

Duillagyn

Mee Averil 2015

Currit magh ec Chris Sheard ass lieh Yn Cheshaght Ghailckagh

She Dty Vea, Fostal Heese, Skyll Pherick, Mannin IM4 3AZ

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Charrey veen,

Hed chaglym bleinoil Yn Çeshaght Ghailckagh er cummal ec 8pm Jeheiney, yn hoghtoo laa Mee Boaldyn 2015 ayns Thie ny Gaelgey, Balley Keeill Yude. Roish shen, hed chaglym jeh Yn Çeshaght Ghailckagh Çhiarmaanit er cummal ec 7.30 pm ayns Thie ny Gaelgey.

Mannagh vel vel oo er neck dty heeyntoose (£10) foast, cur eh, my saillt, gys Peddyr Hayhurst, Fois Fraon, Purt le Moirrey, Mannin IM9 5PG.

The Annual General Meeting of Yn Çeshaght Ghailckagh will be held at 8 pm Friday 8th May 2015 in Thie ny Gaelgey, St Jude's.

Before that, there'll be a meeting of Yn Çeshaght Ghailckagh Limited at 7.30 pm in Thie ny Gaelgey.

If you haven't paid your subscription yet, please send it (£10) to Peter Hayhurst, Fois Fraon, Port St Mary, Isle of Man IM9 5PG.

Ec y traa t'ayn, shoh ny fir-oik as olteynyn elley jeh Bing Yn Çeshaght Ghailckagh:

Eaghtyrane: Stewart Bennett

Cairliagh: Rob Teare

Scrudeyr: Chris Sheard

Tashteyder: Peter Hayhurst

Olteynyn elley yn Ving: Adrian Cain, Brian Stowell, Alick Kissack, Julie Matthews, Juan Wright, Ealee Sheard, Phil Gawne, Rosemary Derbyshire.

Cur dty enmysaghtyn (nominations) hym, Chris Sheard, my saillt:

Eaghtyrane:

Cairliagh:

Scrudeyr:

Tashteyder:

Olteynyn elley jeh'n ving:

Taghyrtyn:

28/4/15 – Shooyl ayns Balley Drine

19/5/15 – Shooyl mygeayrt Balley Keeill Eoin

Ta'n daa hooyl shoh reaghit liorish Fiona McArdle as ny Loayrtee Hwoaie. Shoh diu tooilley fysseree my nyn gione voish Fiona hene:

“Beemayd shooyl ayns Balley Drine Jemayrt 28 Averil goaill toshiaght ec 7pm - meeteil ec yn chlag heose y chronk fo raad voish Laksaa gys Doolish. Beemayd cur lhien ny sloo dy ghleayshtanyn gys y dhoon Loghlynagh ec Ballagawne (thalloo preevaadjagh), s'treisht lhien. Beemayd marym as marish Pat Newton.

Jemayrt 19 Boaldyn beemayd shooyl mygeayrt Balley Keeill Eoin (myr v'eh 'sy traa chaie) marish David Fisher.. Meeteil cheumooie jeh'n cheeill ec 7pm.

Beemayd loayrt ayns Gaelg, as beggan dy Vaarle neesht dauesyn ta goaill toshiaght Gaelg y ynsaghey as da caarjyn nagh vel Gaelg oc.

S'treisht lhien goll ayns Mean Souree gys Cashtal Lajer heose veih Balley ny Loghey, agh cha nel shen reaghit foast - naight ry-gheddyn dy gerrid!”

Naightyn:

Booise da Peddyr Hayhurst as Julie Matthews ren reaghey y chooish er nyn son va Shirveish y Nollick taitnyssagh er ny chummal ain ec Keeill Noo Olave ayns Rhumsaa. Va mysh 60 dy leih ayn as va £128 troggit son y cheeill.

Ayns Jerrey Geuree hug shin er bun strane dy leaghtyn beggey ayns Gaelg. Va'n chield 'er cummit ec Thie ny Cailleeyn Dooley raad dinsh Brian Stowell dooin mychione bea quaagh Alexander Cannon as y traa echey ayns Mannin sy Nah Chaggey Mooar. Jeeagh er duillag facebook yn Cheshaght Ghailckagh son fys mychione ny leaghtyn beggey ry heet.

