

Keskowsow Istorek

ha

Keskowsow

gans

Yowann Parker

Dyllys gans Kowethas an Yeth Kernewek

Keskowsow a veu dyllys yn kynsa gans Kowethas an Yeth Kernewek y'n vlydhen 1998

Keskowsow was first published by Kowethas an Yeth Kernewek in 1998

Keskowsow Istorek a veu dyllys yn kynsa gans Kesva an Taves Kernewek y'n vlydhen 2005

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An hwedhlow, y'n dhew lyver, a veu pryntys yn kynsa y'n lyver-termyn An Gannas.

The stories in both books were first printed in the magazine An Gannas.

An dyllans ma a veu dyllys, keffrys an sidi kevrennek, gans Kowethas an Yeth Kernewek ha kesoberyans gans Kesva an Taves Kernewek.

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Gwirpryntys an hwedhlow © John Parker

Y hwithir pub gwir. Ny yllir dasskrifa rann vydh a'n lyver ma na hy gwitha yn system daskavadow na hy thavethli yn furv po dre vayn elektronek, jynnweythek, liesskrifa, sonskrifa po pypynag a vo, heb kummys dhiworth an dyller

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Kovadh rolas rag an lyver ma yw kavadow dhiworth an Lyverva Bredennek.

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Raglavar

Foreword

Y feu an *Keskowsow Istorek* skrifys wosa galow dhiworth pennskriker *An Gannas* rag skrifow gwiw dh'aga gorra a-rag dallethoryon yn Kernewek. Ankan an skrifow ma o yn kynsa dhe dhiskwedhes dhe dhallethoryon fatell wrer devnydh a lavarow sempel yn keskows pup-tydh.

An *Keskowsow* re bia skrifys nebes blydhynyow kyns, dhe weres kes-studhyoryon neb usi owth oberi rag an apposyansow 2a gradh yn Kernewek. Kevys y'n apposyans dre anow 2a gradh y'n eur na o "gwariow-rol". Y'n jydh hedhyw, dell wodhir, "gwariow-rol" yw rann an apposyans dre anow y'n pub gradh oll. Rakhenna govenek agan beus an keskowsow ma dhe vos dhe les dhe studhyoryon y'n pub gradh y'ga vyaj a-berth yn Kernewek.

An *Keskowsow Istorek* ha'n *Keskowsow* a veu dyllys yn kynsa yn *An Gannas*. Wosa henna i a veu dyllys yn lyvrow diblans ha gansa an skrif Sowsnek. Synsys ov dhe Graham Sandercock neb a wrug ewna an skrifow kyns i dhe omdhiskwedhes yn *An Gannas*, hag ynwedh dhe Jori Ansell ha Ray Edwards a'ga gweres meur a bris. Gonn meur ras dhywgh hwi, oll agas tri!

The *Keskowsow Istorek* were written following an appeal from the editor of *An Gannas* for material suitable for beginners in Cornish. Their prime aim was to give beginners examples of how simple phrases might be used in everyday conversation.

The *Keskowsow* had been written a year or two earlier to help fellow-students who were working for the Grade 2 language examination, whose oral section included *gwari-rol* or "role play". Now of course role play is part of the oral examination for all grades, so it is to be hoped that the conversations will be useful to students at all stages of initiation into the Cornish language.

Both *Keskowsow Istorek* and *Keskowsow* appeared first in their Cornish versions in *An Gannas*. Subsequently they were published as separate books with the English version added. I am indebted to Graham Sandercock, who edited the pieces before they appeared in *An Gannas*, and also to Jori Ansell and the late Ray Edwards for their invaluable help. Thank you very much, all three of you!

John Parker

Keskowsow Istorek

gans

Yowann Parker

Delinyansow gans Esther Johns

Historic Conversations

by

John Parker

Drawings by Esther Johns

1. In the Garden

God: Hello, Adam. How are you?

Adam: All right, thank you, Lord. But I'm a bit depressed.

God: Depressed? Why are you depressed? This garden's a happy place.

Adam: Well, here I am on my own. There's no one to talk to except the monkeys.

God: The monkeys are better than nothing.

Adam: But I can't understand what they're saying. It's boring.

God: Well, perhaps I might find a companion for you. Go to sleep a bit now...

(Later)

God: Adam! Are you awake?

Adam: Yes, but I seem to be a bit sore about the ribs. Oh, my dear soul! What's this fellow?

God: Correction - "woman".

Eve: Where am I? And who am I?

God: Beside Adam. And Adam's rib.

Eve: Who's Adam?

God: Your friend. Look after him well

Eve: Oh, I'll do that. What a fine lad! Look at those muscles!

Adam: Who is this fellow - woman - she, Lord?

God: She's your friend. Protect her from harm.

Adam: Isn't she beautiful! And she can talk!

God: You said it!...

(Later)

Eve: How are you, sweetheart? Did you sleep well? Can I do anything for you? It's a lovely day - the sun is shining and the sky is blue. Let's walk through the garden and listen to the birds singing and look at the flowers blooming and

Adam: Hold your tongue a bit, honey, for Pete's sake! - I'm very hungry. Have you got any food?

1. Y'n Lowarth

- Duw: Dydh da, Adam. Fatla genes?
- Adam: Yn poynt da, meur ras, A Arloedh. Mes nebes trist ov vy.
- Duw: Trist? Prag yth osta trist? Tyller lowen yw an lowarth ma.
- Adam: Wel, ottavy ow honan. Nyns eus denvyth dh'y gewsel orto marnas an simes.
- Duw: An simes yw gwell es travyth.
- Adam: Mes ny wonn vy konvedhes an pyth a leverons. Skwithus yw.
- Duw: Wel, martesen my a wra kavoes koweth ragos. Gwra koska pols lemmyn.
(Diwettha)
- Duw: Adam! Osta difun?
- Adam: Ov - mes nebes klav yw ow asow, dell hevel. A, ow enev ker!
Pyth yw hemma?
- Duw: Ewnans - "homma".
- Eva: Ple'th esov vy? Ha piw ov vy?
- Duw: Ryb Adam.
- Eva: Piw yw Adam?
- Duw: Dha goweth. Dyght ev yn ta.
- Eva: A, my a wra gul henna. Ass yw ev brav! Mir orth an keherow na!
- Adam: Piw yw hemma - homma - hi, A Arloedh?
- Duw: Dha gowethes yw hi - gwith hi rag drog.
- Adam: Ass yw hi teg! Hag hi a woer kewsel!
- Duw: Ty a wrug y leverell...
(Diwettha)
- Eva: Fatla genes, kuv-kolonn? A wruss'ta koska yn ta? A allav vy gul neppyth ragos? Dydh hweg yw - yma an howl ow splanna ha glas yw an ebron. Gwren ni kerdhes der an lowarth ha goslowes orth an ydhyn ow kana ha mires orth an bleujennow ow pleujyowa ha
- Adam: Taw taves pols, ow melder, a-barth Peder - yma nown euthyk bras dhymm. Eus boes genes?

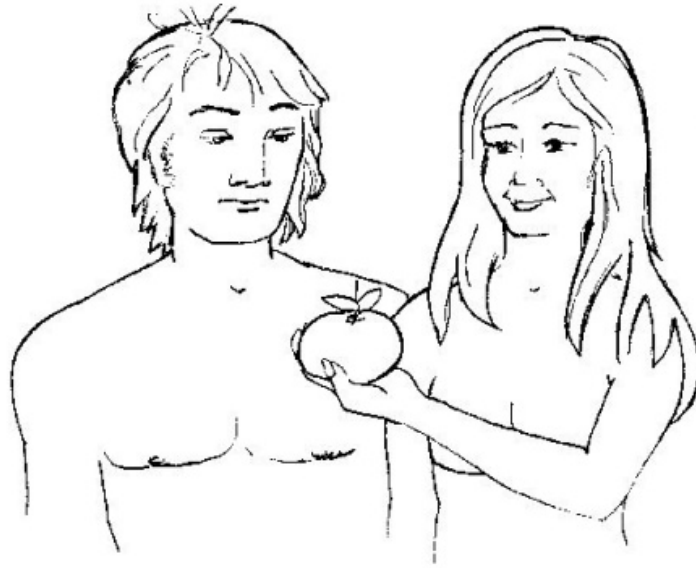
Eve: What sort of food?
Adam: It doesn't matter what sort of food. Just bring me something to eat.
Eve: Wait a minute, sweetheart - I know just the thing...
(*Later*)
Eve: Here I am, sweetheart. And here's an apple...

“Ottomma aval ...”

2. In Jerusalem

Man: Hello.
Woman: Hello, sir.
Man: How are you?
Woman: Fine, thank you. And you?
Man: Not so bad, thank you. What's your name?
Woman: Bathsheba.
Man: Ah, that's a pretty name. I like that name.

Eva: Py par boes?
Adam: Ny vern py par boes. Dro dhymm neppyth dhe dhybri.
Eva: Gorta pols, kuv-kolonn - my a woer an dra gewar...
(*Diwettha*)
Eva: Ottavy, kuv-kolonn. Hag ottomma aval...



2. Yn Yerusalem

Den: Dydh da.
Benyn: Dydh da, sirra.
Den: Fatla genes?
Benyn: Yn poynt da, meur ras. Ha ty?
Den: Da lowr, meur ras. Pyth yw dha hanow?
Benyn: Bathsheba ov.
Den: A, hanow teg yw henna. My a gar an hanow na.

Woman: And you? Who are you?
Man: I'm David.
Woman: Ah, that's a nice name.
Man: Where do you live?
Woman: I live in Jerusalem.
Man: But Jerusalem's a big city. Where's your house?
Woman: Here. Here's my house. This big one.
Man: It's certainly a big house. Is it a new house?
Woman: No, it's not a new house. It's a very old house. Look, the door's broken and it hasn't got a bathroom. I have to wash on the roof.
Man: Ah. (*A short pause.*) Are you married?
Woman: Yes. But my husband isn't at home today.
Man: Ah. (*A short pause.*) What kind of a man is your husband? Is he an old man?
Woman: No, he's a young man. He's a soldier in the king's army.
Man: Ah. (*A short pause.*) What's his name?
Woman: Uriah. He's a fine, strong, brave man. I love him very much. And you - where do you live?
Man: In Jerusalem as well. My house is the royal palace.
Woman: The royal palace! Gosh! Are you a servant of the king?
Man: No, I'm not a servant of the king. I am the king.
Woman: You? Are you King David then?
Man: I am.
Woman: You're the real King David?
Man: Yes.
Woman: Ooh! (*A short pause.*)
Man: Well, then, I must go now. Goodbye. I'll see you.
Woman: Perhaps.
Man: Oh, I'll certainly see you tonight - at sunset. Good night.

Benyn: Ha ty? Pw ostas?

Den: Davydh ov.

Benyn: A, hanow hweg yw henna.

Den: Ple'th esosta trigys?

Benyn: Trigys esov yn Yerusalem.

Den: Mes sita vras yw Yerusalem. Ple'ma dha ji?

Benyn: Omma. Ottomma ow chi. An chi bras ma.

Den: Chi bras yw, yn sur. Yw ev chi nowydh?

Benyn: Nag yw, nyns yw ev chi nowydh. Chi pur goth yw. Ott, terrys yw an daras, ha nyns eus stevell-omwolghi dhodho. Res yw dhymm omwolghi war an to.

Den: A. (*Powes byghan.*) Osta demmedhys?

Benyn: Ov. Mes nyns usi ow gour tre hedhyw.

Den: A. (*Powes byghan.*) Py par den yw dha wour? Yw ev den koth?

Benyn: Nag yw, den yowynk yw. Souder yw ev yn lu an myghtern.

Den: A. (*Powes byghan.*) Pyth yw y hanow?

Benyn: Uriah yw. Den brav ha krev ha kolonnek yw. My a'n kar yn ta. Ha ty - ple'th esosta trigys?

Den: Yn Yerusalem ynwedh. Ow chi yw an lys ryel.

Benyn: An lys ryel! Marthys da! Osta gwas an myghtern?

Den: Nag ov, nyns ov vy gwas an myghtern. Myghtern ov.

Benyn: Ty? Osta Myghtern Davydh, ytho?

Den: Ov.

Benyn: Ty yw an gwir vyghtern Davydh?

Den: Ov.

Benyn: Ou! (*Powes byghan.*)

Den: Ytho, wel, res yw dhymm mos lemmyn. Duw genes. Dha weles.

Benyn: Martesen.

Den: A, my a wra dha weles haneth, yn sertan - dhe howlsedhes. Nos dha.

3. On the Beach

- Harold: Hello.
- William: Good day to you. How goes it?
- Harold: Pretty well, thank you. Who are you?
- William: I'm William. Who are you?
- Harold: I'm Harold. Where do you live?
- William: Well, I'm travelling about at the moment, but I was living in Normandy.
- Harold: In Normandy? Let me see, I believe Normandy's in France. Isn't it the bit just next to Brittany?
- William: Yes.
- Harold: My Aunt Mildred lives in Quimper. Do you know her?
- William: I can't say I do. Then I was never in Quimper.
- Harold: Oh, I see. Are all these boats yours?
- William: Yes. I've got seven hundred boats. We're just getting ready to land.
- Harold: Ah, now, there's a small problem. This is a private beach. No swimming, playing football, collecting sea shells, fishing, horse-riding, dropping litter or landing in a boat more than ten feet long. I can see that your boats are very big, with men and horses on board.
- William: Ah, that's a pity. Are you the owner of this beach?
- Harold: I am. I own the whole country. I'm King Harold.
- William: Ah, I'm pleased to meet you. Duke William.
- Harold: Welcome to England.
- William: Well, we had a pretty rough crossing. My men are tired and wet and sick - sea-sickness, don't you know?
- Harold: You have my sympathy, but you can't land here. There's a big marina at Brighton, no more than twenty-five miles from here. And moreover there's a lot of pubs and night-clubs and public toilets in Brighton. We've got nothing like that here in Pevensey.

3. War an Treth

- Harri: Dydh da.
- Wella: Dydh da dhis. Fatla genes?
- Harri: Yn poynt da, meur ras. Piw osta?
- Wella: Wella ov vy. Piw osta?
- Harri: Harri ov vy. Ple'th esosta trigys?
- Wella: Wel, tremenyas ov vy lemmyn, mes trigys esen vy yn Normandi.
- Harri: Yn Normandi? Yma Normandi yn Pow Frynk, dell grysav. A nyns yw an ranndir na sevedhys ogas dhe Vreten Vyghan?
- Wella: Yw.
- Harri: Yma ow modrep ow triga yn Kemper, Mildred hy hanow. A's aswonnydh ta?
- Wella: Ny's aswonnnav. Ny wrug vy mos bythkweth dhe Gemper.
- Harri: A, my a wel. Yw oll an skathow ma dhis?
- Wella: Yw. Yma seyth kans skath dhymm. Parys on ni oll dhe dira.
- Harri: A. Yma kaletter byghan. Hemm yw treth privedh. Difennys yw dhe neuvya, gwari pel-droes, kuntell kregyn-mor, pyskessa, marghogeth, skoellya atal, ha tira yn skath moy es deg troes-hys hy hirder. Dell welav, bras dres eghenn yw dha skathow, hag ynna tus ha mergh.
- Wella: A, soweth. Osta perghenn a'n treth ma?
- Harri: Ov. My yw perghenn a'n pow ma oll. Myghtern Harold ov.
- Wella: A, da yw genev dha dhyerbynna. Duk Wella ov vy.
- Harri: Pow Sows a'th tynnergh.
- Wella: Wel, yth o nebes garow agan treusva. Ow thus yw skwith ha glyb ha klav - an kleves-mor, a wodhes ta konvedhes?
- Harri: Keskodhevys ov, mes ny yllowgh hwi tira omma. Yma marina vras dhe Brighton, nag usi moy es pypm mildir warn ugens alemma. Ha moy es henna, yma lies diwotti ha klub-nos ha privedhyow poblek yn Brighton. Nyns eus travyth a'n par na omma yn Pevensi.

William: Well, I'm sure what you say is true, but I'm going to land here with my army. We've got tents and saucepans, and I can see a wood over there for firewood and some fat sheep grazing in that meadow. We'll be happy enough here.

