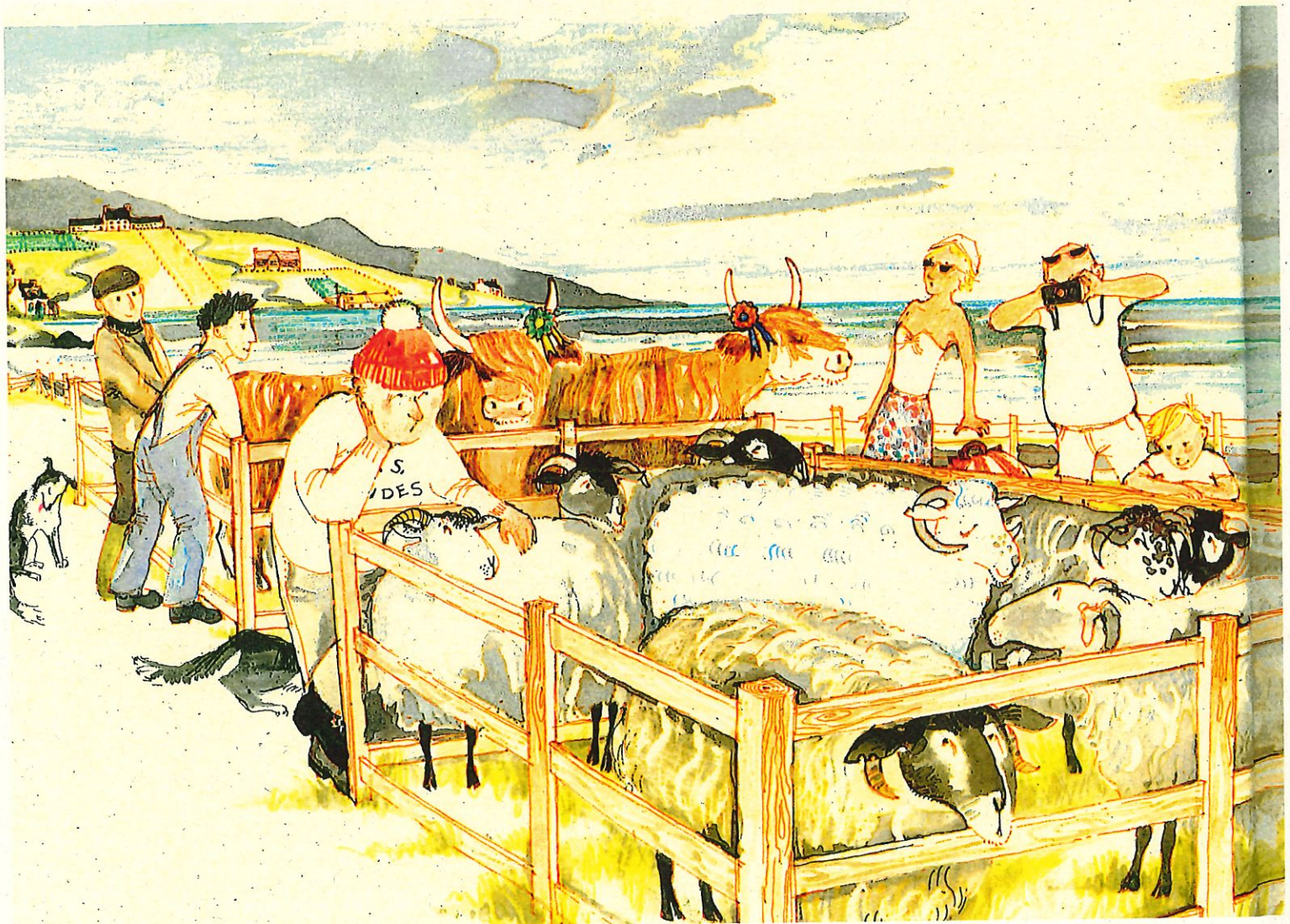
... or this.



And Gränma Mainland would have been furious at this ...

