

Ta sleih dy liooar ayns Mannin nish jannoo GCSE ny A-level ayns Gaelg. Er-lhiam dy beagh eh feeu jeeaghyn er toshiaght ny prowaltysyn shoh, tra va'n O-level ayns Gaelg ry gheddyn ayns ny kiare feedyn. V'ad jerkal rish scoillaryn gynsagh Gaelg oasle y Vible as stoyr mooar dy ocklyn y ve oc, cha nee ynrycan Gaelg son co-loayrtys cadjin. Ny-yeih t'eh jeeaghyn dy row ny scoillaryn geddyn Gaelg vie son va ny skeealyn ayns ny pabyryn-prowaltys screeut ayns glare verçhagh as vreeoil. Er-hoh skeeal goit ass unnane jeh ny pabyryn shoh, veih 1985. Ta mee sheiltyn dy re Robert Thomson va screeu ny skeealyn beggey.

“Va saggyrt troaitl 'sy chenn earish ayns Nherin, goaill y raad lesh y jiass marish scollag aeg, agh tra verr y coleayrtys orroo v'ad foast foddey veih thie erbee, as beign daue ceau yn oie fo scaa keyll. V'ad er jaglym kuse dy fuygh as foaddey aile, as choud as v'ad chiow ad hene yeeagh ad nyn gooyl as fakin moddey-oaldey ny hassoo 'sy dorraghys. “Ny gow-jee aggle roym,” dooyrt y moddey-oaldey lesh coraa dooinney. Ghow ad yindys mooar tra cheayll ad y baagh loayrt, as dênee yn saggyrt jeh kys oddagh lheid y red y ve. Hoilshee'n moddey-oaldey daue dy row eshyn as e ven fo mollaght, as dy beign daue, un vlein ayns shiaght, nyn gaslys y chur jeu as faagail sheshaght sleih elley as cummey moddey-oaldey y ghoaill orroo. Dy beagh ad er-mayrn ec kione ny bleeaney harragh ad reesht gys nyn gummey as nyn jeer hene. Agh nish va'n ven echey ching as er-lesh dy row ee raad y vaaish; ghuee eh er y taggyrt dy ghoill mârish as shirveish urree gerjaghey'n chredjue Creestee roish my voghe ee baase. By-lhiastey lesh y taggyrt eh hene y hreishteil da'n vaagh feie agh ny-yei choard eh dy ghoill mârish, as hooar ad sheshey'n voddey-oaldey ny lhie fo billey mooar as lhiggey osnaghyn agglagh assjee. Ren y saggyrt ny oddagh eh er son eck, as 'sy voghrey ren y moddey-oaldey booisal ad y leeideil ass y cheyll as y hoiaghey er y raad cair.”

Ta shiu fakin dy row skeealyn mysh cooishyn yindyssagh lheid as deiney ayns cummey moddey-oaldey ayns Gaelg foddey roish my row *Dunveryssyn yn Tooder-folley* (ny *Twilight*) ayn!

There is plenty of demand these days for the Manx GCSE and A-level. Perhaps it would be worth looking at the beginning of such qualifications, when the Manx O-level was run in the 1980s. Students were expected to study the high-register Manx of the Bible and to have a large vocabulary, not just conversational level. But it seems the students got good Manx for the stories in the exam papers are written in rich and idiomatic Manx. Here is a passage taken from one of these papers, from 1985. I believe it was Robert Thomson who composed the passages.

A priest was travelling in the olden days in Ireland, taking the road towards the south with a young lad, but when the twilight overtook them they were still far from any house, as they had to spend the night under the shadow of a forest. They had gathered some wood and lit a fire, as while they were warming themselves they looked behind them and saw a wolf standing in the darkness. “Do not be afraid of me,” said the wolf with the voice of a man. They were very surprised when they heard the animal speak, and the priest asked him how such a thing could be. The wolf explained to them that he and his wife were under a curse, as that they had to, one year in seven, put off their own form and leave the company of other people and take on the form of wolves. If they were alive at the end of the year they would return to their own shape and their own country. But now his wife was sick and he thought that she was dying; he begged the priest to go with him and administer to her the comfort of the Christian faith before she died. The priest was loath to trust himself to the wild

animal but nevertheless he agreed to go with him, and they found the wolf's mate lying under a big tree and making fearful sighs. The priest did what he could for her, and in the morning the grateful wolf led them out of the forest and set them on the right road.

You see there were fantastical stories in Manx about topics like werewolves long before the advent of *The Vampire Murders* (or indeed *Twilight*!)