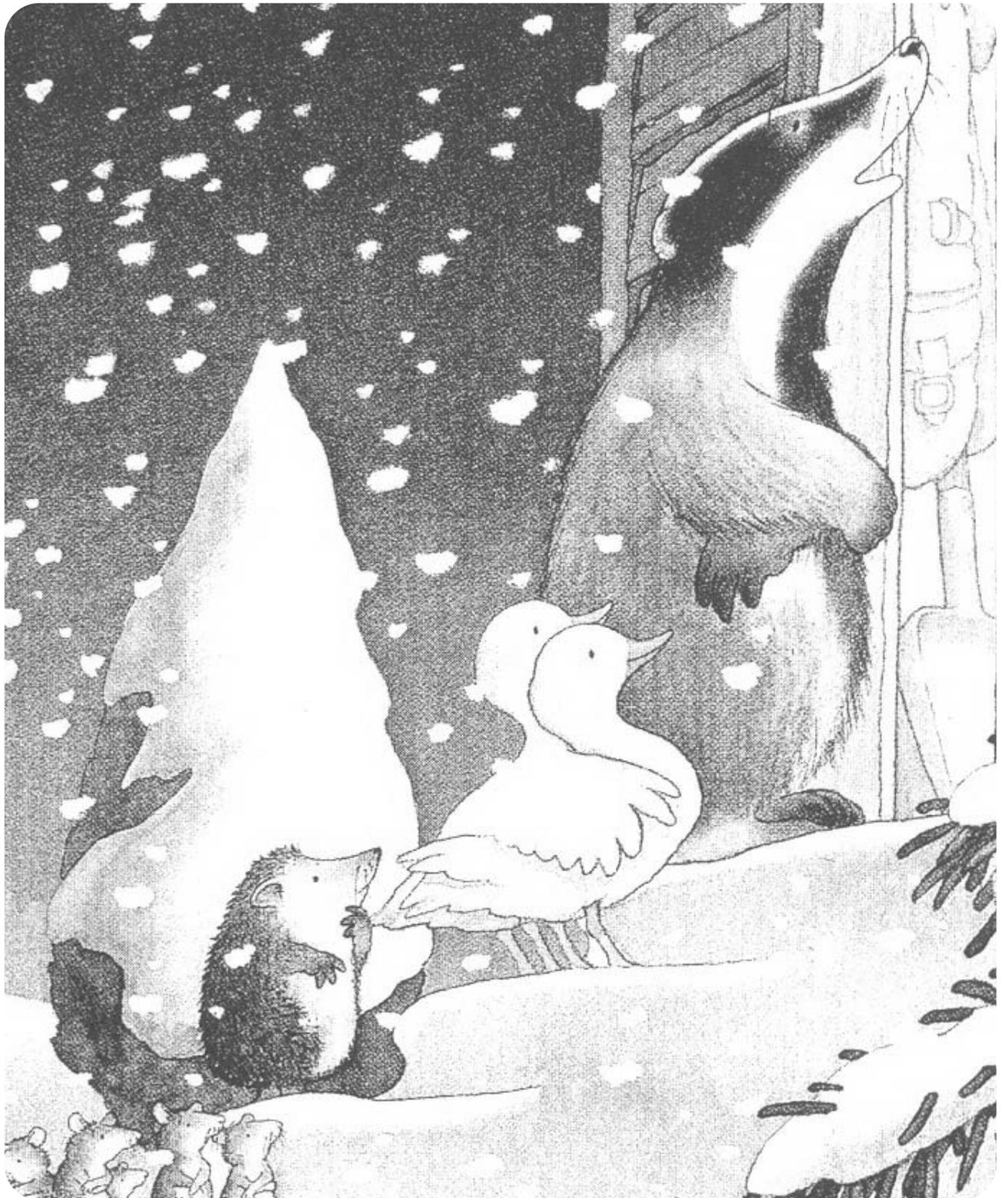


# Oie 'Niaghtee dy row



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T’eh feayr ‘sy phairk ‘sy gheurey. Agh s’cummeey lesh Percy, arreyder y Phairk.

