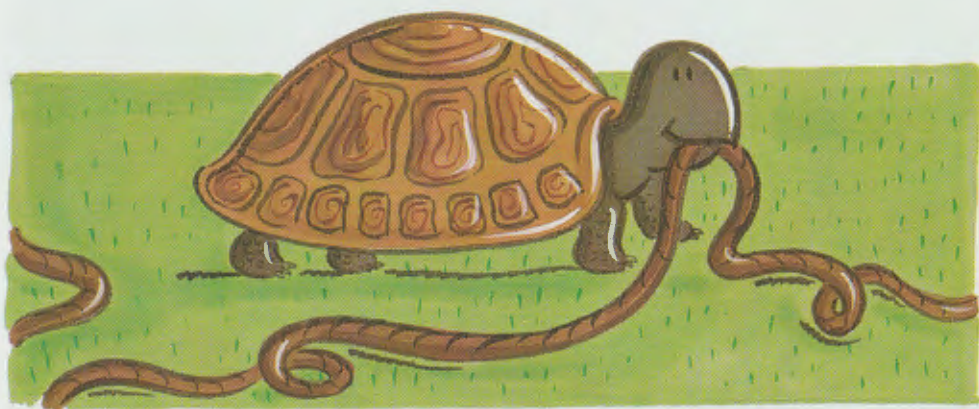
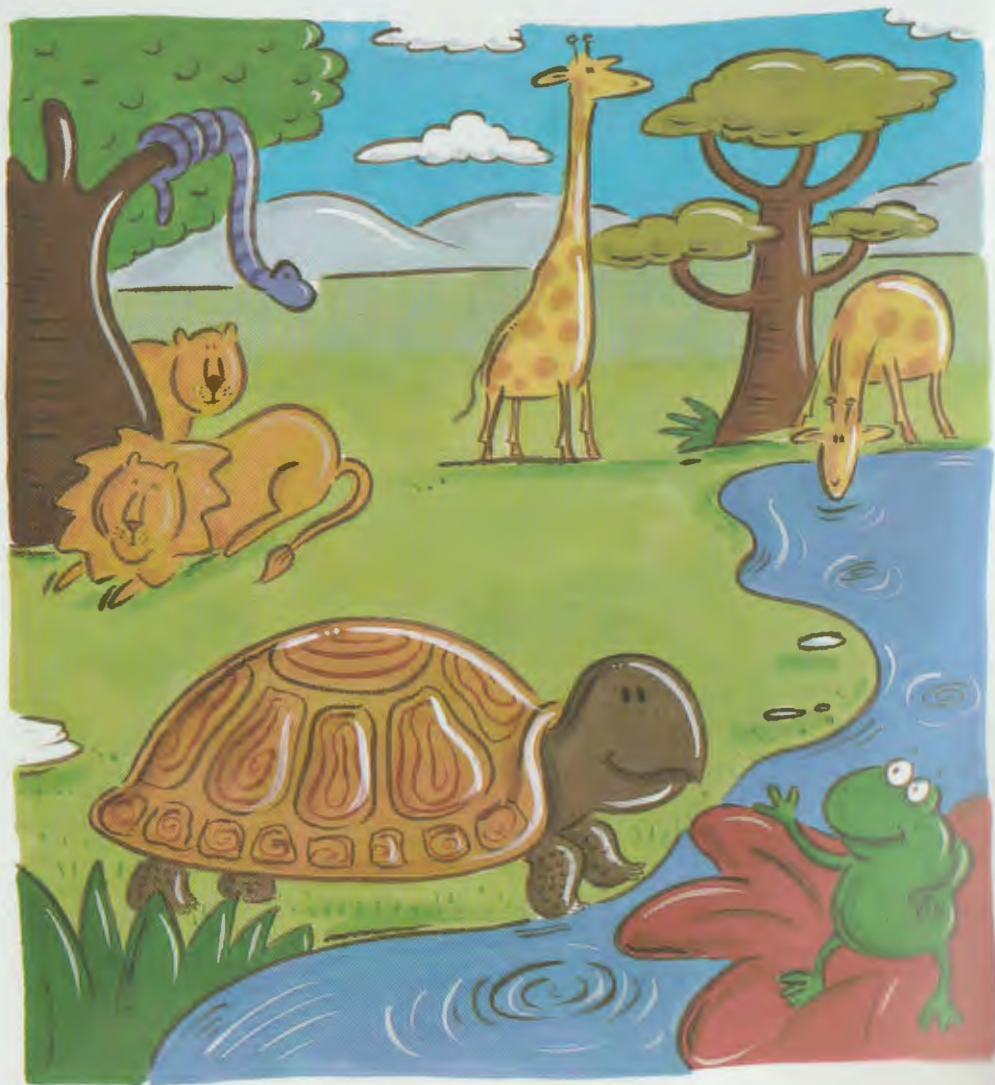


