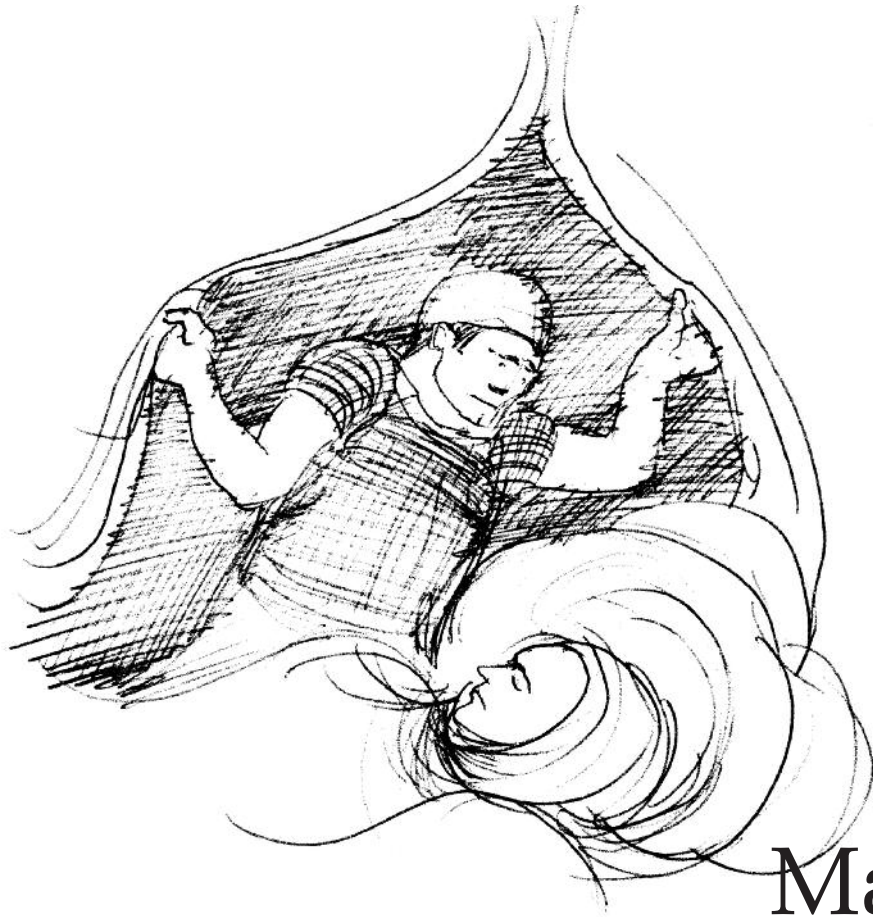




Maighdean Àlainn a'Chadail
The Slummerin Bewtie
The Sleeping Beauty

sia/sax/six

Bha a'chuirm a'dol gu math nuair a thachair rud mì-chneasda. Nochd bana-bhuidseach olc, a bha diùmbach nach d'fhuair i fiachadh, air beulaibh na h-ighne, 's i làn de mhì-rùn.

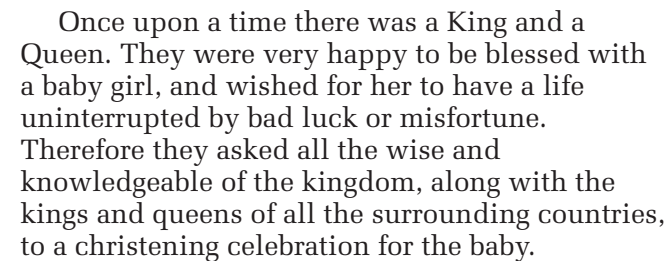
“Cha deacha iarraidh orm preusant a thoirt dhan Bhana-Phrionnsa ach bheir mi dhith fear co-dhiubh. Chan fhaod an nighean sniomh neo fighe gu bràth, oir ma nì i seo, stobaidh i a corrag air fearsaid agus caochlaidh i” Thug a bhana-bhuidseach olc sguabadh le a slat-druidheachd agus theich i.

Aince in a day the wes a Keing an a Quene.
 Thai wes verra blythe ti be blissit wi a bairn lass,
 an wissit hir ti hae a lyfe oninterruppit bi ill-luk ir
 mishanter. Thusgates thai bad aw the wyce an
 leirit o the keingryke, alang wi aw the keings an
 quenes o aw the neipourin kintras, ti a kirstenin
 fur the babbie.

In thur days cannie fowk aye practeised glamour, an it wes howped at thai wuid kest cantrips ti hain the bairn frae hairm. The keings an quenes alse brocht ryke ifts bot the cantrips gie-in the bairn lang lyfe, gryte bewtie, a happie mairrage an sonsie bairns wes evin mair vailviet.

