

Enderby and the Sleeping Beauty – Enderby as y Ven Aalin ny Cadley

Skeel giare liorish Nigel Kneale hug Brian Stowell Gaelg er

A double-size chin. With a wide, pleasant mouth to say the thoughts from the long, tipped-back cranium above. These thoughts were just so many, docile and wholesome, like a well-ordered flock. Most concerned the laws and functions of machines, for Fred Enderby had been a mechanic since he began to screw strips of painted tin together in his mother's back-yard in Warrington.

Smeg feer vooar. Lesh beeal lhean as taitnyssagh cour gra ny smooïnaghtyn veih'n vollag liauyr heose, va cleaynit ergooyl. Cha nee smooïnaghtyn ass towse v'ayn. V'ad biallagh as follan, goll rish sholtane va reaghít dy mie. Va'n chooid smoo jeu bentyn rish ny reillyn as aghtyn-obbyr jeh jeshaghtyn, er y fa dy row Fred Enderby er ve ny obbrinagh er dyn traa ghow eh toshiaght dy scroddey skilleigyn dy stainney slaait ry cheilley ayns cooyrt-chooyl e vayrey ayns Warrington.

L.A.C. Enderby, Frederick, is the only man, I believe, to know the factual core of a legend that every child can tell when it has reached half a dozen years. How a princess pricked her finger on a magic needle and slept for a hundred years, with the whole palace, courtiers, scullions, dogs, in a trance where they fell. Round the palace grew a hedge of thorns so that no one could get in, or, once in, out. Until at the end of the appointed time, a handsome prince broke through and kissed the princess back to life, while every creature in the court stirred and moved again. That is the legend. Here are the facts:

She L.A.C. Enderby, Frederick, yn ynrican dooinney, ta mee credjal, as fys echey er y vun firrinagh jeh shenn skeel oddys gagh paitçhey ginsh tra t'eh er roshtyn lieh-ghussan blein dy eash. Yn agh vrod ben-phrinse y vair eck er snaid-obbee as huitt ee er cadley rish keead blein, as y lane phlaase, cooyrteyryn, sharvaantyn as moddee my neealoo raad huitt ad sheese. Daase cleigh dy ghrineyn mygeayrt y phlaase nagh dod peiagh erbee cosney stiagh, ny magh tra v'ad sthie. Derrey ec jerrey yn traa pointit, vrish prinse bwaagh ny hrooid as phaag eh yn ven-phrinse gys bea reesht, choud's va gagh cretoor sy chooyrt girree as gleashaghey mygeayrt reesht. Shen y shenn skeel. Shoh ny feeridyn:

In 1942, Enderby was in North Africa on maintenance duty with an R.A.F. survey truck. They were far to the south of the battle area when the great retreat to El Alamein reached its height. Helpless in the radio silence, knowing from the rumbling, and the glow by night, that the enemy was closing on Egypt. Several times the party spotted planes, slow, sightless specks. To avoid the chance of capture they turned to the south-east, deeper into the desert. Flat barrenness gave place gradually to the wallowing desert.

Sy vlein nuy cheead jeig, jees as daeed, va Enderby syn Affrick Hwoaie as currym cummal seose ersyn lesh carr-laadee creearey R.A.F. V'ad foddey ersooyl veih'n ard-caggee, my yiass jeh, tra va'n chooyl-ghleashaght vooar gys El Alamein roshtyn y mullagh. Treigit sy tostid-radio, as fys oc kyndagh rish y tharmane as y soilshean er yn oie dy row yn noid gleashaghey er yn Egypt. Keayrt ny ghaa hug y possan my ner etlanyn, briginyn moal gyn sooillyn. Er aggle dy beagh ad goit, hyndaa ad gys y shiar-

ass, ny sodjey stiagh syn aasagh. Ny veggan as ny veggan, haink shastaght dy ve aasagh ymmyltey.

They were deep in that wilderness when the kamsin storm came upon them. The wind was of unnatural violence, Enderby said. Sand shifted in whole dunes. The party was totally unprepared. To go on was impossible. To leave the truck seemed suicidal. The sides of the thing trembled and drummed. Cans of petrol and a spare wheel tumbled away into the whirling dust. The truck itself became unstable. Twice they felt the three offside wheels lift and settle again. Then, even while they shifted gear to balance it, the vehicle went over.