Va daa lioar noa clouit ec Yn Cheshaght Ghailckagh as Culture Vannin er y gherrit. Haink yn Lioar-lhaih Ghaelgagh magh nurree as aynjee ta Christopher Lewin er jaglym ry cheilley sampleyryn yindyssagh jeh screeu bunneydagh Gaelgagh y 1900 cheead voish screeunyn sy phabyryn naight as skeealyn Ned Beg Hom Ruy. My t'ou gearree geddyn magh dooghys as bree yn Ghaelg vunneydagh va goll er screeu sy lhing shen, eisht kionnee yn lioar vie shoh. Ta'n nah lioar enmyssit 'Cain ny h-Ooylyn-graih' as t'eh goaill stiagh skeealyn scrut ec Nigel Kneale mychione Mannin. Ta Brian Stowell er n'yannoo yn chyndaays Gaelgagh ta ry akin faggys da Baarle ny skeealyn bunneydagh. Haink ny skeealyn rish hoshiaght ayns Duillagyn agh nish t'ad ry gheddyn ayns un lioar son £10 voish shappyn lioar ayns Mannin, Yn Cheshaght Ghailckagh as Culture Vannin. Ta'n Lioar-lhaih ry gheddyn voish ny buill cheddin son £8.

Ren Brian Stowell cur seose yn oik echey myr scrudeyr yn Çheshaght ec y chaglym bleinoil cadjin chaie, obbyr t'eh er ve jannoo er dyn vlein 1997. By vie

lhiam booise y chur dasyn ass lieh yn Çheshaght son yn obbyr vooar t'eh er n'yannoo myr screeudeyr car ny bleentyn shen.

Va Brian cliaghtey clou ny skeealyn echey sy screeuyn naight shoh as myr sorch dy vannaghey da by vie lhiam cur dhyt un skeeal s'jerree çyndaait echey ny smoo kerroo cheead er dy henney. T'eh enmyssit Yn Imshee as haink eh rish syn earish lioar Fritlag clouit ec Bob Carswell. She skeeal 'atçhim' giare t'ayn, lheid y skeeal ta beggan goan ayns Gaelg. B'laik lhiam yn skeeal tra haink eh magh as er y fa nagh vel eh ry gheddyn nish çheusthie jeh shenn choipyn jeh 'Fritlag' er lhiam dy vel eh feeu clou eh reesht ayns shoh.

Va'n skeeal scruiit ec Peter Tremayne as soit ayns Mannin. Shoh dhyt yn chield aynr -

YN IMSHEE

Skeeal scruiit ec Peter Tremayne

Chyndaait dys y Ghailck liorish Brian Stowell.

Ta foast buill follym faase ry gheddyn ayns Mannin; buill ta neu-vessoil, gyn pobble; corneilyn beggey treigit raad ta gorley doo ry ennaghtyn nagh vel goll rish feoiltyl creeoil ny Manninee. She, eer er ellan beg çhionn ta buill groamagh, buill bare dhyt shagh'oc dy tappee. Lheid y boayl, shen balley beg y Dhoor, ta ny lhie dy h-anaashagh rish yn Awin Glass as ee casey dy freaynagh eddyr ny mulleeyn jeh Slieau Ruy sy jiass as Colden sy twoaie. She boayl feayr t'ayn; glion raad nagh vel soilshey ny greiney roshtyn.

You may still find desolate places on the Isle of Man; barren places, unpeopled; abandoned little corners which exude an atmosphere of gloomy melancholia that is at odds with the more typical hospitable warmth of the Manx people. Yes, even on such a small and crowded isle there are forbidding places, places it would be better to swiftly pass by. Such a place is the hamlet of the Dhoor, sprawled uneasily beside the River Glass as it twists its turbulent path between the peaks of Slieau Ruy in the south and Colden in the north. It is a chilly place; a dark place; a valley into which the light of the sun never penetrates.

Haink mish dys y Dhoor trooid taghyrt mysh mean y fastyr, laa arree oor dy row. She laa braew gial, gyn bodjallyn, v'ayn sy toshiaght. Agh myr daag mee glion Druidale as mish jannoo siyr er y raad B22 goll er ash dy Ghoolish, ard valley yn Ellan, va bodjallyn trome daahit doo lesh fliaghey siyragey veih'n sheear hwoaie harrish mullagh Slieau Doo. Va mee jannoo thurrys-shooyl mygeayrt yn Ellan as, coardail rish y caslys-çheerey va mee cur lhiam, cha row eh liklee dy noddin feddyn fastee veih'n sterrym va çheet roish my daink mee gys Baldwin, balley beg çheerey va paart dy veeilaghyn sheese y raad. Foddee dy darragh fer caarjoil rish ayns gleashtan; agh va'n raad follym.

I came to the Dhoor by chance about mid-afternoon on a crisp Spring day. It had started out a fine, bright and cloudless day but as I left the glen of Druidale and

hurried along the B22, heading back towards Douglas, the island's capital, heavy clouds, tinged black with rain, seemed to race up from the northwest across the peak of Slieau Dhoo, the Black Mountain. I was on a walking tour of the island and, according to the map I carried, it was unlikely that I would find shelter from the impending storm much before I could reach Baldwin, a village some miles down the road; that was unless a friendly motorist came by. But the road was deserted.

