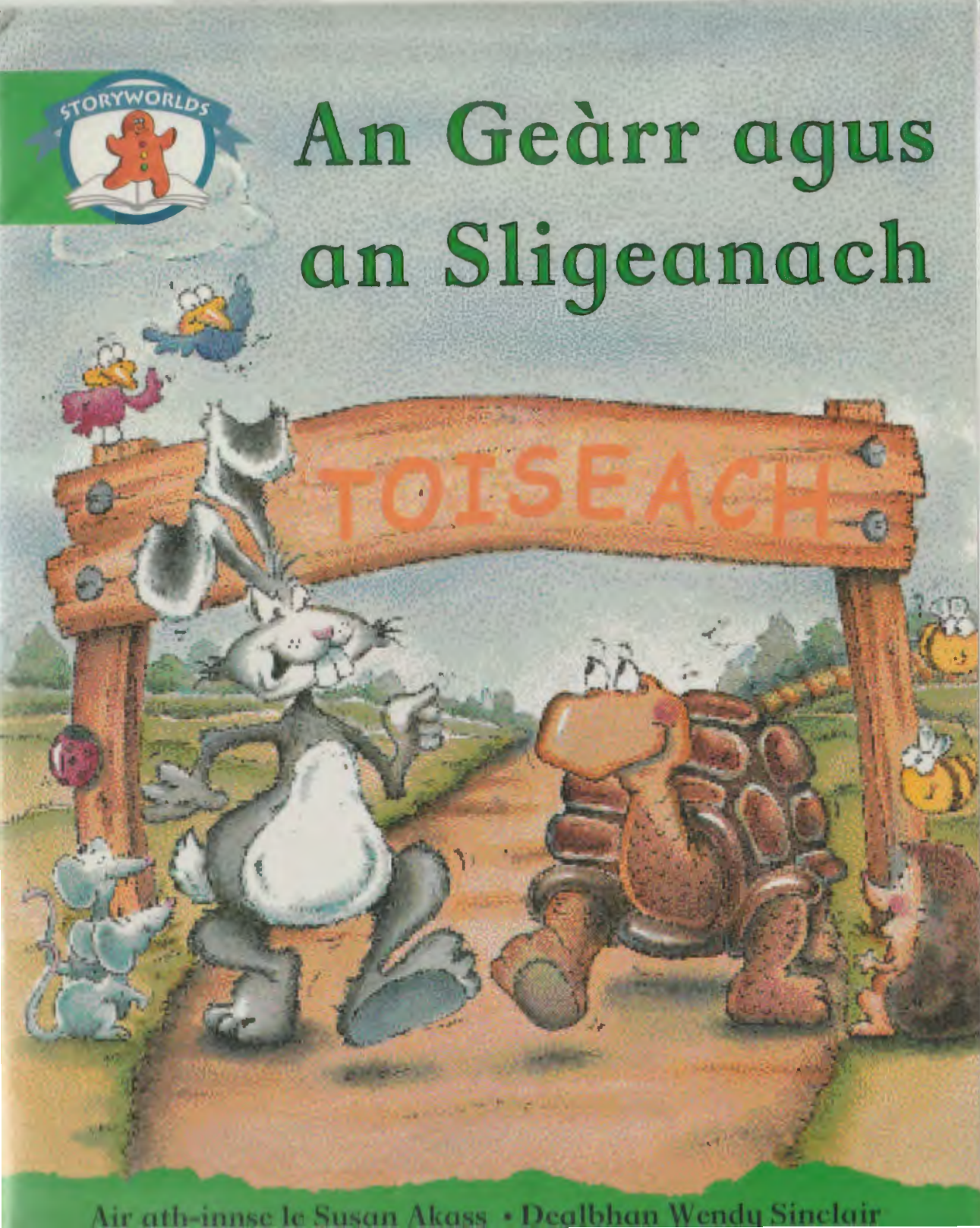


STORYWORLDS



An Geàrr agus an Sligeanach

TOISEACH



Air ath-innse le Susan Akass • Dealbhan Wendy Sinclair



Uair a bha siud bha geàrr caol glas ann.

Bhiodh e tric a' bòstadh.

