



Drolla
Jynjyber ha Kyfythek.

The Tale of
Ginger and Pickles.



scryfys gans / written by

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keyyethys gans / translated by

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Gwask an Orlewen
Gwlas an Haf
2014





Sacrys
gans gorhemynnadow a'n cuffa
dhe Hen Vr. John Taylor,
a "gryj y hallava
omwul hunegan!"
(Tyr bledhen y'n gwely
hep crothval vyth oll!)

- - - - -
Dedicated
with very kind regards to
Old Mr. John Taylor,
who "thinks he might pass
as a dormouse!"
(Three years in bed
and never a grumble!)

Players

Gwaryoryon

- Ginger, *a tomcat,*
 & *village shop proprietor*
- Pickles, *a terrier,*
 the other proprietor
- Mr. John Dormouse
- Miss Dormouse, *his daughter*
- Lucinda & Jane, *dolls*
- Policeman, *a German doll*
- Sally Henny Penny
- Mr. Samuel Whiskers, *a rat*
- Anna Maria, *his wife*
- Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit
 feline proprietress of the other shop
- Jynjyber, *gourgath,*
 ha perghenek gwerthjy y'n bendra
- Kyfythek, *dorgy,*
 an perghenek aral [**kyfythek < kyfyth + -ek. = S. *picklish*]
- Mēster Jowan Hūnegan
- Mēstresyk Hūnegan, *y vyrgh*
- Lūcynda ha Jena, *popettys*
- Crēswas, *popet Almaynek*
- Sally Pedn-yar
- Mēster Samuel Boghvlew, *logosen vras*
- Anna Mar̄ya, *y wrekk*
- Mēstres Brythycca Treblynch
 cathes a bew an gwerthjy aral

Note: yn some of the illustrations, there are brief non-speaking cameo roles for players from other tales by the author, e.g. *Tom Kitten and his sisters*, *Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle*, *Jemima Puddle-Duck*, and others.

Notyer: yn re a'n lymnansow, yma rannow ber 'cameo' dylavar rak gwaryoryon adhya dhrollys erel gans an auctores, r.e. *Tubm Cathyk ha'y wheryth*, *Mrs. Tygy-wynkyl*, *Jemayma Pollenhos*, hag erel.

Drolla
Jynjyber ha Kyfythus.

Y'n termyn us passyes yth esa gwerthjy treveglos. An hanow a-ugh an fenester esa 'Jynjyber ha Kyfythek.' Gwerthjy byghan munys o, poran an braster ewn rak Popettys—Lucynda ha Jena (an gokes) a vedha ow prena aga fegans orth gwerthjy Jynjyber ha Kyfythek.



*The Tale of
Ginger and Pickles.*

Once upon a time there was a village shop. The name over the window was "Ginger and Pickles." It was a little small shop just the right size for Dolls—Lucynda and Jane Doll-cook always bought their groceries at Ginger and Pickles.

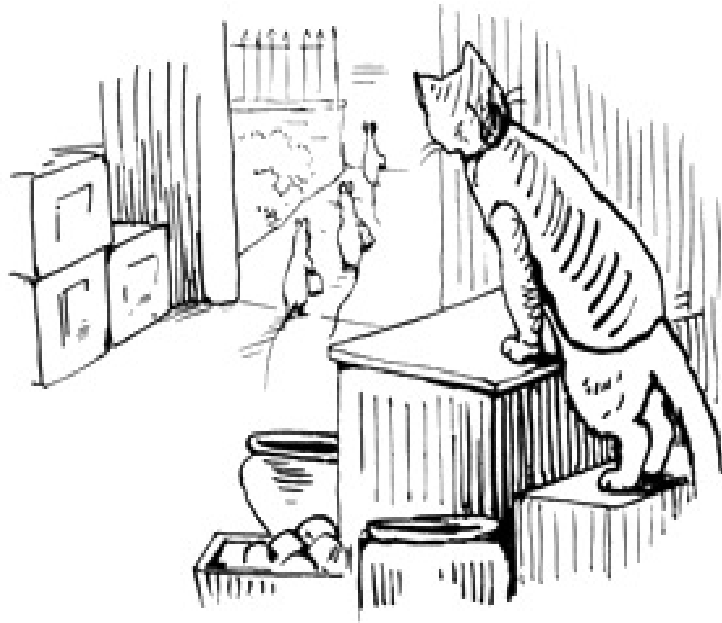


Ughelder an comptyer ajy o gwyw rak conynas. Jynjyber ha Kyfythek a wertha lyenyow-poket bryth cough dhe dhynar ha try ferdhyn. Y a wertha magata sugra, ha pon strewy, hag areskyjow. Yn ober, kynth o gwerthjy mar vyghan, ef a wertha pup tra ogasty—saw boghes tra a'th us ethom anedha gans hast—rak ensompel, lasys botasen, pynnys blew, ha golythyon davas.