Cò as treasa



An teacs a Jacquie Buttriss
Na dealbhan Tania Hurt-Newton
A' Ghàidhlig Anna NicDhòmhnaill

STÒRLANN • ACAIR



Fada, fada air falbh ann an Afraga
bha sligeanach a' fuireach còmhla ri
mòran bheathaichean eile.



Latha bha siud chaidh Sligeanach cuairt.
Chunnaic e each-aibhne ri taobh na h-aibhne.
“Is mise am beathach as treasa ann an
Afraga,” ars an t-each aibhne, agus leum e
dhan uisge SPLAIS!
“Abair bòsdadh!” arsa Sligeanach.



Lean Sligeanach air a shlighe.

Chunnaic e Ailbhean ri taobh nan craobhan.

“Is mise am beathach as treasa ann an Afraga,”
ars Ailbhean, agus leag e craobh le BRAG!

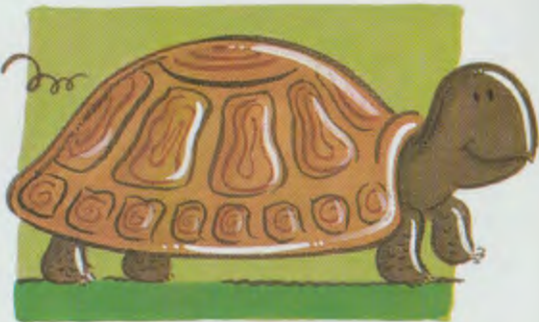
“Abair bòsdadh!” arsa Sligeanach.



“Uill,” arsa Sligeanach ris fhèin, “Nach iad tha math air bòsdadh, Each-aibhne agus Ailbhean! Cha toil leam beathaichean a bhios a’ bòsdadh.”