Aon là thuirt e ri sligeanach,

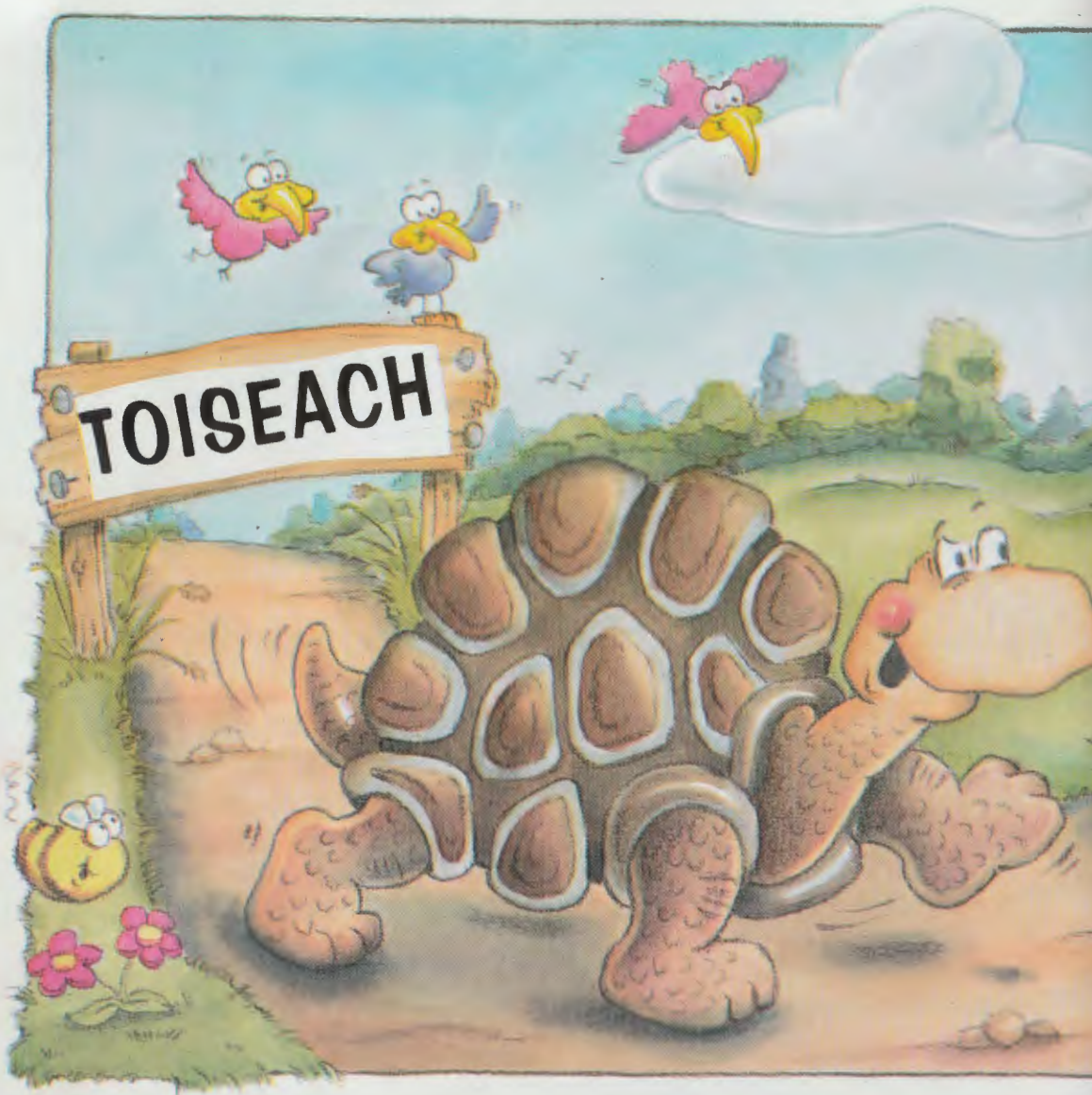
“S mise as luaithe air an t-saoghal.”

“Cuiridh mi geall gun dèan mise a' chùis ort,”
thuirt an sligeanach.