Jynjyber ha Kyfythek o an dus a wytha an gwerthjy. Jynjyber o gourgath ruthvelen, ha Kyfythek o dorgy. An conynas o pupprys tam ownek a Gyfythek.

The counter inside was a convenient height for rabbits. Ginger and Pickles sold red spotty pocket-handkerchiefs at a penny three farthings. They also sold sugar, and snuff, and galoshes. In fact, although it was such a small shop it sold nearly everything—except a few things that you want in a hurry—like bootlaces, hair-pins, and mutton chops.

Ginger and Pickles were the people who kept the shop. Ginger was a yellow tom-cat, and Pickles was a terrier. The rabbits were always a little bit afraid of Pickles.



Logas o prenysy dhe'n gwerthjy ynweth—mes an logas o tam ownek a Jynjyber.

Del o usyes, Jynjyber a wovyna orth Kyfythek aga servya, rak ef a a levery y dhe wul y anow dhe dhyvera.

“Ny allaf vy perthy,” yn meth ef, “gweles aga mos mes orth an darras yn un dhon aga fardellow byghan.”

— — — — —
The shop was also patronized by mice—only the mice were rather afraid of Ginger.

Ginger usually requested Pickles to serve them, because he said it made his mouth water.

“I cannot bear,” said he, “to see them going out at the door carrying their little parcels.”



“My a’ m bus an keth yeunadow ow tuchya dhe logas bras,” a worthebys Kyfytiek, “mes ny dhegothfya nefra dhyn dybry agan prenysy agan honen; y a vynsa agan sonya ha mos dhe werthjy Brythycca Treblynch.”

“Y’n le a henna, ny vynsens y mos tyller vyth oll,” a worthebys Jynjyber yn morethek.

(Brythycca Treblynch a wytha an unyk gwerthjy aral y’n dreveglos. Ny vynsa hy ry cresys.)

“I have the same feeling about rats,” replied Pickles, “but it would never do to eat our own customers; they would leave us and go to Tabitha Twitchit’s.”

“On the contrary, they would go nowhere,” replied Ginger gloomily.

(Tabitha Twitchit kept the only other shop in the village. She did not give credit.)



Jynjyber ha Kyfythek a vedha ow ry cresys hep fynweth.

Ytho, hem yu styr ‘cresys’— prenyas pan vyn cafos torth seban, yn le tenna mes tygen ha’y frena, hy a lever y vyn hy tyilly treveth aral.

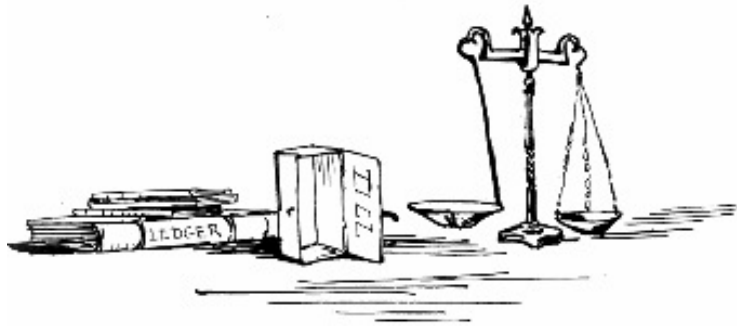
Ha Kyfythek a omblek yn ysel ha leverel, “Gans plesour, madama,” ha scryfa an manylyon yn lyver.

— — — — —

Ginger and Pickles gave unlimited credit.

Now the meaning of “credit” is this—when a customer buys a bar of soap, instead of the customer pulling out a purse and paying for it, she says she will pay another time.

And Pickles makes a low bow and says, “With pleasure, madam,” and it is written down in a book.



An prenysy a dhewhel arta hag arta, ha cafos tomals, yn despyt dhe berthy own a Jynjyber ha Kyfythek.

Mes nyns us arghans vyth yn pyth yu gylwys an 'rekenva.'

The customers come again and again, and buy quantities, in spite of being afraid of Ginger and Pickles.

But there is no money in what is called the "till."



