

The Pond / Y Dubbey

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It was deeply scooped from a corner of the field, a green stagnant hollow with thorn bushes on its banks. From time to time something moved cautiously beneath the prickly branches that were laden with red autumn berries. It whistled and murmured coaxingly. "Come, come, come, come," it whispered. An old man, squatting frog-like on the bank. His words were no louder than the rustling of the dry leaves above his head. "Come now. Sssst - ssst! Little dear - here's a bit of meat for thee." He tossed a tiny scrap of something into the pool. The weed rippled sluggishly.

V'eh sleaystit dy dowin veih corneil y vagher, laggan glass loauit lesh drineyn er ny brooinyn echey. Nish as reesht, ghleash red ennagh dy arreydagh fo ny banglaneyn jialgagh va trome lesh berrishyn-fouyir jiargey. Ren eh feddanagh as cauaigey dy cleaynagh. "Tar, tar, tar, tar," dooyrt eh myr sannish. Shenn dooinney, skeltey myr rannag er y vroogh. Cha row ny focklyn echey ny syrje na moostrey ny duillagyn çhirrym erskyn e chione. "Tar nish. Sssst - ssst! Chree veg - shoh minniag d'eill dhyt." Cheau eh minniag dy red ennagh stiagh sy dubbey. Ren y scroig crapley er aght marroo.

The old man sighed and shifted his position. He was crouching on his haunches because the bank was damp. He froze. The green slime had parted on the far side of the pool. The disturbance travelled to the bank opposite, and a large frog drew itself half out of the water. It stayed quite still, watching; then with a swift crawl it was clear of the water. Its yellow throat throbbed.

Dosnee yn shenn dooinney as scugh eh eh hene. V'eh heese er e chosaayl er y fa dy row yn broogh tash. Cha ghleash eh. Va'n scroig ghllass er scarrey er y çheu elley jeh'n dubbey. Ren y caghlaa troailt gys y vroogh beeal rish, as hayrn rannag vooar ee hene lieh-raad magh ass yn ushtey. Hannee ee gyn gleashaghey as ee jeeaghyn; eisht, lesh snaue bieau, haink ee magh ass yn ushtey dy bollagh. Va'n scoarnagh bwee eck bwoalley.

"Oh! - little dear," breathed the old man. He did not move. He waited, letting the frog grow accustomed to the air and slippery earth. When he judged the moment to be right, he made a low grating noise in his throat. He saw the frog listen. The sound was subtly like the call of its own kind. The old man paused, then made it again. This time the frog answered. It sprang into the pool, sending the green weed slopping, and swam strongly. Only its eyes showed above the water. It crawled out a few feet distant from the old man and looked up the bank, as if eager to find the frog it had heard. The old man waited patiently. The frog hopped twice, up the bank. His hand was moving, so slowly that it did not seem to move, towards the handle of the light net at his side. He gripped it, watching the still frog.

"Oh! - chree veg," dooyrt y shenn dooinney feer veeley. Cha ghleash eh. Duirree eh, lhiggey da'n rannag çheet dy ve cliaghtit rish yn aer as yn ooir shliawin. Tra heill eh

dy row yn tra a kiart er jeet, ren eh sheean injil as jeesternagh ayns e scoarnagh. Hug eh my ner dy row yn rannag geaishtagh. Er aght croutagh, va'n sheean casley rish eam e dooie. Scuirr y shenn dooinney, eisht ren eh yn sheean reesht. Y cheayrt shoh, dreggyr y rannag. Lheim ee stiagh sy dubbey, cur er y scroig ghllass dy lishal, as ren ee gamylt dy lajer. Cha row agh e sooillyn ry akin erskyn yn ushtey. Ren ee snaue magh kuse dy hrieyn ersooyl veih'n çhenn dooinney as yeeagh ee seose y vroogh, myr dy beagh ee jeean d'eddyn y rannag v'ee er chlashtyn. Duirree yn shenn dooinney dy surransagh. Lheim y rannag daa cheayrt, seose y vroogh. Va'n laue echey gleashaghey, cho moal as v'eh jeeaghyn nagh row ee gleashaghey, gys doarnane y lieen eddrym ec e lhiattee. Ghow eh greim er as eh jeeaghyn er y rannag, nagh row gleashaghey.