V'ad er ghoill lane stiagh syn aasagh shen tra haink y dorrin-kamsin orroo. Va loghtalid neughoochysagh ec y gheay, dooyrt Enderby. Va'n geinnagh er ny scughey ayns lane mooireeyn. Va'n possan lane neuaarloo. Cha dod ad goll er oi er chor erbee. Faagail y carr-laadee, veagh eh myr dunverys-hene. Va çheughyn y charr-laadee er craa as drummeragh. Ren canistyrn dy phedryl as queeyl-vrash surlaghey ersooyl, stiagh sy joan cassey. Haink y carr-laadee hene dy ve neuhickyr. Daa cheayrt, dennee ad dy row ny tree queeylyn er y çheu yesh troggit seose as currit erash. Eisht, as adsyn caghlaa geer dy chorrymaghey eh, hie yn carbyd harrish.

The officer in charge had his head crushed by falling equipment. Another man was trapped. A third smelt petrol, forced his way out, and was choked to death a few yards from the truck he could no longer see. Enderby was in the cab, unconscious. He woke at last from his own coughing. There was sand in his mouth. He lay upside down across the body of the driver. Enderby levered himself up and examined his mate. The man was dead, his face buried in a soft, suffocating layer that covered the inside of the splintered window. Enderby forced up the other door. Sand poured from it. The simoon had become a gritty breeze across the reshaped land. He slid out, coughing.

Yn offishear as ard-churym echey, va'n kione echey lahnit ec cullee v'er duittym. Va fer elley goit. Hoar trass fer pedryl, woail eh raad magh, as v'eh er ny phlooghey gy baase shiartanse dy stundayrtyn veih'n charr-laadee nagh dod eh fakin arragh. Va Enderby sy chabbane as eh gyn mioyr. Ren eh cassaghtee as shen ren doostey eh. Va geinnagh sy veeal echey. V'eh ny lhie bun ry skyn tessan corp yn immanagh. Ren Enderby prisal eh hene seose as ren eh scrutaghey yn cumraag echey. Va'n dooinney marroo, yn eddin echey fo stoo-plooghee bog ren coodaghey yn uinnag skeilit çheu-sthie. Woail Enderby seose y dorrys elley. Ren geinnagh deayrtey veih. Va'n simoon er jeet dy ve ny ynneraght ghrineenagh harrish y thaloo aachummit. Skyrr eh magh, cassaghtee.

The truck was half-buried. The rear door, once opened, had been held wide by the blast that poured inside. Nothing lived in there now. The man from Warrington rested a while, still half-stunned, among the smothered shapes. When Enderby set off alone the sun was still fierce. He had water in a full bottle: some fresh, some from the truck's tank: and sufficient emergency rations to reach safety, if he could trust the sun and himself. He felt weakly bitter that the radio had smashed itself. At the top of each rise he stopped and turned about, shading his eyes: blinked and went on. He walked slowly, to conserve his strength. The glare beat up against his body.

Va'n carr-laadee lieh-oanluckit. Y dorrys cooyl, choud's v'eh foshlit, v'eh er ny chummal myr shen ec y vlest ren deayrtey stiagh. Cha row red erbee bio ayns shen nish. Ghow yn dooinney veih Warrington fea rish tammylt mastey ny cummaghyn plooghit as eh foast lieh-neealloo. Tra hie Enderby roish ny lomarcán, va'n ghrian foast lajer. Ayns boteil va lane, va ushtey echey: paart jeh oor as paart veih doagh y charr-laadee: as rashoonyn gear-cheim dy liooar dy roshtyn sauchys, my dod eh cur treisht sy ghrian as aynsyn hene. Dennee eh sharroo dy faase dy row yn radio brisht echey hene. Ec y vaare jeh gagh crongan, scuirr eh as hyndaa eh mygeayrt, cur laueyn erskyn e hooillyn: veek eh as hie eh roish. Hooill eh dy moal dy chummal e niart. Va'n ard-sollys bwoalley seose noi'n chorp echey.