An prenysy a dho yn ruth vur pup deth oll ha prena tomals, kens oll an prenysy rak clyjy. Mes nefra nysn esa arghans man; ny vedhens y tyll bythqueth unwyth un dynar rak mentys tom.

Mes uthek bras o an gwerthow, degwyth brassa es gwerthow Brythycca Treblynch.

— — — — —

The customers came in crowds every day and bought quantities, especially the toffee customers. But there was always no money; they never paid for as much as a pennyworth of peppermints.

But the sales were enormous, ten times as large as Tabitha Twitchit's.



Drefen nag esa arghans nefra, res o dhe
Jynjyber ha Kyfythek dybry aga gwara aga
honen.

Kyfythek a dhybry byskettys, ha Jynjyber a
dhybry corvarfus deseghys.

Y a's dybry orth golow cantol wosa an gwerthjy
dhe vos deges.

— — — — —
*As there was always no money, Ginger and Pickles were
obliged to eat their own goods.*

Pickles ate biscuits, and Ginger ate a dried haddock.

They ate them by candle-light after the shop was closed.



Pan dheth Calan Genver nyns esa arghan na whath ha ny ylly Kyfythek prena lecyans ky.

“Pur dhyflas yu, own a’ m bus a’ n creslu,” yn meth Kyfythek.

“Ty yu dhe vlanya awos bos dorgy; nyns us res dhymmno cafos lecyans, ha nyns us res dhe Kep an ky deve s nanyl.”

When it came to Jan. 1st there was still no money, and Pickles was unable to buy a dog licence.

“It is very unpleasant, I am afraid of the police,” said Pickles.

“It is your own fault for being a terrier; I do not require a licence, and neither does Kep, the Collie dog.”



“Hep confort dres eghen yu; ownek of y fydhaf sompnys. My re whylas yn ufer cafos lecyans war gresys orth Sodhva an Post,” yn meth Kyfythek. “An tyller yu lun a greswesyon. My a dhyerbynnas onen ha my ow tos tre.”

“Gwren ny danvon an reken unwyth arta dhe Samuel Boghvlew, Jynjyber; ymava 22 sols ha 9 dynar yn kendon rak kyk mogh.”

“Ny grysaf vy y vos ervyrys dhe be poynt,” a worthebys Jynjyber.

“It is very uncomfortable, I am afraid I shall be summoned. I have tried in vain to get a licence upon credit at the Post Office;” said Pickles. “The place is full of policemen. I met one as I was coming home.”

“Let us send in the bill again to Samuel Whiskers, Ginger, he owes 22/9 for bacon.”

“I do not believe that he intends to pay at all,” replied Ginger.



“Ha certan of vy bos Anna Marya ow corra taclow yn hy ascra—Ple ’ma an byskyttys crygh?”

“Ty a wruk aga dybry dha honen,” a worthebys Jynjyber.

— — — — —

*“And I feel sure that Anna Maria pockets things—
Where are all the cream crackers?”*

“You have eaten them yourself,” replied Ginger.



Jynjyber ha Kyfytiek a omdennas bys y'n parleth adhelergh. Y a wre an acontys. Y a rekna summys ha summys ha summys.

“Samuel Boghvlew re guntellas reken maga hyr avel y lost; ef re gafas uns ha try quartron a bon strewy nans yu mys Hedra.”

“Pyth yu 7 puns amanyn dhe 1 sols ha 3 dynar, ha gwelen cor selya, ha 4 tanbren?”

“Dastanvon an reknys oll dhe buponen ‘gans gorhemynnadow,’” a worthebys Jynjyber.

— — — — —
Ginger and Pickles retired into the back parlour. They did accounts. They added up sums and sums, and sums.

“Samuel Whiskers has run up a bill as long as his tail; he has had an ounce and three-quarters of snuff since October.”

“What is seven pounds of butter at $1/3$, and a stick of sealing wax and four matches?”

“Send in all the bills again to everybody ‘with compts,’” replied Ginger.



Whare y a glewas tros y'n gwerthjy, kepar del
ve neppyth pokkyes ajy orth an darras. Y a
dheth mes a'n parleth adhelergh. Yth esa
maylyer a'y wroweth war an comptyer, ha
creswas ow scryfa war goweth-lyver.

*After a time they heard a noise in the shop, as if
something had been pushed in at the door. They came
out of the back parlour. There was an envelope lying on
the counter, and a policeman writing in a note-book!*



Kyfythek a'n jevo shora ogasty; ef a harthas hag a harthas, ha gul lyes fysk byghan.