Va'n gheay soghal, cur fys dy row y fliaghey çheet. Va ny biljyn gosnaghey as soghal as moostrey roish y gheay. Va'n speyr çheet dy ve doo dy tappee myr va bodjallyn keeir mooireerey, seiy as bwoalley ry cheilley tessyn y speyr.

The moaning wind heralded the first splattering of rain. The trees sighed and groaned and rustled beneath the onslaught. The skies darkened rapidly as grey clouds billowed, pushed and jostled each other across the heavens.

S'cooin lhiam cre cho bwooiagh as va mee tra honnick mee y shenn chowrey soilshaghey magh dy row y balley beg çheerey y Dhoor kierroo meeiley sheese fo-vayr beg. Fo-vayr: foddee dy vel shen ro ooasle son cassan va goll dy lhoobagh gys y chrink. Ghow mee toshiaght dy yannoo siyr reesht as mish goll er y chassan shen, bwooisal ec y traas shen son y coadey va ny cleighyn ard cur dou er y daa heu. S'cooin lhiam dy smooinee mee dy row ny cleighyn shen lhasit dy chiarailagh keayrt dy row, er y fa dy row privad, thammag ghleiynagh as veronica ry akin.

I can recall the relief which I felt when I saw the old signpost announcing that the village of the Dhoor lay a quarter of a mile along a small side road. Perhaps 'side road' is too grandiose a title to give the dirt track which wound its way into the hills. I began to press along it, momentarily thankful for the protection afforded me by the high hedges which ran on either side. I remember thinking that once those hedges must have been carefully cultivated, for privet, escallonia and veronica were present in their composition.

As eh foast ceau fliaghey, haink y shooyl dy ve myr caggey, as tra raink mee kione y vayr, v'eh myr dy beign er ve ayns spooyt-ushtey. Va mee fliugh baiht. Va'n bayr hene goll rish awin laaghey, slaa mish mygeayrt ny lurgaghyn. Ghow mee arrys nagh row mee tannaghtyn er y raad mooar raad veagh heiss ry gheddyn syn ynnyd jeh goll fo sy laagh as sy fliaghey.

As the rain continued, the walk along the lane became a struggle and by the time I reached its end the downpour had the consistency of a waterfall, soaking me to the skin, and the lane itself had become a rivulet of mud, plastering me around the legs. I regretted that I had not continued along the tarmac road and trusted to luck to pick up a lift instead of going through the discomforts of being muddied as well as soaked.

Eisht raink mee y Dhoor hene as huitt my chree.

Then I came to the Dhoor itself and my heart sank.

Va'n boayl jeeaghyn treigit dy bollagh: balley beg çheerey son scaanjoonyn. Va shey shenn tholtanyn mygeayrt y mysh kerrin garroo. Va shenn çhibbyr ayns mean y cherrin, coodit lesh faiyr as goll er fioghey. Va slattyn harrish ny h-uinnagyn raad nagh row ny slattyn er jeet dy ve frogh lurg ny bleentyn foddey. Va fuygh frogh ry akin ayns ny dorryssyn. V'eh jeeaghyn dy row y Dhoor treigit keeadyn dy vleeantyn er dy henney.

The place appeared utterly deserted; a ghost village. Half-a-dozen ageing stone crofts stood grouped around a rough rectangular space which seemed to serve as the village square. There was an old fashioned well, overgrown and rotting, in the middle of the square. Windows were boarded, where the boards had not decayed by exposure over the years and mouldering wood stood deteriorating in doorways. The Dhoor looked as if it had been deserted centuries before.

Er un çheu jeh tholtanyn va strooan casey sheese y glion. Va shenn droghad cloaie goll tessyn y strooan freaynagh shoh. Er y droghad, va cassan faiyragh – y raad gys y broogh elley. Va thie mooar ayns shid. V'eh goll rish nane jeh ny thieyn cloaie lheeah ooasle shen ta ry gheddyn ayns oorskeal Gothagh. V'eh dorragey, graney, kerrinagh as jingit. Va ny h-uinnagyn myr sooillyn mooarey va blakey dy groamagh er lheeaghys y fastyr.

By one side of this small collection of crofts ran a torrent; a rushing, swirling river which twisted its way down the valley. Spanning this foaming water was an old stone bridge which carried an overgrown pathway to the far bank and a little way further to the front of a large house. It was one of those great grey stone mansions which looked as though it had been conjured out of a Gothic novel. It was dark, ugly, square and squat. Its windows hung like dead eyes staring bleakly out onto the greyness of the afternoon.

Ren mee soghal er ard. Va mee ayns balley beg treigit: yindyssagh! Va mee lhome liastey goll er ash er y chassan laaghagh. Nish, va tendreil soilsheanagh gial ry akin sy speyr as va taarnagh buirroogh dy baggyrtagh sy foddeeght. Yeeagh mee mygeayrt son fastee. Er y chooid sloo, oddin feddyn boayl çhirrym va ersooyl veih'n sterry m as fuirraghtyn ayns shen gys va'n sterry m ceaut. Eisht, veign goll roym gys y raad mooar.