T’eh cur er y cooat mooar as y bussal-mwannal mooar echey as t’eh ceau daa phiyr dy hoashyryn-olley çheu-sthie jeh ny bootsyn echey.

S’mie lesh Percy ve mooie ‘syn aer oor.

Ayns mean y phairk, ta bwaag veg. Shen y boayl raad ta Percy cummal.

Tra t’eh ro feayr dy ve mooie, ta Percy goll stiagh ‘sy waag echey raad t’eh souyr as çheh.

Ny beiyn ta cummal ‘sy phairk, ta fys oc ooilley er bwaag Percy. Dy chooilley laa, t’eh rheyynn y kirbyl echey maroo.

Oie gheuree dy row, v’eh cho feayr as dy ghow eh toshiaght dy cheau sniaghtey.

Ren floaghyn-sniaghtee mooarey tuittym shaghey uinnag bwaag Percy.

“Brr,” dooyrt Percy. “Er-lhaim dy beeym laccal lhuishag elley nocht.”

Ren eh coco çheh dasyn hene as v’eh er-çhee goll dy lhie.

Dy doaltattym, ren Percy clashtyn sheean broatchey. Va peiagh ennagh ec y dorrys.

“Nish, quoi oddys ve ayn ec y traas t’ayn, ‘syn oie?” smooinee Percy. Hie eh dys y dorrys as yeeagh eh magh.’

It is cold in the park in the winter. But it doesn’t bother Percy, the Park keeper.

He is putting on his large coat and large scarf and he is wearing two pairs of woollen socks outside of his boots.

Percy likes being outside in the fresh air.

In the middle of the park, there is a small shed. That’s the place where Percy lives.

When it is too cold to be outside, Percy goes into his shed where it is comfortable and hot.

The animals that live in the park, they all know Percy’s shed. Every day, he shares his lunch with them.

One winter’s night, it was so cold that it began to snow.

Large snow-flakes fell past the window of Percy’s shed.

“Brr,” said Percy. “I think that I will be wanting another blanket tonight.”

He made some hot Coco for himself as he was about to go to bed.

Suddenly, Percy heard a tapping noise at the door.

“Now, who could be there at this time in the night?” thought Percy. He went to the door and looked out.

# Oie ‘Niaghtee dy row

Va fiorag ec y dorrysts. V’ee jeeaghyn feer feayr as treih.

“Cha noddym cadley, Percy,” dooyrt y fiorag. “Ta’n lhiabbee aym lane dy ‘niaghtey.”

“Atreih,” dooyrt Percy. “Ny jean boirey, ta reayms dy liooar aym son jees.”

Lhie y fiorag stiagh rish Percy as dy gerrid v’ee gennaghtyn çeh.

Crank, crank! Y dorrysts reesht.

“Nish, quoi oddys ve ayn?” smooinee Percy.

Va daa chonning nyn shassoo çheu-mooie as adsyn bibbernee.

“Ta shin r-riojey,” dooyrt y fer elley.

“Cretooryn boghtey,” dooyrt Percy. “Tar-shiu stiagh as jean-shiu çhiow shiu hene.”

Ren ny conneeyn jingey stiagh ‘sy lhiabbee marish Percy as y firoag. Cha row monney reamys ayn.

“Noddagh oo cur yn eddin ayd rish y raad elley?” hirr Percy er y fiorag. “Ta’n fam-man ayd tickleragh my ‘troin.”

Crank! Crank!

“Atreih,” dooyrt Percy. “Ta Peiagh ennagh elley ec y dorrysts nish!”

There was a squirrel at the door. It was looking very cold and sad.

“I cannot sleep, Percy,” said the squirrel. “My bed is full of snow.”