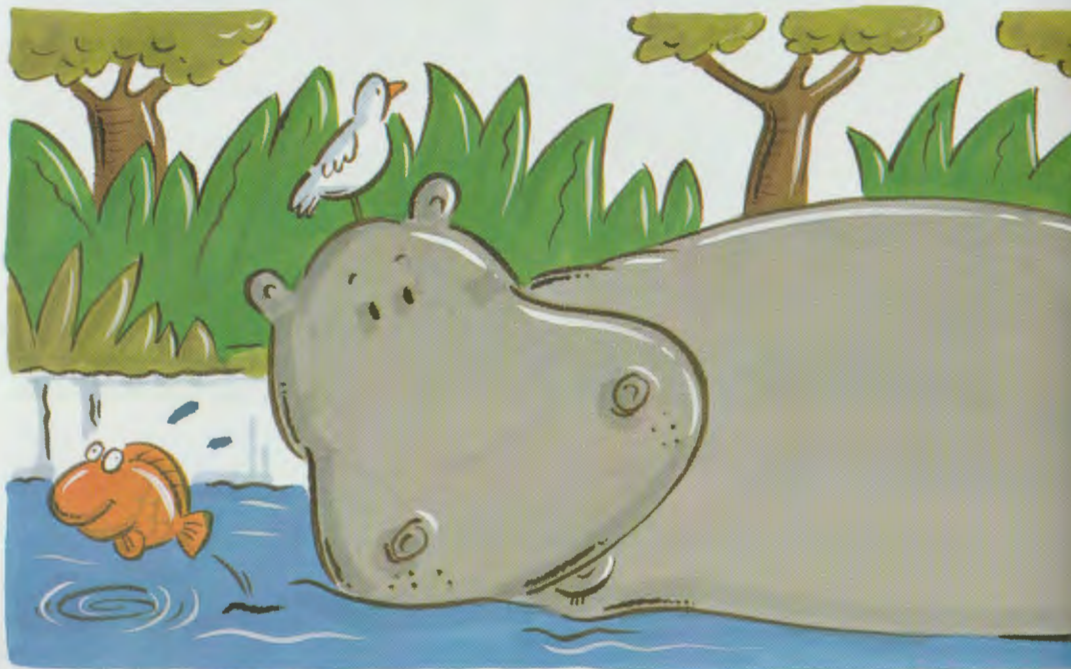


Dh'fhalbh Sligeanach
chun na h-aibhne a
choimhead airson
Each-aibhne.



“Nach seall thu ormsa,” ars Each-aibhne.

“Tha mi cho làidir is gu snàmh mi sìos agus
suas an abhainn fad an latha gun stad.”



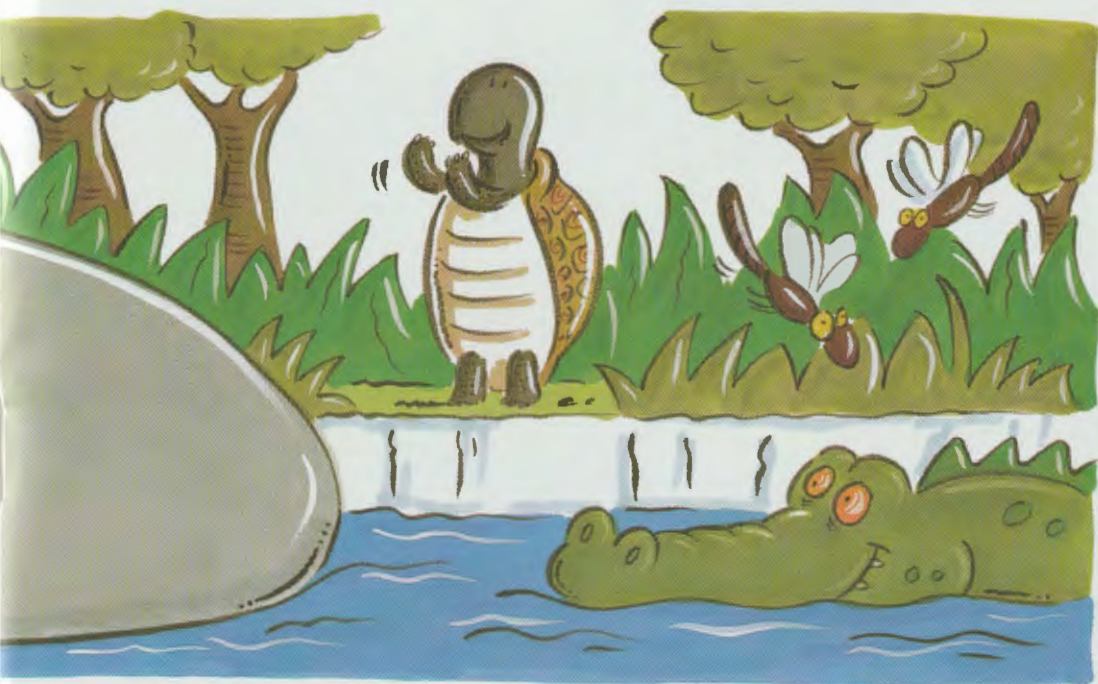
“Tha mise làidir cuideachd,” arsa Sligeanach.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” ars Each-aibhne.

