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'Uill, tiugainn astaigh,' thuir Conall. Chaidh iad astaigh. Chaidh mi fhin suas," thuir Conall, "a dh'ionnsaidh na lobhta 's bha a dha dheug de chuirp ann a' sin 's iad ruisgt' air a' lobhta. Ach bha aon fhear mor, reamhar ann agus dh'fhalbh mi 's rug mi air sgian 's thug mi pios a mas chruachainn aige 's thug mi 'nuas e. Thug mi sin dha'n bhean. 'Bruich sud,' thuir mi, 'dha'n fhamhair.' Is fhuair mi 'n uair sin," thuir esan, "nipple bheag a pios eile dha'n fhebil 's chuir mi sreang air. Thug mi sin dhi 's chuir i e air cheangail air brdag nan cas aig an fhear bheag. 'S bhiodh am fear beag a\* cleasachd leis a\* phios dhe'n nipple 'bha seo mar gum biodh e 'ga dheoghal. Ag? us dh'fhalbh mi fhin an uair sin agus thilg mi an corp 'bha seo sios dha'n t-seilear. Thrup mi fhin," thuir esan, "agus chaidh mi air mo bheul. fodha 'an ait' a' chuirp a bha 'seo. Bha mi ann treis ('nuair a) th'aig am famhair 's bha 'n fhebl a' bruich. 'Na bhruich thu do mhac?' • Bhruich. Tha e agam ann a' seo.' O, dh'fheuch e e's a' cheud greim a thug e as, thilg e air an urlar e. 'Cha'n e do mhac tha 'seo,' thuir esan, 'ach fear dha na cuirp air a' lobhta.' 'Cha'n e gu dearbh,' thuir ise. Chaidh e suas a choimhead agus bha an da chorp dheug air a' lobhta. Thill e 'n uair'sin 's dh'ith e a h-uile greim dha'n fhebil 'bha 'seo. 'Uill, tha toil agam tuilleadh fhaighinn.' • S chaidh e suas. Rug e air chois orm fhin," thuir Conall, "'s thoisich e air mo shlaodadh sios a' staidhir. Agus 'se cul mo chinn a' bualadh 's steapan na staidhre rud cho cruaidh . 's cho goirt 's a dh'fhairich mi riamh," thuir e. "Agus co-dhiubh," thuir esan, "bha coire m6r, uamhasach aige ann a' sin. Rug e orm 's chuir e mise 'sa choire; chuir e ann a' sin mi gus a bhi 'bruich. Agus chaidh e fhein 'na shineadh anns a' leabaidh agus chaidil e. Thanaig am boireannach a dh'ionnsaidh a' choire agus bhruidhinn i riumsa thro shrub a' choire. • Bheil an coire a' fas te?' 'Tha e 'fas cuimseach math te,' thuir Conall. 'Bheil dbigh air faighinn as a' seo?' 'Uill, cha'n urrainn dhomhsa leithid a' choire a thogail,' thuir ise. Ach thbisich e air feuchainn ri dhol thro shrub a' choire. 'Se mo diik chruachainn a he put me in the kettle; he put me in there to cook. And he himself went and stretched out in bed and' fell asleep. The woman came over to the kettle and she spoke to me through the spout. 'Is the kettle growing hot?' 'It's getting good and hot,' said I. 'Is there any way to get out of here?' 'Well, I cannot lift anything like the weight of this kettle,' said she. So I began to try to get out by the spout. And my two hips going through the spout of the kettle was a thing as terrible as I ever felt," said Conall. "But along with everything else I managed to get out of the kettle. I asked her then if there was anything that would put a finish to the giant. 'There is a magic wand there,' said she. 'If you strike the giant with the rough end of it you will make a rock of salt out of him.' I set out and went forward and got the magic wand and struck the giant with it and made a rock of salt out of him and I managed to get the woman and the child free, and myself along with them. And indeed," said Conall, "I was in worse straits than I am tonight." "Indeed you were." And the king's wife (recte: mother) was listening to the story. She came over. "Is it you who was on the island?" she asked. "It is," said Conall. "Well, I am the woman who was there and here is the child that was with me • the king." :EMTRAI AND EASTERN TRUSTCOMPANY SENIOR VIP PUN If you!re60orover



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