I groaned aloud. Trust me to wind up in an abandoned village. I was loath to retrace my steps along the muddy lane, for now brilliant white flashes of lightning were sheeting across the sky and the distant rumble of thunder was ominous. I peered round seeking shelter. At least I ought to be able to find a dry spot out of the storm and wait until it was over before setting off for the main road.

Eisht, ghow mee tastey jeh soilshey ayns uinnag er y nah laare jeh'n thie mooar. Ren mee blakey dy jeean. Cha row mee aggairagh: v'eh jeeaghyn dy row peiagh ennagh er n'oaddey londeyr sy thie. V'eh baghtal ry akin nagh nee soilshey lectragh v'ayn er y fa dy row eh çhentyn myr dy beagh lossag ayn. Va sleih sy çhenn thie! Lhig mee osney feayslee as hooill mee harrish y çhenn droghad, goaill kesmad dy kiarailagh er y fa dy row y fliaghey cur er ny claghyn dy ve shliawin as neu-hreishteilagh. Ren mee cur orrym pene goll, as mish lhaggaghey, gys dorrys

darree gloutagh as laanyn yiarn ayn. Hirr mee kiaullane. Va driaght yiarn croghit er un çheu as hayrn mee er shoh dy prowaltagh. Haink sheean veih foddey ersooyl, voish boayl ennagh heese sy thie . . . sheean trome-chooishagh as clingagh.

It was then my gaze noticed the light at a second story window of the great house. I stared hard. No, I was not mistaken. Someone appeared to have lit a lamp in the house. It was easy to see that it was not an electric light for it flickered in such a way as to indicate that its source was a flame. So the old house was occupied! I heaved a sigh of relief and carefully made my way across the old bridge, taking care where I placed my steps for the rain was making the stone slippery and treacherous. I forced my flagging steps up the pathway towards a massive oak door, studded with iron, and searched for a bell. An iron chain hung to one side and I tugged on this experimentally. There was a sound from far away, from somewhere in the bowels of the house . . . a solemn, clanging sound.

Vong mee myr smooinee mee dy row ooilley shoh çheet dy jeeragh veih shenn oorskeal folliaght.

I smiled as I reflected that it was the perfect setting for an old mystery thriller.

Hie y traas shaghey dy moal. Tra va mee slane shicky nagh row peiagh erbee er chlashtyn y symney aym, cheayll mee red ennagh scrabey çheu-heear jeh'n dorrys. Cheayll mee boltyn goll er feaysley as ogher goll er çhyndaa ayns gless nagh row monney ooill ayn.

The minutes ticked slowly away and just as I made up my mind that no one had heard my summons, I heard a scuffling noise behind the door. There came the sound of a voice, soft and pleading in tone and then another voice, commanding and insistent. I heard the sound of bolts being slipped and a key turning in a not very well oiled lock.

Va'n dorrys mooar foshlit dy tappee dy haishbyney peiagh ennagh keyl, slane trie ny sloo toallee na mish. V'eh ny hassoo sy grooid jeh halley gloutagh as shenn londeyr sterrym sy laue echey.

The great door swung back to reveal a slight figure, a good twelve inches shorter than me, standing in the gloom of a vast hallway, holding aloft an old fashioned storm lantern.

Ghow mee beggan yindys er y fa dy row y londeyr soilshean er yn eddin jeh dooinney aeg va jeeaghyn orrym lesh sooillyn trimshagh. Va e hooillyn gorrym-glass; dy firrinagh, cha row fys aym cre'n daah v'ad er yn oyr dy row ad caghlaa cho tappee, v'eh sheiltyn. Cha row eh jeeaghyn ny shinney na hoght bleeaney jeig ny nuy jeig. Va'n eddin echey rea as gyn lheimys goll rish eddin inneen. Va'n crackan bunnys bane. Va e veillyn feer jiarg, e veeal foshlit beggan as eh mongey. Va lagganyn ayns e eddin myr dy beagh eh mongey dy mennick. Va'n folt echey feer ruy as cassagyn ayn as v'eh jeshit gyn lheimys. Yiarragh oo dy row eh aalin dy noddagh oo cur farvriwnys ass dty aigney.

I stared somewhat astonished for the light fell on the face of a young man who regarded me with solemn eyes. They were a light colour – I could not tell whether they were blue or green, so quickly did they seem to change. He could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen and his features were so smooth and perfect that they would have sat well on the face of a girl. His skin was pale, near white. The lips were very red, slightly parted in an amused smile, the mouth dimpling as if a smile came naturally to his features. His hair was a fiery red, curly and perfectly groomed. Handsomeness is a word that springs immediately to mind, although if it were not for our masculine prejudices I would use the word “beautiful” for the features of this youth were indeed fair with qualities that delighted the senses.