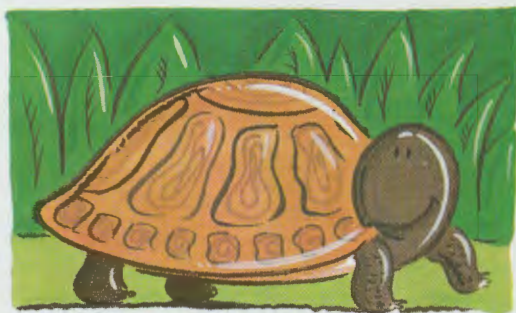
“Chan urrainn dhut a bhith nas treasa na mise.
Chan eil annad ach sligeanach beag.”

“Tha mi nas treasa na thusa,” arsa Sligeanach.

“Thig air ais an seo nuair a thèid a’ ghrian
fodha agus chì thu cho làidir ’s a tha mi.”



Dh'fhalbh Sligeanach
a choimhead airson
Ailbhean.



“Seall ormsa,” ars Ailbhean.

“Tha mi cho làidir is gu slaod mi
a’ chraobh seo às an talamh.”



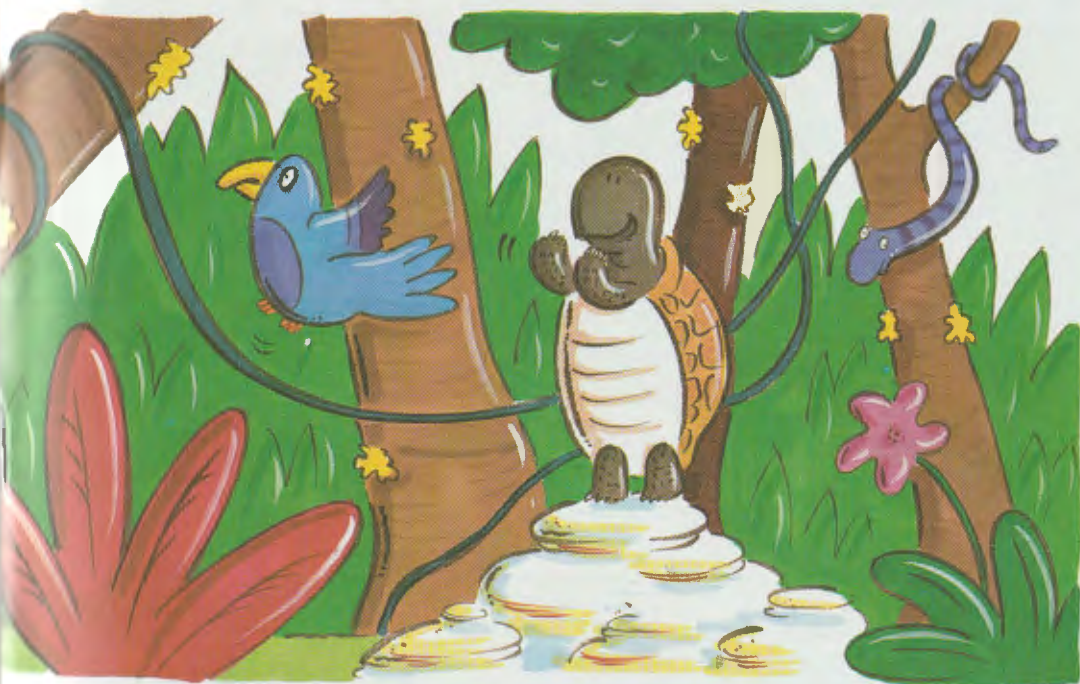
“Tha mise làidir cuideachd,” arsa Sligeanach.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” ars Ailbhean.

“Chan urrainn dhut a bhith nas treasa na mise.
Chan eil annad ach sligeanach beag.”

“Tha mi nas treasa na thusa,” arsa Sligeanach.

“Thig air ais an seo nuair a thèid a’ ghrian
fodha agus chì thu cho làidir ’s a tha mi.”





An oidhche sin nuair a chaidh a' ghrian fodha thill
Each-aibhne gu far an robh Sligeanach.

“Seallaidh mi dhut cho làidir ’s a tha mi.

Nach fheuch sinn Slaodadh an Ròp,”
arsa Sligeanach.

“Cha shlaod thu mise co-dhiù!” ars Each-aibhne
le gàire.

“Slaodaidh mi,” arsa Sligeanach.

