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nach bitheadh aig' ach sopan. Dh'eubh an t-6ganach dha, "Stad, stad," ors' esan, "fag an aona-mhart aig mo mhathair." "An da," ors' esan, "nam biodh curam agadsa dhaibh, cha bhitheadh tu astaigh an seo iKS> leo'. Tliig," ors' esan, "agus bheir leat i ma tha." Ghabh e suas air a shocair ach fhuair e cothram's thug e srac leis a' chlaidheamh air an fhuamhaire agus tha mi cinnteach gu'n d'thug e leis a' bhuill' a bh'ann a dha dhe na cinn agus thuit am fuamhaire. **Mi bas OS do chionn," ors' esan, "gu de t'eirig?" "Cha bheag sin," ors' esan, "each briagh buidhe agus deis'-ai'machd ridire air dath buidhe agus freagraidh i air aon sam bith a chuireas air i. Agus," ors' esan, "tha iad thall anns an stabull." "'S eadh," ors' esan, "bidh sin agam agus do bheatha." Agus chuir e crioich air an fhuamhaire. Dh'fhag e 'n crodh gus na robh i gle anmoch agus shaodaich e 'n uair sin air n-ais iad agus b'fheudar/dhaibh air an fheasgar a bha 'sin tuilleadh de chumain a dheanamh. Cha robh cumain gu leor aca a chumadh am bainne' ud uile. Bha an righ cho gabhaidh toilichte as a' ghnothach a bh'ann, cha robh fios aige gu de bheireadh e ris mar a bha cui? sean a' dol. Agus chaidh curam uamhasach a ghabhail do dh'lain an oidhche 'bha 'seo. Agus co-dhiubh dh'fhalbh esan mar a b' abhaist leis a' chrodh ach cha robh e riarichte idir gu fuirgheadh e air n-ais; 's ann a rachadh e gu aite a b'fhearr, agus chum e air 'n aghaidh an turns seo. Rainig e ait' agus dh'fhosgail e cachailleith 's chuir e astaigh an crodh. Agus sin agad far an robh am feur dh'a riribhrbha am feur suas gu faisg air mullach an droma. Ach cha robh a fada astaigh anns a' mhachaire a bha 'sin 'nuair a chual' e fuaim a bha gabhaidh agus nochd fuamhaire m5r. 'S ma bha each eagalach 'nan coltas agus 'nan cumadh is as a h-uile sian, sin am fear a b' oillteil dhiubh gu buileach. Thoisich e air tilgeadh a' chruidh air a dhruim 's cha robh iad cho trom ris na sopan fhein a bhi 'gan togail 's 'breith orr' air earball 's 'gan sadadh suas air a ghuailleano Dh'eubh Iain, "Stadl stadl" ors' esan, "fag an aona-mhart aig mo mhathair." "A," ors'?? esan, "a dhaor-shlaightirl 'S tus'," ors' esan, "a bha an seo 's a mharbh mo dhithisd bhraithrean-sao" "Cha robh mis' an seo," ors' esan, "riamh gus an diugh." "Ma tha," ors' esan, "thig?s bheir leat am mart sin. Nam bitheadh curam agad dhaibh bha thu air an cumail as a* seo." they heard a terrible sound and the earth began to tremble. He looked and there was a big dreadful giant approaching. If the first one looked wild and dangerous and terrible, this one looked altogether evil in size and ugliness, and he began toss? ing the cattle on his back as if he were only handling wisps of straw. The youth called to him, "Stopl Stopl Spare my mo? ther's only milking cow." "Well," said the giant, " if you had been at all concerned for them, you would not be in here with them. Come over and take her with you then." He walked up in a leisurely manner and when he saw his chance he took a stroke at the giant with his sword, and with that blow I'm sure he took off two of the (giant's) heads and the giant fell. "Death is above you," he said' "what is your ransom?" "No small thing," said the giant. "A fine yellow horse and a knight's suit of armor yellow in color, which will fit anyone who puts it on. And," he said, "they are



over in the stable." "Very well," said the lad, "I'll take that and your life, too." And he finished the giant. He left the cattle until it was very late and drove them back. That evening they had to make more milk-pails because they did not have enough to hold all the milk. The king was so extremely pleased with the whole affair that he did not know what to say to him about how things had progressed. A great fuss was made over Iain that night. Anyway Iain left as usual with the cattle, but he was not at all satisfied with staying back; he was going to a better place, so he continued onward this time. He arrived at a place, opened a gate and drove in the cattle. That's where there really was grass: it almost came to the tops of their backs. But he had not been inside that flat meadow for long when he heard a fearful noise and a great giant appeared. And if the others were dreadful in appearance and form and in every other way, that one was the most terrible of all. He began throwing the cattle on his back and they were no heavier for him to lift and catch by the tail and throw on his shoulder than wisps of straw. Iain cried, "Stop! Stop! Spare my mother's only milking-cow." "O, you arrant rogue!" said the giant. "You're the one who was here and killed my two brothers." "I've never been here before," he answered, "until today." Cape Breton's Magazine/30