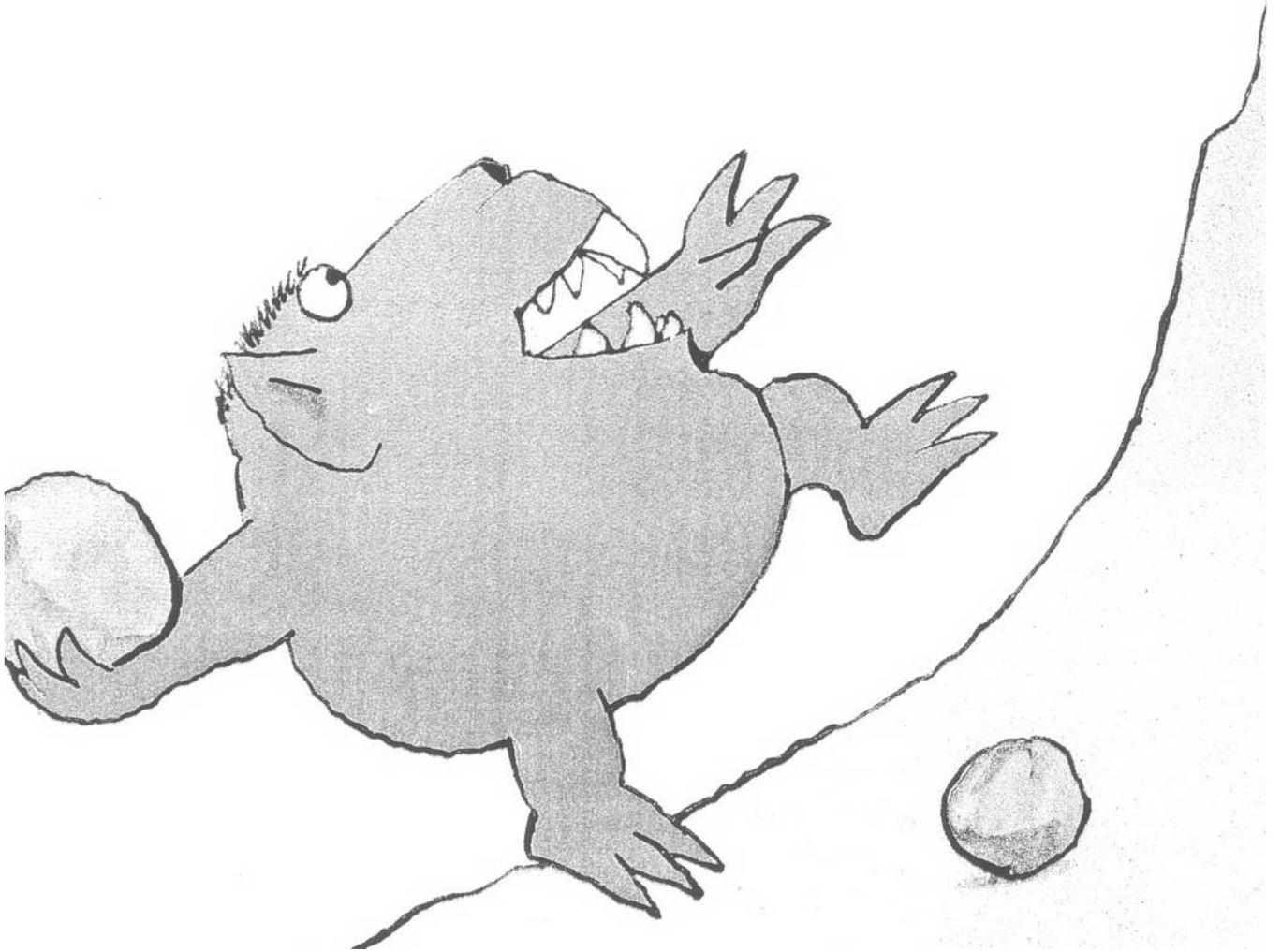


Daa Vuggane



Daa Vuggane

Keayrt dy row, va buggane cummal dy kiune er y cheu heear jeh slieau.

Er y cheu hiar jeh'n clieau va buggane elley cummal.

Ny keayrtyn, loayr ny bugganeyn ry-cheilley trooid towl 'sy clieau.

Agh cha vaik yn derrey yeh yn jeh elley.

Fastyr beg dy row, deam y chield vuggane trooid y towl,

“Vel oo fakin cre cho aalin as t'eh? Ta'n laa goll ersooyl.”

“She ommidan uss!” Deam y nah vuggane er-ash. “Cha nel y laa goll ersooyl. She'n oie ta cheet stiagh.”

“Ny cur ommidan orryms, thoot mooar as uss, er nonney bee corree aymys ort!” ren y chield vuggane gra. Cho wheesh v'eh currit ass, s'goan va saveen cheet ersyn fud ny h-oie.

Va'n buggane elley boirit 'syn aght cheddin as s'olk va'n cadley echey.

Y moghrey er-giyn, va'n chield vuggane gennaghtyn dy moal lurg drogh oie. Deam eh trooid y towl, “She blebbin uss! Dooisht oo, ta'n oie goll ersooyl.”