Suddenly he struck. A sweep of the net, and its wire frame whacked the ground round the frog. It leaped frantically, but was helpless in the green mesh. "Dear! Oh, my dear!" said the old man delightedly. He stood with much difficulty and pain, his foot on the thin rod. His joints had stiffened and it was some minutes before he could go to the net. The frog was still struggling desperately. He closed the net round its body and picked up both together. "Ah, big beauty!" he said. "Pretty. Handsome fellow, you!"

Dy doaltattym, woaill eh. Skeab eh lesh y lieen, as woaill frame-streng y lieen noi'n thaloo mygeayrt y mysh y rannag. Lheim ee dy baanrit, agh v'ee anlheiltagh sy voggyl geayney. "Chree! Oh, my chree!" dooyrt y shenn dooinney as ard-voggey er. Hass eh seose lesh doilleeid vooar as pian mooar, e chass er y clat thanney. Va ny oltyn echey er jeet dy ve neulhoobagh as hie kuse dy vinnidyn shaghey roish my dod eh goll gys y lieen. Va'n rannag foast keстал dy debejagh. Dhill eh yn lieen mygeayrt e corp as hrog eh seose y jees oc cooidjagh. "Ah, aalid vooar!" dooyrt eh. "Bwaagh. Fer aalin, uss!"

He took a darning needle from his coat lapel and carefully killed the creature through the mouth, so that its skin would not be damaged; then put it in his pocket. It was the last frog in the pool. He lashed the water with the handle, and the weed swirled and bobbed: there was no sign of life now but the little flies that flitted on the surface.

Ghow eh snaid-gharnail veih filltag e chooat as varr eh yn cretoor dy kiarailagh trooid y veeal er aght nagh beagh jeeyl jeant da'n chrackan echey; eisht hug eh stiagh ayns e phoggaid ee. She yn rannag s'jerree sy dubbey v'ayn. Scuitçh eh yn ushtey lesh y doarnane, as ren y scroig cassey as snuggal: cha row cowrey erbee dy vea ayn nish, er lhimmey jeh ny quailagyn beggey va bennalt er yn eaghtyr.

He went across the empty field with the net across his shoulder, shivering a little, feeling that the warmth had gone out of his body during the long wait. He climbed a stile, throwing the net over in front of him, to leave his hands free. In the next field, by the road, was his cottage.

Hie eh tessan y magher follym as y lieen harrish e gheaylin. V'eh bibbernee beggan, gennaghtyn dy row yn çhiass er ghoill magh ass e chorp as eh fuirraghtyn rish tra a

liauyr. Ren eh drappal harrish keim as eh ceau yn lieen harrish beeal rish dy chummal e laueyn seyr. Va'n cott echey sy nah vagher, rish y vayr.

Hobbling through the grass with the sun striking a long shadow from him, he felt the weight of the dead frog in his pocket, and was glad. "Big beauty!" he murmured again. The cottage was small and dry, and ugly and very old. Its windows gave little light, and they had coloured panels, dark-blue and green, that gave the rooms the appearance of being under the sea. The old man lit the lamp, for the sun had set; and the light became more cheerful. He put the frog on a plate, and poked the fire, and when he was warm again, took off his coat.

Shooyl dy croobagh trooid y faiyr as y ghrian bwoalley scadoo liauyr veih, dennee eh trimmid y rannag varroo ayns e phoggaid as v'eh jeant booiagh. "Aalid vooar!" ren eh tallagh reesht. Va'n cott beg as çhirrym, as graney as feer shenn. Cha dug ny uinnagyn echey monney soilshey. Va pannylyn daahit ec ny uinnagyn, gorrym dorraghey as geayney, va cur er ny shamyrn dy yeeaghyn dy row ad fo'n cheayn. Doad y shenn dooinney yn lostan er y fa dy row yn ghrian er gholldy lhie; haink y soilshey dy ve smoo gennal. Hug eh yn rannag er moggaid as vrod eh yn aile. As tra v'eh çheh reesht, ren eh cur jeh e chooat.

He settled down close beside the lamp and took a sharp knife from the drawer of the table. With great care and patience, he began to skin the frog. From time to time he took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes. The work was tiring; also the heat from the lamp made them sore. He would speak aloud to the dead creature, coaxing and cajoling it when he found his task difficult. But in time he had the skin neatly removed, a little heap of tumbled, slippery film. He dropped the stiff, stripped body into a pan of boiling water on the fire, and sat again, humming and fingering the limp skin. "Pretty," he said. "You'll be so handsome."