“Laa mie, vainstyr.” Va’n coraa bing, bunnys soprane, as va teaymid dy liooar ayn.

“Goodday, sir,” the voice was melodious, almost soprano in quality, and held more than a dash of whimsicality to it.

“Hi,” dreggyr mish dy moandagh. “Gow shiu my leshtal dy ren mee boirey erriu, agh va mee shirrey fastee sy sterrym,” hoilshee mee magh y speyr çheu my chooylloo, “tra honnick mee y soilshey eu.”

“Hi,” I replied hesitantly. “Sorry to disturb you but I was trying to find shelter from the storm,” I gestured at the sky behind me, “when I saw your light.”

Hug y fer aeg cowrey dou dy heet stiagh.

The youth motioned me to enter.

“Gow jee fastee sy thie shoh, vainstyr. Ta failt creeoil reue. Tar jee dy seyr, immee jee dy seyr as faag jee paart jeh’n vaynrys ta shiu cur lhieu.”

“You are very welcome to take shelter in this house, sir. Enter freely, depart freely and leave some of the happiness you bring.”

Ren mee grouigey beggan e y fa dy row y fer aeg loayrt er agh quaaagh va shenn oashagh. V’eh doillee feddyn magh row sleih yn Ellan jannoo craid jeem. Va mee shickyrt dy row shen taghyrt ny keayrtynt as mish my Americanaagh er laghyn seyrey. Ny-yeih shen as ooilley, hug mee bwooise da’n scollag son e chooyrtoilid as hie mee stiagh sy halley. Va mee my hassoo, lhiggey da ushtey sheeley er y laare mahoganee gloasagh. Ghooyn y fer aeg y dorrysts dy kiarailagh çheu-heear jeem as eisht hyndaa eh dy yeeaghyn dy taitnyssagh as dy surransoil.

I frowned slightly for the youth spoke in quaint, almost archaic tones. It was difficult to tell whether the natives were inclined to have me on, for as an American on vacation I was sure that now and again I was being made fun of. However, I thanked the youth for his courtesy and entered the hall, standing dripping rainwater onto the shiny polished mahogany boards. The youth carefully closed the door behind me and secured it, then turned to regard me with a continued humorous tolerance.

“Vel yn ayr as voir eu sy thie?” va mee dunnal dy liooar dy ghra as mish blakey mygeayrt er y halley foawragh va jesheenit dy berchagh.

“Are your parents at home?” I ventured, gazing round at the vast and richly decorated hall.

Chrie eh e chione.

He shook his head.

“T’ad er ve marroo rish ymmodee blein, “ dooyrt eh dy trome-chooishagh. “Ta mee cummal ayns shoh marish my huyr aeg.”

“My parents have been dead these many years,” he said with solemnity. “I live here with my young sister.”

Ghow mee beggan dy yindys as gyn ourys va shen ry akin, agh cha dooyrt y scollag red erbee elley my e chione.

I was a little amazed and must have shown it but the youth did not elaborate.

“T’ad gra Don Crellin rhym, “ ren mee garral.

“My name is Don Crellin,” I offered.

Ren y fer aeg lieh-chroymmey er aght quaagh.

The youth gave a curious half bow.

“As mish . . . t’ad gra Sheeaghan rhym. Failt reue gys my hie. Failt gys Drogh Hie.”

“And I . . . I am called Sheeaghan. Welcome to my house; welcome to Drogh Hie.”

“Drogh Hie?” phrow mee d’ockley-magh yn ennym dy kiart. “Nee ennym Gailckagh t’ayn?”

“Drogh Hie?” I tried to repeat the syllables. “That must be a Gaelic name.”

“Gailck t’ayn,” dreggyr eh. “Veih’n vlass eu, vainstyr, ta mee credjal dy nee Americaanagh shiu.”

“It is Manx,” he replied. “By your accent, sir, I understand that you are an American.”

“She: veih Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.”

“Yeah; from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.”

“Agh veih’n ennym eu, va ny shennayraghyn eu nyn Manninee?” vrie eh dy shassooagh.

“But by your name your ancestors were Manx?” he persisted.

“Sheilym dy row, agh cha nel monney fys aym orroo,” ren mee goaill rish. “Ta mee credjal dy jagh my henn hennayraghyn gys America sy vlein 1860. Agh my va mee smooïnaghtyn er ny fraueyn aym edyr, va mee credjal dy aggairagh dy row ad Sostnagh; shen yn aght v’eh gys haink mee dys shoh er laghyn seyrey.”

“I guess so but I don’t know much about them,” I confessed. “I think my great-grandparents went to the States back in 1860. But if I ever thought of my roots at all, I mistakenly believed them to be English, that was until I arrived here for a vacation.”

Row y fer aeg jannoo craid jeem?

Was the young man laughing at me?