“She kione teayst uss!” dreggyr yn nah vuggane. “T'ou uss bolvaneagh! She'n laa ta cheet stiagh.” As er shen, ren eh troggal clagh as ren eh ceau shen harrish y clieau.

Once there was a buggane living peacefully on the west of a mountain.

On the east side there was another buggane living.

Sometimes, the bugganes spoke together through a hole in the mountain .

But the one didn't see the other.

One evening, the first buggane yelled through the hole.

“Are you seeing how beautiful it is? The day is going away.”

“You area fool!” The second buggane called back. “The day isn't going away. The night is coming in.”

“Don't call me a fool, a great idiot such as you, or else I will become very angry.” the second buggane said. So much was he put out that he had very little rest that night.

The other buggane was concerned in the same way and his sleep was very bad.

The next morning, the first buggane was feeling poor after a bad night. He called through the hole, “You are a fool! Wake-up, the night is going away.”

You are a blockhead!” replied the second buggane. “You are foolish! The day is coming in.” And because of that he lifted a stone and threw it over the mountain .

Daa Vuggane

“Lhiggey boght, vock bouyran roauyr myr t’ou,” deam y chied vuggane choud’s ren y chlagh goll shaghey. Ren eh troggal clagh smoo as ren eh ceau shen er-ash.

Hie y chlagh shen shaghey neesht. “Boght dy bollagh! She meeyl mooar almoragh uss!” Ren y nah vuggane buirroogh as cheau eh er-ash clagh ren lhieggal mul-lagh y clieau.

“Cha nel uss agh shenn ooyl ommidagh ta lane dy gheay!” Deie y chied vuggane choud’s v’eh ceau clagh vooar, ren lhieggal ayrn elley jeh’n clieau.

“As t’ou uss cho fliugh as bog as lhian-nag-arroo ta baiht ayns bainney gyere!” Dreggyr y nah vuggane. Y keayrt shoh, ren eh brebbal clagh vooar ass towse, jus dy yannoo caghlaa.

Choud’s va’n laa goll shaghey, haink ny claghyn dy ve ny smoo as ny smoo as ny faghidyn dy ve ny s’lhiurey as ny s’lhiurey.

Cha ren ny claghyn bentyn rish ny bug-ganeyn, agh v’ad lhieggal meer lurg meer jeh’n clieau.

“She brock geayshteenagh mooar-how-shagh uss, lesh kione follym as sooilyn bolgagh!” Deam y chied vuggane myr v’eh ceau clagh ‘oawragh elley.

“As t’ou dty phie custart boght as breinn as moal as fud-y-chielley jeh slught ny baa bwee!” Ren y nah vuggane screeagh choud’s v’eh ceau clagh eer smoo.

“Poor poser, deaf and fat gelding as you are, yelled the first buggane as the stone went by. He lifted a bigger stone and threw it back.

The stone went past again. “Complete rubbish! You are a large foolish insect!” The second buggane bellowed and he threw back a stone which pulled down the top of the mountain.

“You are only an old stupid apple that is full of wind!” Called the first buggane whilst he was throwing the big stone, which pulled down another part of the mountain.

“And you are as wet and soft as a corn-flake that is drowned in sour milk!” Replied the second buggane. This time he kicked a really big stone, just for a change.

Whilst the day was going by, the stones came to be bigger and bigger and the abuse longer and longer.

The stones didn’t touch the bugganes but they brought down the mountain piece by piece .

“You are an exceptionally big hairy cock-up with an empty head and bulging eyes!” The first buggane called as he was throwing another gigantic stone.

“And you are a custard-pie, poor, rancid and slow, and mixed-up with the decendents of the yellow cow!” The second buggane screamed whilst he was throwing an even bigger stone.

Daa Vuggane

Ren y chlagh shen smoashal fy-yrrey yn ayn s'jerree jeh'n clieau, as son y chied cheayrt ren y derrey vuggane fakin y buggane elley.

Haghyr shoh kiart myr va'n ghrian goll dy lhie reesht.

“Ouwatta,” as y chied vuggane, cur sheese y chlagh v'ayns ny laueyn echey. “She'n oie ta cheet stiagh. V'ou kiart”.

“Yindyssagh,” ren y nah vuggane scredey, lhiggey da'n chlagh vooar echey tuittym. “T'ou uss kiart, she'n laa ta goll ersooyl.”

Hooyl ad stiagh gys mean y vrock va jeant oc dy chur shilley, ny neesht jeu rish-cheilley, er yn oie cheet stiagh as y laa goll ersooyl.

“Va shen shen aitt dy liooar,” ren y chied vuggane giggleragh.” “Va, dy jarroo,” ren y nah 'er gearey. “S'bastagh mychione y chieau.”

That rock finally smashed the last part of the mountain and for the first time each buggane saw one another.

This happened as the sun was disappearing.

“O no,” said the first buggane putting down the stone which was in his hands. The night is coming. You were right.”

“Wonderful,” the second buggane gasped, letting his large stone fall. “You are right, the day is away.”

They walked into the middle of the mess, made by them, to visit, the both of them together, the night that was arriving and the day that was leaving.

“That was funny enough,” the first buggane giggled.” “Yes, indeed,” the second one smiled. “It's a pity about the mountain.”