Hoie eh sheese dy souyr faggys da'n lostan as ghow eh skynn ghear veih tayrnag y voayrd. Lesh kiarail as surranse mooar, ghow eh toshiaght y rannag 'anney. Nish as reesht chur eh jeh ny speckleyryn echey as ren eh e hooillyn y rubbey. Va'n obbyr skeeagh; chammah as shen, hug çhiass veih'n lostan orroo dy ve gonnagh. Loayragh eh er ard rish y chretoor marroo, cleayney as breigey eh tra hooar eh dy row e chiartag doillee. Agh lurg tammylt va'n crackan goit jeh dy jesh echey, carnane beg dy scannane shliawin surllit. Lhig eh da'n chorp stark as rooishtit tuittym stiagh ayns panney dy ushtey broie, as hoie eh reesht as eh cronnaney as mairaghey'n crackan bog. "Bwaagh," dooyrt eh. "Bee uss cho stoamey."

There was a stump of black soap in the drawer and he took it out to rub the skin, with the slow, over-careful motion that showed the age in his hand. The little mottled thing began to stiffen under the curing action. He left it at last, and brewed himself a pot of tea, lifting the lid of the simmering pan occasionally to make sure that the tiny skull and bones were being boiled clean without damage.

Va meer dy heeabin doo ayns y tayrnag as ghow eh magh eh dy rubbey'n crackan, lesh gleashaght voal va ro chiarailagh, ren soilshaghey'n eash sy laue echey. Ghow yn red beg breck toshiaght dy starkaghey kyndagh rish y çhirmaghey. Daag eh fy yerrey eh, as ren eh pot dy hey da hene, troggal y farkyl jeh'n phanney fo-vrie nish as reesht

dy hickyragey dy row yn vollag vinniagagh as ny craueyn goll er glenney dy bollagh fegooish jeeyl ec yn ushtey broie.

Sipping his tea, he crossed the narrow living-room. Well away from the fire stood a high table, its top covered by a square of dark cloth supported on a frame. There was a faint smell of decay. "How are you, little dears?" said the old man. He lifted the covering with shaky scrupulousness. Beneath the wire support were dozens of stuffed frogs. All had been posed in human attitudes; dressed in tiny coats and breeches to the fashion of an earlier time. There were ladies and gentlemen and bowing flunkies. One, with lace at his yellow, waxen throat, held a wooden wine-cup. To the dried forepaw of its neighbour was stitched a tiny glassless monocle, raised to a black button eye. A third had a midget pipe pressed into its jaws, with a wisp of wool for smoke. The same coarse wool, cleaned and shaped, served the ladies for their miniature wigs; they wore long skirts and carried fans.

As eh goaill bolgum jeh'n tey echey, hie eh tessén y chamyr-vaghee. Foddey ersooyl veih'n aile, va boayrd ard ny hassoo, yn eaghtyr echey coodit liorish kerrin dy aanrit dorraghey va goll er ymmyrkey ec frame. Va soar faase dy volkey ayn. "Kyns ta shiu, chreeghyn veeney?" dooyrt y shenn dooinney. Hrog eh yn coodagh lesh cruinnys craagh. Fo'n vhut dy treng va dussanyn dy rannagyn pronnit. V'ad ooillee er ve currit nyn shassoo myr sleih; coamrit ayns cooatyn minniagagh as breeghyn ayns shenn fassan voish lhing elley. Va mraane as deiney seyrey ayn, as guillyn-drid va croymmey sheese. Va cappan-feeyney fuygh ec fer jeu, as laatchey ec e scoarnagh bwee as kereagh. Troggit gys cramman doo va ny hooill, va lieh-speckleyr feer veg gyn gless, va whaalit gys y vaaig-hoshee çhirmit jeh'n naboo lesh y chappan-feeyney. Rannag elley, va piob minniagagh traastit stiagh ayns e cabbyn, lesh sap d'ollan myr jaagh. Yn ollan garroo cheddin, glennit as cummit, v'eh jannoo myr mwashagyn feer veg da ny mraane-seyrey; v'ad ceau rumbylyn liauyrey as va feayraghanyn oc.