“She shenn ashoon Mannin,” dooyrt eh dy meeley. “Ashoon Celtiagh, kiart goll rish Nerin as Nalbin; pobble dorragey as doolagh. Ta’n ellan ain ny lhie sy vean eddyr Sostyn as Nerin as shinyn jannoo boggys ass yn ardwhaiyl gheynlagh shinney sy teihll. Gys paart dy vleeantyn er dy henney, ve shin nyn bobble moyrnagh as seyr, loayrt y çengey ain hene, lesh ny cliaghtaghyn ain hene as goaill moyrn mooar ass nyn eiraght.”

“The Manx are an old nation,” he said softly. “They are a Celtic nation, closely akin to the Irish and the Scots: a dark, brooding people. Our island lies halfway between England and Ireland boasting the oldest democratic parliament in the world and, until recent history, we were a proud and independent people, speaking our own language, with our own customs and holding our heritage dear.”

Vong mee, beggan patroonagh, foddee.

I smiled, perhaps a little patronizingly.

“Smooinee mee dy row y reiltys eu hene foast ayn?” Cha row mee er ve er y Ellan feer foddey. Agh foddey dy liooar dy hoiggal stoo undinagh mysh y çheer shoh lesh queig jeig as daeed thousane dy chummaltee er tree cheead meeiley kerrinagh.

“I thought you still had your own government?” I had not been on the island long but certainly long enough to pick up some basic knowledge of this land of fifty-five thousand people, populating three hundred square miles.

“S’feer shen,” vong y fer aeg. “Cha ghow Sostyn greim er y reiltys ain hene agh sy vlein 1765. Agh ayns Mee Voaldyn 1766 va’n Ellan lowit jannoo yn ardwhaiyl echey hene reesht. Hooar shin seyrsnys ayns cooishyn ellanagh. Ta Westminster

foast jannoo slattyssyn er nyn son ayns cooishyn joarree as cooishyn coadee. Dy çhaghnyssagh, cha nel shin sy Reeriaght Unnaneysit. She coloin y Chrooin Ghoaldagh Mannin.”

“That is true,” smiled the youth. “England only took over our government in 1765 but in May, 1866, the island was allowed to constitute its own parliament again; an independence in domestic affairs for Westminster still legislates for us in matters of foreign policy and defence. Technically, however, we are not a part of the United Kingdom but a dependency of the British Crown.”

Dy doaltattym, ren y scollag grouigey as ren eh blakey orrym er agh boirit.

Suddenly the youth frowned and stared at me in concern.

“Agh ta mee drogh-ellynagh ass towse, vainstyr. Ta shiu fliugh baiht. Eiy-jeer orrym, my sailliu. Nee’m tubbag-niee çheh ’aarlaghey diu dy çhelleeragh. Foddee shiu oonlaghey as ooraghey shiu hene choud’s ta’n eaddagh eu goll er çhirmaghey. “

“But my manners are appalling, sir. You are soaking wet. Please follow me. I will have a hot tub filled for you immediately so that you may bathe and refresh yourself while your clothes are drying.”

Ren mee çhionraaghey dy raghins er ash gys my hie-goaldee ayns Doolish tra va’n sterrym ersooyl, agh cha jinnagh eh soiaghey jeh shen. Sy jerrey, lhie mee sheese roish y failt feoilt echey lesh bwooise mooar.

I protested that when the storm was over I could carry on my way to my hotel in Douglas but he would have none of it and finally, with many thanks, I succumbed to his generous offer.

Cha vaik mee rieu lheid y tubbag-niee roie. Red mooar jeant ass cray Heenagh va ny hassoo kiongoyrt rish aile loshtee ayns shamyr heose sy thie. Veagh fer dellal ayns shenn reddyn er ve arryltagh cur red erbee er e hon. Ta enney aym er deiney voish Boston nagh beagh coontey veg jeh brishey stiagh sy thie dy gheid eh. She thie-tashtee va’n boayl ooilliu, Pargys v’ayn son fer dellal ayns reddyn voish ny pannyllyn-darree dorraghey gys ny çhiollee-marmyr, stoo prash, cameoghyn as jallooyn-ooill. V’eh gollrish red ennagh ass scannane Hollywood. Va troo aym er y villiunagh aeg. Va mee shicky eisht dy row y fer aeg, Sheeaghan, cliaghtit rish ny h-ardjyn fadaneagh shen jeh’n argid.

I have never seen such a bath before. It was a great china affair which stood before a log fire in one of the upstairs rooms. An antique dealer would have given an arm and a leg for it. I know guys in Boston who would have had no scruples in breaking into the place to strip it. The entire house was a museum, an antique dealer’s paradise. From its dark oak panelling, to its marble fireplaces, brasswork, cameos and oil paintings, it was something out of a Hollywood film set. I envied the young millionaire, for by now I had decided that the young man, Sheeaghan, must move in those remote financial realms.