“Goodness,” said Percy. “Don’t be worried, I have room enough for two.”

The squirrel lay by Percy and soon it was feeling hot.

Knock, knock. The door again.

“Now, who could be there?” Percy thought.

There were two rabbits standing outside and they were shivering.

“We are f-freezing,” said one of them.

“Poor creatures,” said Percy. “Come in and warm yourselves.”

The rabbits snuggled into the bed with Percy and the squirrel. There wasn’t much room.

“Could you turn your face the other way?” asked Percy of the Squirrel. “Your tail is tickling my nose.”

Knock, knock.

“Alas,” said Percy. “There is someone else at the door now.”

# Oie 'Niaghtee dy row

She shynnagh v'ayn! V'eh jeeaghyn feer feayr as accryssagh. "Noddym çheet stiagh neesht?" vrie eh.

Ren Percy screebey y kione echey as smooinee eh rish minnid.

"My t'ou gialdyn dy bee uss mie," dooyrt eh.

"Ta mee gialdyn," dooyrt y shynnagh as ying eh stiagh 'sy liabbee marish ooilley ny beyn elley.

Bumps! Oops! Huitt y fiorag magh.

"Quoi ren shen?" vrie y fiorag dy corree.

Crank ! Crank ! Crank !  
"Griah veen!" dooyrt Percy.  
"Shen y dorrys reesht"

Y keayrt shoh, va yindys dy liooar er Percy.

Ayns shen er ny greeishyn va brock, daa hunnag, arkan-sonney as slane lught-thie dy lughee! V'ad ooilley gearree lhiabbee son yn oie.

Shenn Percy boght. As lhiabbee voght shenn Percy! Va ny beyn puhttey as seiyy as gymmyltey mygeayrt y lhiabbee, agh cha row reayms dy liooar dauesyn ooilley.

Dy gerrid, haink ny eaddeeyn-lhiabbagh dy ve myr bluckan mooar, çhionn

It was a Fox. It was looking very cold and hungry. "Can I come in also?" he asked.

Percy scratched his head and thought for a minute.

"If you are promising to be good," he said.

"I promise," said the Fox, and he squeezed into the bed with all the other creatures.

Bumps! Oops! The squirrel fell out.

"Who did that," asked the squirrel angrily.

Knock, knock, knock.  
"Dear me," said Percy.  
"It's the door again."

This time, Percy was indeed surprised.

There on the steps, there was a badger, two ducks, a hedgehog, and a whole family of mice! They were all wanting a bed for the night.

Poor, old Percy. And the poor bed of old Percy. There animals were pushing and prodding and tumbling about the bed, but there wasn't room enough for them all.

Soon, the bed clothes came to be like a large, squashed football.

# Oie ‘Niaghtee dy row

Eisht, polt! Ren ny eaddeeyn-lhiabbagh rowlal ersooyl veih’n lhiabbee as huitt dy chooilley pheiaagh dys y laare.

“Atreih,” dooyrt Percy. Cha nel shoh feeu. Ta’n lhiabbee aym foddey ro veg.”

Dy doaltattym, ren nane jeh ny lughee geaishtagh feer chiarailagh.

“Cre’n sheean ta shen?” dooyrt ee lesh coraa ard.

Deaisht dy chooilley nane dy jeean. Nish dod ad ooilley clashtyn eh. She sheean screebey, scrabey v’ayn. V’eh sheiltyn dy daink eh neese.

“Ta red ennagh gleashaghey fo’n laare,” ren Percy sonsheraght.

Va ny beiyn jeeaghyn agglit as ghow ooilley ny lughee toshiaght dy yllagh magh ry cheilley.

“Atreih!”

“C’red oddys eh ve?”

“Foddee dy nee ard-veisht t’ayn!”

“Lesh ingnyn agglagh!”

“As feeacklyn geyre!”

