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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1978/12/1

A Story from Hughie Dan MacDonnell '??i Fted Conall of theTricks mf'I |Y='H*
ODnall Ruadh nan Car Uair gu robh saoghal bha duine (ann) ris an abradh iad Conall
Ruadh nan Car. Bha triuir ghillean aige, agus bha 'righ a' fuireach' taca ris agus bha
triuir ghillean aig a' righ. Ach bha aig gillean Chonaill ...'nuair a bhiodh iad a' dol
dha'n s'oil bha aca ri dhol seachad air M.t' a' righ agus bhiodh triuir ghillean a' righ
a* falbh c6mhla riu' dha'n sgoil. Thuit air latha dhe na lathaichean, bha iad 'tighinn
dhachaidh as a* sgoil agus chaidh an gille bu shin' aig Conall 'us an gille bu shin' aig
an righ far a' cheile. Thuit gun do m'arbh an gille aig Conall an gille aig a' righ, ach
chaidh triuir ghillean Chonaill dhachaidh agus dithist ghillean a' righ. Cha robh iad
uamhasach uile gu leir fada 'nuair a la;nd iad aig an taigh 'nuair a ranaig a' righ.
"Uill," thuir a' righ ri Conall, "Mharbh do mhac mo mhac-s'" thuir esan. "Mharbh.
Tha 'fhios a'm air a' sin," thu? irt esan, "agus tha e gle dhona." "Uill," thuir e, "tha
do bheatha fhein agus beatha do thriuir ghillean agamsa ri fhaighinn." "Uill, ged a
chuireadh tu as dhomhsa 's dha mo thriuir ghillean cha toir sin beo do mhac." Ach
'sann mar a bh'ann. Thuir an righ an uair sin, "Ma gheobh thu an t-each a th'aig
Righ nan Uinneagan Daraich agus a thoirt dhachaidh dhomhsa arm a* seo Dheir mi
do bheatha fh'in 'us beatha do thriuir ghillean dhuit. "Uill, bhithinn car coma get a
dh'fheuch- ainn e," thuir Conall. Once upon a time there was a man that they called
Red Conall of the Tricks. He had three sons and the king who was living next to him
also had three sons. But Con- all's sons, when they were going to school, had to
pass the king's palace and the king's three sons would accompany them to school.
It happened one day that they were coming home from school and the oldest of
Conall's sons fell out with the oldest of the king's sons. It happened that Conall's son
killed the king's son, so three of Conall's sons went home and two of the king's. It
was not at all that long after they arrived home before the king arrived. "Well," said
the king to Conall, "Your son has killed mine," said he. "He has. I know that," said
Conall, "and that is very bad." "Well," said the king, "your life and the lives of your
three sons are mine to have." "Well, even if you did away with me and my three
sons that will not bring your own son back to life." So that's how it was. The king
said then, "If you get the horse which is in the pos? session of the King of the Oaken
Windows and bring it home to me here I will give you your own life and the lives of
your three sons." "Well, I would not mind trying that, Conall. said Well, anyway,
Conall and his three sons set out to fetch the Yellow Blaze-Faced Steed which was in
the possession of the King of the Oaken Windows. And at any rate they walked and
walked and walked and the little crested, melodious birds at the base of the bushes
and at the tips of the tufts and the little larks were settling down to sleep. But if
they were, Conall and his three sons did not. But it happened then that they came
to the mill of the King of the Oaken Windows and the miller was inside that mill. And
Con? all entered, and went up to the miller and spoke to the miller and told him the
er? rand in which they were engaged. "Well," he said, "I cannot do anything to help
you except for one thing," he said. "The king's messengers are coming to take sacks
of bran (?) from here in order to feed the horses. And I can do no better than to put



you and your three sons inside these sacks. And they will come and they will take away the sacks here to the king's stable and they will throw them... "they will only throw the sacks in on the stable floor tonight," he said. "And all you will have to do then, Conall," said he, "is to get out of them."