It was perhaps an hour after starting, Enderby says, that he first saw the thing. As he came to the sliding, coarse top of a shallow dune, its brighter colour struck his eye. A few hundred yards away. There was something man-made about that pale stone that he could just barely see. Enderby shouted once and began to run, slithering among the brown ripples. It was a building. Sand was heaped about it on every side. Only a part jutted from the desert, like a half-buried box. The roof and corners were formless, the pale walls deeply corroded.

Ta Enderby gra dy nee oor lurg da goaill toshiaght, foddee, dy vaik eh yn red hoshiaght. Tra v'eh cheet gys y vaare skyrrey as garroo jeh mooiragh aaghowin, woaill e daah s'gilley ny sooillyn echey. Kuse dy cheeadyn dy stundayrtyn ersooyl. Va red ennagh bentyn rish y chlagh ghlass shen v'eh fakin er egin, red ennagh hoilshee dy row eh jeant ec deiney, foddee. Dyll Enderby magh un cheayrt as ghow eh toshiaght dy roie, skyrraghtyn mastey ny mooireeyn dhoney. She troggal v'ayn. Va geinnagh er charnanaghey mygeayrt y mysh er gagh cheu. Cha row agh ayn jeh deamey magh ass yn aasagh, goll rish kishtey lieh fo halloo. Va'n clea as ny corneilyn gyn cummey as ny boallaghyn glassey craiuit dy mooar.

Enderby's heart sank. He walked haltingly along the bare side of the place, turned a corner into the black, cool shadow. Just where the desert rose up under his feet and hid the building, he found a door. It was recessed between two of the flat, shallow buttresses that ran up the walls at intervals. Surprisingly, the lock was on the outside of the thin stone. (As Enderby said later, "An ordinary lock mechanism with no cover. It was all made with stone and big - it must 'ave spread over 'alf the door.")

Ren cree Enderby tuittym. Hooill eh dy moandagh rish cheu lhome yn ynnyd, hyndaa eh corneil as stiagh lesh sy scaa doo as feayr. Dy jeeragh raad va'n aasagh girree seose fo ny cassyn echey as keiltyn y troggal, hooar eh dorrys. V'eh soit ergooyl eddyr jees jeh ny buttooryn rea as thanney va goll seose ny boallaghyn ayns buill reiltagh. Dy neuyerkallagh, va'n glass er y cheu mooie jeh'n chlagh thanney. (Myr dooyrt Enderby ny s'anmagh, "Glass cadjin, gyn coodagh. V'eh mooar as ooilley jeant lesh clagh - gyn ourys, v'eh coodaghey lieh jeh'n dorrys.")

He was able to open it. His dread of the desert forced and fought the lock until it submitted. The door ground and scraped until there was a gap wide enough for a man to enter. On the other side was complete darkness. "Allo in there!" Enderby shouted. "Ey!" The answer was a long, clapping echo. He found matches, stepped into the cool

darkness and struck one. He was in a small, bricked ante-chamber. As the second match flared, he saw a heap of faggots. ("Sort of compressed fibre, they were made of," Enderby said. "They lit easily. Queer. Made you feel you were kind of expected.") With the slow-burning, smoky torch held high, and two cold spares stuffed inside his shirt, he entered a passage. The air was dry and dead and sweet.

Dod eh y osley. E aggle roish yn aasagh, ren eh geginaghey as caggey noi yn ghlass gys va laue yn eaghtyr echey er. Ren y dorrays snaggeragh as scrabey gys va baarney va mooar dy liooar da dooinney goll stiagh. V'eh slane dorragey er y çheu elley. "'Allo ayns shen!" dyll Enderby magh. "Ey!" She mactullagh foddey as potal va'n freggyrt. Hooar eh foaddanyn, hie eh stiagh sy dorrageys feayr as screeb eh fer. V'eh ayns farhamyr veg va breekit. Myr loss y nah oaddan, honnick eh carnane dy vrasnagyn. ("Sorçh dy rauaigyn cohionnit, shen y stoo v'ayndaue," dooyrt Enderby. "Hie ad er foaddey dy h-aashagh. Quaagh. Hug eh ort gennaghtyn dy row ad jerkal rhyt.") As y vrasnag voallostey as jaaghagh cummit er ard echey, as daa vrasnag feayr traastit fo'n lheinney echey, hie eh stiagh ayns entreilys. Va'n aer çhirrym as marroo as millish.