Harold: This isn't a good place for camping. It's very low-lying and liable to flood. And the mosquitoes here are awful and exceptionally fierce. Brighton's better.

William: Thanks for your advice. We'll certainly camp somewhere else. My brother camped last year with his family at Senlac. We'll camp there. We'll see you there perhaps tomorrow. Bring your friends with you.

Harold: I'll do that.

William: Oh, by the way, my archers may be practising in the morning. Keep your eye open for arrows. Good night.

4. In the Street

Woman: Oranges, sweet oranges!

Man: Hello, pretty maiden, how are you?

Woman: All right, thank you, sir. Do you want to buy any oranges?

Man: Perhaps. Tell me first, what's your name, my dear?

Woman: I'm Sophonisba, sir.

Man: Sophonisba? What sort of a name is that for a girl as pretty as you?

Woman: That's my real name but my nickname is Nell.

Man: Nell? Well, that's better than Sonophisba.

Woman: Sophonisba. My friends call me Nell because I'm strong, carrying baskets of oranges all over London.

Man: I can see your, er, muscles. Aren't they huge! What's your surname?

Woman: Gwynn, sir. I'm "Nell Gwynn".

Wella: Wel, heb dhout ty a lever gwiryonedh, mes my a vynn tira omma gans ow lu. Yma tyldow genen ha padellow-dorn ha my a yll gweles koes rag keunys ha nebes devees tew ow peski y'n beurva na. Lowen lowr vydhyn ni omma.

Harri: Nyns yw da an tyller ma rag kampa. Pur isel yw, ha gostyth yw a vos livys. Hag omma an gwibes yw euthyk ha gwyls dres kinda. Brighton yw gwell.

Wella: Meur ras dhis a'th kusul. Yn sertan ni a wra kampa neb tu arall. Ow broder a wrug kampa warlyna dhe Senlak gans y deylu. Ni a wra kampa ena. Dha weles martesen ena a-vorow. Dro dha gowetha genes.

Harri: My a'n gwra.

Wella: A, martesen ow gwaregoryon a wra praktisya myttinweyth. Gwith igor dha lagas rag sethow. Nos dha.

4. Y'n Stret

Benyn: Owraivalow, owraivalow hweg!

Den: Dydh da, A voren deg, fatla genes?

Benyn: Yn poynt da, meur ras, sirra. A vynn'ta prena owraivalow?

Den: Martesen. Lavar dhymm kyns, pyth yw dha hanow, ow melder?

Benyn: Sofonisba ov, sirra.

Den: Sofonisba? Py par hanow yw henna rag mowes mar semli avelos?

Benyn: Henn yw ow hanow gwir, mes ow leshanow yw Nell.

Den: Nell? Wel, gwell yw henna es Sonofisba.

Benyn: Sofonisba. Ow howetha a'm henow Nell awos ow bos krev, ow toen kanstellow bras a owraivalow oll a-dro dhe Loundres.

Den: My a yll gweles dha geherow. Ass yns i bras! Pyth yw dha hanow teylu?

Benyn: Gwynn, sirra. Henwys ov "Nell Gwynn".

Man: I think that name's wrong. Since you're a woman, the correct form is "Nell Wynn", with second state mutation.

Woman: Well, I'm sorry, I'm not very well educated. Grammar isn't my strong point.

Man: No matter, you're very talented in other ways, that's obvious. So, about your oranges.

Woman: Of course, sir, they're lovely oranges, from Spain, fresh this morning.

Man: Are they very expensive?

Woman: Three a penny, but I prefer to sell them for threepence a kilo.

Man: A kilo?

Woman: Sure, - would you like one kilo? two kilos? three kilos?

Man: What is this "kilo"? Is it a Spanish word?

Woman: I don't know.

Man: What happened to the British pound?

Woman: O.K. - one pound, two pounds, three pounds.

Man: You're trying to blind me with science.

Woman: I've got other fruit- bananas, cherries, plums, and very big and ripe melons on special offer, two melons for the price of one.

"Yma froeth erell dhymm"

Den: Dell dybav, kamm yw an hanow na. A-ban osta benyn, an furv ewn yw “Nell Wynn”, gans trelyans an nessa studh.

Benyn: Wel, soweth, nyns ov vy pur adhyskys. Nyns yw gramasek ow foynt krev.

Den: Ny vern, roasek osta yn fordhow erell, henn yw apert. Ytho, a-dro dha owravalow.

Benyn: Yn sur, sirra, owravalow pur hweg yns i, dhiworth Spayn, kro hedhyw vyttin.

Den: Yns i pur gostek?

Benyn: Tri a unn diner, mes gwell yw genev aga gwertha a dri diner orth an kilo.

Den: Orth an kilo?

Benyn: Yn hwir - a vynn'ta kavoes unn kilo? dew gilo? tri hilo?

Den: Pyth yw an kilo, gilo, hilo ma? Yw ev ger spaynek?

Benyn: Ny wonn.

Den: Pandr'a hwarva dhe'n peuns predennek?

Benyn: Da lowr - unn peuns, dew beuns, tri feuns.

Den: Ty a wra assaya ow dalla gans skians.

Benyn: Yma froeth erell dhymm - bananas, keres, ploumennow, ha melonyow bras ha meur adhves - kynnik arbennik, dew velon a bris orth onan.



Man: That's enough. Bring all your fruit to my house tonight at eight o'clock.

Woman: I'll do that with pleasure - where do you live?

Man: In Whitehall - (that's correct with the proper mutation).

Woman: What number?

Man: Number eight, the Royal Palace. Come to the back door, knock three times and ask for Charlie.

Woman: 'Til eight o'clock, then, Charlie. See you...

Note: Cornish has a convention whereby the initial letters of certain words under certain circumstances are changed (mutated) or lost altogether. After a feminine noun, "gwynn" (= white) loses the "g" and becomes "wynn". Note also that the word "nell" in Cornish = strength.

5. In the Ladies Room

Kathryn: Good evening, Anne.

Anne: Good evening, Your Majesty. How are you?

Kathryn: Very well, but "How art thou?" is enough now*, and call me "Kathryn". It's no use pretending. I'm on my way out. I was queen yesterday. Tomorrow my divorce comes through. Sooner or later you'll be queen instead of me. Today we're both sisters in misfortune.

Anne: Misfortune? Why? I'm happy!

Kathryn: I was happy myself in the beginning. Have you seen the soap?

Anne: No - oh, yes, there it is, on the floor - in the corner. I'll get it for you.

Kathryn: Thank you, child. As I said, I was happy enough at first. But he's a hard man to please, my husband. I couldn't give him a son. I've only borne him Princess Mary. If you can give him a son, "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din". (Rudyard Kipling.)

* Modern Cornish distinguishes between "thou" (singular and familiar) and "you" (plural and formal), just as French does.

Den: Honn yw lowr. Dro oll dha froeth dhe'm chi vy haneth dhe eth eur.

Benyn: Gul henna a wrav gans plesour - ple'th esosta trigys?

Den: Y'n Stret Hel Wynn - homm yw ewn, gans treylyans gwiw.

Benyn: Py niver?

Den: Niver eth, an Lys Ryel. Deus dhe'n daras a-dryv, gwask teyrgweyth ha dervynn Charli.

Benyn: Bys yn eth eur, Charli. Dha weles...

5. Y'n Stevell an Benynes

Kathryn: Gorthugher da, Anne.

Anne: Gorthugher da, Agas Meuredh. Fatla genowgh hwi?

Kathryn: Yn poynt da, mes lowr yw "Fatla genes" lemmyn, ha galw vy "Kathryn". Euver yw dhe fasya. Yth esov vy war ow fordh a-ves. Myghternes en vy de. A-vorow y teu ow thorrva-dhemmedhyans. Kyns po diwettha ty a vydh myghternes yn ow le. Hedhyw hwerydh yn anfeus on ni agan diw.

Anne: Anfeus? Prag? Lowen ov vy!

Kathryn: Lowen en vy ow honan y'n dalleth. A wruss'ta gweles an sebon?

Anne: Na wrug - a, ottena, war an leur, y'n gornell. My a wra y gyrghes ragos.

Kathryn: Gonn meur ras dhis, A flogh. Dell leveris, lowen lowr en vy y'n dalleth. Mes den kales dh'y blesya yw ow gour. Ny yllis vy ri dhodho mab. Nyns eus marnas an bennseviges Maria genys ahanav. Mar kyllidh ri dhodho mab, "Ty yw den gwell es dell ov vy, Gunga Din". (Rudyard Kipling.)

Anne: My name isn't "Gunga Din" - I'm Anne Boleyn. And I'm not a man - I'm a woman. And who's Rudyard Kipling?

Kathryn: Forgive me. Correction. "You're a better woman than I am, Anne Boleyn." And Rudyard Kipling is a celebrated poet of the future, about three hundred years from now.

Anne: Oh.

Kathryn: Bother! I must get a new mirror. This one makes me look old. Will you lend me your mirror?

Anne: Gladly.

Kathryn: Oh, yes. That's better.

Anne: Keep it, please.

Kathryn: Thank you. Well then, they say you're going to be the next queen of England.

Anne: I think so. The tailors and seamstresses are getting my wedding dress ready at this moment. It's very pretty.

Kathryn: What colour?

Anne: White of course. I'm a virgin.

Kathryn: Of course! Can I borrow your hair-brush?

Anne: Of course you can, willingly! Here it is!

Kathryn: Thanks. Damn! I've just washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it. Can you lend me a hair pin?

Anne: Here it is.

Kathryn: Thanks. You're very sweet. How do I look?

Anne: Fantastic - like a queen!

Kathryn: You too. Well, I'm sure you'll make Hal a good wife. But just remember one thing. As Rudyard Kipling says in his poem "If" - "If you can keep your head..."

Anne: Nyns yw ow hanow “Gunga Din” - Anne Boulyn ov vy. Ha nyns ov vy den - benyn ov. Ha piw yw Rudyard Kipling?

Kathryn: Gav dhymm. Ewnans. “Ty yw benyn well es dell ov vy, Anne Boulyn.” Ha Rudyard Kipling yw prydydh meur y vri y’n termyn a dheu, neb tri hansblydhen alemma.

Anne: A.

Kathryn: Dar! Res yw dhymm kavoes gweder-mires nowydh. An huni ma a’m gwra omdhiskwedhes koth. A yll’ta koela orthiv dha virour jy?

Anne: Gans kolonn dha.

Kathryn: A, yn hwir, henn yw gwell.

Ann: Gwra y witha, my a’th pys.

Kathryn: Meur ras. Wel, ty a vydh an nessa myghternes a Bow Sows, dell leverir.

Anne: Dell dybav. Yma an dreghoryon ha’n gwriadoresow ow pareusi ow fows dhemmedhyans y’n eur ma. Pur deg yw hi.

Kathryn: Py liw?

Anne: Gwynn, heb mar. Gwyrghes ov.

Kathryn: Heb mar! A allsen vy chevisya dha skubellenn-vlew?

Anne: Gyllydh, a leun golonn! Ottahi!

Kathryn: Meur ras. Gast! Nammnygen wrug vy golghi ow blew ha lemmyn ny allav gul travyth gansa. A yll’ta koela dhymm pynn blew?

Anne: Ottava.

Kathryn: Meur ras. Pur guv osta. Fatell omdhiskwedhav?

Anne: Bryntin - avel myghternes!

Kathryn: Ty ynwedh. Wel, ty a vydh dhe Hal gwreg dha, sur ov vy a henna. Mes porth kov a unn dra. Dell lever Rudyard Kipling yn y vardhonek “Mar” - “Mar kyllydh gwitha dha benn...”

6. On the Quayside

- Chris C: Good day to you. How are you?
- Jan H: Middling, thank you. Who are you?
- Chris C: I'm Christopher Colombus. Is this India?
- Jan H: No. It's not India, it's Newlyn.
- Chris C: But - isn't Newlyn in India?
- Jan H: No. Lucknow's in India but Newlyn isn't in India. Newlyn's in Cornwall.
- Chris C: Ah. It seems we're a bit off course. Have you any gold or silver or expensive spices?
- Jan H: No. We got a bit of tin and copper and mint and parsley. They don't cost much. Would you like to buy some bunches of parsley at eight pence a bunch?
- Chris C: No. Have you got any velvet? Or nice clothes made of silk?
- Jan H: No. My wife can knit you a woolly jumper, very warm for sailing in the Atlantic.
- Chris C: We've got enough woolly clothes, thank you. Well, we must be getting on with our voyage.
- Jan H: Wait a minute. There's a landing fee to pay for landing here. Three pounds, please.
- Chris C: Ah, I'm sorry. I haven't got any pounds on me. However I've got a lot of Euros. How many Euros is three pounds?
- Jan H: I don't know. I'm not a maths master. I'm the harbour-master, Jan Harvey.
- Chris C: Well, here's ten Euros. Is that enough?
- Jan H: That's good enough. Thanks. Do you want a receipt?
- Chris C: No. Well, we must put to sea once more.
- Jan H: Wait a minute. That's an odd name, Christopher Colombus. What kind of a name is it?
- Chris C: It's an Italian name. I was born in Italy.

6. War an Kay

- Kris K: Dydh da dhis. Fatla genes?
- Jan H: Yn poynt da, meur ras. Piw osta?
- Kris K: Kristofer Kolombus ov. Yw hemma Eynda?
- Jan H: Nag yw. Nyns yw Eynda, Lulynn yw.
- Kris K: Mes - a nyns usi Lulynn yn Eynda?
- Jan H: Nyns usi. Yma Lucknow yn Eynda mes nyns usi Lulynn yn Eynda. Yma Lulynn yn Kernow.
- Kris K: A. Dell hevel, yth eson ni nebes mes a'gan hyns. Eus owr po arghans po spisyow kostek dhis?
- Jan H: Nyns eus. Yma tamm sten ha kober ha menta ha persil dhyn ni. Nyns yw hemma pur gostek. A vynn'ta prena nebes tyskennow a bersil a eth diner orth an dyskenn?
- Kris K: Ny vynnav. Eus pali dhis? Po dillas teg gwrys a owrlin?
- Jan H: Nag eus. Ow gwreg a yll gwia ragos hevis gwlanek, pur doemm rag goelya war an keynvor Atlantek.
- Kris K: Yma dillas gwlanek lowr dhyn ni, meur ras. Wel, res yw dhyn ni pesya y'gan vyaj.
- Jan H: Gorta unn pols. Rag tira omma yma toll tirans dhe be. Tri feuns, mar pleg.
- Kris K: A, drog yw genev. Nyns eus peunsow genev. Byttegyns yma lies Euro genev. Pygemmys Euroyow yw tri feuns?
- Jan H: Ny wonn. Nyns ov vy mester a awgrym. Mester an porth ov, Jan Harvi.
- Kris K: Well, ottomma deg Euro. Yn henna lowr?
- Jan H: Da lowr yw hemma. Meur ras. A vynn'ta akwityans?
- Kris K: Ny vynnav. Wel, res yw dhyn ni mora unnweyth arta.
- Jan H: Gorta unn pols. Hanow koynt yw Kristofer Kolombus. Py par hanow yw ev?
- Kris K: Hanow Italek yw. Genys veuv yn Itali.

Jan H: But that flag flying on your mast, isn't that a Spanish flag?
Chris C: Yes. The ship's owner is the king of Spain.
Jan H: So, you're an illegal fisherman! In the name of the Duke of Cornwall I'm seizing your ship and its cargo. (*Calling*) Hey, lads, here's a ship fishing illegally in our waters. Go and look for fish in it...
(*Later*)
Jan H: Well, Dick, did you find any fish?
Dick: We did, Jan. We found a hundred barrels full of dried fish.
Jan H: What kind of fish?
Dick: Every barrel had a written sign on it saying, "Best pilchards, packed in Newlyn, Cornwall".
Jan H: Ah, coals to Newcastle, eh? Well, Mister Colombus, you may continue your voyage without hindrance. From here you steer past the headland as far as the Wolf Rock, turn right, and you find India about sixteen thousand miles due west. There's only one small problem - you'll bump into America on the way...

