

The Wee Bannock/Le Petit Bannock/Le Biscuit D'Avoine

Once upon a time there was a little old French lady and her little old Scottish husband who lived in a wee house on the outskirts of Renfrew. One day the little old woman decided to make some tasty bannocks.

« Mm Je veux un petit bannock avec du thé. » (Taps head, looking thoughtful)

So she went into her cupboard and brought out a bag of oatmeal, some salt and some sultanas and raisins for she liked her bannocks with a wee bit of fruit in them. Then she got out her mixing bowl and put everything in with some water and she began to mix and to stir. Then she tipped the mixture onto the table and rolled it out with a rolling pin. She made two big round bannocks – one for herself and one for her husband. She had a little mixture left to make a wee bannock. She decided she would have a wee bit of fun with it and give it a smiley face.

« Deux raisins secs pour les yeux, un gros raisin sec pour le nez et une petite cerise glacée pour la bouche. C'est très bien! » (With actions)

Then she put the bannocks on to cook on the big pan on the cooker. "They will be nice with a cup of tea," she said to herself.

The bannocks roasted and toasted so that the smell of them filled the cottage. The old man was digging in the garden and he had been working hard. Then the smell of the roasty, toasty, oaty bannocks wafted out of the kitchen door towards him.

"Mmm, home baking – yum!"

The little old woman had just taken the baking tray out of the oven when the old man came in. Straight away he picked up one of the bannocks, snapped it in the middle and popped it into his mouth. The little old woman did the same.

« Mm, délicieux! »

When the wee bannock saw what had happened to the big bannocks, he said in a wee voice,

"They don't need to eat me, they've had a big bannock each. I'm getting out of here!"

So the wee bannock jumped out of the pan and rolled and whirled and birlled across the floor and jumped out through the cat flap.

The little old man ran after it shouting "Stop wee bannock, I want to eat you!"

And the little old woman ran after it shouting « **Arrête petit bannock, je veux te manger!** »

But the bannock was young and they were old and the bannock birlled faster than they could run, and it shouted in a wee voice,

« **Non! Je suis le petit bannock qui roule, boule vite, vite, vite!** »

(Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the wee bannock man!)

The wee bannock whirled and birlled past the Primary 1/2/3 base of Kirklandneuk Primary School where the P1 teacher happened to be looking out of the window and she loves wee bannocks. She ran out into the playground shouting,

« **Arrête petit bannock, je veux te manger!** »

The wee bannock replied,

« **Non! Je suis le petit bannock qui roule, boule vite, vite, vite!** »

(Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the wee bannock man!)

The wee bannock whirled and birlled past Robertson Public Park where Mademoiselle Caniche the French poodle was having her morning walk. She was very hungry.

Woof, woof!

« **Arrête petit bannock, je veux te manger!** » *(In a posh voice)*

The wee bannock replied,

« **Non! Je suis le petit bannock qui roule, boule vite, vite, vite!** »

(Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the wee bannock man!)

And he whirled and birlled faster and faster into the high street past the baker Monsieur Croissant who had just made a cup of coffee when he saw the wee

bannock and smelled the delicious smell and as he didn't make bannocks he said,

« Arrête petit bannock, je veux te manger! »

The wee bannock replied,

« Non! Je suis le petit bannock qui roule, boule vite, vite, vite! Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the wee bannock man! »

He whirled and birlled past "Paris" hair and beauty salon where Madame Evangeline the owner was standing outside the door having a breath of fresh air after a busy morning cutting hair.

« Miam, un petit bannock....miam, miam – avec une tasse de thé, maim, maim! » (Licking her lips, rubbing her tummy)

« Arrête petit bannock, je veux te manger! » (In a very posh voice/ Provençal accent)

« Non! Je suis le petit bannock qui roule, boule vite, vite, vite! »

(Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the wee bannock man!)

The bannock rolled right down the river bank, and when it saw the fast flowing water it thought, "How am I going to cross the river?"

« Une riviere - qu'est que je fait maintenant? »

Just then a sly, wise old fox came slinking by and said,

"Jump on my back and I'll take you to the other side for there are no bridges across this river."

Because the bannock had never been anywhere it did not know this was a lie.

"Jump onto my back and I'll take you across."

So the bannock rolled onto the fox's back, but as they went across the water lapped up to the bannock...

« Oh! Je suis mouillé! »

"Roll onto my head then," said the fox.

And he did. But the water splashed him there and he said,

« Oh! Je suis encore mouillé! »

“Roll onto my nose then,” said the fox.

Then snip, snap the wee bannock was eaten. And that was the end of the wee tasty, tasty bannock.

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