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Evil Donald the Widow's Son There was once a man called Evil Donald the Widow's Son. He and his mother lived together by themselves. He was her only help, although he was half-pleated, as they say, and couldn't keep anything concealed. In addition to this he was a half-wit. But although he was, she was willing to dwell with him. On this particular day, he sojourned to the village. Peddlers often came to town, but they weren't all that plentiful. They would come once a month. Journey of the woeful one, what should happen but this man to meet Evil Donald the Widow's Son in town this day. Evil Donald the Widow's Son did no less when he saw the gentleman but as he saulted him, and killed him on the spot. He returned home and his mother queried him as to the presence of strangers between there and the village. "There were none," he said, "or anything." "Well," she said, "you must have seen some one. Somebody was around the village." "Well, there was," he answered. "I killed that fellow that will be coming around to town. I killed him today." "O God of my misery," she said then. "The situation is wretched enough without you having done the like of that." Well, she was grieved as a result of this happening to him, and seeing he would be caught and sent away. "What did you do with him?" she asked. "I will tell you that," he answered. "I left him on the road where I killed him." "Ah," she said. "As fast as you can, take off out of here. Pick up that man and drag him somewhere into the forest," she said. "Bury him so people won't see him." He took himself to the barn and seized a spade. She said to herself it would be best to follow him secretly, and she hid herself to be sure she could see what he was doing. He arranged the man he had done away with, and pulled him into the woods. He did a little digging, and threw him in and put a small amount of dirt after him. When she saw he was ready to return home, she hastened off before him. She took up a pot that was in the house and what did she put in it but cornmeal and water. She gave it a stir or two. She climbed to the loft and opened the window. Usually when he would come home from a trip it was his custom to sit beneath the window on the trunk. That's where he would usually sit. She took hold of a spoon of this porridge and she threw it out the window. When a little of this would fall on his clothing and head he would look upwards, and when he wouldn't be looking, another spoonful would be thrown. He then returned inside and she came down from the loft. "O Mother, Mother," he exclaimed, "aren't the days queer now?" "How is that?" she replied. "It's raining cornmeal," he said. Oh, she was so pleased when she heard this. "He's just as I would wish him to be. He's so silly anyway." But she remembered then just at that time-- at the porridge itself--she could send him on a trip, and she said she expected to make a churning. She asked him to go... not to the nearest neighbour but to the one further away so she would gain time. What ever was in her mind, she sent him to get a Jacques-Cartier !/otel 1 kitchenette units available / telephones in all rooms P. O. Box 555, Sydney, N. S. B1P 6H4 (902) 539-4375 or 539-4378 or 539-4379 SYDNEY - GLACE BAY HIGHWAY FRANCAIS 2 Kilometres de l'Aeroport ENGLISH (49)