"Ow gwreg a yll gwia ragos hevis gwlanek"

- Jan H: Mes an baner na, ow ternija war wern dha worhel, a nys yw ev an baner spaynek?
- Kris K: Yw. Perghenn an gorhel yw an myghtern a Spayn.
- Jan H: Ytho, ty yw pyskador anlaghel! Yn hanow an Duk a Gernow, my a vynn sesya dha worhel ha'y garg. (*Ow karma*) Hou, A gowetha, ottomma gorhel ow pyskessa erbyn an lagha y'gan moryow ni. Gwreugh hwilas pysk ynno...
(*Diwettha*)
- Jan H: Wel, Hykka, a wrussowgh hwi kavoes pysk?
- Hykka: Gwrussyn, Jan. Ni re gavas kans balyer leun a bysk sygh.
- Jan H: Py par pysk?
- Hykka: Yma skrifys war pub balyer arwoedh ow leverel, "An gwella hern, troessys yn Lulynn, Kernow".
- Jan H: A, glow dhe Gastellnowydh, yn hwir. Wel, A Vester Kolombus, ty a yll pesya dha vyaj heb lett. Lyw alemma dres an pennrynn bys yn Karrek an Bleydh, treyl a-dhyghow, ha ty a gyv Eynda neb hwetek mil vildir alena tro ha'n howlsedhes. Nys eus saw unn kaletter byghan – ty a wra dos erbynn Amerika war an fordh...



7. In the Forest

John: Help! Help!

Poc: What's the matter?

John: Oh, help me! help me! I'm lost in this awful forest. For three days I've been walking around in circles.

Poc: But this forest isn't awful! It's a lovely, friendly forest. My home is in it.

John: Your home? Here? Who are you?

Poc: I'm Pocahontas. I'm a Native American princess. Who are you?

John: I'm Captain John Smith. What did you say your name was?

Poc: Pocahontas. It means: "Soft breeze singing in the tree-tops".

John: Oh. Well, with your permission I shall call you "Polin".

Poc: "Polin". That's a nice name. What does it mean?

John: I don't know exactly. But it's a fine Cornish name.

Poc: Cornish? What's "Cornish"?

John: It's the language of Cornwall.

Poc: Cornwall? What's "Cornwall"?

John: Didn't you learn geography in your school?

Poc: I never went to school. Incidentally, what's "school"?

John: You don't know much, do you?

Poc: No, but I'm not lost. Where do you live?

John: At the moment I'm serving in the British army but my home is in London.

Poc: Where's –

John: Listen. Come with me and I'll take you to England, to London. You'll like London. It's a big city.

Poc: City?

* Pocahontas was lying: her name means "Playful little girl".

7. Y'n Goeswik

- Yo: Harow! Harow!
- Po: Pyth yw an mater?
- Yo: A, gweres vy! gweres vy! Kellys ov y'n goeswik euthyk ma. Dres tri dydh my re wrug kerdhes a-dro yn kylghyow.
- Po: Mes nyns yw euthyk an goeswik ma! Koeswik hweg hag hegar yw. Yma ow thre ynni.
- Yo: Dha dre? Omma? Piw osta?
- Po: Pokahontas ov. Pennseviges Amerikanek teythyek ov vy. Piw osta?
- Yo: Kaptan Yowann Angov ov. Pandr'a leversys bos dha hanow?
- Po: Pokahontas. Styr a henna yw: "Awel glor ow kana y'n pennow gwydhennow".
- Yo: A. Wel, dre dha gummyas, my a wra dha elwel "Polin".
- Po: "Polin". Henn yw hanow hweg. Pyth yw styr a henna?
- Yo: Ny wonn poran. Mes yth yw ev hanow kernewek brav.
- Po: Kernewek? Pyth yw "kernewek"?
- Yo: Yeth Kernow yw.
- Po: Kernow? Pyth yw "Kernow"?
- Yo: A ny wruss'ta dyski daronieth y'th skol jy?
- Po: Nyns esen vy bythkweth yn skol. A-ban eus kows dhodho, pyth yw "skol"?
- Yo: Ny wodhes ta boghes veur, a nyns yw?
- Po: Na, mes nyns ov vy kellys. Ple'th esosta trigys?
- Yo: Y'n eur ma yth esov vy ow konis y'n lu predennek, mes yma ow thre yn Loundres.
- Po: Ple'ma -
- Yo: Klyw. Deus genev, ha my a vynn dha worra dhe Bow Sows, dhe Loundres. Ty a wra kara Loundres. Sita vras yw hi.
- Po: Sita?

* Yth esa Pokahontas ow kowleverel: styr hy hanow yw "Mowes vyghan jolif".

John: But better than that, I've got a house in Cornwall, near Newquay, on the main road from Launceston to Land's End. It's a second home, for holidaying in. It's a quaint cottage built of granite with a small garden. And nearby there's a splendid pub, "The Whistling Pig", or something like that. We'll rename it "The Native American Princess" - no - "The Native American Queen" and you can work in it and attract the customers -

Poc: What's the weather like in Cornwall?

John: Well, sometimes it's sunny and sometimes it's misty and sometimes it's windy and sometimes it rains -

Poc: And in summer?

John: That is the weather in summer. In winter the weather's much the same but a bit more so.

Poc: Listen, John. I've got a cousin called Minnehaha - that means "Laughing Water" - and last year she met an officer in the British army who took her on holiday to the Bahamas. There the sun shines all day and the stars shine all night and the palm trees sway in the gentle breeze and the sea's warm to bathe in... Come on, let's go to the Bahamas this year. Perhaps we can go to Cornwall next year...

8. In Camelot

Arthur: Where are you, sweetheart?

Guinevere: I'm in the dining-room. How was the battle?

Arthur: Not bad, thanks.

Guinevere: Did you win?

Arthur: Yes, thanks be to God.

Yo: Mes gwell es henna, yma chi dhymm yn Kernow, ogas dhe Dewynn Pleustri, war an fordh-veur a Lannstefan dhe Benn an Wlas. Chi nessa yw, rag havi ynno. Pennti koynt yw, gwrys a ven-growan ha lowarth byghan dhodho. Hag yn ogas yma diwotti splann, “An Hogh ow Hwibana”, po neppyth a’n par na. Ni a wra y dhashenwel “An Bennseviges –” na, “An Vyghternes Amerikanek Teythyek”, ha ty a wra oberi ynno martesen ha tenna an brenysi -

Po: Fatell yw an awel yn Kernow?

Yo: Wel, treweythyow howlyek yw, ha treweythyow niwlyek yw, ha treweythyow gwynsek yw, ha treweythyow hi a wra glaw -

Po: Hag yn hav?

Yo: Yn hav? Yth yw henna an awel yn hav. Yn gwav yth yw an awel kehaval, mes nebes moy yndella -

Po: Klyw, A Yowann. Yma dhymm keniterow Minnehaha hy hanow – an styr a henna yw “Dowr ow Hwerthin” - ha warlyna hi a vetyas gans soedhek yn lu predennek neb a’s gorras war dy’goel dhe’n Ynysow Bahama. Ena yma an howl ow splanna dres an jydh, ha’n ster ow terlenti dres an nos, ha’n palmwydhennow ow kwaya y’n awel glor, ha toemm yw an mor rag neuvya ynno... Deus, A Yowann, gwren ni mos hevlyna dhe’n Ynysow Bahama. Martesen ni a yll mos dhe Gernow y’n vlydhen a dheu...

8. Yn Kamelot

Arthur: A guv-kolonn, ple’th esosta?

Gwynniver: Ottavy y’n stevell-dhybri. Fatell o an gas?

Arthur: Da lowr, meur ras.

Gwynniver: A wrussowgh hwi tryghi?

Arthur: Gwrussyn, dhe Dhuw re bo grassyes.

Guinevere: How was Lancelot?

Arthur: Why do you ask about him?

Guinevere: I don't know. He seems to be a promising young man.

Arthur: So, what have you been doing while I've been away?

Guinevere: I've been rearranging the furniture in the dining room.

Arthur: But you did that last year, didn't you?

Guinevere: Yes, but today it was time to do it again. Look, I've moved the candlestick nearer the fire.

Arthur: Ah, that's very good.

Guinevere: And I've ordered new curtains. Purple curtains.

Arthur: Purple?

Guinevere: That's a royal colour.

Arthur: Ah. Of course.

Guinevere: And I've ordered a new table.

Arthur: A new table? Are you crazy? What's wrong with the old table?

Guinevere: What's wrong? Are *you* crazy! It's old! It's a disgrace to the house!

Arthur: My father owned that table, and my grandfather before him. I was conceived on that table, according to my mother. That table is a very valuable antique.

Guinevere: Antique my foot! It's full of woodworm, and one corner's propped up on two books. Besides, there isn't enough room round it for more than ten people. Last Saturday you invited twelve knights to dinner and four of them had to eat in the kitchen.

Arthur: All right, let's get some benches.

Guinevere: Listen. honey, that table's suitable for nothing except firewood. So, I've ordered a new table. A round table.

Arthur: A round table?

Guinevere: The best families have round tables these days. Lady Enid's got a round table.

Arthur: I'm not surprised to hear it. She's got a round bed as well.

Gwynniver: Fatla gans Lancelott?

Arthur: Prag y hwovynnydh a-dro dhodho?

Gwynniver: Ny wonn. Dell hevel, yth yw den yowynk ow tedhewi.

Arthur: Ytho, pandr'a wruss'ta ha my a-dre?

Gwynniver: Dasaraya an mebyl y'n stevell-dhybri re wrug vy.

Arthur: Mes ty a wrug henna warlyna, a ny wruss'ta?

Gwynniver: Gwrug, mes prys yw hedhyw y dhasaraya arta. Ott, my re gyrghas an gantolbrenn nes dhe'n fog.

Arthur: A, ass yw henna da.

Gwynniver: Ha my re erghis kroglennow nowydh. Kroglennow rudhlas.

Arthur: Rudhlas?

Gwynniver: Liw ryel yw henna.

Arthur: A. Heb mar.

Gwynniver: Ha my re erghis moes nowydh.

Arthur: Moes nowydh? Osta muskoges? Pyth yw kamm gans an voes koth?

Gwynniver: Pyth yw kamm? Osta muskok dha honan? Koth yw hi! Meth an chi yw hi!

Arthur: Ow thas a biwo an voes na, ha'm tas-gwynn kyns eev. Omdhegys veuv war an voes na, herwydh ow mamm. Henbyth meur y bris yw an voes na.

Gwynniver: Henbyth ow throes! Leun a bryv-prenn yw, hag yma unn korn jistys war dhew lyver. Dres henna, nyns eus spas lowr a-dro dhedhi a voy es deg person. Dy'Sadorn yw passyes ty a wrug gelwel dewdhek marghek rag koen, ha res o dhe beswar anedha dybri y'n gegin.

Arthur: Ytho, gwren ni kavoes nebes bynkyow.

Gwynniver: Klyw, ow melder, nyns yw gwiw an voes koth na saw unnsel rag keunys. Ytho, my re erghis moes nowydh, moes rond.

Arthur: Moes rond?

Gwynniver: An gwella teyluyow a biw moes rond y'n jydh hedhyw. Yma moes rond dhe'n arloedhes Enid.

Arthur: Nyns eus marth dhymm dh'y glywes. Yma gweli rond dhedhi ynwedh.

Guinevere: Indeed! How do you know that?

Arthur: Lancelot told me. And she's got orange curtains as well, and a pink carpet.

Guinevere: In spite of all that, round tables are the current fashion.

Arthur: Fashion? It's a joke. What's wrong with a square table, or an oblong table?

Guinevere: They're too small. You can put more food on a round table.

Arthur: And where's the head of a round table? I'm a king. I've got to sit at the head of the table.

Guinevere: We can write the word "Head" in one spot. Oh, sweetheart, I do so want to have a round table. As I said, it's the modern fashion.

Arthur: If that's the modern fashion, I don't want to know.

Guinevere: Oh, darling -

Arthur: Listen! You will bring a round table into this house over my dead body. Fashion! It's ludicrous. I don't want to be remembered as the king who had a round table. "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." It's just laughable - very amusing. Ha, ha. Forget it!

Guinevere: Just as you wish, my sweetheart. Now, about the curtains...

9. Before Trafalgar

Emma: Darling, what's happening? Are you packing your duffel-bag?

Nelson: Yes. I've received a call summoning me to my flag-ship.

Emma: "The Expugnation"?

Nelson: Ah, no, her name isn't "The Expugnation" any longer. That was a bit too much of a mouthful. We've renamed her "The Victory".

Gwynniver: Dhe wir? Fatell wodhes ta henna?

Arthur: Lanselott a wrug y leverel dhymm. Hag yma kroglennow rudhvelyn dhedhi ynwedh, ha leurlenn wynnrudh.

Gwynniver: Yn despit war henna, moesow rond yw an gis arnowydh.

Arthur: Gis? Gis? Ges yw. Pyth yw kamm gans moes pedrek, po moes hirbedrek?

Gwynniver: Re vyghan yns i. Y hyllir gorra moy boes war voes kylghyek.

Arthur: Ha ple'ma penn an voes rond? My yw myghtern. Res yw dhymm esedha dhe benn an voes.

Gwynniver: Ni a yll skrifa an ger "Penn" yn unn le. A guv-kolonn, hwansek ov dhe gavoës moes rond. Dell leveris vy, gis arnowydh yw.

Arthur: Mars yw henna gis arnowydh, ny vynnav vy y wodhvos.

Gwynniver: A geresik -

Arthur: Klyw! Ty a wra doen moes rond a-berth y'n chi ma dres ow horf marow. Gis! Dell leveris kyns, ges yw! Ny vynnav vy bos kovhes avel an myghtern a biwo moes rond. "Myghtern Arthur ha'n Varghogyon a'n Voës Rond." Ges yw hemma, yn tevri - pur dhidhanus. Ha, ha. Ankov e!

Gwynniver: Poran dell vynnydh, ow huv-kolonn. Lemmyn, a-dro dhe'n kroglennow...

9. Kyns Trafalgar

Emma: A geresik, pandr'a hwer? Esosta ow troessa dha sagh-duffel?

Nelson: Esov. My re dhegemmeras galow orth ow gelwel dhe'm gorhel baner.

Emma: "An Vudhogoletth"?

Nelson: A, na, nyns yw "An Vudhogoletth" y hanow nafella. Ganowas re vras o henna. Ni re wrug y dhashenwel "An Trygh".

Emma: Oh, that's better! Whenever I wrote letters to you in the past I didn't know how to spell "Expugnation".

Nelson: I know. Incidentally you spell "Victory" with a "c".

Emma: When do you go?

Nelson: At eleven o'clock. A coach is coming to take me to the ship.

Emma: Where's this voyage going?

Nelson: To Trafalgar.

Emma: Where's Trafalgar?

Nelson: I don't know exactly. Somewhere on the Spanish coast.

Emma: Spanish! Is it near Benidorm?

Nelson: I'm not sure.

Emma: Me and William spent our honeymoon in Benidorm. Or was it Benghazi? It doesn't matter. Have you packed your telescope?

Nelson: Yes.

Emma: I was going to buy you a pair of binoculars for Christmas, but then I remembered... Anyway, have you packed your sea-sickness pills?

Nelson: Yes. And my sunburn cream.

Emma: Will you send me a postcard from Trafalgar?

Nelson: Yes, if I can.

Emma: And will you bring me a souvenir as well?

Nelson: Yes. Er, what happened to the camel I sent you from Egypt?

Emma: It's in Paignton Zoo. It wasn't very happy in the back garden. Tell me, darling, will this voyage be dangerous?

Nelson: Perhaps. We're going to try to knock Johnnie Frenchman for six, and chase old Boney from our seas.

Emma: Good luck, my honey.

Nelson: I've bought you a small present, darling. It's in this small box.

Emma: Ass yw henna gwell! Pan skrifen lytherow dhis y'n termyn eus passyes, ny wodhyen vy fatell lytherennir "Budhogoleth".

Nelson: My a woer. A-ban eus kows dhodho, y lytherennir "Trygh" gans "y".

Emma: Dhe by eur edh ta?