“Seo an ròp. Slaod e nuair a chanas mise SLAOD!”

Thug Sligeanach
aon cheann dhen ròp
dha Each-aibhne.



Rug e fhèin air ceann eile an ròp
agus choisich e air falbh dhan choille.





Thill Ailbhean gu far an robh Sligeanach.

“Seallaidh mise dhut cho làidir ’s a tha mi.

Nach fheuch sinn Slaodadh an Ròp,”
arsa Sligeanach.

“Cha shlaod thu mise!” ars Ailbhean le gàire.

“Slaodaidh mi,” arsa Sligeanach. “Siud an ròp.
Slaod e nuair a chanas mise SLAOD!”

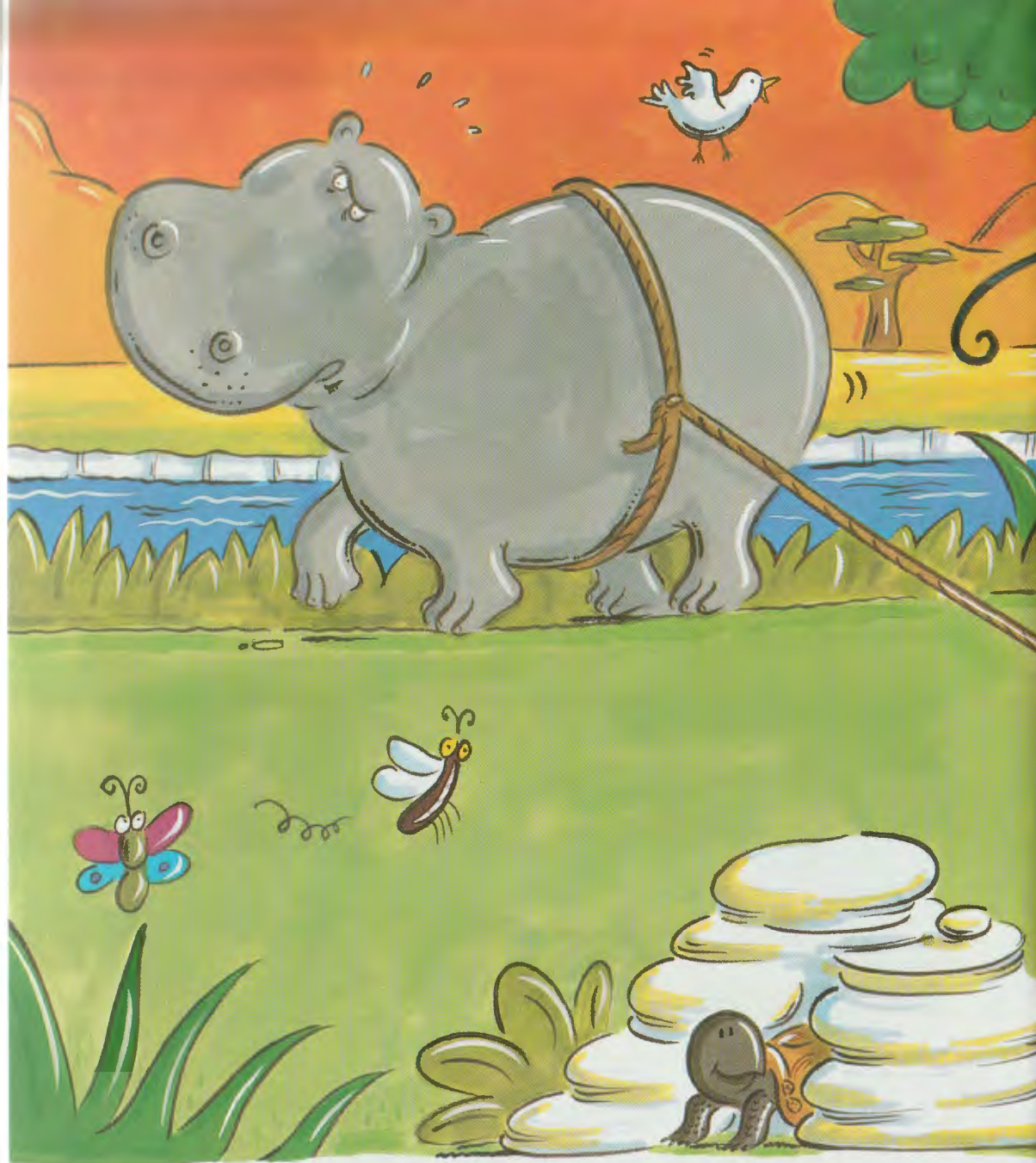


Thug Sligeanach ceann eile an ròp dha
Ailbhean agus dh'fhalbh e fhèin cho luath 's a
b' urrainn dha agus dh'fhalaich e fo chreig.