“Cha dèan thu,” thuirt an geàrr,

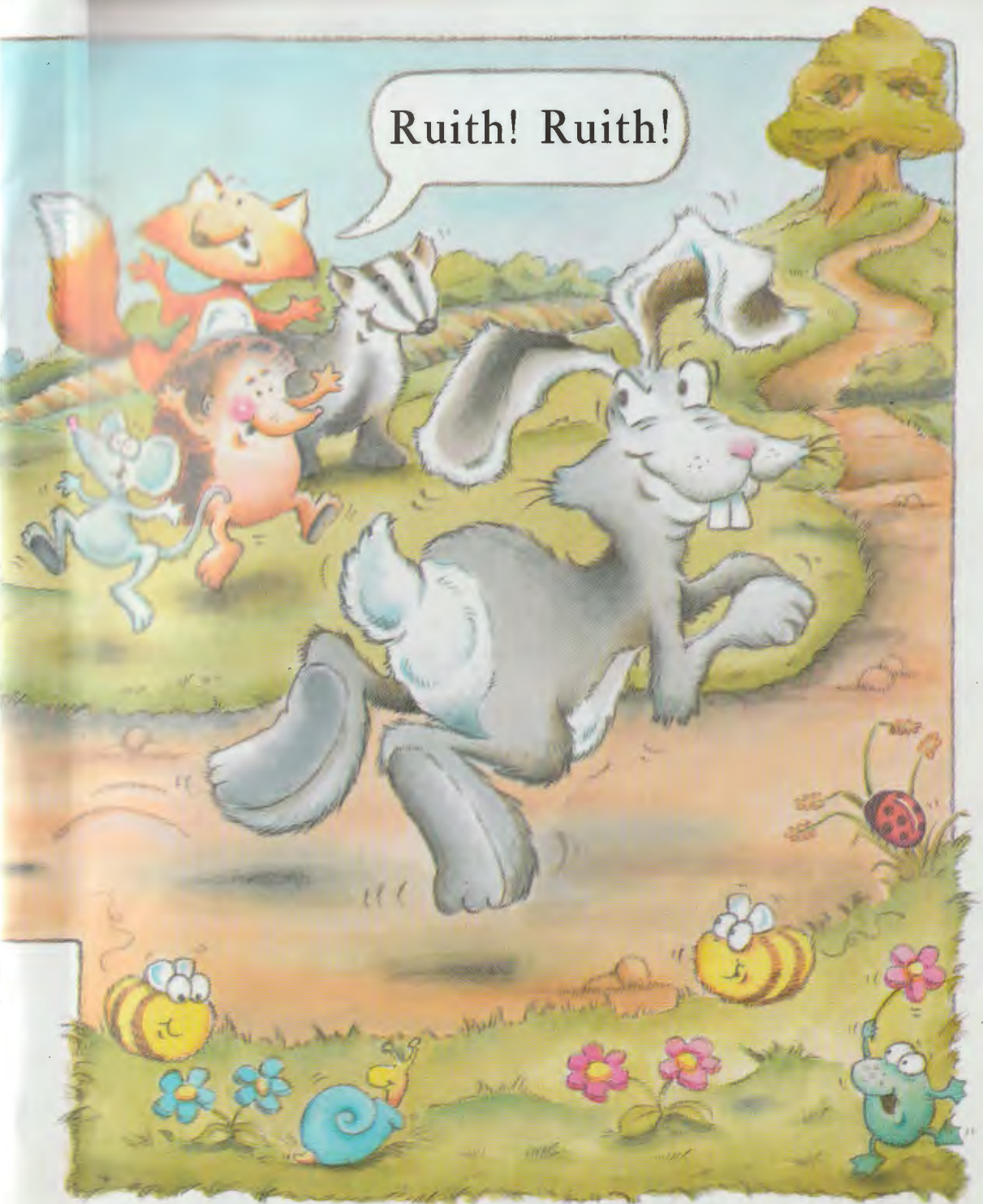
“tha thusa fada ro shlaodach.”

Mar sin dh'fheuch iad rèis.



“Seo mise a’ ruith,” thuir an gearr.
“Seo mise a’ ruith,” thuir an
sligeanach.

Ruith! Ruith!





Ruith an geàrr suas an cnoc.
Ruith an sligeanach suas an cnoc.



Ruith agus ruith an geàrr.



“Chan eil sgeul air an t-sligeanach,”
thuirt an geàrr.

“Nì mi norrag chadail.”



Ruith agus ruith an sligeanach.



Ha! Ha! Ha!