Haink y sheean dy ve ny stroshey as ny stroshey. Eisht, va nane jeh ny claaryn-laare goll er gleashaghey

Then, bang! The bed clothes rolled away from the bed and everybody fell to the floor.

“Goodness,” said Percy. This isn’t worth it. My bed is far too small.

Suddenly, one of the mice listened very carefully.

“What noise is that?” it said with a loud voice.

Everyone listened keenly. Now they all heard it. It was a scraping, scratching sound. He was thinking that it came from down below.

“There is something moving under the floor,” Percy whispered.

There animals were looking scared and all the mice began to call out together.

“Gosh!”

“What could it be?”

“Perhaps, its a monster.”

“With terrible claws!”

“And sharp teeth!”

The noise became stronger and stronger. Then, one of the floor boards was being moved.

# Oie ‘Niaghtee dy row

“Bee er dty hwoaie! T’eh çheet neese trooid y laare!”

Dy doaltattym, va jeest lajer ry-chlashtyn.

“Coon lhien!” dyll ny beiyn as ren ad ooilley roie dy ‘ollaghtyn ad hene.

Agh cha row aggle er Percy. V’eh gearey dy feagh, eisht v’eh garaghtee er ard.

Va kione beg dorragey deamey seose trooid ny claaryn-laare. “Cha nee ard-veisht t’ayn,” dooyrt Percy. “She kyaghan t’ayn.”

“S’treih lhiam dy ren mee brishey stiagh myr shoh,” dooyrt y Kyaghan. “Ren mee crankal er y dorrys, agh cha row peiagh erbee dy my chlashtyn.”

Ren Pervy cooney lesh y Chyaghan dy heet trooid y towl ‘sy laare, hug eh er e voteil ushtey çheh eh dy hiow eh, as hug eh y claare-laare erash.

“T’eh mie dy liooar nish, shiuish,” dyll eh magh. “Foddee shiu çheet magh nish.”

Agh cha daink peiagh erbee. Cha ghleash peiagh erbee. Cha row peiagh erbee gearree çheet magh.

Va’n fiorag ny lhie dy souyr ayns poggaid cooat Percy.

Va’n arkan-sonney ‘sy chooat elley echey.

Va’n shynnagh...

ny coonneeyn

“Take care!” It is coming up through the floor!”

Suddenly, there was a strong squeak to be heard.

“Help us!” called the creatures and they all ran to hide themselves.

But Percy wasn’t scared. He was laughing quietly, then he was laughing out loud.

There was a small black head poking up through the floor boards. “It isn’t a monster,” said Percy. “It’s a Mole.

“I am sorry that I broke in like that,” said the Mole. “I knocked on the door, but no-one was hearing me.”

Percy helped the mole to come through the floor, and he put it on a hot water bottle to warm it up, and he put the floor board back again.

“He is well enough now, you lot,” He called out. “You can come out now.”

But no-one came. No-one moved. No-one was wanting to come out.

The squirrel was lying comfortably in the pocket of Percy’s coat.

The hedgehog was in his other coat.

The fox...

...the rabbits

# Oie 'Niaghtee dy row

y rock  
as ny thunnaghyn

ooilley ry-cheilley.

Va ny lughee er nyingey ad hene stiagh  
ayns carreneyn Percy!

Va dy chooilley pheigh er ngeddyn lhi-  
abbee souyr.

“Dy jarroo!” dooyrt Percy.

Ren Percy Menniugh as haink eh dy ve  
souyr ‘sy lhiabbee echey hene reesht.

“Share shen. Nish ta reayms dy liooar  
aym,” dooyrt eh. “As beggan ny smoo...da  
kyaghan!”

... the badger  
...and the ducks.

all together

There were mice all crammed in together  
in Percy’s slippers.

Everybody had got a comfortable bed.

“Indeed!” said Percy.

Percy yawned and became comfortable in  
his own bed too.”

“That’s better. Now there is room enough  
for me,” he said. “And a little more for the  
mole!”