The foy wes weill on its wey whan ane sair
mischance accurit. A fell wuche at consithert
shae suid bene bidden kythit afoir the bairn, fu o
malese.

‘A hivna bene inveitit ti gie the Prencess ane
ift, bot A wul gie hir ane onieweys. The bairn
maun nivver snuve ir wyve, fur gif shae
dis, an jags hir fingir on a
spinnil, shae wul die.’ The
ill wuche waffed hir wan
an wes game.



In those days wise people still practised magic, and it was hoped that they would cast spells to protect the girl from harm. The kings and queens also brought valuable gifts but the spells giving the child long life, great beauty, a happy marriage and healthy children were even more valued.

The celebration was well on its way when a very unpleasant thing occurred. A cruel witch, who considered that she should have been invited, appeared before the child full of malice.

'I was not asked to give the Princess a gift, but will give her one anyway. The child must never spin or weave, for if she does and pricks her finger on a spindle she will die.' The evil witch waved her wand and was gone.



Bha an Rìgh 's a' Bhàn-Rìgh gun ghuth gun ghabadh, ach cha robh dragh orra, thoirleadh cha bu dual do Bhana-Phrionnsa a bhith a'sniomh neo a'fighe co-dhìubh. A dh'aindeoin seo, thug cailleach ghlic a bha air fiachadh fhaighinn a beachd seachad air a ghnòthach.

"Cha tug mise fhathast mo dheagh dhùrachd dhan nighean bheag. Cha ghabh casg a chuir air droch-rud na bana-bhuidsich, ach 's urrain deanamh cinnteach nach caochail an nighean ach gun caidil i airson ceud bliadhna, 's gun gabh i dùsgadh le pòg làn gràdh. Sin mo phreusant-sa dhith"

Thug an Rìgh 's a' Bhàn-rìgh taing dhan chaillich, ach shaoil iad riutha fhèin gur e bu ghlice dhaibh am faothair a thoirt far gach fearsaid a bha 'san dùthaich, rud nach robh ro ghoireasach dhaibhsean a bha ri fighe 's ri snìomh.

Dh'fhàs a' Bhana-Phrionnsa na boireannach agus chaidh di-chuimhneachadh mun mhallachd.

Chan e mhàin gu robh a' Bhana-Phrionnsa àlainn ach bha i cuideachd caoimhneil ri seann daoine agus clann bho chda. Aon latha bha i a toirt dèirig do sheann chailleachan a bha nan suidhe a'sniomh anns a'ghrèin. Thug i'n aire do rud neònach biorach a bha ann an làimh tè de na cailleachan.

"Dè tha sin?" dh'fhaighnichd i.

"Se fearsaid 'san t-seann nòs a th'ann. Tha mo shùilean cho lag 's mo làmhnan cho critheanach, gur e an t-seann fhearsaid seo a bhitheas mi a'cleachdadh." Shìn i dhan Bhana-Phrionnsa i ach, mo chreach, le cion fradhairc agus a làmhàn critheanach, stob i corrag a' Bhana-Phrionnsa. Chaidh a Bhana Phrionnsa na suain chadail 'sa'mhionaid.

The Keing an Quene wes dumfounnert bot no fashit acause Prencessis dinna fur ordinar snuve ir wyve. Housomdevir, ane o the auld wyce wyfies at bene bidden cam forrit.

'A hivna gied the babbie ma handsel. It isna possibil ti stell the ill wuche's cantrip, bot ti mak siccar at shae disna die bot faws asleip fur ane hunner eir an is wauken bi a louin kis. Thon is whitlik A gie as ma handsel.'

The Keing an Quene thankit the Cannie Wyfe bot prevat-lik consithert it wuid be mair prattik ti mak siccar at aw spinnils in the keingryke wes med wi blunt ens, grytelie ti the disconvenience o aw the snuvers an wyvers.

The Prencess up-growit as howpit, an the malisoun wes suin forleitit.

The prencess wesna anerlie bewtie-fu bot als verra kynd ti auld fowk an puir bairns.

Ae day shae wes giein awmous ti sic-lik verra auld wyfies at wes suttin snuvin i the sunn whan shae notishit a stryngie shairp objek i the hauns o ane auncient wumman.

'Whitlik is thon?' shae speired.

'It is ane auld-warl spinnil o the teip uised lang syne. Ma ein is geyan waik an ma hauns shak, sae A aye uise this auld, auld spinnil.' Shae passit it ti the Prencess bot trigidie strak. Awin ti hir waik ein an shakkie hauns it proggit the Prencess's fingir. The Prencess fawit intil a howe slummer.