Then he dived to the wall, crouching, quivering. Nothing stirred. "Who's that?" said Enderby. "If it's anybody, come 'ere!" Then, remembering, he threw the torch. ("I saw a statue," he said afterwards. "I felt - well, a sort of daft relief. Like a false alarm in a U certificate thriller.")

Eisht lheim eh gys y woalley, croymmey sheese as er craa. Cha ren veg gleashaghey. "Quoi shen?" dooyrt Enderby. "My ta peiagh erbee ayn, tar dys shoh!" Eisht, cooinaghtyn, cheau eh yn vrasnag. ("Honnick mee sthowran," dooyrt eh ny lurg. "Wahll, er aght ommidjagh ennagh, hie mee er feaysley. Casley rish fogrym foalsey ayns fillym lesh teisht U ta cur ort dy ve er craa.")

The figure stood man-high against the wall. Stone drapes exposed one polished shoulder and its arms were crossed. Round the head was a wide beaded band of blue stones. And the face - ("That's what'd given me the start," said Enderby. "The eyes, long bulging black ovals - no pupils - they were the worse. And the mouth and that - as if 'e'd sucked very dirty thing in the world into 'is mind, and was damn 'appy about it.") Va'n sthowran ny hassoo cho ard as dooinney noi'n woalley. Va eaddagh-cloaie roostey un gheaylin gloasit as va ny roihaghyn echey crossit. Mygeayrt y chione va boandey cruinneenit lhean dy chliejeenyn gorrym. As yn eddin - ("Shen ny hug orrym spretal," dooyrt Enderby. "Ny sooillyn, runtaghtyn doo as liauyr va booghey magh - dyn kiarkil-hooilley - va shen y red smessey. As y beeal as myr shen - myr dy beagh eh er nyiole magh dy chooilley red sollagh sy teihll stiagh syn aigney echey as v'eh jeant feer wooiagh kyndagh rish shen.")

When he picked up the torch he began to see others. They stood in two facing rows, lining the walls of the high tunnel. He walked in the middle. The black eyes flickered in the light. His feet were like a cat's in the deep, black dust. The figures were of both men and women. Some were painted, in dull colours: blue and green tones sparkled in their dress: more than once Enderby saw gold in the carved folds of a woman's hair. And every face repelled him.

Tra hrog eh seose y vrasnag ghow eh toshiaght d'akin fir elley. V'ad nyn shassoo ayns daa roa as beeal rish y cheilley, lineal boallaghyn y thiollane ard. Hooill eh sy vean. Va ny sooillyn doo falleaysagh sy toilshey. Va ny cassyn echey goll rish cassyn chayt sy joan down as doo. Va sthowranyn jeh deiney as mraane ayn. Va kuse jeu slaait, ayns daahghyn ouyragh: va daahghyn gorrym as geayney ceau drilleeyn ayns nyn eaddagh: ny shlee na un cheayrt honnick Enderby airh ayns ny fillaghyn grainnit jeh'n folt ec ben. As hug gagh eddin grayn er.

They were amazingly expressive, he said. Each seemed to have a double meaning. A twisting of the brows and a wrinkling round the empty eyes, and madness showed through the face's laugh. Were they heavy and stupid, there was vicious cunning also. In eagerness there was slaverling: in innocence treachery. Gentleness meant cruelty.

V'ad dreaghtagh erskyn towse, dooyrt eh. V'eh jeeaghyn dy row bree dooble ec gagh nane jeu. Cassey ny gruaieyn as crapley mygeayrt ny sooillyn follym, as va baanrys ry akin trooid gearey yn eddin. My v'ad trome as bolvaneagh, va cluicys goanlyssagh ayn. Ayns jeeanid va sheeley: ayns onid, molteyrys. She dewilys va meeinid.

("It was like people in a bad dream. They wanted to make y'see through them. Indecent.") He was puzzled by small holes drilled in the centre of each forehead and throat, and in the robes below. On the walls between them, depressed in the brick, were tablets of writing. Symbols were nicked out like tiny tooth-prints, row upon row. ("Like something a tike's chewed.")