Nelson: Dhe unnek eur. Yma kocha ow tos rag ow gorra bys y'n gorhel.

Emma: Dhe by le fydh an vyaj ma?

Nelson: Dhe Drafalgar.

Emma: Ple'ma Trafalgar?

Nelson: Ny wonn poran. Neb le war an arvor spaynek.

Emma: Spaynek! Usi ev ogas dhe Venidorm?

Nelson: Nyns ov vy sur.

Emma: Wella ha my a wrug spena agan loer-mel yn Benidorm. Po o ev Benghasi? Ny vern. A wruss'ta troessa dha bellweler?

Nelson: Gwrug.

Emma: Yth esen vy ogas dhe brena ragos diwbellweler rag Nadelik, mes ena my a borthas kov... Byttegyns, a wruss'ta troessa dha bellennigow morgleves?

Nelson: Gwrug. Ha'm dyenn-howl-lesk.

Emma: A wre'ta dannvon dhymm kartenn-bost dhiworth Trafalgar?

Nelson: Gwrav, mar kallav.

Emma: Hag a wre'ta dri dhymm kovro ynwedh?

Nelson: Gwrav. A, pandr'eus hwarvedhys dhe'n kowrvargh hag a dhannvenis dhis dhiworth Ejyp?

Emma: Yn milva Paignton yma ev. Nyns o ev re lowen y'n lowarth a-dryv. Lavar dhymm, keresik, a wra an vyaj ma bos peryllus?

Nelson: Martesen. Ni a wra assaya gweskel Yowannik Frynk rag hwegh, ha fesya hen Askornek a'gan moryow.

Emma: Chons da, ow melder.

Nelson: My re brenas ro byghan ragos, kuv-kolonn. Ottava y'n gist vyghan ma.

Emma: Oh, let me open it! Oh, isn't it beautiful! A gold bracelet with pearls and diamonds! Fantastic! But it's too expensive. This must have cost you an arm and a leg. Oh, sorry.

Nelson: Not to worry. Well, I'm all set to go now. Kiss me, my honey.

Emma: Willingly, darling. There. (*A short pause*) And don't you go kissing anyone else while you're away...

10. On the Island

Rob: Hello, a footprint in the sand. Amazing! It's not my footprint – I'm wearing shoes and this is the print of a bare foot.

Man: Can I help you? Are you looking for something? Crabs or mussels perhaps?

Rob: Who are you?

Man: Me? I'm me.

Rob: My yw piw? [Me who?]

Man: Ah, hallo, Pew. Aren't you the Blind Pew, from *Treasure Island*?

Rob: I'm not Pew. I'm Robinson Crusoe.

Man: Pew? Crusoe? I'm confused.

Rob: What's your name?

Man: Name? I haven't got a name. I'm me.

Rob: What day is it today?

Man: What day? It's Friday.

Rob: Then I shall call you "Man Friday", because today's Friday.

Man: O. K., Crusoe. Are you making a long stay here? We don't see many holidaymakers in these parts.

Rob: As far as I can see, I'm here for ever and ever. And I'm not a holidaymaker, I'm a sailor.

Man: Ah, a sailor. Where's your ship?

Emma: A, gas vy hy igeri! A, ass yw ev splann! Breghellik owrek gans perllys hag adamantys! Bryntin! Mes re gostek yw. Hemma a res kostya dhis bregh ha garr. Ogh, gav dhymm.

Nelson: Na fors. Wel, parys ov vy dhe vos alemma. Amm dhymm, ow melder.

Emma: Gans kolonn dha, keresik. Ytho. (*Powes byghan*) Ha gwayt na wrylli amma dhe nahen person ha ty a-dre...

10. War An Ynys

Rob: Ott, ol troes y'n tewes. Marthus da! Nyns yw ev ow ol vy - yth esov vy ow kwiska eskisyow, ha hemm yw ol troes diarghen.

Den: A allav vy dha weres? Esos ta ow hwilas neppyth? Kankres po meskel, martesen?

Rob: Piw osta?

Den: My? My yw.

Rob: My yw piw?

Den: A, dydh da, Piw. A nyns osta an Piw Dall, dhiworth Ynys Tresor?

Rob: Nyns ov vy Pew. Robynson Krousow ov vy.

Den: Piw? Krousow? Sowdhenys ov.

Rob: Pyth yw dha hanow?

Den: Hanow? Nyns eus hanow dhymm. My yw.

Rob: Py dydh yw hedhyw?

Den: Py dydh? Dy'Gwener yw.

Rob: Ytho, my a wra dha henwel "Den Gwener", awos bos hedhyw dy'Gwener.

Den: Da lowr, Krousow. A wre'ta gortos omma dre dermyn hir? Ny welir lies havyas y'n ranndir ma.

Rob: Dell dybav, y hwrav vy gortos omma bys vykken ha binnari. Ha nyns ov vy havyas, marnar ov.

Den: A, marnar. Ple'ma dha worhel?

Rob: There, on those rocks. My ship's completely destroyed.
Man: Ah, I see. It's a wreck, of course.
Rob: Right. Now I've got to look for something to eat. Goodbye.
Man: I've got a sea-food stall on the next beach. There you can buy
cockles and mussels and oysters and crabs and lobsters and
shrimps and jellied eels. Free salt and vinegar.

“Yma stall morvoes dhymm war an nessa treth.”

Rob: Really. Well -
Man: Where are you living?
Rob: In that hut, built from palm leaves and timber salvaged from the
wreck.
Man: Has it got a kitchen?

Rob: Ena, war an garregi na. Terrys yw ow gorhel yn tien.
Den: A, my a wel. Gwrekk yw ev, heb dhout.
Rob: Yn hwir. Lemmyn res yw dhymm hwilas neppyth dhe dhybri.
Duw genes.
Den: Yma stall morvoes dhymm war an nessa treth. Ena y hyllir prena
koklys ha meskel hag ester ha kankres ha legesti ha bibynes-
bubyn ha syllies kowlys. Gans holen hag aysel heb kost.



Rob: Dhe wir. Wel -
Den: Ple'th esosta trigys?
Rob: Y'n krowji na, drehevys a balmys ha prenyer sewys a'n gwrekk.
Den: Eus kegin dhodho?

Rob: No, it hasn't got a kitchen. I have to cook my food on a small camp-fire.

Man: You don't seem to be very comfortable here. As luck has it, I've got a fair-sized villa nearby. There's a flat in it with a small kitchen. If you like you can buy a time-share in it. It's not very expensive. Sheets provided.

Rob: No, I'm Robinson Crusoe. I was sent here by one Mister Daniel Defoe, who's writing a book about me. I've got to stay here and build a small boat and sail away in it and return home again, after many years and after many adventures and many dangers.

Man: As you wish. Well, I've got to go home myself. But if you want to buy a small seaworthy boat, with oars, mast, sails, navigation aids and food and water for three weeks, let me know. It's not very expensive...

11. In the Cafe

Woman: Good day to you, sir. Do you want something to eat?

Alfred: I do. I'm ravenous. What kind of food have you got?

Woman: There's pasties and gogenyn buns.

Alf: What are gog... - what you said?

Woman: It seems you're a stranger in these parts. I don't think you're a Cornishman.

Alf: No. I'm a Saxon - from Winchester.

Woman: Well, in English "gogenyn" is called "saffron".

Alf: Well, then, bring me a pasty and a gog - saffron bun...
(Later)

Woman: Well, did you like the pasty and the bun?

Alf: Yes, although perhaps saffron buns are an acquired taste.

Woman: Well, then, the bill is fourpence.

Alf: Ah, what a pity, I've only got tuppence on me.

Rob: Nag eus, nyns eus kegin. Res yw dhymm pareusi ow boes war dansys byghan.

Den: Dell hevel nyns osta pur attes omma. Dre happ da, yn ogas yma dhymm villa vras lowr hag ynno rannji, gans kegin vyghan. Mar mynnydh, ty a yll prena kevrenn-dermyn ynno. Nyns yw an pris re ughel. Lienyow gweli proviys.

Rob: Na, meur ras, my yw Robynson Krousow. Dannvenys veuv bys omma gans neb unn Mester Daniel Defoe, usi ow skrifa lyver yn ow hever. Res yw dhymm gortos omma ha drehevel skath vyghan hag ynni goelya dhe-ves ha drehedhes tre arta, wosa lies blydhen ha wosa lies aneth ha lies peryll.

Den: Poran dell vynydh. Wel, res yw dhymm dehweles tre ow honan. Mes mar mynnydh prena kok byghan brav, gans revow, gwern, goelyow, daffar navigasyon, ha boes ha dowr rag teyr seythun, deriv e dhymm. Nyns yw an pris re ughel...

11. Y'n Boesti

Benyn: Dydh da dhis, syrre. A vynn'ta kavoes neppyth dhe dhybri?

Alfred: Mynnav. Yma nown bras dhymm. Py par boes eus genes?

Ben: Yma pastiow ha tesennow goedhgennin.

Alf: Pyth yw goedh... - an pyth a leversys?

Ben: Dell hevel, ty yw estrenn y'n pow ma. Nyns osta Kernow, dell dybav.

Alf: Nag ov. Sows ov vy - dhiworth Karwint.

Ben: Wel, yn sowsnek goedhgennin yw henwys "safron".

Alf: Ytho, dro dhymm, mar pleg, pasti ha tesenn woedh - safron...
(*Diwettha*)

Ben: Wel, o da genes an pasti ha'n desenn?

Alf: Ens, kynth yw martesen tesennow safron blas kevys.

Ben: Ytho, pris an boes yw peswar diner.

Alf: Agh, soweth, nyns eus genev saw dew dhiner.

Woman: In that case, you rascal, you'll have to do the washing-up...
(*Later*)

Woman: You've done the washing up very well. Goodbye. Where are you going now?

Alf: I don't know exactly. I've got a lot of enemies hunting me down to kill me. Have you got a job here for a cook?

Woman: Are you a cook? Can you cook a variety of dishes?

Alf: I can try. I know how to cook venison - deer meat.

Woman: Deer! You won't find anything around here bigger than a rabbit. What was your last job?

Alf: My last job? I was king, Alfred, King of the Saxons.

Woman: You? A king? Pull the other one!

Alf: It's true. The Danes chased me out of my kingdom.

Woman: Well, it's obvious you didn't make it as a king. Perhaps you'll do better as a cook...
(*Later*)

Woman: (*shouting*) Alfred, there's something burning!

Alf: I'm sorry. I forgot these saffron buns.

Woman: Saffron buns? They're black buns. They're no good for anything now!

Alf: Perhaps you could put them on the menu as toasted teacakes.

Woman: And you too, you're good for nothing! Get out, you idiot, out of my sight. You, Alfred the Great King? Balderdash! From now on, in this house, you'll be known as Alfred the Great (*expletive deleted*)...

Ben: Rakhenna, ty debelwas, res yw dhis golghi an lestri plos...
(*Diwettha*)

Ben: Ty re wolghas an lestri fest yn ta. Duw genes. Ple hwre'ta mos lemmyn?

Alf: Ny wonn poran. Yma lies eskar orth ow helghya, rag ow ladha. Eus soedh omma genes rag keginer?

Ben: Osta keginer? A wodhes ta pareusi boes a bub eghenn?

Alf: My a yll assaya. My a woer kegi kig karow.

Ben: Karow! Nyns eus y'n ranndir ma travyth brassa ages konin. Pyth o dha dhiwettha soedh?

Alf: Ow diwettha soedh? Myghtern en vy, Alfred, myghtern an Sowson.

Ben: Ty? Myghtern? Tenn an huni arall!

Alf: Gwir yw. An dus dhanek a'm chasyas yn-mes a'm ruwvaneth.

Ben: Wel, apert yw ty dhe fyllel avel myghtern. Martesen ty a vydh keginer gwell...
(*Diwettha*)

Ben: (*ow karma*) A Alfred, yma neppyth ow leski!

Alf: Gav dhymm. My a ankevis an tesennow safron ma.

Ben: Tesennow safron? Tesennow du yns i. Nyns yns i 'vas dhe dravyth lemmyn!

Alf: Martesen ty a yll aga skrifa war an rol-boes avel tesennow-te kresys.

Ben: Ha ty ynwedh, nyns osta 'vas dhe dravyth! Ke dhe-ves, ty wokki, yn-mes a'm gwel. Ty, Alfred an Meur Vyghtern? Flows! Alemma rag, y'n chi ma, ty a vydh aswonnys avel Alfred an Meur (*ger-ti dileys*)...

12. In the Studio

(A knock at the door)

Leo: Come in!

(The door opens)

Mon: I'm sorry I'm late.

Leo: No matter. The night is young. And you are...?

Mon: Mona Pengelly. Mona Lisa Pengelly. I booked a sitting for my portrait. You are a painter, aren't you?

Leo: Among many other things. I'm Leonardo. Please sit down on this chair.

Mon: Thank you. Do you want me to take my clothes off?

Leo: That won't be necessary. I shall paint you fully clothed. I understand this portrait is a gift for your fiancé. Is that your best dress?

Mon: Yes.

Leo: Ah. And what happened to your hair?

Mon: It was beautifully curly yesterday, but you know what this Cornish air is like, always damp.

Leo: Well, O. K. So let's begin.

Mon: Where are your brushes and easel?

Leo: Oh, I'm not going to paint your portrait here. My painting studio's in Italy. Just now I'm going to take your likeness with this machine.

Mon: Machine? What kind of machine is that? It looks like just a wooden box to me.

Leo: I invented this machine myself. I'm an inventor. Later on I'll show you my helicopter. This machine is called a camera. I can take a picture in black and white -

Mon: Ooh! Black and white! The Cornish colours!

Leo: Is that so? Then in Italy I shall make a copy of the likeness in full colour.

12. Y'n Studhla

(Knouk orth an daras)

- Leo: Deus a-ji!
(An daras a igor)
- Mon: Drog yw genev ow bos diwedhes.
- Leo: Ny vern. Yowynk yw an nos. Ha ty yw...?
- Mon: Mona Penngelli. Mona Lisa Penngelli. My a ragerghis esedhvos rag ow hevelep. Ty yw lymner, a nyns os?
- Leo: Yn mysk lies myster arall. Leonardo ov. Gwra esedha war an gador ma, mar pleg.
- Mon: Meur ras. A vynn'ta my dhe omdhiwiska?
- Leo: Ny res henna. My a wra dha lymna gwiskys yn tien. Dell gonvedhav, an hevelep ma a vydh ro rag dha dhen ambosys yn demmedhyans. Yw honna dha wella pows?
- Mon: Yw.
- Leo: A. Ha pandr'eus hwarvedhys dhe'th vlew?
- Mon: Krollys yn ta ens i de, mes, dell wodhes, glyb pup-prys yw an ayr Kernow.
- Leo: Wel, da lowr. Ytho, gwren ni dalleth.
- Mon: Ple'ma dha bynselyow ha'th vargh-lymna?
- Leo: A, ny wrav vy lymna dha hevelep omma. Yma ow studhla lymner yn Itali. Lemmyn my a wra kavoes dha hevelep der an jynn ma.
- Mon: Jynn? Py par jynn yw henna? Dell hevel dhymm, nyns yw saw kist a brenn.
- Leo: My re dhismygas an jynn ma ow honan. Dismyger ov. Diwettha my a wra diskwedhes dhis ow thro-askell. Yth yw henwys an jynn ma "kamera". My a yll kavoes ganso hevelepter yn gwynn ha du -
- Mon: Bryntin! Gwynn ha du! An liwyow kernewek!
- Leo: Dhe wir! Ena, yn Itali, my a wra lymna kopi an hevelepter ma yn lies liw.

Mon: What's that curtain there, with the mountains and a river and a bridge? That isn't St. Michael's Mount?

Leo: That's the background of the picture. It's an Italian landscape, I don't know exactly where. I got it off a calendar.

Mon: I'd rather have Brown Willy - or the Cheesewring - in the background.

Leo: That would cost too much. Now look at this box.

Mon: Why?

Leo: Just do as I say please. Thank you. Now, say "Cheese".

Mon: Cheese. (*A slight pause*)

Leo: Ah. When did you lose your front teeth?