The King and Queen were astonished but not perturbed because princesses do not usually spin or weave. However, one of the old wise women that had been invited came forward.

'I have not yet given the baby my good wishes. It is not possible to stop the evil witch's spell, except to ensure that she does not die but falls asleep for one hundred years, and can be awakened with a loving kiss. This is what I give as my gift.'

The King and Queen thanked the Wise Woman but privately considered that it would be more practical to ensure that all spindles in the kingdom were made with blunt ends, greatly to the inconvenience of all the spinners and weavers.

The Princess grew up as hoped and the curse was forgotten about.

The Princess was not only beautiful but also very kind to old people and poor children. One day she was distributing alms to such very old ladies who were sitting spinning in the sun when she noticed a strange sharp object in the hands of one old woman.

'What's that?' she asked.

'It is an old-fashioned spindle of the type once used. My eyes are very weak and my hands shake so I still use this old old spindle.' She passed it to the Princess but tragically, due to her bad eyes and shaking hands it pierced the Princess's finger. The Princess fell into a deep slumber.

Bha an dùthaich gu leir a'caoidh. Chaidh a Bhana-Phrionnsa a cuir ann an leabaidh mhòr, agus ann a sin chaidil i, agus chaidil i.

An ceann mòran bhliadhnaichean, chaochail an Rìgh agus a' Bhàn-Rìgh, agus ghluais na h-uaislean ùra gu lùchairt eile. Chaidh an t-seann lùchairt fodha ann an luibhean agus drisean, gus nach robh sgeul oirre idir idir.

Ceud bliadhna os deidh seo, bha Prionnsa air thuras troimhn' dùthaich, deiseal agus deònach agus dân. Stad e aig baile agus dh'fheòraich e mun togalach àraid a bha a'falach ann an coille dhumhail. Chual e sgeulachd na Bana-Phrionnsa bhochd.

Thug e a chlaidheamh gheur as a dhuille, agus ghabh e dha na luibhean agus na drisean, a'gearradh 's a'streap a'measg chraobhan gus na ranaig e dorus a' lùchairt.

Ghabh e stigh agus rinn e dìreach air meadhon an togalaich, far an do lorg e a' Bhana-Phrionnsa 's i fhathast na cadal 's cho àlainn 's a bha i riamh. Ann am prioba na sùla bha e ann an gaol, 's thug e pòg dhith. Cha robh fios aige de chanadh e 'nuair a dhùisg i. Bha an t-seann sheùn air obrachadh. Bha i slàn fallain 's a h-àilleachd gun smal.

Nach eil fhios gun do phòs iad agus nach eil fhios gu robh iad sona rim maireann.



The hale keingryke murnit. The Prencess wes pit intil a gryte bed an sleipit.

Eftir monie eir the Keing an the Quene die't an nyow ruillars waled ti flit ti anither pailace. A gryte forrest o eivie, thorne bussis an tries growit up aroun the auld pailace ontill it wes aw hiddilt.

Ane hunner eir eftir, a ying Prence wes stravaigin about the kintra luikin fur aventur. He stappit at a clachan an speired anent the stryngie biggin tint ben a thikfauld forrest. He wes telt the store o the wanfortunat prencess.

Takkin hiz shairp swuird frae its skawbart the Prence sneddit hiz gate inti the eivie, hashit at the thorne bussis, an sklimmed unner the tries ontill he wun ti the pailace duirs.

Interin, he cawed on til the mids o the pailace an fand the Prencess stil an on sleipin an as bewtie-fu as ivver. He wes immediantlie in lueve, an kissit hir. Til hiz gryte surprise shae awaukit, o a suddentie. The auld cantrip hed wirkit.

Shae wes restaurit ti hailth an virr, wi hir gryte bewtie ondiminewit.

In course thai wad, an, in course, thai leived happie-lik ivver an eftir.

The whole kingdom mourned. The Princess was put in a great bed and slept.

After many years the King and Queen died and the new rulers chose to move to another palace. A great forest of creepers, thorn bushes and trees grew up around the old Palace until it was completely hidden.

One hundred years after, a young Prince was travelling about the country looking for adventure. He stopped at a village and asked about the strange building lost in a thick forest. He was told the story of the unfortunate Princess.

Taking his sharp sword from its scabbard the Prince cut his way into the creepers, slashed at the thorn bushes, and climbed under the trees until he got to the palace doors.

Entering he made his way to the centre of the Palace and found the Princess, still asleep and as beautiful as ever. He was immediately in love, and kissed her. To his great surprise she suddenly awoke. The old charm had worked. She was restored to health and vigour, with her great beauty unimpaired.

Of course they married and, of course, they lived happily ever after.