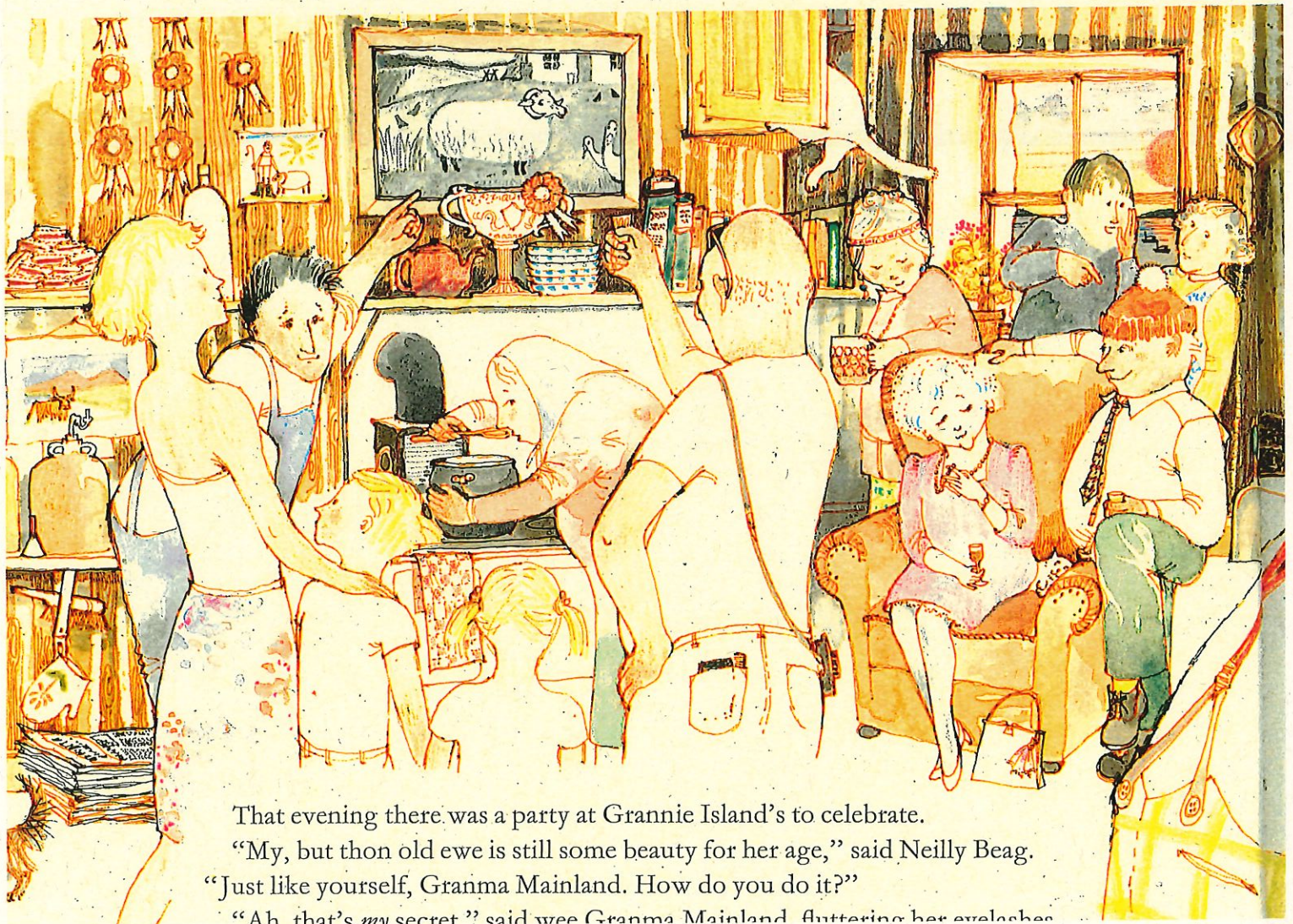


... not to mention this.



But all ended well. They managed to get tidied up and back to the Show Field just in time for the judging, and, at the sight of Alecina's shiny coat and curls, the judges were in no doubt as to who should win the Silver Trophy again this year.