("V'eh goll rish sleih ayns drogh ashlish. V'ad shirrey ort uss dy yeeaghyn dy jeeragh trooid oc. Neuchooie.") V'eh boirit ec tuill veggey va tarrarit sy vean jeh gagh baaish as scoarnagh, as ayns ny goonyn heese. Va lhiackagyn dy screeudeyrys er ny boallaghyn eddyr oc, currit stiagh sy vreek. Va symbollyn giarrit stiagh ayn myr cowraghyn-feeackle minniaghagh, roa lurg roa. ("Myr red ennagh caignit ec paitçhey.") *The tunnel curved gradually. Enderby reckoned himself fifty yards along when he could no longer see the entrance. He began to whistle without a tune because hope had dropped to vague curiosity. The walls echoed against him. He walked in silence. Then he saw that the figures ended just ahead. He passed the last leering face into an open darkness that must have been far under the desert. The air was thick.*

Va'n thiollane lhoobey ny veggan as ny veggan. Heill Enderby dy row eh er ghoill lieh-cheead stundayrt tra nagh dod eh fakin yn entreilys arragh. Ghow eh toshiaght dy whisteragh gyn carr er y fa dy row jerkallys er ghoill sheese gys peeikearys neuvaghtal. Hug ny boallaghyn mactullagh erash huggey. Hooill eh ayns tostid. Eisht honnick eh dy daink ny sthowranyn gys jerrey dy jeeragh er oi. Hie eh shaghey yn eddin sooilleragh s'jerree gys dorraghys feayn foshlit va down fo'n aasagh, gyn ourys. Va'n aer çhiu.

He watched the guiding walls so intently that his knee struck what he did not see. It was a high-mounted slab. The top was carved to such a likeness of soft cushioning. ("Like petrified silk. It'd 'ave made y'sleepy to look at it. Like the mattress adverts.") Enderby strongly disclaims any knowledge of art. Sculpture bores him and his only visit to a gallery was to the engineering section. But what he saw on the stone couch, he

says, was not sculpture. He forgot the darkness, the unnatural figures, the choking air. He forgot the truck disaster and that he was lost in the desert.

Yeeagh eh er ny boallaghyn-stiuree cho jeean as dy woaill eh yn glioon echey noi red nagh vaik eh. She leac v'ayn, va currit seose er ard. Va'n baare grainnit dy ve casley rish clooishagyn bog. ("Goll rish sheeidey jeant myr clagh. Veagh eh er chur cadley ort as uss agh jeeaghyn er. Casley rish ny soilsheenyn-toght.") Ta Enderby gobbal dy lajer dy vel fys erbee echey er ellyn. T'eh coontey jallooderys-grainnee dy ve dree, as yn un cheayrt hug eh shilley er galleree, she yn rheynn-jeshaghteyrys v'ayn. Agh ny honnick eh er yn aashag-chloaie, t'eh gra, cha nee jallooderys-grainnee v'ayn. Yarrood eh yn dorraghys, ny sthowraneyn neughoochyssagh, yn aer toghtee. Yarrood eh atchim y charr-laadee as dy row eh caillt ayns yn aasagh.

("She wasn't just wonderful in the ordinary way. I can't tell you 'ow. Look 'ere, if y'take the most smashing film stars - Betty 'Utton, Garson - as many as y'like - and all they've got between 'em, and multiply it by ten, and then ... oh, I dunno! She was different to them anyway - Eastern, of course - but so different in other ways. What I said, I just can't begin to describe her...")

("Cha row ee agh yindyssagh er yn aght cadjin. Cha noddym ginsh dhyt cre'n aght. Jeeagh, my t'ou goaill ny rollageyn-fillym s'yindyssee - Betty 'Utton, Garson - cho whilleen jeu as s'mie lhiat - as dy chooilley nane ta eddyr oc, as bishaghey shen liorish jeih, as eisht ... oh, cha s'ayms! Cha row ee goll roosyn, ansherbee - veih'n Niar, son shickyrys - agh cho anchasley er aghtyn elley. Ny dooyrt mee, cha noddym goaill toshiaght dy ghra cre goll rish v'ee...")

