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dithis ghillean an Droghair a nail *s rug iad orra, Thoisich an t-sabaid agus fhuair gillean an Droghair eirigh orra gus an do leth-mharbh iad agus thilg iad amach iad- Dh'fhalbh iad, ach cha robh iad ach gu math slac a falbh! An deidh sin thuir an Droghair ris an teaghlach • "Tha mi dol amach fiach am faic mi 'friends' • 's fhada bho'n nach fhaca mi iad." Dh'fhalbh e co dhiubh, pios mor, gus an do rainig e an tigh mu dheireadh, fiach an robh duine fuireach an taobh a muigh de'n seo, Cha robh ann ach aon Chnoc mor ban • agus cha robh fios gu de bha na bhroinn. Dh'fhalbh e ??s rainig e an Cnoc Ban *s bha e cluinntinn ceol nach cuala riamh roimhe • agus mar gum biodh fear a' dannsa. Bha dorus beag iosal an sin agus chaidh e stigh, Bha 'crowd* dhaoine nan suidhe, fear air an urlar a' dannsa agus fear eile a' seinn. "O" ars am fear a bha seinn, "chan fhaod thu falbh as an seo", ars esan, gus am 'beat' thu esan a' dannsa neo raise a' seinn," Dh'amais dh'an Droghair Chruinn gun robh e 'na dheagh dhannsair • chaidh e air an urlar a dhannsa 's chaidh am fear eile a sheinn *s cha robh e ach lethach anns an ruidhle nuair a stad am fidhleir a sheinn *s thuir e ris a bhi falbh, "Cha tainig do leithid riamh astigh" ars esan, Thainig.e mach co dhiubh 's bha e coimhead air fhein 's bha e tighinn fo fheusaig rahoir. Thachair seann duine ris "De seorsa aite tha seo?" ars esan ris an t-se??inn duinne. "Aite ris an can iad Fionn" ars esan, "??Se an t-ainm a chuala rai riamh air" "Thainig raise an seo an diugh," ars an Droghair. "Thainig thu ann o chionn ceud bliadhna" ars an seann duine. Dh'fhiach e ri faighinn dhachaidh 's cha robh aithne aige air aite neo air tigh. Rainig e far an robh e fhein a' fuireach 's cha robh ann ach am 'foundation' deth. Dh'amais gun robh sealgairean a* dol seachad, shaoil iad gur e 'bear' mor a bh'ann leis an fheusaig agus loisg iad air agus mharbh iad e. Tale of the Round Drover There was an old man • well, he wasn't old when he started in the drovering business you know • buying cattle and selling them • and it was miles from his home, where he was selling the cattle. And he was getting tired with his trade I suppose and he told his wife, "I'm going with the last drove that I'm going to take." "All right," the wife said. "And one of the boys," he said, "is going over with me." He had two big boys. And a dog. And a sword. And the first of the week they got ready and started over for the drove. And he told the boy, "Well, you've got to go home now. I'm going to stay here till I sell all the drove*" And in a week's time he sold every head he had with him over town or where he was selling it. And when he got ready he started for home. And as there was no cars then or anything'-he was walk-

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