The old man looked proudly over the stiff little figures. "You, my lord - what are you doing with your mouth so glum?" His fingers prised open the jaws of a round-bellied frog dressed in satins; shrinkage must have closed them up. "Now you can sing again, and drink up!" His eyes searched the banqueting, motionless party. "Where now - ? Ah!" In the middle of the table three of the creatures were fixed in the attitudes of a dance. The old man spoke to them. "Soon we'll have a partner for the lady there. He'll be the handsomest of the whole company, my dear, so don't forget to smile at him and look your prettiest!" He hurried back to the fireplace and lifted the pan; poured off the steaming water into a bucket. "Fine, shapely brain-box you have." He picked with his knife, cleaning the tiny skull. "Easy does it." He put it down on the table, admiringly; it was like a transparent flake of ivory. One by one he found the delicate bones in the pan, knowing each for what it was. "Now, little duke, we have all of them that we need. The beau of the ball. And such an object of jealousy for the lovely ladies!" With wire and thread he fashioned a stiff little skeleton, binding in the bones to preserve the proportions. At the top went the skull.

Yeeagh y shenn dooinney dy moyrnagh harrish ny kirp veggey stark. "Shiuish, my hiarn - cre ta shiu jannoo as y beéal eu cho grouw?" Doshil niart e vairyndy cabbyn

rannag chruinn-volgagh va coamrit ayns strollyn; gyn ourys, she'n cribbey ren ad y yeigh. "Nish, foddee shiu goaill arrane reesht as iu seose!" Ren e hooillyn shirrey trooid y ghiense-jinnairagh nagh row gleashaghey. "C'raad nish - ? Ah!" Ayns mean y voayrd, va troor jeh ny cretooryn nyn shassoo myr dy row ad daunsin. Loayr y shenn dooinney roo. "Roish foddey, bee leggad ain da'n ven-seyr ayns shen. Bee eshyn y fer smoo stoamey sy clane sheshaght, my chree. Myr shen, ny jean jarrood dy vongey rish as jean jeeaghyn cho bwaagh as oddys oo!" Hiyree eh erash gys y çhiollagh, hrog eh yn panney, as ren eh deayrtey magh yn ushtey broie stiagh ayns cruick. "She claign braew as stoamey t'ayd." Speiy eh lesh e skynn, glenney'n vollag vinniaghagh. "Gow dy bog eh." Hug eh sheese er y voayrd ee as eshyn cur yindys urree; v'ee casley rish lhiannag tarhoilshagh d'iaaaghagh. Nane lurg nane, hooar eh ny craueyn mettey as fys echey er gagh fer jeu. "Nish, yuic veg, ta ain ooilley jeu ta femoil dooin. Leggad y daunse. As lheid y red d'eadoilys da ny mraane-seyre aalin!" Lesh streng as snaid, ren eh ushylagh beg stark, kiangley stiagh ny craueyn dy chummal y choreir. Va'n vollag ec y vaare.

The frog's skin had lost its earlier flaccidness. He threaded a needle, eyeing it close to the lamp. From the table drawer he now brought a loose wad of wool. Like a doctor reassuring his patients by describing his methods, he began to talk. "This wool is coarse, I know, little friend. A poor substitute to fill that skin of yours, you may say: wool from the hedges, snatched by the thorns from a sheep's back." He was pulling the wad into tufts of the size he required. "But you'll find it gives you such a springiness that you'll thank me for it. Now, carefully does it -" With perfect concentration he worked his needle through the skin, drawing it together round the wool with almost untraceable stitches.

Va crackan y rannag er choayl y buiggys v'echey roish shoh. Hug eh snaie ayns snaid as eh jeeaghyn urree dy myn, faggys da'n lostan. Veih tayrnag y voayrd, ren eh cur lesh loggey scarrit d'ollan nish. Casley rish fer-lhee va cur cree da ny surransee echey liorish cur coontey jeh ny saaseyn echey, ghow eh toshiaght dy loayrt. "Ta'n ollan shoh garroo, shione dou, charrey veg. Stoo moal dy chur ayns ynyd y chrackan shen ayd, oddagh oo gra: ollan veih ny cleighyn, greimmit veih dreeym keyrragh ec ny jilg." V'eh tayrn y loggey ayns tappagyn jeh'n voadys va femoil da. "Agh yow uss magh dy der eh lheid y chlistaght dhyt dy bee uss booisal dou er e hon. Nish, jannoo eh dy kiaraillagh -" Lesh geill gyn fout, hug eh er e naid goll trooid y chrackan, tayrn eh ry cheilley mygeayrt yn ollan lesh whaalaghyn nagh row ry akin, bunnys.

