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els that made up the most precious part of his burden?" And they said, "As long as you have seen him so lately, you can lead us to him." "Oh," he said, "I've seen nei? ther your jewels nor your camel." So then they caught him and brought him before a judge or someone to judge him, when he explained how he did it. He said, "A person can make observation, even in the desert." So I guess he was right. You can always--you can make observation, even in the desert. Well, he said that he knew that (the cam? el) was lame on the left foot because the imprint on the sand was so light, compared to the others. And then he allowed that he was blind in the right eye because he didn't crop on both sides of the trail-- well, he didn't see the grass on that side. But then, how he knew that he had lost a front tooth--there was a tuft left of what he was cropping. There were tufts of grass left that he didn't cut clean. Then, what he knew by the burden--the corn and the honey--well, the ants and the flies. He could see that on this side of the trail there were flies, we'll say, and on the other side, there were ants. Well, why should the ants be there; why were the flies there? Of course, the flies would more than likely be for the honey. And the ants would be going for the corn. So there it was. You couldn't do much with him. He had it all. But the jewels, they didn't drop off, out, and there was nothing to show--even if they did, there'd be nothing to show for them. There'd be no insects that'd bother with the jewels. But with the corn and the honey, there were creatures that went for them. leir feuch an trebraich thu sinn dh' ionnsaidh." "O," thuirt esan, na ur c'mhal." "chan fhaca mi ur seudan Agus ghlac 'ad e. Cha chreideadh 'ad nach do ghoid e an c'mhal air neo nach do chuir e an 'ite falachaidh e. Thug 'ad e gu fear air son breitheanas a thoirt air. Bha esan 'na bhri- theamh, 's thugadh an duine air a bheulaibh. "Gu d6 an ddigh a's a'robh fios agad cho math mu dheidhinn a'ch'mhail mura fac' thu e--nam b' e nach robh fios agad ciit' a'robh e?" Agus thuirt e gun gabhadh beachdnachadh dfeanamh gidheadh anns an fh'sach. Thuirt e gun do dh'aithnich e gu robh an c&mhal criibach air a chois dheis a thaobh gu robh a luirg a's a'ghainmhich gu math aotrom 's nach deach i sios cho domhain 's a chaidh clich. "Seadh." Agus an cymbal a bhi dall: thuirt e gu robh am feur nuair a bha e 'g ionaltradh-- gu robh sin air a lomadh air an taobh dheas agus nach do bhean e do shian air an taobh chli dhe 'n rathad air a'robh e coiseachd. Bha sin a'toirt dhasan ri tuig- sinn nach robh e faicinn air taobh sin. "Agus gu d6 mar a bha fiSs agad gun do chaill e fiacaill a aghaidh a bhedil?" O bha fios aige air a'sin far a robh e criomadh--gu robh sopan air fh'gail gun ghearradh lom--gu robh fiachaill a dhith 's an 'it' a bha seo nach robh e gearradh mar bu ch6ir dha. IIANT MacASKILL MUSEUM with Craft Shop and Confectionery/Snack Shop CLOTHING FURNITURE PHOTOGRAPHS INFORMATION GENEALOGY OPEN 9 A.M. to 6 P.IVI. DAILY till October 8 ADMISSION \$1.00/adults * 500/chllciren with parents * Group Rates 2.5 km. from ENGLISHTOWN FERRY on Route 312 25 McKeen Street GLACE BAY, N. S. B1A5B9 " • M4