Erreish dou v'er n'oonlaghey mee hene as tra va mee çhirmaghey mee hene ec yn aile, haink Sheeaghan stiagh sy çhamyr, gyn crankal, as eh cur lesh cooat-shamyragh feer aalin va jeant jeh sheeidey. Cha row rieu er vakin y lheid.

After I had bathed and was towelling myself before the fire, Sheeaghan entered the room, without knocking, bearing the most exquisite silk dressing gown that I ever saw.

“Ta’n eaddagh eu goll er çhirmaghey, Vainstyr Crellin. Er y hon shen, ta mee er chur lhiam red ennagh dhyt dy cheau. Foddee shiu gee marym.”

“Your clothes are being dried, Mr Crellin, so I have brought you something to wear in order that you may join me for some refreshment.”

“Cha lhisagh shiu er ve boirit myr shoh, Vainstyr Sheeaghan,” dooyrt mee, as mish blakey er y ghrease aalin er y chooat-shamyragh.

“You should not have gone to this trouble, Mr Sheeaghan,” I said, gawping at the beautiful embroidery on the gown.

Ghow eh tastey jeem, y blakeyder briaghtagh.

He saw my inquisitive gaze.

“Haink eh veih’n niar, vainstyr. Veih’n Çheen, ta mee credjal.”

“It is from the east, sir. From China, I believe.”

Tra va mee çhirrym hug mee yn aanrit-laue harrish caair, as mish casey mygeayrt dy gheddyn greim er y chooat-shamyragh. Sheilym nagh row mee rieu boirit mysh yn rooishtid. Cha row rochooishaght Victorianagh syn eiraght cultooroil aym. Myr shen, va mee my hassoo ayns shen kionfenish y dooinney aeg, dy bollagh gyn boirey, my laue sheeynt magh dy gheddyn y chooat-shamyragh.

I finished my towelling and lay the towel over the back of a chair, turning to reach for the gown. I guess that I never ever had any foibles about nudity; Victorian prudishness was never part of my cultural heritage. So I stood there before the young man, my hand held out for the gown, totally unselfconscious.

Kyndagh rish shen, va red ennagh jannoo er y fer aeg. Va e hooilyn goll er keylaghey beggan, as v’eh ny hassoo gyn gleashaghey edyr. Honnick mish ny sooilyn glass-lheeah echey soo stiagh my chorp, jeeaghyn er dy kiarailagh myr dy beagh delleyder goaill soylley jeh fuilloilagh ny jeh tarroo oasle. Goll rish aarnieu, hie e hengey jiarg harrish e veillyn. Lurg leaystaght veg, hug eh y cooat sy laue aym, dooyrt eh trooid e ’eeacklyn dy lhisins eiyrt er as hyndaa eh dy hooyl gys y dorrys. Row Sheeaghan homocheintysagh? By chummey lhiams. Ren mee creedlagh as hug mee y cooat moom. Va Sheeaghan er chur lesh carraneyn

neesht. Goll rish cummaltagh veih'n niar, deiyr mee er sheese gys shamyr-soie aynsyn va aile mooar frapperaght as feiyral ayns çhiollagh Shoryssagh yindyssagh. Va boayrd niartal jeant jeh teak grainnit reaghit cour lhongey. Hirr y fer aeg orrym mish dy hoie sheese.

The reaction on the part of the youth was marked. His eyes narrowed slightly and he stood quite still; I saw those grey-green eyes of his absorbing my body, carefully examining it as an approving stock-dealer would vet a thoroughbred horse or a prize bull. A red tongue darted over his lips in a curious snake-like movement. After a hesitation, he thrust the gown into my hand, muttered that I should follow him and turned to walk to the door. It crossed my mind whether Sheeaghan was homosexual. Well, it was no concern of mine. I shrugged and slipped into the gown. Sheeaghan had brought slippers, too, and feeling like some eastern potentate, I followed him down to a large living room in which a great fire crackled and roared away in a magnificent Georgian fireplace. An impressive carved teak table was set for a meal and the youth bade me be seated.

“Gow-jee my leshtal, Vainstyr Crellin, agh cha nel accrys orrym,” dooyrt eh. “Soieym meriu as shiuish gee.”

“Excuse me, Mr Crellin, for I am not hungry,” he said. “But I will keep you company while you eat.”

“Ta shiu feer chenjal,” dooyrt mee rish as mish goaill toshiaght dy ee glassan feayr as dy iu shenn 'eeyn feer vie.

“This is mighty good of you,” I told him as I started to tuck into a cold salad and an excellent vintage wine.

“Ta mee soiaghey mooar jeh'n oltaghey eu.”

“I appreciate your hospitality.”

Vong eh fegooish bree. V'eh ny hoie jeeaghyn orrym dy gear as eh cur yn olk orrym, beggan. Ghow mee baght dy row cummey quaagh as feyshtagh er y eddin aalin echey.