“Brath e, Kyfythek! brath e!” a gryas Jynjyber yn stlaf, hag ef adryf ballyer sugra. “Ef yu saw poppet Almaynek!”

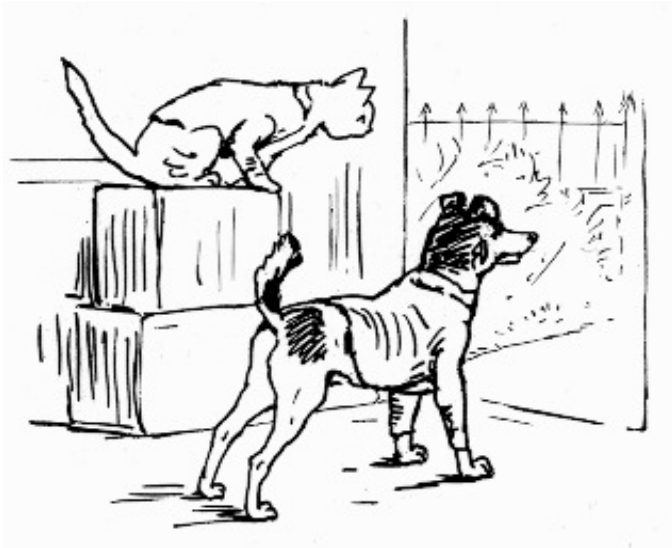
An creswas a besya scryfa war y goweth-lyver; dywwyth ef a worras y bluen blom yn y anow, hag unwyth ef a's sedhys y'n molas. Kyfythek a harthas bys pan ova gylls renk. Mes whath ny wruk an creswas gul vry anedha man. Paderennow o y dheulagas, ha'y vasnet esa kelmys orto gans gwryow.

— — — — —

Pickles nearly had a fit, he barked and he barked and made little rushes.

“Bite him, Pickles! bite him!” spluttered Ginger behind a sugar-barrel, “he’s only a German doll!”

The policeman went on writing in his notebook; twice he put his pencil in his mouth, and once he dipped it in the treacle. Pickles barked till he was hoarse. But still the policeman took no notice. He had bead eyes, and his helmet was sewed on with stitches.



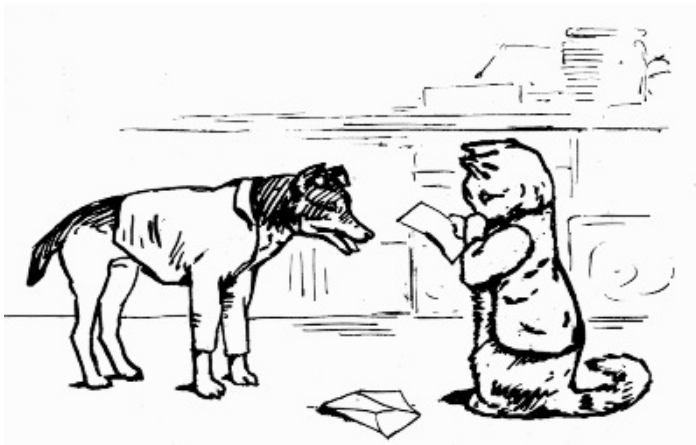
Wosteweth, wosa y fysek dewetha, Kyfythek a gafas bos an gwerthjy gwak. An creswas esa gylls mes a wel.

Mes an maylyer a worta whath.

“A gryjys ta ef dhe vos gylls dhe gerghes creswas gwyr bew? Somons yu, own a’ m bus,” yn meth Kyfythek.

“Na gryjaf,” a worthebys Jynjyber, a wrussa ygery an maylyer, “toll chy ha toll gober yu—3 funs, 19 sols, 11 dynar, ha 3 ferdhyn.”

— — — — —



At length on his last little rush, Pickles found that the shop was empty. The policeman had disappeared.

But the envelope remained.

“Do you think that he has gone to fetch a real live policeman? I am afraid it is a summons,” said Pickles.

“No,” replied Ginger, who had opened the envelope, “it is the rates and taxes, £3 19 11-3/4.”



“Ny allaf vy perthy tra vyth namoy,” yn meth Kyfyttek; “gwren ny degea an gwerthjy!”

Y a worras yn ban an keasow fenestry, ha vodya. Mes nyns esons y gyllys pell adhyworth an kentrevogeth. Yn ober, nebes tus yu whansek y dhe vos gyllys pella whath.

