

It's cold. The crops are dying an' Dad's harvest is a' gone to Laird. He's made no money and grown few crops. But it seems like he's grown nothin' because the food's a' gone to the fat old Laird. Any normal teen like me would be greetin' at the Laird's wife's feet and hoping for a tattie scone, aye, but I dinnae do that. I nick grain from the harvest an' take a' that fits into the front o' my shirt. Then I put half back an' the Laird doesn't notice. I keep the grain in a tin an' we cook it until we get nice chewy barley. Then we eat it o'er about two meals. There is only so much grain to nick wi'oot bein' caught rid handed. So that's why I'm stook in this 'ere cellar trying to fin' a way oot. I've tried the coal-hole, but I canae fit through. I cuid try the pipes, but they micht no take my weight. I'm running out of ink, so I'll stop writing and try to get oot.