He smiled thinly and sat watching me with an uncomfortable attentiveness as I ate. I was aware of a strange speculative gaze on his handsome face.

“Va shiu loayrt rhym mysh ardwhaiyl yn Ellan,” dooyrt mee. Begin dou y tostid y vrishey.

“You were talking to me about the island's parliament,” I prompted, feeling I should break the silence that had fallen.

“Ah, she.”

“Ah, yes.”

Tostid elley. Myr shen, dooyrt mee: “Nagh dooyrt shiu dy vel yn ardwhaiyl gheynlagh shinney sy teihll ec yn Ellan?”

There was another pause so I added: “Didn’t you say that the island had the oldest democratic parliament in the world?”

“Va’n ardwhaiyl ain shenn eer roish my daink ny Loghlynnee dys shoh dy chummal as dy vestey nyn vuill marish fuill ny Celtiee. She ny Loghlynnee hug stiagh lhieu nyn jaglym enmyssit Thing-völlr, ta shen dy ghra, Magher Ardwhaiyl. Ta’n ennym ry gheddyn foast Laa Tinvaal – y wheiggoo laa jeh Jerrey Souree tra ta slattyssyn yn Ellan er nyn lhaih magh ayns Gailck as Baarl. “

“Our parliament was old even before the Vikings came to settle here and add their rich blood to that of the ancient Celtic. It was the Vikings who introduced their assembly called a Thing-völlr or parliament field, which name still exists in our Tynwald Day ceremony on July 5th when the laws of the island are read in Manx and English.”

“As cre’n ennym t’er yn ardwhaiyl shen? Tinvaal?”

“And that’s what your parliament is called? The Tynwald?”

“Cha nee,” chrie y fer aeg e chione. “Ta’n ardwhaiyl ain enmyssit yn House of Keys ayns Baarl.”

“No,” the youth shook his head. “Our parliament is the House of Keys.”

I could not help grinning.
Cha dod mee jannoo fegooish mongey.

“Ny cooin lhiam,” ren mee craidey. “T’eh enmyssit shen er y fa dy vel paart jeh ny h-ellanee coontey yn kiannoortys dy ve nyn wardooryn?”

“Don’t tell me,” I quipped. “It’s called that because some of your citizens regard the government as jailers?”

Cha row eh jeeaghyn dy dug y scollag geill da my spotch moal.

The youth seemed not to notice my feeble joke.

“Cha nel yn ennym çheet voish Baarl agh voish y çhenn Ghailck . . . Kiare as Feed, er y fa dy vel kiare as feed dy gheiney reiht ain.”

“Its name comes not from the English word but from the ancient Manx . . . kiare-as-feed, the twenty-four, because it consists of twenty-four elected men.”

Hug mee kione er y feeyn aym. Va mee my hoie ayns shen as mish smooïnaghtyn dy neuventynagh dy beagh feme ec peiagh erbee by lesh lheid y thie shen er

sharvaantyn. Agh cha row sharvaant erbee ry akin. Foddee nagh row ad ry akin er y fa dy row ad cho mie.

I finished my wine and sat back, pondering irrelevantly on the fact that a house of this size needed domestic help to run it and they seemed to be keeping a pretty low profile because I had not seen anyone else except the youth. Maybe that was the hallmark of good domestic servants.

“Dy jarroo, ta mee feer woosal son y feoilty eu, “ dooyrt mee reesht.

“I’m really most grateful for your hospitality,” I said again.

“Nagh abbyr-jee un ’ockle mysh, Vainstyr Crellin,” dreggyr Sheeaghan, as eh goll gys yn uinnag as blakey magh er y sterrym va foast buirroogh çheumooie. “Ta mee smooïnaghtyn er y thooilley vees ayn son paart dy ooryn foast.”

“Think nothing of it, Mr Crellin,” replied Sheeaghan, going to the window and staring out at the still raging storm. “I am thinking the deluge will persist for some hours yet.”

“Foddee dy noddins çhellvaney son taksee?” hug mee sannish.

“Perhaps I could telephone for a cab?” I suggested.

“S’treih lhiam, agh cha nel çhellvane ain.”

“I regret that we have no telephone.”

“Vel gleashtan eu . . . foddee . . . ?”

“Do you have an automobile . . . perhaps . . . ?”

Vong eh dy meeley as chrie eh e chione.

He smiled softly and shook his head.

“Reesht, s’doogh lhiam nagh vel. Agh oddagh shiu ceau yn oie ayns shoh as goll lesh y thurrys eu sy voghrey, as failt reue.”

“Again, I regret I do not. However, you are welcome to spend the night here and continue your journey in the morning.”

Leayst mee.

I hesitated.

Shen jerrey yn chield aynrjeh’n skeeal. Tooilley ry heet syn nah earish jeh Duillagyn.