"A piece of lace in your left hand, or shall it be a quizzing glass?" With tiny scissors he trimmed away a fragment of skin. "But wait - it's a dance and it is your right hand that we must see, guiding the lady." He worked the skin precisely into place round the skull. He would attend the empty eye holes later.

"Meer dy laatchey ayns dty laue hoshtal, er nonney, nee gless-huarastyl vees ayn?" Lesh shuddyrn minniaghagh, ren eh baarey ersooyl peesh feer veg dy chrackan. "Agh fuirree - she daunse t'ayn as she dty laue yesh shegin dooin fakin, stiurey'n ven seyr." Hug eh er y chrackan goll dy cruinn mygeayrt y vollag. Yinnagh eh dellal rish ny lhigg-hooilley ny s'anmagh.

Suddenly he lowered his needle. He listened. Puzzled, he put down the half-stuffed skin and went to the door and opened it. The sky was dark now. He heard the sound more clearly. He knew it was coming from the pond. A far-off, harsh croaking, as of a great many frogs.

Dy doaltattym, dinjillee eh yn snaid echey. Deaisht eh. As eh ouryssagh, hug eh sheese y crackan lieh-phronnit, hie eh gys y dorrys as doshil eh eh. Va'n speyr dorraghey nish. Cheayll eh yn sheean ny smoo baghtal. Bione da dy row eh çheet veih'n dubbey. Foddey ersooyl, va cliogaragh garroo ry chlashtyn, myr dy beagh eh çheet veih ymmodde rannagyn.

He frowned. In the wall cupboard he found a lantern ready-trimmed, and lit it with a flickering splinter. He put on an overcoat and hat, remembering his earlier chill. Lastly he took his net. He went very cautiously. His eyes saw nothing at first, after working so close to the lamp. Then, as the croaking came to him more clearly and he grew accustomed to the darkness, he hurried.

Ren eh grouigey. Ayns y chubbyrt-woalley, hooar eh londeyr va baarit as aarloo. Doad eh lesh skirrag falleaysagh eh. Hug eh cooat mooar as edd mysh, as cooinaghtyn echey er e eayraght roish shen. Er jerrey, ren eh cur lesh e lieen. Hie eh feer chiarailagh. Cha vaik e hooillyn veg hoshiaght, lurg da gobbraghey cho faggys da'n lostan. Eisht, ren eh siyr, as y cliogaragh çheet ny sniessey da, as eshyn çheet dy ve cliaghtit rish y dorraghys.

He climbed the stile as before, throwing the net ahead. This time, however, he had to search for it in the darkness, tantalised by the sounds from the pond. When it was in his hand again, he began to move stealthily.

Ren eh drappal harrish y cheim myr ren eh roie, as eh ceau yn lieen er oi. Agh y cheayrt shoh, begin da eh y hirrey sy dorraghys, goll er cleayney ec ny sheeanyn veih'n dubbey. Tra v'eh ayns y laue echey reesht, ghow eh toshiaght dy ghleashaghey dy folliaghtagh.

About twenty yards from the pool he stopped and listened. There was no wind and the noise astonished him. Hundreds of frogs must have travelled through the fields to this spot; from other water where danger had arisen, perhaps, or drought. He had heard of such instances. Almost on tiptoe he crept towards the pond. He could see nothing yet. There was no moon, and the thorn bushes hid the surface of the water.

Mysh feed stundayrt veih'n dubbey scuirr eh as deaisht eh. Cha row geay erbee ayn as hug y sheean yindys mooar er. Gyn ourys, va keeadyn dy rannagyn er hroailt trooid ny magheryn gys y voayl shoh; veih ushtey elley raad va gaue er jeet rish, foddee, er nonney çhirmid. V'eh er chlashtyn mychione y lheid. Bunnys shooyl er baare e oardaagyn-coshey, ren eh snaue gys y dubbey. Cha dod eh fakin veg foast. Cha row yn eayst ry akin, as dollee ny drineyn eaghtyr yn ushtey.