But she was made of stone. Enderby stood worshipping until the torch hand sank and the figure was shadowed. He went to the magnificent head. The stone, he says, was tinted to life, but no paint showed itself. Light from one raised hand smoked down across the Lancashire man's wide eyes and long chin and tunic: and over the pale-sallow nestling creature with the sleeping eyes. At last Enderby leaned forward. Very gently he kissed the sculpture on the mouth. ("She was - I've told you. Oh, I suppose it was, well - perverted. A statue, I mean. Her lips were cold.")

Agh v'ee jeant ass clagh. Va Enderby ny hassoo as eh cur ooashley gys hie laue yn vrasnag fo as va'n colb ayns scaa. Hie eh gys y kione staydoil. Y chlagh, t'eh gra, v'ee mynghaaait myr dy beagh ee bio, agh cha row peint ry akin. Soilshey veih un laue troggit, ren eh jaaghey sheese tessan sooillyn lhean as smeg liauyr as cassag y fer veih Lancashire: as harrish y cretoor lheeah-vuigh lesh sooillyn-cadlee as ish ny lhie dy souyr. Fy yerrey, ren Enderby lieh-lhie er oi. Feer veein, phaag eh yn sthowran er y veeal. ("V'ee - ta mee er ninsh dhyt. Oh, ta mee sheiltyn dy row eh, wahll - neufollan. Sthowran, ta mee cheet er. Va ny meillyn eck feayr.")

Then fear replaced all he felt. For the figure moved. Enderby started back. The delicate face had turned away. Now it came back again, very slowly. Coy. Away, back. Rhythmically, swivelling on the carved throat, the beautiful lady shook her head. "Inge," said Enderby's whisper, because he was very much afraid. "Inge, that." The movement grew stronger, pendulum-regular. And now the eyes opened, black, horribly void. His throat seemed to wither. Points of light moved. In the tunnel. From

side to side they went, slowly. Jet eyes in metronome faces. ("Like the Chinese ornaments that keep rocking their 'eads when y've started them. Only slowly. Terribly slowly. And these shook them.")

Eisht ghow aggle yn ynnyd jeh gagh red v'eh gennaghtyn. Er y fa dy ren y jalloo-grainnee gleashaghey. Voost Enderby ergooyl. Va'n eddin vettey er jyndaa ersooyl. Eisht haink ee erash reesht, feer voal. Nearildagh. Ersooyl, erash. Dy ryddimagh, cassey er y scoarnagh grainnit, chrie yn ven-seyr aalin e kione. "Jeushan," dooyrt Enderby myr sannish, er y fa dy row aggle vooar er. "Jeushan v'ayn." Haink y ghleashaght dy ve ny stroshey as reiltagh myr crogheydane. As nish doshil ny sooillyn, doo, follym dy h-agglagh. V'eh sheiltyn dy row yn scoarnagh echey fioghey. Ren brigginy dy hoilshey gleashaghey. Ayns y thiollane. Veih çheu ry heu hie ad, dy moal. Sooillyn deyll-ghoo ayns eddiny-metronome. ("Goll rish ny jesheenyn Sheenagh ta kinjagh leaystey nyn ging tra t'ad currit fo raad ayd. Agh dy moal. Moal agglagh. As ren ad shoh craa ad.")

Enderby sweated. He pulled the other faggots from his shirt. A moment later the whole chamber flared into light. From it led not one passage, he saw, but five. And in each were figures that leered in perfect time. Somewhere there was a heavy murmuring rumble. Enderby collected himself. He touched the icy stone body of the beauty. From a pocket of his shirt he fumbled a stump of blue copying pencil. Across the perfect waist he printed, thick and almost steadily: "F. ENDERBY, WARRINGTON, R.A.F. 1942."

Va Enderby gollish. Hayrn eh magh ny brasnagyn elley ass e lheinney. Grig lurg shen va soilshey sy clane shamyr. Honnick eh row queig cassanyn goll veih'n çhamyr, cha nee agh nane. As ayns gagh cassan va jallooyn-grainnee va sooilleragh dy reiltagh, gyn foill. Boayl ennagh, va tharmane trome va jannoo tallagh. Haink Enderby huggey hene. Venn eh da corp y ven aalin va cho feayr as rio. Veih poggaid ayns e lheinney vurt eh stappan dy phenn-leoaie gorrym cour coipal. Tessen y vouin gyn cron phrent eh, çhiu as dy shickyr, bunnys: "F. ENDERBY, WARRINGTON, R.A.F. 1942."

