

1. Cad a rinne tú i rith na seachtaine? What did you do during the week?

2. Ar léigh tú aon rud a scríobh Flann O'Brien? Did you read anything that Flann O'Brien wrote?

3. An maith leat scéalta greannmhara? Do you like humorous stories?

4. Cén saghas scéalta nó leabhair is fearr leat? What kinds of stories or books do you prefer?

5. Cá bhfaigheann tú eolas ar an nuacht (nuachtán, teilifís, raidió, idirlíon, srl)? Where do you get information on the news (newspaper, TV, radio, internet, etc.)?

An Béal Bocht

Myles na gCopaleen

1. Tá na nithe atá luaite agam sa scríbhinn seo á gcur agam ann de bhrí go bhfuil an saol eile ag druidim liom go sciobtha –
2. i bhfad uainn go léir an drochrud agus nár aithní an t-ainspiorad mar bhráthair mé – agus fós “mar ná beidh ár leithéidí arís ann.”
3. Is cóir cuí go gcuirfí ar fáil don mhuintir a leanann sinn faisnéis éigin ar na *dibheairseans* agus na *haidbhintiurs* a bhí ann lenár linn
4. mar nach mbeidh ár samplaí arís ann go brách agus mar nach mbeidh aon saol eile ann in Éirinn choíche inchurtha leis an saol úd againne nach bhfuil anois ann.
5. Ó Cúnasa mo shloinne Gaelach, Bónapárt m’ainm, agus is í Éire féin an tírín is dúchas dom.
6. Ní cuimhneach liom go fírinneach an lá a rugadh mé ná aon chuid den chéad leathbhliain a chaitheas abhus ar an saol seo,
7. ach gan amhras bhíos i mo bheatha go cinnte san aimsir sin, cé nach bhfuil aon chuimhne agam uirthi,
8. óir ní bheinn anois ann ach go rabhas an uair sin ann, agus is de réir a chéile a thig ciall don duine ach a oiread le gach créatur eile.
9. An oíche roimh an chéad lá breithe dom is amhlaidh a bhí m’athairse agus Máirtín Ó Bánasa ina suí ar mhullach chró na gcearc
10. ag breathnú na spéire dóibh, ag faire ar an uain, agus fós ag caint le chéile go macánta cneasta ar dheacrachtaí an tsaoil.

The Poor Mouth

Myles na gCopaleen (Flan O’Brien)

I have put the things that I have referred to in this writing there because the other life is approaching me quickly –

may the evil thing be far from us all and may not the evil spirit know me as a brother – and also “there will not be the likes of us again.”

It’s fit and proper that some information about the diversions and adventures that were there in our time should be available to the people that follow us,

for the likes of us will not ever be again and no other time in Ireland will ever be comparable to our life that is no longer here.

Ó Cúnasa is my Irish surname, Bonapart is my name, and Ireland itself is my little native country.

I don’t truly remember the day I was born nor any part of the first half year I spent here in this world,

but without doubt I was certainly alive at that time, though I have no memory of it,

for I wouldn’t be here now except that I was around at that time, and understanding comes to a person little by little as much as every other creature.

The night before my first birthday, it’s the case that my father and Máirtín Ó Bánasa were sitting on top of the hen coup

looking at the sky, watching the weather, and also talking together honestly and sincerely about the difficulties of life.

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| 11. “Muise, a Mháirtín,” a dúirt m’athair, “tá an ghaoth aduaidh agus tá cruth doicheallach ar na Beanna Bána: | “Indeed, Máirtín,” said my father, “the wind is from the North and there’s a bad look on the White Gables: |
| 12. beidh fearthainn ann roimh mhaidin agus beidh oíche shalach dhoineanta againn a chuirfeas creathadh orainn más sa leaba féin dúinn. | there will be rain before morning and we’ll have a wet and stormy night that will have us trembling even in our own beds. |
| 13. Agus féach gurb olc an tuar é go bhfuil na lachain i measc na neantóg. | And see that it’s a bad sign that the ducks are amongst the nettles. |
| 14. Tiocfaidh uafás agus mí-ádh ar an saol anocht agus an Cat Mara ar a bhonnaí le linn an dorchadais, | Horror and ill fortune will come into the world tonight and the Sea Cat will be prowling during the darkness, |
| 15. agus más fíor dom ní bheidh aon dea-chinniúint romhainn araon go deo.” | and if I’m right, there won’t be any good fortune for either of us ever again.” |
| 16. “Muise, a Mhicheálangeló.” arsa Máirtín Ó Bánasa, “ní beag le rá an oiread sin ráite agat, agus más fíor duit ní bréag atá inste agat ach an fhírinne féin.” | “Indeed, Michelangelo,” said Máirtín Ó Bánasa, “it’s not a little you’ve said, and if you’re right, it’s no lie you’ve told, but the truth itself.” |

Ceisteanna

1. Cad is ainm don scéalaí?
2. Cad is ainm d’athair an scéalaithe?
3. Cé hé Máirtín Ó Bánasa?
4. An cuimhin leis an scéalaí an lá a rugadh é?
5. Cén fáth go bhfuil sé ag scríobh a scéil?
6. Cá bhfios d’athair an scéalaithe go mbeadh báisteach ann?
7. Ar cheap athair an scéalaithe go mbeadh rudaí deasa in ann dóibh?
8. An rud maith é an Cat Mara a fheiceáil, meas tú?

Questions

- What is the storyteller’s name?
- What is the storyteller’s father’s name?
- Who is Mairtin O’Banasa?
- Does the storyteller remember the day he was born?
- Why is he writing his story?
- How did the storyteller’s father know there would be rain?
- Did the storyteller’s father think there would be good things in store for them?
- Is it a good think to see the Sea Cat, do you think?