He was a few paces from the pond when, without warning, every sound ceased. He froze again. There was absolute silence. Not even a watery plop or splashing told him that one frog out of all those hundreds had dived for shelter into the weed. It was strange. He stepped forward and heard his boots brushing the grass. He brought the net up across his chest, ready to strike if he saw anything move. He came to the

thorn bushes, and still heard no sound. Yet, to judge by the noise they had made, they should be hopping in dozens from beneath his feet. Peering, he made the throaty noise which had called the frog that afternoon. The hush continued.

V'eh kuse dy chesmadyn ersooyl veih'n dubbey tra, fegooish raau, scuirr dy chooilley heean. Reesht, v'eh gyn gleashaghey. Va slane tostid ayn. Gyn eer flop ushlagh ny skeoll dinsh da row un rannag ass ooilley ny keeadyn shen er lheim stiagh sy scroig son fastee. V'eh quaagh. Ghow eh kesmad er oi as cheayll eh ny bootsyn echey skeabey trooid y faiyr. Hrog eh yn lieen seose harrish e chleeau, aarloo dy woalley my honnick eh red erbee gleashaghey. Haink eh gys ny drineyn, as foastagh cha geayll eh sheean erbee. Agh, kyndagh rish y çheean va jeant oc, lhisagh dussan jeu ve corlheimyracht fo ny cassyn echey. Blakey, ren eh yn sheean peeaghaneagh v'er nyllagh er y rannag y fastyr shen. Va'n tostid foast ayn.

He looked down at where the water must be. The surface of the pond, shadowed by the bushes, was too dark to be seen. He shivered and waited. Gradually, as he stood, he became aware of a smell. It was wholly unpleasant. Seemingly it came from the weed, yet mixed with the vegetable odour was one of another kind of decay. A soft, oozy bubbling accompanied it. Gases must be rising from the mud at the bottom. It would not do to stay in this place and risk his health.

Yeeagh eh sheese er y voayl raad veagh yn ushtey. Eaghtyr y dubbey, fo scaa ny thammagyn, v'eh ro ghorraghey dy ve ry akin. Ren eh bibbernee as duirree eh. Ny veggan as ny veggan, as eh ny hassoo ayns shen, haink eh dy chur twoaie da soar. V'eh slane eajee. S'cosoylagh dy daink eh veih'n scroig, agh, mestit lesh y toar losseragh, va soar jeh sorç elley dy volkey. Va bolganey bog as slappagh ry chlashtyn marish. Gyn ourys, va gassyn girree veih'n vun. Cha by vie da tannaghtyn sy voayl shoh as jannoo assee da'n claynt echey.

He stooped, still puzzled by the disappearance of the frogs, and stared once more at the dark surface. Pulling his net to a ready position, he tried the throaty call for the last time.

Chroym eh sheese, as eh foast boirit er y fa nagh row rannagyn erbee ayn. Vlake eh reesht er yn eaghtyr dorraghey. As eh tayrn e lieen dy ve aarloo, phrow eh yn gerrym peeaghaneagh son y cheayrt s'jerree.

Instantly he threw himself backwards with a cry. A vast belching bubble of foul air shot from the pool. Another gushed up past his head; then another. Great patches of slimy weed were flung high among the thorn branches. The whole pond seemed to boil.

Dy çhelleeragh, cheau eh eh hene ergooyl as eh gyllagh magh. Bolgan gloutagh dy aer breinn, ren eh brooightooil magh ass y dubbey. Skioot fer elley seose shaghey'n kione echey; eisht fer elley. Va dossyn mooarey dy scroig shliawin er nyn geau er ard mastey ny drineyn. V'eh jeeaghyn dy row yn slane dubbey broie.

He turned blindly to escape and stepped into the thorns. He was in agony. A dreadful slobbering deadened his ears; the stench overcame his senses. He felt the net whipped from his hand. The icy weeds were wet on his face. Reeds lashed him.

Hyndaa eh myr fer doal dy scapail as ghow eh kesmad stiagh ayns ny drineyn. Va ard-phian jannoo er. Ren ushlaghey agglagh kyrloghey ny cleayshyn echey; hug y plooghane yn ennaghtyn echey fo chosh. Dennee eh yn lieen goll er greimmey veih'n laue echey. Va'n scroig rioeeagh fliugh er yn eddin echey. Ren cuirtleeyn eh y scuitchal.