— — — — —

“This is the last straw,” said Pickles, “let us close the shop.”

They put up the shutters, and left. But they have not removed from the neighbourhood. In fact some people wish they had gone further.



Yma Jynjyber trygys yn godegh an conynas. Ny won vy py par whel ymava ow cul; tew attes yu y semlant.

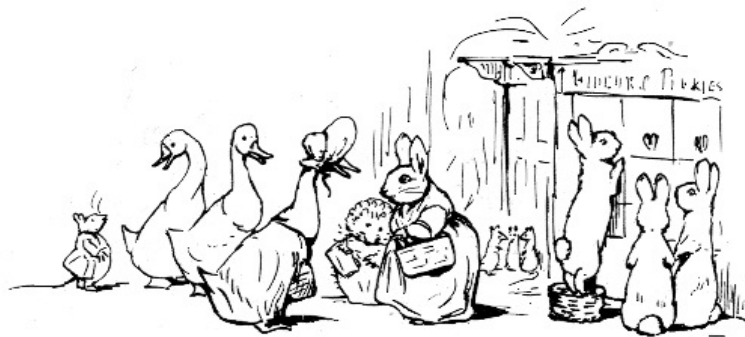
Ginger is living in the warren. I do not know what occupation he pursues; he looks stout and comfortable.



Kyfythek yu gwythyas an gam y'n ur-ma.

— — — — —

Pickles is at present a gamekeeper.



Degeans an gwerthjy o skyla ancombrynsy bras.
War nuk, Brythycca Treblynch a dhrehevys
prys puptra demma; ha hy a besya whath sevel
orth ry cresys.

— — — — —

The closing of the shop caused great inconvenience.

*Tabitha Twitchit immediately raised the price of
everything a half-penny; and she continued to refuse to
give credit.*



Yma del wodher kertys an wycoryon—an kyger,
gwerther an puskes, ha Tymothen Peber.

Mes ny yl den bewa war desennow carwy, ha
tesen spong, ha torthennow amany—unwyth
a pe an desen spong mar dha avel tesen
Tymothen.

*Of course there are the tradesmen's carts—the butcher,
the fish-man and Timothy Baker.*

*But a person cannot live on “seed wigs” and sponge-
cake and butter-buns—not even when the sponge-cake is
as good as Timothy's!*



Whare Mester Jowan Hunegan ha'y vyrgh a dhallethy gwertha mentys tom ha cantolyow.

Mes ny wrens y gwertha "cantolyow omewna 6-mesva"; ha bysy yu cafos pypm logosen dhe dhon un gantol 7-mesva.

— — — — —

After a time Mr. John Dormouse and his daughter began to sell peppermints and candles.

But they did not keep "self-fitting sixes"; and it takes five mice to carry one seven inch candle.

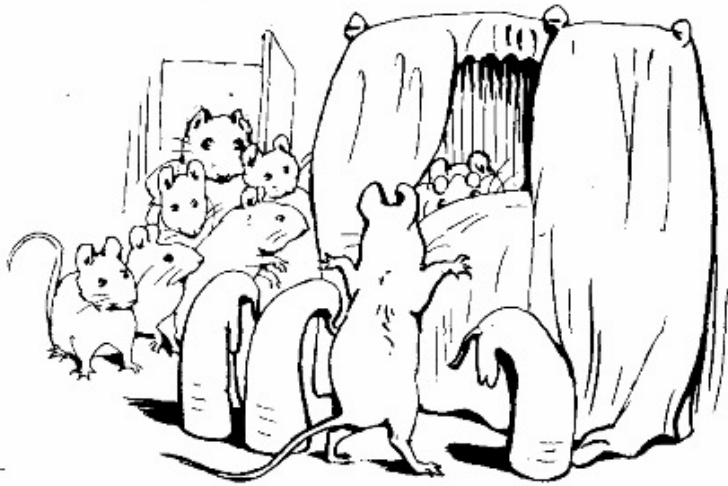


Dres henna, an cantolyow a werthons yu pur
goynt aga fara pan vo tom an gewer.

— — — — —

*Besides, the candles which they sell behave very strangely
in warm weather.*





Ha Mestresyk Hunegan a sonya daskemeres
an stokkys pan vedhens kerghys tre dhedhy
gans tus ow croffolas.

Ha pan vedha nep huny ow croffolas dhe
Vester Jowan Hunega, ef a dryga yn y wely, ha
ny vynny ef leverel ger vyth saw, “pur glos;” ha
nyns yu henna an forth wyw dhe rewlya negys
shoppa.