Mon: Two months ago. I fell as I was climbing the Cheesewring.

Leo: Well, all right. So, close your mouth and just give me a little smile...

"Ro dhymm minhwarth byghan ..."

Mon: Pyth yw an groglenn na, gans menydh yow hag avon ha pons?
Nyns yw an menydh Karrek Loes y'n Koes.

Leo: Henn yw keyndir an hevelep. Gwel Italek yw, ny wonn py le
poran. My a'n kavas yn lyver-dydh yow.

Mon: Gwell via genev Bronn Wennili - po an Geuswask - y'n keyndir.

Leo: Kost a henna a via re. Lemmyn, mir orth an gist ma.

Mon: Prag?

Leo: Gwra dell lavarav, my a'th pys. Meur ras. Lemmyn, lavar
"Keus".

Mon: Keus. (*Powes byghan*)

Leo: A. P'eur hwruss'ta kelli dha dhyns a-rag?

Mon: Nans yw dew vis. My a goedhas ha my owth yskynna an
Geuswask.

Leo: Wel, da lowr. Ytho, dege dha anow ha ro dhymm minhwarth
byghan...



KESKOWSOW

Conversations in Cornish

gans

John Parker

Delinyansow

gans

Esther Johns

Kowethas an Yeth Kernewek

gans**John Parker**

All but one of these "conversations" have appeared in their Cornish versions in *An Gannas*. They were written to help friends and fellow-students who were working for the Grade 2 language examination, whose oral section includes *gwari-rol* or "role play". It is my hope that they will prove useful to others studying for the same examination. I am indebted to Graham Sandercock who edited the pieces that have appeared in *An Gannas*, and also to Jori Ansell and Ray Edwards for their invaluable help. Many thanks to all three of you!

The twelve pieces which have appeared in *An Gannas* are reprinted here by kind permission of the Editor.

1. At the Post-office

Tamsin: Good morning, Mrs. Angove.

Mrs. Angove: Good morning, Tamsin, how are you today?

Tamsin: Fine, thank you. And you?

Mrs. Angove: My back isn't very good at the moment, but I suppose I mustn't grumble.

Tamsin: I'm sorry to hear that. What can I do for you today?

Mrs. Angove: Well, let me think. Unfortunately I've left my shopping list at home. Oh, yes, I want six first class stamps, please. Have you got any pretty ones, special stamps?

Tamsin: Yes, here are some with pictures of cats on. Six stamps – one pound fifty-six, please.

Mrs. Angove: Oh, give me ten second-class stamps as well.

Tamsin: Ten stamps with cats as well. That's three pounds fifty-six altogether.

Mrs. Angove: Here's a five-pound note, Tamsyn. Sorry I haven't got anything smaller.

Tamsin: That's all right, I've got plenty of change. Three pounds fifty-six - fifty-eight - sixty - eighty - four pounds - five pounds. Is there anything else you'd like?

Mrs. Angove: Oh, I almost forgot. What's the postage on a letter to New Zealand? It's going to be a letter with a birthday card in it.

Tamsin: By airmail or by surface mail?

Mrs. Angove: I'd better send it by air, since it's my sister's birthday next week.

Tamsin: Oh, I didn't know you'd got a sister! How old is she?

Mrs. Angove: She's forty, the big four-owe. Of course, she's a lot older than I am.

Tamsin: Oh, that goes without saying, Mrs. Angove. Airmail is thirty-eight pence, as long as the letter isn't too heavy.

1. Dhe'n Lytherva

- Tamsin: Myttin da, Mestres Angov.
- Mestres Angov: Myttin da, Tamsin, fatla genes hedhyw?
- Tamsin: Da lowr, meur ras. Ha ty ynwedh?
- Mestres Angov: Ogh, nyns yw ow heyn re dha y'n eur ma, mes ny dal dhymm krodhvolas, dell dybav.
- Tamsin: Drog yw genev klywes henna. Pandr'a allav vy y wul ragos hedhyw?
- Mestres Angov: Wel, gas vy dhe brederi. Soweth, gasa ow rol-brenassa yn tre my re wrug. Ya, my a garsa kavoes hwegh stamp kynsa klas, mar pleg. Usi an re teg genes, stampow arbennik?
- Tamsin: Usi, ottensi gans delinyansow kathes warnedha. Hwegh stamp - unn peuns hwetek diner ha dew-ugens, mar pleg.
- Mestres Angov: A, ro dhymm ynwedh deg stamp nessa klas.
- Tamsin: Deg stamp, gans kathes ynwedh. Henn yw tri feuns hwetek diner ha dew-ugens yn somm.
- Mestres Angov: Ottoma notenn a bymp peuns, Tamsin. Drog yw genev nag eus travyth byghanna genev.
- Tamsin: Ny vern, yma mona pals genev. Tri feuns hwetek diner ha dew-ugens - etek ha dew-ugens, tri ugens, peswar ugens, peswar peuns, pyp peuns. Eus hwans dhis a neppyth arall?
- Mestres Angov: Ogh, eus, nammnag ankevis vy. Pyth yw lytherdoll rag dannvon lyther dhe Vordir Nowydh? Lyther gans kartenn-bennbloedh ynno, ev a vydh.
- Tamsin: Der ayrbost po dre worhel?
- Mestres Angov: Gwell via dhymm y dhannvon der ayrbost, a-ban vydh pennbloedh ow hwoer an seythun a dheu.
- Tamsin: A, ny wodhyen bos hwoer dhis. Pes bloedh yw hi?
- Mestres Angov: Dew-ugens hi a vydh, an "peswar-mann" meur. Heb dhout, polta kottha agesov yw hi.
- Tamsin: Henn a heb leverel, Mestres Angov. Der ayrbost, hwetek diner warn ugens yw, mar nyns yw an lyther re boes.

Mrs. Angove: Do you know how long it will take to get there?
Tamsin: To New Zealand? Oh, about eight days I should say, with a following wind.
Mrs. Angove: Thank you, Tamsin, I'll bring the card in this afternoon.
Tamsin: Fine. I'll stick an airmail label on the envelope for you.
Mrs. Angove: Oh, that's kind of you. There! I've got a brain like a sieve. I almost forgot my 'phone bill. Where is it? Oh, here it is! I'd better pay it while I'm here, or I'll be cut off. Here's a cheque.
Tamsin: Thank you. Sixty-three pounds. Here's your receipt, Mrs. Angove.
Mrs. Angove: Thank you, Tamsin. Now, what's the time? Oh, quarter to twelve. I'd better hurry and collect my little boy from play-group. 'Bye, see you later.
Tamsin: 'Bye, Mrs. Angove, see you!

“My a wra glena tokyn ayrbost orth an maylyer ragos.”

2. At the Baker's

Woman: Good morning, I'd like a large loaf, please.
Baker: Certainly, madam, brown or white?
Woman: Brown, please, well done.
Baker: Will this one do?

Mestres Angov: A wodhes ta pygemmys termyn a dremen kyns dos an lyther di?

Tamsin: Dhe Vordir Nowydh? Ogh, a-dro dhe eth dydh, dell grysav, gans gwyns a syw.

Mestres Angov: Meur ras, Tamsin, dri an gartenn omma an dohajydh ma my a vynn.

Tamsin: Da lowr. My a wra glena tokyn ayrbost orth an maylyer ragos.

Mestres Angov: A, ass osta kuv! Dar, yma ympynnyon dhymm avel rider. Nammnag ankevis an reken pellgowser. Ple'ma ev? Aha, ottava! Gwell yw dhymm y dyli ha my omma, poken heb mar my a vydh treghys gans B. T. Ottomma chekkenn.

Tamsin: Meur ras. Tri feuns ha tri-ugens. Ottomma dha akwityans, Mestres Angov.

Mestres Angov: Meur ras, Tamsin. Lemmyn, py eur yw hi? Ogh, kwarter dhe hanterdydh. Y koedh dhymm fistena ha kyrghes ow meppik dhiworth an bagas-gwari. Duw genes, bys yn diwettha.

Tamsin: Duw genes, dha weles, Mestres Angov.



2. Dhe'n Popti

Benyn: Myttin da! A allav vy kavoes torth bras, mar pleg?

Peber: Yn surredi, mestres. Bara gell po gwynn?

Benyn: Bara gell, mar pleg, pebys yn ta.

Peber: Yw da genes an huni ma?

Woman: No, I don't like that one. It seems a bit uncooked. Give me that one a bit more done, on the right there.

Baker: This one?

Woman: Yes; I'd like it sliced, please.

Baker: Of course, madam. Here you are. Would you like anything else?

Woman: Have you any fresh tiger baps?

Baker: Yes, fresh out of the oven two minutes ago.

Woman: I'd like half a dozen, please.

Baker: There you are. Still hot. Do you need anything else?

Woman: I'd like a piece of Dundee cake.

Baker: How much would you like?

Woman: About half a pound.

Baker: Nine ounces - is that too much?

Woman: No, that's fine. My grandma used to make Dundee cake when I was a little girl. So lovely - the cake, that is.

Baker: Oh, I'm glad to hear it. Would you like anything else? Cream buns, pasties?

Woman: What sort of pasties have you got today?

Baker: There's beef, pork, chicken, rabbit, cheese and onion, chicken tikka -

Woman: Ticker? You mean, "More tick"? What's "tick"?

Baker: Chicken tikka's an Indian dish.

Woman: Oh, I do beg your pardon.

Baker: Where was I? Oh, I know, - egg and tomato, bacon and cauliflower, and piskie.

Woman: What kind of meat's in piskie pasties? Not piskie, I hope?

Baker: No, piskie pasties are small pasties, made from an old Cornish recipe.

Woman: Fine, give me four of those. They'll do me and my husband for supper.

Baker: Anything else you need?

Woman: No, thanks, that's all for today.

Benyn: Nag yw, nyns yw da genev an huni na. Yth hevel dhymm nebes kriv. Ro dhymm an huni na moy pebys, a-dhyghow.

Peber: An huni ma?

Benyn: Ya. A yll'ta y lownya ragov, mar pleg?

Peber: Sur, mestres. Ottomma. A garses ta kavoes neppyth arall?

Benyn: Eus torthellow tiger fresk genes?

Peber: Eus - fresk yn-mes a'n forn, nans yw lemmyn diw vynysenn.

Benyn: Ro dhymm hanter dewdhek anedha, mar pleg.

Peber: Ottomma. Hwath toemm yns i. Eus hwans dhis a neppyth arall?

Benyn: Eus, yma si dhymm a dharn tesenn Dundee.

Peber: Pygemmys poester a vynn'ta kavoes?

Benyn: Ogh, a-dro dhe hanter peuns.

Peber: Naw ouns - yw henna re?

Benyn: Nag yw, da lowr yw. Ow mamm-wynn a wre pobas tesenn Dundee pan en vy mowes vyghan. Pur hweg o hi - an desenn, honn yw!

Peber: A, da yw genev y glywes. Eus hwans dhis a neppyth arall? Tesenn-dhyenn, pastiow?

Benyn: Py par pastiow eus genes hedhyw?

Peber: Yma kig bewin, kig mogh, kig yar, kig konin, keus hag onyon, kig yar tikka -

Benyn: Tikka? Yw henna dhe leverel "moy tig"? Pyth yw styr "tig"?

Peber: Kig yar tikka yw boes eyndek.

Benyn: Ogh, gav dhymm.

Peber: Ple'th esen vy? Ogh, my a woer - oy hag aval-kerensa, bakken ha kowlvleujenn, ha pyski.

Benyn: Py par kig eus yn pasti pyski? Nyns yw pyski, dell waytyav?

Peber: Nag yw, pasti pyski yw pasti byghan, herwydh resayt hengovek kernewek.

Benyn: Da lowr, ro dhymm peswar anedha. Ni a vynn aga dybri rag kinyow, my ha'm gour.

Peber: Eus hwans dhis a neppyth arall?

Benyn: Nag eus, henn yw oll rag hedhyw.

Baker: Three pound thirty-five, please.
Woman: Can you change a five pound note?
Baker: Certainly, madam. Three pound thirty-five, forty, fifty, four, five pounds.
Woman: Thank you.
Baker: Let me put it all in a carrier-bag for you.
Woman: Oh, how kind of you. Thank you. Good-bye.
Baker: Goodbye, madam.

“Yma kig bewin, kig mogh, kig yar, kig konin, keus hag onyon, ...”

3. At the Doctor's

Doctor: Good morning, Mrs. Androes.
Mrs. Androes: Good morning, Doctor.
Doctor: How are we today? Keeping well, I hope.
Mrs. Androes: No, I'm not well, that's why I'm here.
Doctor: I'm sorry to hear it. What can I do for you? What seems to be the trouble?
Mrs. Androes: I've got a terrible headache, just as if my head's splitting in two. I can hardly sleep.
Doctor: Oh, dear. How long have you had the headache?
Mrs. Androes: For three days.
Doctor: And night-time as well?
Mrs. Androes: It gets much worse at night.
Doctor: Oh, I see. Have you any other pain?

Peber: Tri feuns pymthek warn ugens, mar pleg.
 Benyn: A yll'ta chanjya notenn a bymp peuns?
 Peber: Yn sur, mestres. Tri feuns pymthek warn ugens, dew ugens,
 hanter peuns, peswar, pymp peuns.
 Benyn: Meur ras.
 Peber: Gas vy gorra puptra yn sagh-degi ragos.
 Benyn: A, ass osta kuv. Meur ras ha Duw genes.
 Peber: Duw genes, mestres.



3. Dhe'n Vedhegva

An Medhek: Myttin da, Mestres Androes.
 Mestres Androes: Myttin da, doktour.
 An Medhek: Fatla genen ni hedhyw? Yn yeghes da yth eson ni, dell waytyav.
 Mestres Androes: Nag esov; nys esov vy yn yeghes da, fordh bynag. Henn yw prag yth esov vy omma!
 An Medhek: Drog yw genev y glywes. Pandr'a allav vy y wul ragos? Pyth yw kamm genes?
 Mestres Androes: Wel, yn kynsa le, yma drog-penn euthyk dhymm, kepar ha pan ve ow fenn yn bis. Skant ny allav dha weles.
 An Medhek: Soweth. Pygemmys termyn usi ev genes - an drog-penn?
 Mestres Androes: Dres tri dydh!
 An Medhek: Ha nosweyth ynwedh?
 Mestres Androes: Milweth y teu ha bos dhe nos, ma na allav koska banna.
 An Medhek: A, my a wel. Eus payn arall genes?

Mrs. Androes: I hurt my back last Tuesday, and I can't bend down and cut my toe nails.

Doctor: Oh, I see.

Mrs. Androes: And I've got a bad cold and a sore throat. I'm forever sneezing. A-tchoo!

Doctor: Oh. Bless you! How long have you had the cold?

Mrs. Androes: For nearly three weeks.

Doctor: Oh. Open your mouth, please. Say "Ninety-nine".

Mrs. Androes: "Ninety-nine".

Doctor: Ah! Very good. Close your mouth, please. I can see your throat is very inflamed.

Mrs. Androes: Oh, I almost forgot. I've got sore feet, and I can hardly walk on them.

Doctor: Oh.

Mrs. Androes: Oh, doctor, please, tell me what's wrong with me? I feel like a physical wreck these days and as if I'm on my last legs. Why am I in such terrible pain?

Doctor: Well, I think you're ill.

Mrs. Androes: Really?

Doctor: Yes, really.

Mrs. Androes: What kind of illness is it? Is there any cure?

Doctor: Well, it's hard to say exactly what kind of illness it is, but I think if you're going to get better, then you'll have to take these pills, two pills three times a day after meals. And come and see me again today week.

Mrs. Androes: Thank you, doctor. Goodbye.

Doctor: And God help you too, Mrs. Anwoes, er, Androes. Next patient, please!

Mestres Androes: Ow heyn a wrug ow apery a dy'Meurth, ma na yllis vy
plegya byth moy ha treghi ow ewines bysyes-troes.

An Medhek: Aha, my a wel.

Mestres Androes: Ha keffrys yma anwoes drog warnav, ha bryansenn glav.
Ha pup-prys yth esov vy ow striwi - achiw!