He stuffed the defiling pencil away. "And now," he said, much too loudly, "I will go and get started again." It was when he turned towards the tunnels that he saw the spikes. They were coming out very slowly. About the pace of a common slug in a Warrington allotment, and with no more noise.

Phron eh ersooyl y penn-leoaie sollee. "As nish," dooyrt eh, rouyr er ard, "Hem fo raad reesht." She tra hyndaa eh lesh ny thiollaneyn dy vaik eh ny kibbinyn. V'ad çheet magh feer voal. Mysh y vieauid jeh shilleeid chadjin ayns garey lottit ayns Warrington, as dyn lesh smoo sheean na shen.

One from the forehead, one from the throat and one from the folded arms; others from the studded robes. From each figure, and above to the ceiling, the points shone and grew, sprouting across the passages. Closing them.

Nane veih'n vaaish, nane veih'n scoarnagh and nane veih ny roihaghyn fillit; fir elley veih ny gooynyn taggadit. Veih gagh jalloo-grainnee, as heose veih'n far-voalley, ren ny birragyn soilshean as gaase, gobbey tessan ny thiollaneyn. Dooney ad.

"Christ!" Enderby said. He sprang into the centre tunnel, opposite the slab, ran with the waving treble torch. It cast stubbly points in a forest of pikes upon the ceiling. Nightmarishly, the dust muffled his boots. Twice he kicked up yellow-white human

fragments. He tripped on a carpeted cage of ribs and slashed his hand on a lengthening spike. He saw no daylight. Instead, a wall of arrow-lettered brick faced him at the end. He tore and kicked, trying to open it, before he realised he could be in the wrong passage.

Chreest!" dooyrt Enderby. Lheim eh stiagh sy thiollane meanagh, beeal rish y leac, as roie eh lesh y vrasnag tree fillit v'er creau. Ren ee ceau birragyn-coonlee ayns keyll vooar dy hleiyghyn. Myr dy beagh eh ayns drogh ashlish, phloogh y joan e vootsyn. Daa cheayrt vreb eh seose smooirleeyn dooinnoil bane-bwee. Ren eh snapperal er caaidje dy h-asnaghyn va fo brat-laare as yiar eh e laue er kibbin va cheet dy ve ny s'liurey. Cha vaik eh soilshey yn laa er chor erbee. Ayns e ynnyd, beeal rish, va boalley dy vreekyn as sideyn lettyroil er. Ren eh raipay as brebbal, prowal eh 'osley, roish my hoig eh dy noddagh eh ve sy thiollane aggairagh.

Then he was flying back between the sprouting pikes. They covered half the space with a mass of jagged bars. Even the spaces between them would be death cages. Back across the bones. The chamber itself, when he reached it, sprouted iron from each wall. A deep throb shook everything. The whole building was thrusting at him. Enderby panted by the slab without a glance. Down the left-hand tunnel. At each nod from the jet-eyed lines, the points sprang a little farther across.

Eisht v'eh getlagh erash eddyr ny shleiyghyn gobbey. Choodee ad lieh yn spoar lesh ymmodee barryn feeacklagh. Eer ny spoaryn eddyr oc, veagh ad nyn gaaidjeyn-baaish. Erash harrish ny craueyn. Y chamyr hene, tra raink eh ee, v'ee gobbey yiarn veih gagh boalley. Chrie bwoalley trome dy chooilley nhee. Va'n slane troggal seiy noi. Phandoogh Enderby tessan y leac gyn shilley. Sheese y thiollane toshtal. Lesh gagh snog veih ny linnaghyn doo-hooillagh, lheim ny birragyn beggan ny sodjey tessan.

If he had not seen the light of the entrance, Enderby swears he would have been insane before the points took him. As it was, he dragged himself through the last twenty feet when they were little more than a foot apart. Another second and the spike which ripped open his water-bottle would have held him by the rib bones.