“O, nach seall sibh an geàrr!”
thuirt an sligeanach.



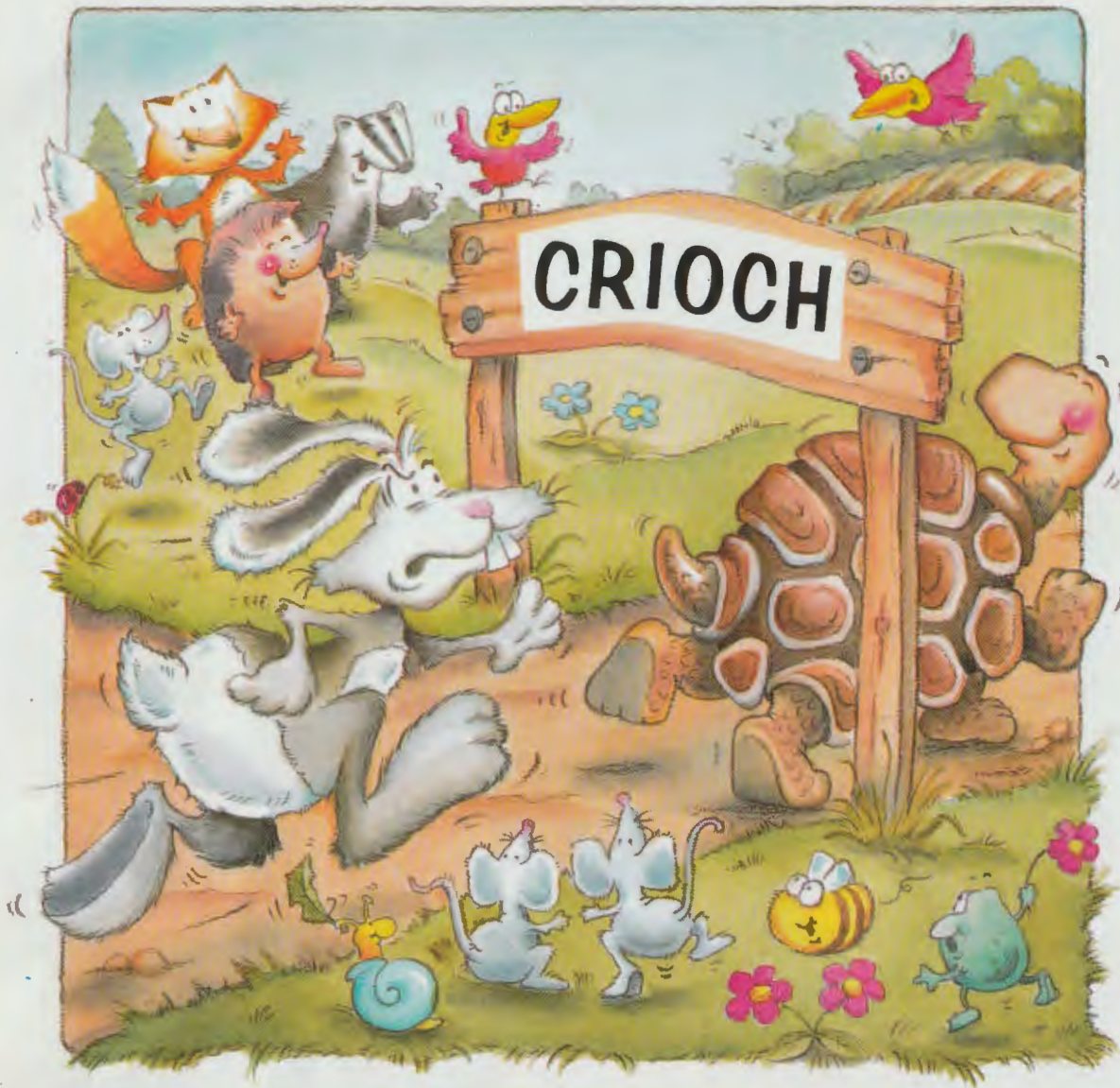
Ruith agus ruith an sligeanach.



“O, mo chreach! Seall an
sligeanach,” thuir an geàrr.



Ruith agus ruith an geàrr.



“Stad! Stad!” thuir an geàrr.
“Cha stad mi!” thuir an
sligeanach.