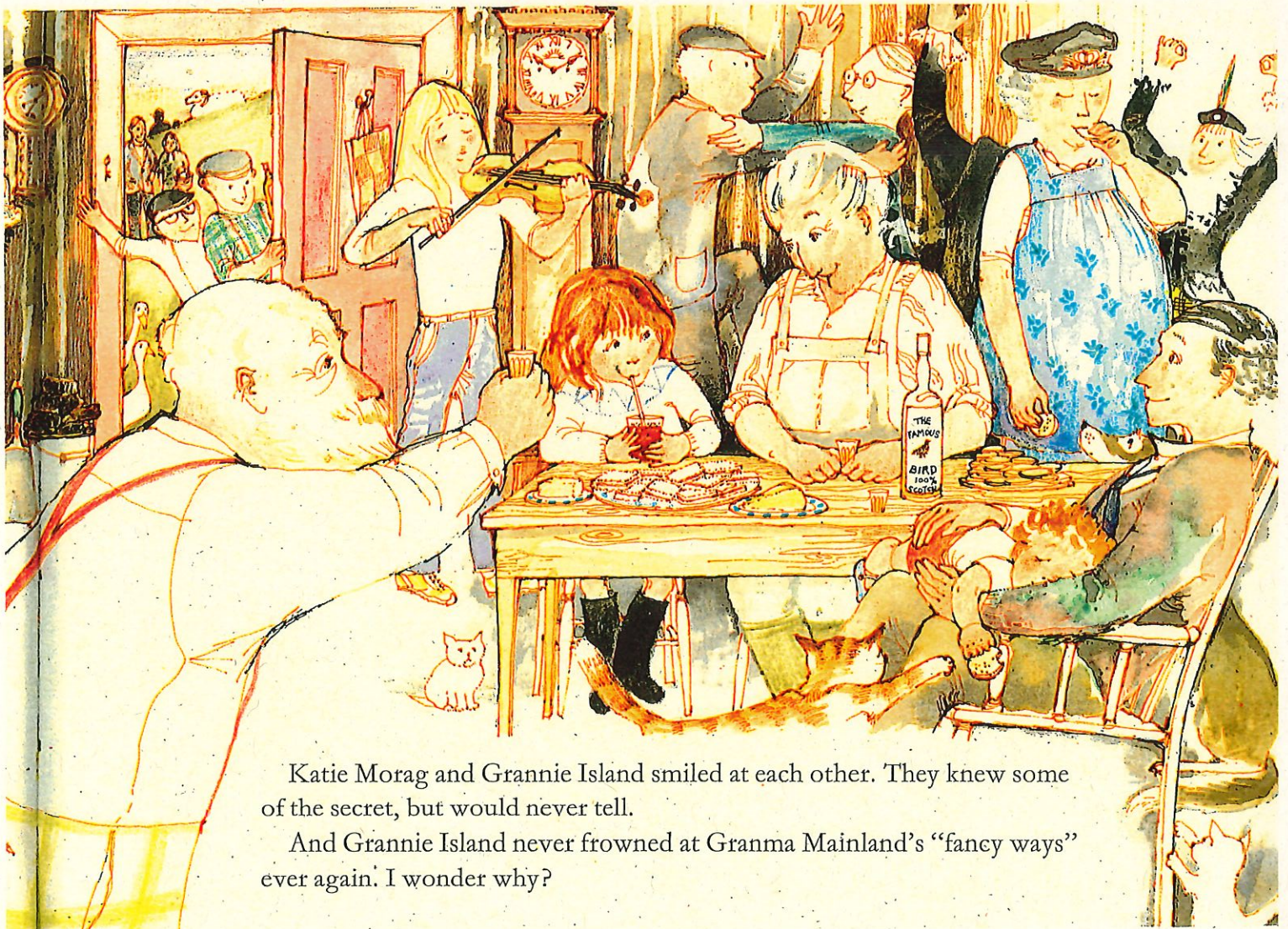


That evening there was a party at Grannie Island's to celebrate.

"My, but thon old ewe is still some beauty for her age," said Neilly Beag.

"Just like yourself, Granma Mainland. How do you do it?"

"Ah, that's *my* secret," said wee Granma Mainland, fluttering her eyelashes.



Katie Morag and Grannie Island smiled at each other. They knew some of the secret, but would never tell.

And Grannie Island never frowned at Granma Mainland's "fancy ways" ever again. I wonder why?