An Medhek: Ogh. Dursoenno dhis! Pygemmys termyn usi anwoes
warnas?

Mestres Androes: Dres ogas ha teyr seythun.

An Medhek A. Igor dha anow, mar pleg. Lavar "Nownsek ha peswar
ugens".

Mestres Androes: "Nownsek ha peswar ugens".

An Medhek: Aha! Pur dha. Dege dha anow, mar pleg. My a wel bos
pur feglys dha vryansenn.

Mestres Androes: A, nammnag ankevis vy! Yma dewdroes klav genev.
Skant ny allav vy kerdhes warnedha.

An Medhek: Aha!

Mestres Androes: A dhoktour, my a'th pys, lavar dhymm pyth yw kamm
genev! Y'n dydhyow ma yth omglywav ow bos gwrekk fisegel, ha
war ow diwettha diwarr. Prag yma payn euthyk a'n par na genev?

An Medhek: Wel, my a grys dha vos klav.

Mestres Androes: Klav? Yn hwir?

An Medhek: Yn hwir, surredi.

Mestres Androes: Eus kleves genev? Py par kleves? Eus kur dhodho?

An Medhek: Wel, kales yw leverel poran py par kleves yth yw, mes my
a grys rag bos yaghhes, res yw dhis kavoes an
pellennigow ma, diw bellennik teyrgweyth pub dydh oll,
wosa dybri. Ha dehwel omma dhe'm gweles an jydh ma
war seythun.

Mestres Androes: A, meur ras dhis, doktour. Dha weles. Duw genes.

An Medhek: Ha Duw gweres sy ynwedh, Mestres Anwoes, er, Androes.
An nessa klav, mar pleg!



4. At the Police Station

Policeman: Good morning, madam. Can I help you?

Mrs. Treloar: Good morning, sir. Yes, you can. I'm very sad.

Policeman: Oh, I'm sorry to hear it. What can I do for you?

Mrs. Treloar: I - I've lost my little dog.

Policeman: Ah. Little dog. I'll have to write that down in the diary.

"Little dog". What name, please?

Mrs. Treloar: "Puddles".

Policeman: That's an unusual name. What's your first name?

Mrs. Treloar: Morwenna

Policeman: "Mrs. Morwenna Puddles".

Mrs. Treloar: No, "Puddles" isn't my name! That's my dog's name. My name's "Treloar".

Policeman: Oh, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. "Mrs. Morwenna Treloar".

Mrs. Treloar: You understand we called her "Puddles" when she was a little puppy because she made a lot of puddles everywhere.

Policeman: Oh. I follow. Where do you live?

Mrs. Treloar: Eighteen, Parc Wartha, Heamoor.

Policeman: "Heamoor". And what kind of dog is it?

Mrs. Treloar: She's a little lady dog.

Policeman: Ah, lady dog. She's a bitch, then.

Mrs. Treloar: That's right. She's a little Dalmatian lady dog.

Policeman: "Dalmatian dog". What colour is she?

Mrs. Treloar: What colour? Well, like all Dalmatian dogs, she's white with black spots.

Policeman: Ah, I see. "Black spots". And you say she's lost?

Mrs. Treloar: Yes, she's lost.

4. Dhe'n Soedhva Greslu

Gwithyas kres: Myttin da, mestres. A allav vy dha weres?

Mestres Treloer: Myttin da, syrre. Gyllydh. Pur drist ov vy.

Gwithyas kres: Ogh, drog yw genev klywes henna. Pandr'a allav vy y wul ragos?

Mestres Treloer: K-kelli ow hi byghan a wrug vy.

Gwithyas kres: Aha. "Ki byghan". Res yw dhymm skrifa henna y'm dydh-lyver. "Ki byghan". Py hanow, mar pleg?

Mestres Treloer: "Pollennow".

Gwithyas kres: "Pollennow". Henn yw hanow koynt. Pyth yw dha hanow kynsa?

Mestres Treloer: Morwenna.

Gwithyas kres: "Mestres Morwenna Pollennow."

Mestres Treloer: Na, nyns yw "Pollennow" ow hanow evy, hanow ow hi yw henna. "Treloer" yw ow hanow evy.

Gwithyas kres: Ogh. Drog yw genev. Gav dhymm. "Mestres Morwenna Treloer".

Mestres Treloer: Ty a woer konvedhes, ni a's henwis "Pollennow" pan o kelynrik byghan drefenn hi dhe wul meur a bollennow yn pub le.

Gwithyas kres: Konvedhav. Ple'th esosta trigys?

Mestres Treloer: Etek, Park Wartha, An Hay.

Gwithyas kres: "An Hay". Ha py par ki ywa?

Mestres Treloer: Ki byghan benow yw hi.

Gwithyas kres: Aha, ki benow. Gast yw hi, ytho.

Mestres Treloer: Yn hwir, ki benow byghan Dalmati yw hi.

Gwithyas kres: "Ki Dalmati". Py liw yw hi?

Mestres Treloer: Py liw? Wel, kepar ha pub ki Dalmati, gwynn yw hi gans nammow du.

Gwithyas kres: Aha. My a wel. "Nammow du". Ha ty a lever hy bos kellys?

Mestres Treloer: Ya, kellys yw hi.

Policeman: What was she wearing?
Mrs. Treloar: Wearing? Well, I suppose she was bare.
Policeman: Oh, forgive me. That's a question for lost children.
Mrs. Treloar: But she had a blue leather collar round her neck with her name and my telephone number written on it.
Policeman: Ah. "...telephone number". When did you lose her?
Mrs. Treloar: Oh, about half an hour ago.
Policeman: And where did you lose her?
Mrs. Treloar: At the corner of Chapel Street and Market Jew Street. She ran after a black cat.
Policeman: Ah, a black cat's lucky. I'm sure we'll have no problem finding your dog. If we find her, we'll let you know. Have you got a 'phone number?
Mrs. Treloar: Yes, it's Penzance three four eight three zero seven.
Policeman: Now don't worry, madam. I'm sure we'll find your little dog right away.
Mrs. Treloar: Oh, I do hope so. Thank you very much, sir. Good-bye.
Policeman: Good-bye, madam.
(Readers will be happy to know that Puddles was found that same day by the dog-warden and returned right away to her owner.)

“Helghi kath dhu a wrug hi.”

5. The Traffic Warden

Warden: Excuse me, madam, are you the owner of this car?
Woman: Yes. Why do you ask?
Warden: Do you know your car is parked on double yellow lines?

Gwithyas kres: Fatell o hi dillesys?

Mestres Treloer: Dillesys? Wel, dell dybav, noeth o hi.

Gwithyas kres: A, gav dhymm, henn yw govynn yn kever flogh kellys.

Mestres Treloer: Mes yth esa bond-ki a ledher glas yn kyrghynn hy honna,
ha skrifys ynno hy hanow ha'm niver pellgowser.

Gwithyas kres: Aha. "...niver pellgowser". P'eur hwruss'ta hy helli?

Mestres Treloer: A, nans yw lemmyn hanter our y hwrug hy helli.

Gwithyas kres: Ple hwruss'ta hy helli?

Mestres Treloer: Dhe gornell Stret an Chapel ha Stret Marghasyow. Helghi
kath dhu a wrug hi.

Gwithyas kres: Aha. Kath dhu yw arwoedh feusik. Sur ov ni dhe gavoës
dha gi heb kaletter. Mar kwren ni hy havoës, ni a wra y
dherivas dhis. Eus niver pellgowser dhis?

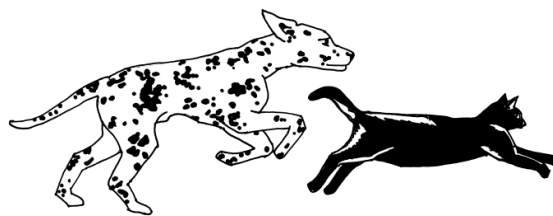
Mestres Treloer: Eus. Yth yw Pennsans tri, peswar, eth, tri, mann, seyth.

Gwithyas kres: Na vydh prederus, mestres. Sur ov vy ni dhe gavoës dha
gi byghan hwara.

Mestres Treloer: A, my a'n gwayt. Meur ras dhis, syrra, ha Duw genes.

Gwithyas kres: Duw genes, mestres.

*(Redyoryon a vydh lowen godhvos bos kevys "Pollennow" an keth dydh gans an
gwithyas-keun, ha daskorrys hware dh'y ferghennores.)*



5. An Gwithyas Daromres

Gwithyas: Gav dhymm, mestres, os ta perghenn an karr ma?

Benyn: Ov. Prag y hwovynnydh?

Gwithyas: A wodhes ta dha garr dhe vos parkyes war linennow melyn
dewblek?

Woman: Yes. I like these lines, because yellow's my favourite colour.

Warden: Don't you know it's forbidden to park on double yellow lines?

Woman: Oh, of course I do - everybody knows that - but there wasn't any room for my car on the single yellow line.

Warden: You're also forbidden to park on the single yellow line. I'll have to give you a parking ticket.

Woman: Oh, no, please don't give me a parking ticket!

Warden: Give me six good reasons why I shouldn't give you a parking ticket.

Woman: My husband will be very cross with me.

Warden: You should have thought of that first. Second reason.

Woman: My grand-mother is in the hospital on the other side of the road. She is very ill. I really must visit her. There isn't any room to park in the hospital car-park.

Warden: It's now half past one. It's not visiting time at the moment. Visiting hours are from three till five. Third reason.

Woman: I didn't want to walk here because I thought it looked like rain, and I haven't got an umbrella with me. I left it at home.

Warden: The forecast this morning said it was going to be fine all day. The sky is absolutely cloudless. Fourth reason.

Woman: As I was driving along the road here, I thought I had a puncture in my back tyre, and I did an emergency stop.

Warden: It looks as if every tyre is perfectly all right. Fifth reason.

Woman: Well, I had to put a cheque in the post for my daughter who is a student at Cambridge University, and I hadn't got a stamp on me, and the post office was nearly shut, because today is early-closing day.

Benyn: Gonn. My a gar an linennow ma, drefenn bos melyn ow liw vy an moyha kerys.

Gwithyas: A ny wodhes ta bos difennys orthis a barkya war linennow melyn dewblek?

Benyn: A, gonn, yn surredi, pubonan a woer henna, mes nyns esa spas lowr dhe'm karr war an linenn velyn unnik.

Gwithyas: Difennys yw orthis a barkya war an linenn velyn unnik ynwedh. Res yw dhymm ri dhis tokyn parkyans.

Benyn: Ogh, na ro dhymm tokyn parkyans, my a'th pys!

Gwithyas: Ro dhymm hwegh reson da prag na dallo dhymm ri dhiso tokyn parkyans.

Benyn: Ow gour a vydh pur serrys orthiv.

Gwithyas: Y talvies prederi orth henna kyns. Nessa reson.

Benyn: Yma ow mamm-wynn y'n klavji war du arall an fordh. Pur glav ywi. Res yw porres dhymm hy vysytya. Nyns eus spas rag parkya yn park-kerri an klavji.

Gwithyas: Lemmyn yw unn eur hanter. Nyns yw lemmyn prys vysytya. Euryow vysytyans yw dhiworth teyr eur bys yn pypm eur. Tressa reson.

Benyn: Ny vynnys vy kerdhes bys omma drefenn y tybis hi dhe dhegynsywa gul glaw, ha nyns eus glawlenn genev. My a's gasas tre.

Gwithyas: Hedhyw vyttin an dhargan a leveris an awel dhe vos teg der oll an jydh. Digommol yn tien yw an ebron. Peswora reson.

Benyn: Ha my ow lywya war an fordh ma, my a grysis bos felsys ow bondenn a-dryv, rakhenna hedhi der edhomm my a wrug.

Gwithyas: Dell welir, yma pub bondenn yn poynt pur dha. Pympe reson.

Benyn: Wel, res o dhymm dannvon chekkenn y'n post dhe'm myrgh neb yw studhyores y'n Benskool Gergront, ha nyns esa stamp dhymm, ha namnag o deges an lytherva, awos bos hedhyw dydh dhe dhegea a-varr.

Warden: It's Thursday today. The post office is open all day on Thursdays. Wednesday is early-closing day. Sixth reason.

Woman: Oh, I'm fed up with your nonsense! I'm your mother-in-law, so if you give me a parking ticket, I'll make things very hard for you at home when I tell Tamsin how you are treating me. Get out of my way, you monster!

(She drives off very quickly)

“A ny wodhes ta bos difennys orthis a barkya war linennow melyn dewblek?”

6. In the Pub

Two friends, Lowena and Peter, go into a pub for a drink.

Landlord: Good evening, madam, sir. It's a cold night out, isn't it?

Lowena: It sure is a cold night outside.

Peter: According to the forecast, it's going to get colder.

Landlord: Would you like something to warm you up?

Lowena: We would. What would you like to drink, Peter?

Peter: I'd like a pint of bitter, please, Lowena.

Lowena: A pint of bitter, please.

Landlord: Tinnors or John Smith's?

Lowena: Tinnors or John Smith's?

Peter: Tinnors of course. John Smith's is brewed for the holiday-makers.

Landlord: Fine. One pint of Tinnors. And you, madam, would you like beer as well?

Gwithyas: Hedhyw dy'Yow yw. Igerys yw an lytherva der oll an jydh an Yow. Y tegeir a-varr an Mergher. Hweghves reson.

Benyn: Agh, skwith ov vy dre dha wokkineth! My yw dha hweger, ytho mar kwre'ta ri dhymm tokyn parkyans, my a vynn gul taklow pur gales orthis yn tre pan lavarav dhe Damsin fatell y'm dygthydh. Ke yn-mes a'm fordh, ty euthvil!
(*Hi a lyw dhe-ves yn skav.*)



6. Y'n Diwotti

Dew goweth, Lowena ha Peder, a enter yn diwotti rag kavoes diwes.

Ost: Gorthugher da, a dus jentyl. Yeyn yw an nos a-ves, a nyns yw hi?

Lowena: Nos yeyn yw a-ves yn tevri.

Peder: Herwydh an dhargan, mos ha bos yeynna hi a wra.

Ost: A garsewgh hwi neppyth rag omtoemmhe?

Lowena: Karsen. Pandr'a garses ta dhe eva, Peder?

Peder: My a garsa pinta korev hwerow, mar pleg, Lowena.

Lowena: Pinta korev hwerow, mar pleg.

Ost: Stenoryon po John Smith's?

Lowena: Stenoryon po John Smith's?

Peder: Stenoryon, heb dhout. Bregys rag havysi yw John Smith's.

Ost: Pur dha. Unn pinta Stenoryon. Ha ty, Madama, a garses ta korev ynwedh?

Lowena: Na garsen, meur ras. My a vynn kavoes jenevra ha tonik, mar pleg, gans rew ha lymmaval.

Ost: Gans rew ha lymmaval. Ottomma.

Lowena: No, thank you. I'll have a gin and tonic, with ice and lemon.
Landlord: With ice and lemon. Here you are.
Peter: Have you got any crisps, please?
Landlord: Certainly. What flavour would you like?
Peter: What flavours have you got?
Landlord: Plain, cheese and onion, salt and vinegar, smoky bacon, chicken, beef, ...
Peter: I'd like salt and vinegar, please.
Lowena: One bag of salt and vinegar and one of smoky bacon, please.
Landlord: Salt and vinegar... Oh, I'm sorry, there's no smoky bacon left, they're all sold out.
Lowena: Give me chicken, then.
Landlord: Here you are. Is there anything else you'd like? Something to eat, perhaps?
Lowena: Would you like a sandwich, Peter?
Peter: No, thanks. I'll get something for myself when I get home.
Lowena: No, that's the lot, thank you.
Landlord: Three pound seventy nine, please.
Lowena: Oh, I seem to have left my purse at home. Would you take a cheque?
Landlord: I'm sorry, the rule of the house is cash on the nail. You'll have to do the washing up - before you drink your drinks!
Lowena: No way! Come on, Peter, let's get out of here. You can keep your flat beer - and your rotten crisps. Good night!

“My a garsa pinta korev hwerow, mar pleg”

Peder: Eus kresigow genes, mar pleg?

Ost: Eus, yn surredi. Py blas a vynnnes ta y gavoës?

