Meet Wullie an his faimlie. Wullie is marriet oan Sadie, an they hae a pair o weans: yin weefla caa’ed Jock, an a wee lassie caa’ed Liz. Wullie haes a doag caa’ed Laddie, an his best freen bes a weè greh trector by tha name o Fergie.
Wullie’s milkin’ tha last coo in tha byre. Fergie is gye an handy at draa’in tha milk cans doon til tha craimerie stan at tha en o tha loanen.
“Thon’s a quare day,” siz Wullie. “Richt, weans. Tak tha doag an gether up tha yows oan tha brae. It’s aboot time the’ wur aa clipped.”
“Mine yersel, Jock!” guilders Wullie.
“Thon oul tup aye bes crabbit: ye darnae
luck at him!” Tha carnaptious ram gies
Jock a dunch , an cowps him intil tha
sheugh! Ach naw! Jock’s up tae his
oxters in tha glar!
“Da! Luk ower thonner! Whut’s thon reek risin frae tha fairmhouse?”

"Jakers oh! Thon disnae luk guid. Ah hope yer Ma's aa richt! Fergie, tak iz hame, quick, an dinnae spare tha horses! Keep 'er lit, ye boy ye! Sadie, dinnae be feart: we'r comin!"
“Ach, catch a houl o yersels an quat ectin tha gype!” girs Sadie. Wullie an tha wears ir haurt gled tae fyn oot tha reek is jist risin frae tha scullery. Sadie’s bakin soda breid oan tha griddle, an haes tha pan oan forbye! Wullie gies his heid a dicht an stairs lauchin wi tha childer.
"Hi, Wullie!" gudgers Fergie, 
"Ah doot thaim weans wud 
eat ye ooty hoose an hame!"
Meet William and his family. William is married to Sarah and they have two children: one boy called John, and a little girl called Elizabeth. William has a dog called Laddie, and his best friend is a small grey tractor by the name of Fergie.

It’s milking time. Fergie and William are driving the cattle along the lane. John and Elizabeth guide the animals into the farmyard.

“Watch out, John!” shouts William. “That old ram is always cross: best to avoid him!” The angry ram butts John, and knocks him into the ditch. Oh no! John is up to his armpits in the mud!

That’s a fine day,” says William. “Okay, children. Take the dog and round up the sheep on the hillside. It’s about time that they were all shorn.”

William is milking the last cow in the cattle shed. Fergie is very useful at transporting the milk cans to the creamery stand at the end of the lane.

The text of this book has been written in the Ulster-Scots language of rural mid-Antrim. Many of the words and phrases used may not be familiar to persons from other areas or those unfamiliar with the district’s rich agricultural vocabulary. An English translation has been provided to assist understanding of the Ulster-Scots text.
William and Elizabeth are working building a stone wall. John and Fergie are clearing up branches, putting them on the trailer. “That was a very windy night, wasn’t it?” asks William. “Yes, it was a very stormy one!” gasps Liz. “Dear me, you’re stubborn like your mother!” says William. “That stone is far too heavy. Start lifting the smaller ones or you’ll tire yourself out before much longer!”

“It must be potato harvesting time. “It is a really good crop this year, Dad,” comments Elizabeth. “Yes, it’s wonderful. What do you think, Sarah? Do they please you?” “They’ll do well in the saucepan, and maybe make two or three pieces of potato bread as well!”

“Dad! Look over there! What’s that smoke coming from the farm house?” “Oh dear! That doesn’t look good. I hope your mother is okay! Fergie, take us home as quick as possible! Faster, faster! Sarah: don’t worry, we’re coming!”

“Pull yourselves together and stop being silly!” grumbles Sarah. William and the children are relieved to discover that the smoke is only coming from the kitchen. Sarah is baking soda bread on the griddle and is also cooking a fry. William wipes his brow and laughs along with the children.

“Hey William!” shouts Fergie, “I suspect that those children would eat you out of house and home!”

Story and text by Matthew Warwick
Illustrations by Louis Humphrey