

Yn Eam Čhellvane

Čhyndaays jeh skeeal scrut 'sy Vaarle ec John Pilling

Va'n laue eck beggan er creau as staghylagh va ny meir eck choud's v'ee tappal magh yn earroo 999. Hug ee y čhellvane gys y chleaysh eck as cheau ee shilley bieau magh ass yn uinnag dy 'eeraghey ny ren ee fakin, hug wheesh greain urree. Va'n dooinney aeg foast ayn. Ayns silhouette noi concraid lheeah y ghlout tooragh, v'eh ayns shen er eer oirr balcane y chummal rea jeeragh jeh'n 'er eck. Ren yn čhellvane feiyral as dooyrt coraa 'sy chleaysh eck,

"Egin. Cre'n čhirveish t'ou shirrey?"

"Oh, hello, she," as ish. "Cha nel mee dy bollagh shickyrr, agh ta dooinney aeg er y valcane čheumooie . . ."

"Vel eh cur eab er brishey stiagh ayn?"

"Oh, cha nel, cha nel shen myr t'eh. Er-lhiam . . ."

"Fuirree ort. Shoh dhyts y linney."

"Meoiryn Shee."

"Oh, hello, she. Ta mee cur eam mychione dooinney aeg er y valcane čheumooie . . ."

"Fuirree minnid, my saillt." Ren yn čhellvane criggal keayrt ny ghāa, eisht dooyrt coraa elley,

"Ronsaght kimmee. Cre'n doilleeid t'ayn?"

"Oh, hello, she, by vie lhiam ginsh diu dy vel dooinney aeg er y valcane čheumooie . . ."

"As cre'n ennym t'ort, venainshtyr?"

"Oh, she'n Inney Jean Agnes Barker mish."

"As yn enmys ayd, venainshtyr?"

"Cummal rea 294, Thieyn Mooarey Hornchurch, Bayswater."

"Gura mie ayd. Yn dooinney shoh er y valcane, eisht. Vel eh cur eab er brishey stiagh ayn? Vel ny dorryssyn fo ghlass?"

"Cha nel shen myr t'eh. Cha nel eh cur eab er brishey stiagh 'sy chummal rea aym. T'eh er balcane y chummal rea jeeragh jeem."

"Ah, shen eh, er-lhiat dy vel eh cur eab er brishey stiagh 'sy chummal rea jeeragh jeed. Vel fys ayd er earroo y chummal rea shen?"

"Cha nel shen myr t'eh noadyr. Yiarrin nagh vel eh cur eab er brishey stiagh ayns boayl erbee. Er-lhiam foddee dy vel eh cummal 'sy chummal rea shen. Ta mee shickyd dy vel mee er nakin eh roie."

Va barney ayn, roish my dooyrt y choraa,

"Myr shoh, t'ou gra dy vel yn dooinney er balcane y chummal rea jeeragh jeed cummal ayns shen."

"Ta, shen eh, agh . . ."

"Vel oo toiggal, venainshtyr, dy nee loght eh, jummal traa ny meoiryn shee?"

"Shee bannee mee," as yn Inney Barker. "Eaisht rhym, my saillt. Ta dooinney aeg er oirr balcane y chummal rea jeeragh jeh'n 'er aym, as er-lhiam dy vel eh fosyn lheimmey veih. Ta ourys aym dy vel eh son marroo eh hene."

"Oh, ta mee toiggal," as y choraa. "Gow my leshtal. Myr shoh, er-lhiat dy vel shoh eab er dunverys hene."

"Shen eh. T'eh er yn eer oirr."

"As ta'n dooinney shoh er balcane cummal rea, t'ou dy ghra?"

"Ta. Ta feme er jannoo red ennagh. Foddee dy jean eh lheimmey veih traa erbee."

"Er-lhiam dy vel feme ort cur eam er yn chirveish aile. T'ad cur rish immeeaghtyn yn lheid shoh er-yn-oyr dy vel y chullee oc - aaraghyn as nyn lheid. Fuirree ort as nee'm livrey harrish oo."

Va cubbyl dy chriggyn er y chellvane, as lurg shen va tostid liauyr ayn. Va'n Inney Barker er-çhee cur sheese y chellvane tra dooyrt coraa woirrin,

"Hello, shirveish aile. Cre'n ennym as yn enmys ayd, my saillt?"

"Hello, mish Jean Agnes Barker, Cummal Rea 294, Thieyn Mooarey Hornchurch, Bayswater."

"Gura mie ayd, venainshtyr. Vel oo cur eam veih'n enmys shen? Vel shen y boayl ta'n aile ayn?"

"Cha nel, cha nel aile erbee ayn . . ."

"Cre'n fa hug oo eam er yn chirveish aile mannagh vel aile ayn?"

"Cha dug. Hug mee eam er ny meoiryn shee, agh ren ad cochianglee mee riu as dooyrt ad dy voddagh shiuish cooney."

"Cre lesh dy chooney, venainshtyr?"

"Son graih y Jouyl hene . . . cre ayns niurin vees jannoo er sleih? Eaisht rhym, ta dooinney aeg er balcane y chummal rea jeeragh jeh'n 'er aym . . ."

"Shegin dou insh dhyt, venainshtyr," as y choraa dy feayr, "ta polasee veg dy lowaltys er sorçh erbee dy chaartrey beeal ec yn چirveish aile. Mannagh vel oo meeinaghey dty hengey, bee jerrey currit er yn eam shoh as bee tuarastyl my-dty-chione currit da ny fir hoshee aym."

"Gow my leshtal," as yn Inney Barker. "Agh ta mee shickyd dy vel eh er-çhee ceau eh hene veih'n valcane, as cha nel eh چheet lhiam reaghey cooney erbee."

"Vel enn ayd er y dooinney shoh? Vel oyr ayd smooinaghtyn dy vel eh er-çhee lhiemmey?"

"Cha nel enn aym er dy persoonaagh, agh t'eh ny hassoo er yn eer oirr as t'eh jeeaghyn sheese. Vel caa dhyt cur peiagh ennagh, my saillt? Ta mee shickyd dy vel taghyrt lane agglagh er-çhee ve ayn."

"T'ou gra dy vel eh er balcane. Quoid dy laareyn heose t'eh?"

"Well, ta'n cummal rea aym er y jeihoo laare, as ta'n fer ayd jeeragh jeem."

"Fuirree shallid, my saillt." Va barney liauyr ayn, as eisht dooyrt y choraa,

"T'ad ginsh dou nagh vel y chullee ain dy roshdyn gys yn yrjid shen. Veagh shoh jeant ny share ec ny meoiryn shee, as yn pooar oc dy vrishey stiagh 'sy chummal rea dy chur eab er loayrt rish y dooinney. By vie lhiat mish y chochianglee oo roo?"

"Cha by vie lhiam," as yn Inney Barker dy kiune. "Yiarrin dy vel eh beggan ro anmagh nish."

Dy moal hug ee sheese y چhellvane as hie ee gys yn uinnag dy 'eeraghey ny v'ee er nakin ass corneil ny sooilley eck. Follym va'n balcane jeeragh j'ee. Yeeagh ee sheese as oddagh ee fakin cummey lhoobit er y laare, as cruinnaghey mygeayrt-y-mysh va چionnal dy leih gaase dy bieau.