Then he was in the midst of an immense, pulsating softness that yielded and received and held him. He knew he was shrieking. He knew there was no one to hear him.

Eisht v'eh cheu-sthie jeh buiggys gloutagh as bwoalley va lhiggey lesh as goaill stiagh eh as geddyn greim er. Va fys echey dy row eh screeaghey. Va fys echey nagh row peiagh erbee ayn eh y chlashtyn.

An hour after the sun had risen, the rain slackened to a light drizzle. A policeman cycled slowly on the road that ran by the cottage, shaking out his cape with one hand, and half-expecting the old man to appear and call out a comment on the weather. Then he caught sight of the lamp, still burning feebly in the kitchen, and dismounted. He found the door ajar and wondered if something was wrong. He called to the old man. He saw the uncommon handiwork lying on the table as if it had been suddenly dropped; and the unused bed.

Oor lurg da'n ghrian er nirree, dannoonnee yn fliaghey gys joanlagh eddrym. Ren meoir-shee roarey dy moal er y vayr rish y chott, as eh craa yn cloagey echey lesh un laue, as lieh-yerkal dy ghoghe y shenn dooinney rish as yiarragh eh red ennagh mychione yn emshyr. Eisht honnick eh yn lostan as eh foast lostey dy faase sy chamyr-aarlee, as haink eh neose jeh'n roar. Hooar eh dy row yn dorrys beggan foshlit as ren eh gindys row red ennagh ersooyl cam. Dyllee eh magh rish y chenn dooinney. Honnick eh yn obbyr-laue neuchadjin va ny lhie er y voayrd myr dy beagh eh er ny lhiggey jee tuittym dy doaltattym; as y lhiabbee ass ymmyd.

For half an hour the policeman searched in the neighbourhood of the cottage, calling out the old man's name at intervals, before remembering the pond. He turned towards the stile. Climbing over it, he frowned and began to hurry. He was disturbed by what he saw. On the bank of the pond crouched a naked figure. The policeman went closer. He saw it was the old man, on his haunches; his arms were straight; the hands resting between his feet. He did not move as the policeman approached.

Rish lieh-oor va'n meoir-shee shirrey mygeayrt y chott, as eh gyllagh magh ennym y chenn dooinney veih tra dy hraa, roish my row cooinaghtyn echey er y dubbey.

Hyndaa eh gys y cheim. Tra v'eh drappal harree, ren eh grouigey as ghow eh toshiaght dy hiyragey. Ny honnick eh, v'eh cur imnea er. Va colbey rooisht croymmey er broogh y dubbey. Hie yn meoir-shee ny sniessey da. Honnick eh dy nee yn shenn dooinney v'ayn, as eh ny hoie cosaayl; va ny roihaghyn echey jeeragh; va ny laueyn nyn lhie eddyr e chassyn. Cha ghleash eh tra hayrn y meoir-shee er gerrey da.

"Hallo, there!" said the policeman. He ducked to avoid the thorn bushes catching his helmet. "This won't do, you know. You can get into trouble -" He saw green slime in the old man's beard, and the staring eyes. His spine chilled. With an unprofessional distaste, he quickly put out a hand and took the old man by the upper arm. It was cold. He shivered and moved the arm gently.

"Hallo, shiuish!" dooyrt y meoir-shee. Chroymm eh dy haghney ny drineyn geddyn greim er e vayrn-coadee. "Cha nel shoh feeu, ta fys eu. Oddagh boirey çheet erriu -" Honnick eh scroig ghlass ayns faasaag y çhenn dooinney, as ny sooillyn blakey. Haink e ghreeym dy ve feayr. Lesh meevian meegherrymoil, heeyn eh laue magh dy tappee, as ghow eh greim er roih yn çhenn dooinney. V'ee feayr. Ren eh bibbernee, as ghleash eh yn roih dy mial.

Then he groaned and ran from the pond. For the arm had come away at the shoulder: reeds and green water-plants and slime tumbled from the broken joint. As the old man fell backwards, tiny green stitches glistened across his belly.

Eisht ren eh soghal as roie eh ersooyl veih'n dubbey. Er yn oyr dy row yn roih er jeet veih'n gheaylin: hurll cuirtleeyn as lussyn-ushtey glassey veih'n junt brisht. Myr huitt y shenn dooinney ergooyl, ren whaalaghyn glassey minniagagh glistral harrish e volg.

Yn Jerrey