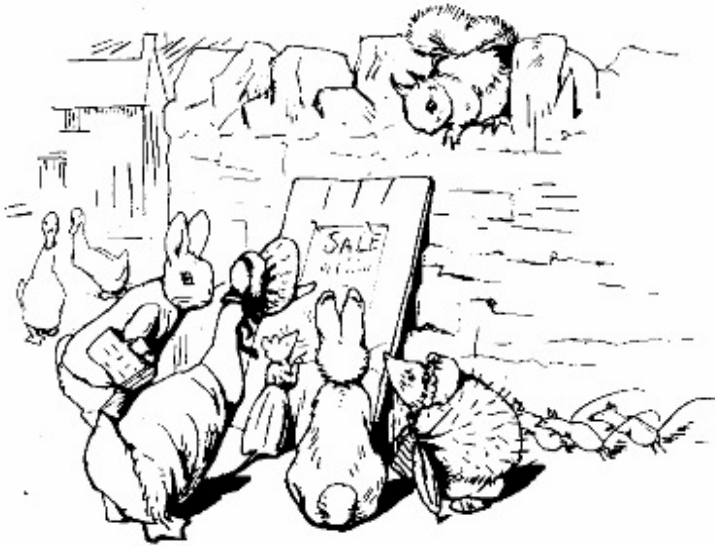
— — — — —
*And Miss Dormouse refused to take back the ends when
they were brought back to her with complaints.*

*And when Mr. John Dormouse was complained to, he
stayed in bed, and would say nothing but “very snug;”
which is not the way to carry on a retail business.*

Ytho puponen o pys da pan wruk Sally Pedn-Yar danvon ales scrysel a leverys hy dhe vos ervyrys dasygery an gwerthjy:

“Chyffarwerth Ygery Pedn-Yar!
Basar Bras Kesoberek!
Prysyow Dynar Pedn-Yar!
Dus ha prena! Dus ha prevy!
Dus ha prena!”

Scrysel a'n moyha dynyak o dhe wyr.



So everybody was pleased when Sally Henny Penny sent out a printed poster to say that she was going to re-open the shop:

*“Henny’s Opening Sale!
Grand Co-operative Jumble!
Penny’s penny prices!
Come buy! Come try!
Come buy!”*

The poster really was most ’ticing.



Yth esa ruth a bobel deth an ygery. An gwerthjy o gorlenwys a brenysy, hag yth esa lu a logas war sensoryon an byskettys.

Sally Pedn-Yar a dhe ha bos nebes amays byth pan whyl hy nyvera mona, ha hy a ynnny cafos pemont yn arghans parys; mes hep drok yuy.

— — — — —

There was a rush upon the opening day. The shop was crammed with customers, and there were crowds of mice upon the biscuit canisters.

Sally Henny Penny gets rather flustered when she tries to count out change, and she insists on being paid cash; but she is quite harmless.

Ha hy re guntellas kemysk marthys a vargenys.
Yma neppyth a vyn plekya dhe buponen.



AN DEWETH.

*And she has laid in a remarkable assortment of
bargains.*

There is something to please everybody.

THE END.



2014

- 53 *Tubm ha Jerry: An Noswyth kens Nadelek.* Cartoon short, MP4, (email GanO for a copy)
 52 *Jynjyber ha Kyfytkek / Ginger and Pickles.* Beatrix Potter (PDF £0.00 ebook)
 51 Cornish Dialect Series: 4. *Dolly Pentreath.* (Author unnamed)
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 45 a) *Plen an Gwary: 30 gwary gweryn a lyes bro.* Marion F. Lansing (Cor.)
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- 44 *An Noswyth kens Nadelek/La Vispera de Navidad.* (Cor.+Spa.) £0.00 PDF
 43 *Tarosvan Canterville/El Fantasma de Canterville.* Oscar Wilde (Cor.+Spa.)
 42 a) *Drollys Gys-Dons/Cornish Christmas Plays.* ed. EF Climo (Cor.+Eng.)
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 41 a-f) *The Selfish Giant.* Oscar Wilde (6 bi- & multi-lingual edns; most £0.00)
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 35 *Woody Casek Cos + An Edhen Avar.* ed. EF Climo (£0.00 PDF comic; Cor.)
 34 a) *Drollys Kewry Crothak / A Grumbling of Giants.* ed. EF Climo (Cor.+Eng.)
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