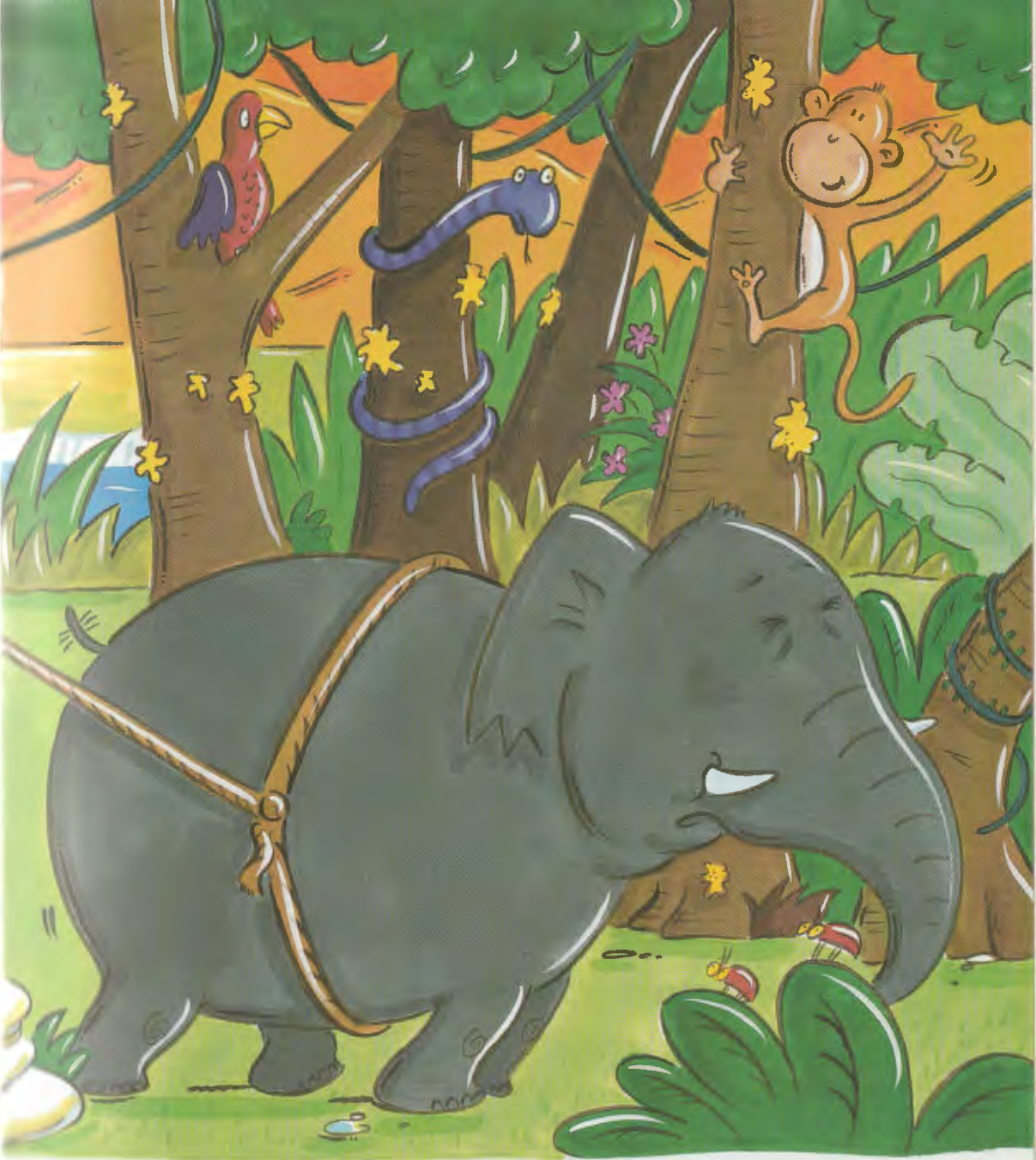


Às an sin chitheadh e Each-aibhne aig an
abhainn agus Ailbhean ri taobh na craoibhe.
“SLAOD!” dh'èigh Sligeanach.

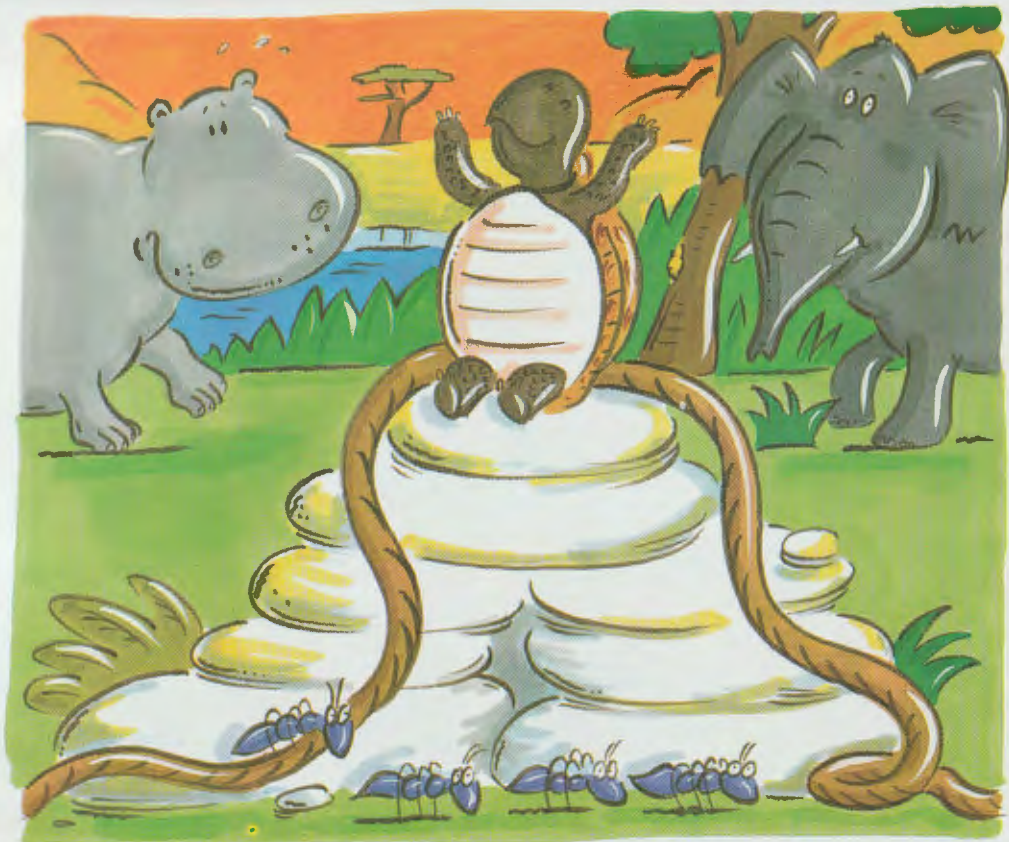




Shlaod Each-aibhne ...



agus shlaod Ailbhean ...



“Tha mise a’ leigeil thairis,” dh’èigh Each-aibhne.

“Tha thu nas treasa na mise!”

“Tha mise a’ leigeil thairis,” dh’èigh Ailbhean.

“Tha thu nas treasa na mise!”

“Tha,” thuirt Sligeanach le gàire.

“Is mise am beathach as treasa ann an Afraga.”