Peder: Py blas eus genes?

Ost: Sempel, keus hag onyon, hoelan hag aysel, bakken moghek, kig yar, bewin,...

Peder: My a vynn kavoes hoelan hag aysel, mar pleg.

Lowena: Unn sagh hoelan hag aysel, hag unn sagh bakken moghek, mar pleg.

Ost: Hoelan hag aysel,... Ogh, drog yw genev, nyns eus bakken moghek gesys, gwerthys yns i oll.

Lowena: Ro dhymm kig yar, ytho.

Ost: Ottomma. Eus hwans dhywgh a neppyth arall? Neppyth dhe dhybri, martesen?

Lowena: A garses ta dybri baramanenn, A Beder?

Peder: Na garsen, meur ras. My a vynn pareusi neppyth ragov ow honan pan dhehwelav tre.

Lowena: Na, henn yw oll, meur ras.

Ost: Tri feuns nownsek diner ha tri ugens, mar pleg.

Lowena: Ogh, dell dybav, my re asas ow yalgh yn tre. A vynnnes ta kemmeres chekkenn?

Ost: Drog yw genev, rewl an chi yw mona war an genter. Res yw dhywgh golghi an lestri - kyns eva agas diwosow!

Lowena: Fordh bynag! Deus, A Beder, gwren ni mos alemma. Ty a yll gwitha dha gorev marow - ha kresigow podrek. Nos dha!



7. Directions

- Alan: Excuse me, please. Can you help me?
- Brian: Sure. How can I help you?
- Alan: I want to go to the railway station, but I'm a stranger in these parts, so I don't know the way.
- Brian: Well, then, do you see the roundabout over there?
- Alan: Yes.
- Brian: Go there and turn right. Follow the road to the zebra crossing, and cross the road there. It's sensible to use crossings, isn't it?
- Alan: Yes, of course. Everyone ought to be careful.
- Brian: Turn right, then left round the corner. You'll see another crossing. Cross it, turn right, then go down the road called "North Street". You'll see a pub on your left, "The Farmer's Arms". Keep on to the bottom of the road. There isn't any traffic on Fridays, because on Fridays the road is closed to traffic. It's reserved for pedestrians. When you reach the bottom of the road, turn left past Lloyds Bank. It's got a dome, you can't miss it. Do you understand so far?
- Alan: Yes. Please carry on.
- Brian: Well, then, when you've passed the bank, you'll be in Market Jew Street. You'll see a slope in front of you; go down it. At the bottom there's a pelican crossing with lights, with the Post Office opposite. Push the button, wait for the lights to go green, and cross. Still with me?
- Alan: Oh, yes. We've got a pelican crossing where I come from.
- Brian: Good, I'm glad to hear it. Go down to the bottom of Market Jew Street, cross another pelican crossing, turn to your right, and there you are at the station.
- Alan: I'm most grateful to you, sir. You're very kind.
- Brian: Excuse me, may I ask why you want to go to the station?

7. Kevarwoedhyow

- Alan: Gav dhymm, mar pleg, a vynn'ta gweres dhymm?
- Brian: Mynnav. Mes fatell allav vy dha weres?
- Alan: My a vynn mos dhe'n gorsav hyns-horn, mes estren ov vy y'n ranndiryow ma. Rakhenna, ny wonn an fordh.
- Brian: Ytho, wel, a welydh ta an fordh-a-dro ena?
- Alan: Gwelav.
- Brian: Kerdh di ha treyl a-dhyghow. Hol an fordh bys y'n dreusva sebra. Treus an fordh ena. Fur yw gul devnydh a dreusvaow, a nyns yw?
- Alan: Yw, yn surredi. Bysi yw dhe bubonan bones war.
- Brian: Treyl a-dhyghow, ena treyl a-gledh a-dro dhe'n gornell. Ty a welydh treusva arall. Treus hi, ha treyl a-dhyghow, ha diyskynn fordh henwys "Stret Gogleth". Ty a welydh diwotti a'th parth kledh, "Arwoedhyow an Tiek" y hanow. Pes war an fordh ma bys y'n goeles. Nyns eus daromres ynni dy' Gwener awos bos an fordh deges rag daromres dy' Gwener. Gwithys yw rag kerdhoryon. Pan dhrehedhydh an goeles, treyl a-gledh ha tremena an arghantti Lloyd. Yma to kromm warnodho ha nyns yw possybyl fyllel y weles. A gonvedhydh bys omma?
- Alan: Konvedhav. Pes, my a'th pys.
- Brian: Ytho, ha'n arghantti tremenys, ottajy lemmyn yn Stret Marghasyow. Ty a welydh a-ragos kons ledrek. Kerdh war-nans. Dhe'n goeles yma treusva belikan gans golowys, ha Soedhva an Post a-dal. Pok an boton, gorta erna dheu ha bos gwyrddh an golow, ha treus an fordh. A gonvedhydh ta?
- Alan: Konvedhav; yma treusva belikan y'm tre vy.
- Brian: Pur dha, lowen ov vy y glywes. Diyskynn Stret Marghasyow dh'y woeles, treus treusva belikan arall, treyl troha'th tyghow, ottajy wor'tiwedh dhe'n gorsav.
- Alan: My a woer meur ras dhis, syrra. Kuv osta dres eghenn.
- Brian: Awos travyth! Gav dhymm, gas vy dhe wovynn orthis, mes prag y fyynn'ta mos dhe'n gorsav?

Alan: I want to go to Truro by train.
Brian: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Luckily, when you get to the station, you're right beside the bus station.
Alan: Why do you say that?
Brian: Because they shut down the line a fortnight ago. You'll have to go to Truro by bus. All the best, mate!

“My a vynn mos dhe'n gorsav hyns-horn.”

8. In the Clothes Shop

Owner: Good morning, sir.
Denis: Good morning.
Owner: Can I help you?
Denis: Yes. I want to buy a T-shirt.
Owner: Certainly, sir. Please follow me. Here is our T-shirt collection.
What size do you want?
Denis: What sizes have you got?
Owner: Our T-shirts come in very small, small, regular, large, extra large, outsize, and oli.
Denis: Goodness me! "Oli"? What's "oli"?
Owner: Ah, that is short for the Cornish "olifans", which is like the English "jumbo", I believe.
Denis: Oh, I see. Well I'll try to climb into an "extra large" T-shirt.
Owner: Very good, sir. What colour would you like?
Denis: Black and white, of course.

Alan: My a vynn vyajya dhe Druru y'n tren.
 Brian: Ogh, drog yw genev klywes henna. Y'n gwella prys, ha ty devedhys dhe'n gorsav, yma gorsav kyttrin rybdho.
 Alan: Prag y leverydh henna?
 Brian: Awos bos deges an hyns-horn nans yw diw seythun lemmyn. Res yw dhis vyajya dhe Druru yn kyttrin. Chons da, sos!



8. Y'n Gwerthji Dillas

Perghenn: Myttin da, syrra.
 Den: Myttin da.
 Perghenn: A allav vy gweres dhis?
 Den: Gyllydh. Yma hwans dhymm a brena kryes-T.
 Perghenn: Da lowr. Gwra ow holya mar pleg. Ottomma agan kuntell a grysyow-T. Py par braster a vynn'ta y gavoës?
 Den: Py par braster eus genes?
 Perghenn: Ni a'gan beus krysyow-T munys, byghan, savonek, bras, moy bras, bras dres eghenn, hag oli.
 Den: Dar! Oli? Pyth yw "oli"?
 Perghenn: A, henn yw berrheans an ger "olifans", kehaval orth an Sowsnek "jumbo", dell grysav.
 Den: Aha, my a wel. Wel, my a vynn assaya krambla yn kryes-T "moy bras".
 Perghenn: Da lowr, syrra. Py liw a bleg dhis?
 Den: Gwynn ha du, heb mar.

Owner: Here we are. The dressing-room is over there... (*A short pause*)
Ah, sir, how is it? Is it big enough?

Denis: No, it's not big enough. It's tight under the arm-pits. I'll have to try a bigger one.

Owner: "Outsize", sir. Here we are... (*Another pause*) Ah, sir. Is that one big enough?

Denis: Yes. I'll buy it. Could you print some words on it?

Owner: Certainly. What words would you like?

Denis: "Cornwall for ever", of course. Printed in gold letters. Can you do that?

Owner: I can, certainly. Would you like words on the back?

Denis: Yes. "Wide load", I suppose.

Owner: Of course, sir. Thank you.

Denis: How much does the T-shirt cost?

Owner: Three pounds, sir.

Denis: And the letters?

Owner: Two pounds.

Denis: So five pounds altogether, no?

Owner: That is correct, sir. Would you like anything else?

Denis: Yes, I'd better have a pair of matching socks ...

"Gwynn ha du, heb mar."

Perghenn: Ottomma. Hag ottena an stevell-wiska yn hons. (*Wosa powes berr*) Ogh, syrre, fatell yw? Yw ev bras lowr?

Den: Nag yw, nyns yw bras lowr. Stroeth yw yn-dann ow diwgasel. Res yw dhymm assaya onan brassa hwath.

Perghenn: "Bras dres eghenn", syrre. Ottomma. (*Powes arall*) Aha, syrre. Yw an huni na bras lowr?

Den: Yw. My a vynn y brena. A allses pryntya nebes geryow warnodho?

Perghenn: Gallsen. Py geryow yw da dhis?

Den: "Kernow bys vykken", heb mar! Pryntys yn lytherennow owrek. A yll'ta gul henna?

Perghenn: Gallav, yn sur. Eus hwans dhis a eryow war y geyn?

Den: Eus. "Begh ledan", dell dhesevav.

Perghenn: Da lowr, syrre. Meur ras.

Den: Pygemmys yw kost an krys?

Perghenn: Tri feuns, syrre.

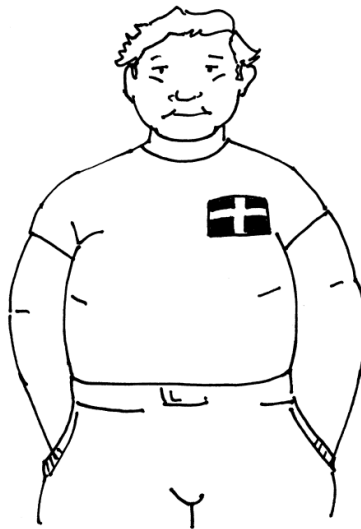
Den: Ha'n lytherennow?

Perghenn: Dew beuns.

Den: Ytho, pypm peuns yn somm, a nyns yw?

Perghenn: Henn yw ewn, syrre. Eus hwans dhis a neppyth arall?

Den: Eus. Gwell yw dhymm kavoes kopel a lodrigow kehaval ...



9. In the Café

- Waitress: Good afternoon, madam, madam.
- Eva: Good afternoon. Have you got a table for two?
- Waitress: Certainly. Come with me please. Here we are. Would you like to see the menu?
- Eva: Yes, please.
- Waitress: Here's the menu. We've also got today's special, poached eggs on toast with tomatoes and onion rings.
- Eva: Oh, that sounds nice!
- Waitress: I'll be back in a minute.
- Eva: What do you want to eat, Tressa?
- Tressa: Oh, I don't know. There's so much to choose from. Perhaps I'll have a pink salmon sandwich with chips. What are you going to have?
- Eva: I like crab. I see they do a crab salad with Mozzarella cheese. I'm very fond of that.
- Tressa: Do you want anything to drink, Eva?
- Eva: Yes. How about a pot of tea. Do you like tea?
- Tressa: Oh, yes.
- Waitress: Are you ready to order?
- Eva: Yes. We'd like a pink salmon sandwich with chips, a crab salad with Mozzarella cheese, and a pot of Darjeeling tea for two, please.
- Waitress: Certainly, madam. Would you like white or brown bread in the sandwich?
- Tressa: White, please.
- (Later)*
- Waitress: Here's the pot of tea. Tea, hot water and milk. I'll bring your food right away.
- Eva: Thank you. *(The waitress goes)* Shall I be mother?
- Tressa: Oh, yes.

9. Y'n Boesti

- Servyades: Dohajydh da, madama, madama.
- Eva: Dohajydh da. Eus moes rag dew berson?
- Servyades: Eus. Dewgh genev, mar pleg. Ottomma. A vynnogh hwi mires orth an rol vytel?
- Eva: Mynnyn, mar pleg.
- Servyades: Ottomma an rol. Yma genen hedhyw sand arbennik, oyow pochys war grasenn, gans avalow-kerensa ha kylghyow onyon.
- Eva: A, ass yw henna da.
- Servyades: Dehweles hware my a vynn.
- Eva: A Dressa, pandr'a vynn'ta y dhybri?
- Tressa: Ogh, Eva, ny wonn. Yma kemmys dewis. Martesen y kavav baramanenn eghek gwynnrudh hag askloes. Pandr'a vynn'ta y gavoos?
- Eva: Da yw genev kanker. Dell welav, y servir omma salad kanker gans keus Mozzarella. My a gar henna dres eghenn.
- Tressa: A vynn'ta neppyth dhe eva, Eva?
- Eva: Mynnav. Fatell via pott a de. Yw te da genes?
- Tressa: Yw.
- Servyades: Parys owgh hwi dhe erghi?
- Eva: On. Ni a garsa baramanenn eghek gwynnrudh hag askloes, salad kanker gans keus Mozzarella, ha pott a de Darjeeling rag dew berson, mar pleg.
- Servyades: Surreddi, madama. Yw gwell genowgh bara gwynn po bara gell y'n varamanenn?
- Tressa: Bara gwynn, mar pleg.
(Diwettha)
- Servyades: Ottomma pott a de. Te, dowr bros, ha leth. My a dhoro agas boes distowgh.
- Eva: Meur ras. *(Diberthys an servyades.)* A vydhav vy mamm?
- Tressa: Bydh.

Eva: I've forgotten whether you take milk and sugar.
Tressa: Milk but no sugar, please.
Waitress: Here's the salad - and the sandwich. Oh, silly me. I've forgotten the knives! Excuse me a moment.
(Later)
Waitress: Would you like something else? We've got a lot of nice cakes.
Tressa: I'd like a slice of Black Forest gâteau, please.
Eva: Er, give me one of those Danish pastries, please. Do they contain apple or almond?
Waitress: I think they're almond. Yes, I'm sure they are.
(Later)
Eva: Thank you, Miss. That was very nice.
Waitress: Thank you, madam. Goodbye.

"Ottomma pott a de."

10. On the Telephone

Lowena: Hello, 406237.
Melanie: Hello, Lowena, Melanie here.
Lowena: Oh, Melanie, it's nice to hear you. How are you?
Melanie: Fine, thanks, and you?
Lowena: O.K. Jori's a bit poorly today. He didn't go to the office.
Melanie: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Is he in bed?
Lowena: No, he's in the lounge, watching the telly.
Melanie: Ah, so he's not too ill, then. How's your new car going?
Lowena: Very well, it's very easy to drive and it doesn't drink petrol.

Eva: My re ankevis mar mynn'ta kemmeres leth ha sugra.
Tressa: My a gemmer leth, ny gemmerav sugra.
Servyades: Ottomma salad - ha baramanenn. A, ass ov vy gokki! Ankevi an kellylli my re wrug! Gav dhymm pols.
(Diwettha)
Servyades: A garsowgh hwi neppyth moy? Ni a'gan beus lies tesenn hweg.
Tressa: My a vynn kavoes darn a dorth a'n Goeswik Dhu, mar pleg.
Eva: Ha ro dhymm, mar pleg, onan a'n hogennow danek na, mar pleg. Eus ynna aval po alamand?
Servyades: Alamand, dell grysav. Yn hwir, sur ov vy a henna.
(Diwettha)
Eva: Meur ras, Mestres. Pur hweg o henna.
Servyades: Meur ras, Madama. Duw genowgh hwi.