Mannagh row eh er vakin soilshey yn entreilys, ta Enderby gueue dy beagh eh er ve baanrit roish my row eh goit ec ny kibbinyn. Myr v'eh, hayrn eh eh hene trooid ny feed trie s'jerree tra nagh row agh beggan ny smoo na trie eddyr oc. Grig elley as y kibbin ren raipay yn voteil-ushtey echey dy ve foshlit, veagh eh er gheddyn greim er craueyn ny h-asnaghyn echey.

But he was outside. He stood in the shadowed sand with blood and water trickling together down his body ("In the nick of time. Like a film 'ero.") One of the last things he remembers is heaving the door shut and stumbling away from the ponderous booming that hung in the still heat. Four days later Enderby was spotted by a reconnaissance car. He was walking in small circles.

Agh v'eh cheu-mooie. Hass eh sy gheinnagh fo scadoo as fuill as ushtey sheeley sheese e chorp ry cheilley ("Dy jeeragh ayns caa. Casley rish feniagh-fillym.") Nane jeh ny reddyn s'jerree s'cooin lesh, ta shen jeigh yn dorrys lesh seiy as eisht snapperal ersooyl veih'n wuirrooghey trome va croghit sy chiass feagh. Kiare laa ny lurg va Enderby er ny akin ec carr-speeikearys. V'eh shooyl ayns kiarkil veggey.

As he recovered, Enderby was eager at first to tell his story. Coupled with his letters, it made them prescribe further sleep. "Do y' think it could 'ave been only that?" he asked me later. "Sometimes it makes y' wonder." Then he indicated the parallel scars. "Truck accident I don't think!" He told me the story while he carved a piece of perspex into a Spitfire badge to send his fiancée. "Y' know," said Enderby, as I had not laughed, "if I 'ad a lot more leave and that, I wouldn't mind 'aving a look back there some time. Bet it's covered up again, though. Y' see, I 'ardly touched 'er face more than a feather, like. And it started all that. Stone weights and pendulums, I suppose."

Myr v'eh couyral, hoshiaght va Enderby geeearree dy mooar dy insh e skeeal. Kianlt lesh e screeunyn, hug shen orroo oardrail tooilley cadley da. "Vel oo smooïnaghtyn dy noddagh eh er ve shen ny lomarcán?" vrie eh jeem ny s'anmagh. "Ny keayrtyn t'eh cur ort gindys." Eisht yeeagh eh dou ny scrabaghyn coheeynt. "Er lhiam nagh re dogh-haghyrt truck v'ayn!" Dinsh eh dou yn skeeal as eh grainney cowrey-Spitfire ass meer dy pherspex dy chur gys e hooreeagh. "Ta fys ayd," dooyrt Enderby, er yn oyr nagh row mee er ghearey, "dy beagh ram traá seyr elley aym, by vie lhiam cur shillee er y voayl shen traá ennagh. Agh verrym gioal dy vel eh ooilley coodit reesht. T'ou toiggal, s'goan venn mee da'n eddin eck myr fedjag. As hug eh ooilley shen fo raad. Meihaghyn-cloaie as crogheydaneyn, ta mee sheiltyn."

"Now. listen! Where did the acceleration come from? Tell me that!" He put down the transparent Spitfire and prodded me and paused to impress. "There's a machine in that place, boy! Damn near perpetual motion, that's what. They'd be worth something, I tell y', them plans -" First and last a mechanic, Enderby. But also a prince. Who left his claim in writing.

"Nish, eaisht! Cre woish haink yn aa-hiyraghey? Insh shen dou!" Hug eh sheese y Spitfire tarhoilshagh as heiy eh mee as scuirr eh son tammylt beg dy chur orrym smooïnaghtyn. Ta jeshaght sy voayl shen, ghuilley! Feer faggys da gleashaght veayn, my ta, Veagh ad feeu red ennagh, ta mee ginsh dhyt, ny plannyn shen -" Obbrinagh ec y toshiaght as ec y jerrey, Enderby. Agh prinse myrgeddin. Prinse daag yn aggyrt echey myr screeudeyrys.

Yn Jerrey