10. Der An Pellgowser

Lowena: Dydh da, peswar mann hwegh dew tri seyth.
Melani: Dydh da, Lowena, ottomma Melani.
Lowena: A, Melani! Da yw genev dha glywes. Fatla genes?
Melani: Yn poynt da, meur ras, ha ty?
Lowena: Da lowr. Jori yw nebes klav hedhyw. Nyns eth ev dh'y ober.
Melani: Ogh, drog yw genev klywes henna. Usi ev yn y weli?
Lowena: Nag usi. Yma ev y'n esedhva, ow mires orth an bellwolok.
Melani: Aha, nyns yw ev re glav, ytho. Fatla gans dha garr-tan nowydh?
Lowena: Pur dha, pur es yw dh'y lywya, ha ny yv menoyl.

Melanie: I've forgotten what colour it is.
Lowena: Pink, with a blue roof and white-wall tyres.
Melanie: How super! I can't wait to see it. Did you hear about Mrs. Penngelly?
Lowena: No. What about her?
Melanie: They say her husband's left her. Gone off with the milkman.
Lowena: The milkman?
Melanie: Well, the milk-maid, I suppose. A young bit with long red hair.
Lowena: Where are the pair now?
Melanie: I think they're in St. Austell.
Lowena: Poor Mrs. P! Oh, it's my mum's birthday today.
Melanie: Really? How old is she?
Lowena: She's fifty-five. I've made her a birthday cake.
Melanie: How kind! My brother's coming to visit us tomorrow, from Plymouth.
Lowena: How many brothers have you got?
Melanie: I've got three brothers and two sisters.
Lowena: That's a pretty big family - six children.
Melanie: Can I bring him to see you in the morning?
Lowena: Of course you can. What time do you want to come?
Melanie: What time would suit you?
Lowena: About half past ten, perhaps? Coffee-time?
Melanie: Lovely, thanks, Lowena.
Lowena: See you both then. 'Bye, Melanie.
Melanie: 'Bye, Lowena.

"Dydh da, peswar mann hwegh dew tri seyth."

Melani: My re ankovas py liw yw.

Lowena: Gwynnruddh yw, gans to glas ha bondennow fos-wynn.

Melani: Ass yw henna splann! Ny allav gortos dh'y weles. A wruss'ta klywes yn kever Mestres Pengelli?

Lowena: Na wrug! Pyth yn hy hever?

Melani: Y leverir hy gour dh'y gasa. Gylls gans an lethwas yw ev.

Lowena: An lethwas?

Melani: Wel, an leth-vaghteth, dell dhesevav. Benyn yowynk gans gols hir rudh.

Lowena: Ple'ma aga dew lemmyn?

Melani: Yn Sen Ostell ymons i, dell dybav.

Lowena: Mestres P. druan! Ogh, pennbloedh ow mamm yw hedhyw.

Melani: Yn hwir? Pes bloedh yw hi?

Lowena: Pymthek ha dew ugens yw hi. Tesenn bennbloedh re bebis rygdhi.

Melani: Ass yw henna kuv! Ow broder a wra agan vysytya a-vorow, dhiworth Aberplymm.

Lowena: Py lies broder eus dhis?

Melani: Yma tri broder ha diw hwoer.

Lowena: Teylu bras lowr - hwegh flogh!

Melani: A allav y dhri dhe'th weles myttinweyth?

Lowena: Gyllydh, sur. Dhe by eur y fynnowgh hwi dos?

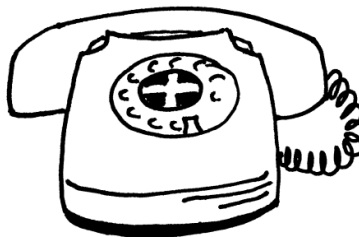
Melani: Py eur y fydh gwiw genes?

Lowena: A-dro dhe hanter wosa deg, martesen. Prys koffi.

Melani: Da lowr, meur ras dhis, Lowena.

Lowena: Agas gweles ena. Duw genes, Melani.

Melani: Duw genes, Lowena.



11. Two Old Friends

Peter: Excuse me, you're sitting in my seat.

Talan: This is your seat, you say? Who are you, owner of the pub?

Peter: No, just the oldest member of the group that drinks in this pub every day. Peter Pollglas is my name.

Talan: Peter Pollglas? Good God! Did you live in this village in 1945? And was your father the blacksmith and special constable?

Peter: I did - and he was.

Talan: Peter Pollglas, my old school friend! Give me your hand!

Peter: Who are you? I don't think I know you!

Talan: I'm Talan Pentreath.

Peter: No, you're not. Talan Pentreath was short and fat. And he didn't have a beard.

Talan: That was fifty years ago, as I said. I'm sixty-five years old. And so are you.

Peter: Are you sure? Are you really Talan Pentreath?

Talan: Listen. Do you remember Annie Trevarn? Behind the bike-sheds?

Peter: Yes.

Talan: Well, then. I wonder what happened to her?

Peter: She's my wife. I married her. We've got eight children and twenty-two grand-children - enough for two football teams.

Talan: Well, blow me down!

Peter: Well, well - Talan Pentreath. I thought you were dead.

Talan: No, I'm not dead; here I am alive, as you can see, and in great shape. What are you drinking?

Peter: Beer - John Smith's.

Talan: Would you like another one?

Peter: No, I hate John Smith's.

Talan: Why do you drink it, then?

Peter: It's cheap.

11. Dew Hen Goweth

- Peder: Gav dhymm, yth esos ta war ow hador esedhys.
- Talan: Homm yw dha gador, a leverydh? Piw os ta, perghenn an diwotti?
- Peder: Nag ov, saw an kottha esel ov vy a'n bagas a yv y'n diwotti ma pub dydh oll. Peder Pollglas yw ow hanow.
- Talan: Peder Pollglas? Re'n jowl! Eses ta ow triga y'n dreveglos ma yn 1945? Dha das - o ev gov ha gwithyas kres arbennik?
- Peder: Esen, hag o.
- Talan: Peder Pollglas, ow hen goweth-skol! Ro dhymm dha leuv!
- Peder: Piw os ta? Ny grysav y'th aswonnnav.
- Talan: My yw Talan Penntreth.
- Peder: Nag os; Talan Penntreth o berr ha tew. Nyns esa barv dhodho.
- Talan: Henn o nans yw lemmyn hanter-kans blydhen, dell leveris. My yw pypm bloedh ha tri ugens. Ha ty ynwedh.
- Peder: Os ta sur? Ty yw Talan Penntreth yn hwir?
- Talan: Klyw. A berthydh kov a Anni Trevarn? A-dryv an krowyow-diwros?
- Peder: Porthav.
- Talan: Ytho, wel. My a omwovynn pandr'a hwarva dhedhi?
- Peder: Ow gwreg yw. Demmedhi gensi my a wrug. Ni a'gan beus eth flogh ha dew flogh-gwynn warn ugens - lowr rag dew bara peldroes!
- Talan: Marthus da!
- Peder: Wel, ytho, Talan Penntreth... My a dybis dha vos marow.
- Talan: Nag ov, nyns ov vy marow; ottavy yn fyw dell welydh hag yn yeghes fest da. Pyth esos ta owth eva?
- Peder: Korev John Smith.
- Talan: A garses ta kavoes moy korev?
- Peder: Na garsen, kas yw genev korev John Smith.
- Talan: Prag y'n evydh, ytho?
- Peder: Pris isel yw.

Talan: How about a whisky?
Peter: Fine. Everybody likes whisky, I reckon.
Talan: Right, then! We'll have a whisky together and I'll tell you the story of my life from when I left the village right up until now...

"...an kottha esel ov vy a'n bagas a yv y'n diwotti ma ..."

12. Booking a Holiday by Telephone

Mandy: Good morning. "Cornish Holidays". Mandy speaking. What can I do for you?
Mr. Trevaskus: Er, good morning. My name is Trevaskus. I was thinking it's coming up to holiday time. I want to go somewhere where there's a lot of sunshine.
Mandy: Of course, Mr. Trevaskus. What a good idea! There are lots of sunny places in the world today. How about going to Easter Island (Ynys Bask)?
Mr. Trevaskus: Ynys Bask? Is that a part of Basque country, in France? Or in Spain?
Mandy: No, Ynys Bask isn't in Basque country. You know Easter?
Mr. Trevaskus: Yes.

Talan: A garses ta dowr-toemm albanek?
Peder: Karsen. Pub den a gar dowr-toemm albanek, dhe'm breus vy.
Talan: Pur dha! Ni a wra eva dowr-toemm Albanek warbarth. Ha my a vynn leverel dhis hwedhel ow bywnans vy dhiworth ow dibarth a'n dreveglos bys y'n eur ma...



12. Ragerghi Dy'goel der an Pellgowser.

Mandi: Dydh da. "Dy'goel Kernow". Ottomma Mandi ow kewsel.
Pand'r'a allav y wul ragos?
Mester Trevaskus: Ogh, er, dydh da. Trevaskus yw ow hanow. Yth esen vy ow tybi bos termyn dy'goel ow nesa. My a vynn mos dhe neb le may ma meur a howlsplann.
Mandi: Yn surredi, Mester Trevaskus. Pana dybyans da! Yma lies tyller howlyek y'n norvys y'n eur ma. Fatell via mars elles dhe Ynys Bask?
Mr. Trevaskus: Ynys Bask? Yw hi rann a Bow Bask, Euskadi, yn Pow Frynk? Pow Spayn?
Mandi: Nag yw, nyns yw Ynys Bask rann a Vro Bask. Ty a woer heb mar Pask, an dy'goel Pask?
Mr. Trevaskus: Gonn.

Mandy: Well, Easter Island is a little island in the South Pacific, near, er, well, it isn't near anywhere else. I think it's between New Zealand and South America.

Mr. Trevaskus: Ah, that's a bit too far away, I reckon. Have you got somewhere a bit closer, perhaps?

Mandy: Yes, certainly. We've got Mauritius, Seychelles, Papua New Guinea -

Mr. Trevaskus: Ah, forgive me. Have you got somewhere around about the Mediterranean?

Mandy: Oh, yes. For instance, Cyprus, Crete, Minorca, Sidi Barrani -

Mr. Trevaskus: Sidi Barrani?

Mandy: That's right. It's an old town on the coast of Egypt. This is a special trip called "Desert Rats", to look at the graves of soldiers who were killed in the Second World War.

Mr. Trevaskus: Oh, I see. But, I'm sorry, I don't think I want to go and look at graves. I'd rather sunbathe on some quiet warm beach, with the sound of waves ringing in my ears.

Mandy: Well, I can offer you two weeks in Mikonos, two hundred and seventy-four pounds each, a three star hotel, with breakfast, swimming-pool, a room on the sixth floor with a bathroom, sea view and so on. How would that be?

Mr. Trevaskus: Is there a lift? I get very out of breath climbing stairs.

Mandy: Yes.

Mr. Trevaskus: Ah, fine. I'd like something like that, I reckon. Is there a double bed in the room?

Mandy: For you and your wife? Are there two of you?

Mr. Trevaskus: No, I'm not two. I'm fat, very fat. I weigh eighteen stone. I definitely need to sleep in a double bed.

Mandy: Oh, I see. Well, Mr. Trevaskus, if you like the hotel, I'll send you a brochure about it. Can you give me your address, please?

Mandi: Ytho, Ynys a'n Bask yw ynys vyghan y'n Keynvor Hebask
 Dyghow, ogas dhe, wel, ynys usi hi ogas dhe gen tyller vyth.
 Yntra Mordir Nowydh hag Amerika Dyghow yma hi, dell grysav.

Mr. Trevaskus: Ogh, honn yw nebes re bell, dhe'm breus vy. Eus genes
 neb le nes, martesen?

Mandi: Eus, yn hwir. Ni a'gan beus Morysyw, Seyshell, Papua Gyni
 Nowydh -

Mr. Trevaskus: Ogh, gav dhymm. Eus neppyth a-dro dhe'n Mor Kres?

Mandi: Ogh, eus, heb mar. Rag ensampel yma Kobros, Kret, Minorka,
 Sidi Barrani -

Mr. Trevaskus: Sidi Barrani?

Mandi: Yn hwir. Tre goth war arvor Ejyp yw. Homm yw tro arbennik,
 "Rathes an Difeyth" hy hanow, rag mires orth bedhow an
 soudoryon a veu ledhys yn Nessa Bresel an Norvys.

Mr. Trevaskus: Ogh, my a wel - mes, drog yw genev, my a dyb na vynnav
 mos rag mires orth bedhow. Gwell via genev omhowla war neb
 treth kosel ha toemm, gans son an mordonnow ow seni y'm
 diwskovarn.

Mandi: Ytho, my a yll profya dhis diw seythun yn Mykonos, dew kans
 peswardhek ha tri ugens a beunsow pub onan, ostel teyr
 sterenn, gans hansel, poll-neuvya, stevell war hweghves leur
 gans stevell-omwolghi, gwel an mor, hag erell. Fatell via honna?

Mr. Trevaskus: Eus jynn-yskynn? My a ha bos pur dhianall ha my owth
 yskynna gradhow.

Mandi Eus.

Mr. Trevaskus: Aha, da lowr. My a garsa neppyth a'n par na, dell dybav.
 Eus gweli dewblek y'n stevell?

Mandi: Rag dha wreg ha ty? Owgh hwi dew?

Mr. Trevaskus: Nag ov, ynys ov vy dew. Tew ov vy, pur dew! Etek men
 yw ow foes. Yma edhomm bras dhymm a goska yn gweli
 dewblek.

Mandi: Aha, my a wel. Wel, Mester Trevaskus, mars yw an ostel ma da
 genes, my a vynn dannvon dhis lyvrik yn y geve. A vynn'ta
 leverel dhymm dha drigva, mar pleg?

Mr. Trevaskus: Sure. Wella Trevaskus, Chi an Hordh, New Trevarrek,
Gulval, Penzance. Cornwall. TR19 7JP.

Mandy: Thank you, Mr. Trevaskus. I'll put the brochure in the post
straight away.

Mr. Trevaskus: Thank you, Mandy. Goodbye.

Mandy: Goodbye, Mr. Trevaskus.

“My a wra gorra an lyvrik y'n post a-dhesempis.”

An Klass Gorthugher *The Evening Class*

Nebes lavarow dhe les rag dallethoryon. *Some useful phrases for beginners*

Gorthugher da	Fatla genes?	Yn poynt da, meur ras
<i>Good evening</i>	<i>How are you?</i>	<i>Fine, thanks</i>

Drog yw genev ow bos diwedhes	Gav dhymm, mar pleg	Wolkomm os ta
<i>I'm sorry I'm late</i>	<i>Please forgive me</i>	<i>You're welcome</i>

Hedhyw/a-vorow/dy'Sul yw ow fennbloedh
It's my birthday today/tomorrow/next Sunday

Terrys yw ow hador/ow throen/ow holonn
My chair/my nose/my heart is broken

A vynn'ta koela orthiv, mar pleg, pluvonn blomm/dha rutyer eyndek/lien
dorn/dew dhiner ha dew ugens rag ow gober kyttrin?
*Please could you lend me a pencil/your india rubber/a handkerchief/42p for my
bus fare?*

My a wayt na'th ankresso mar trov genev ow myrgh glav/ow margh klav/ow
howeth klav/ow fapynjay klav
*I hope you don't mind, I've brought along my sick daughter/horse/boy-
friend/parrot.*

Mr. Trevaskus: Mynnav. Wella Trevaskus, Chi an Hordh, Trevarghek
Nowydh, Lannystli, Pennsans, Kernow, TR19 7JP.

Mandi: Meur ras dhis, Mester Trevaskus. My a wra gorra an lyvrik y'n
post a-dhesempis.

Mr. Trevaskus: Meur ras dhis, Mandi. Duw genes.

Mandi: Duw genes, Mester Trevaskus.



An Klass Gorthugher

The Evening Class

A wre'ta dos omma yn fenowgh? *Do you come here often?*

Daphne a lever na yll hi dos dhe'n klass haneth drefenn bos - anwoes
warnedhi/dewdroes yeyn dhedhi/drog-penn dhedhi/res dhedhi
omguntell gans hy Medhek-brys

*Daphne says she can't come to class tonight because she's got a cold/cold feet/a
headache/a meeting with her analyst*

Eus hwans dhe nebonan a gevrenna genev ow gerlyver/ow fasti/ow fysk hag
askloes/ow Montrachet etek ha tri ugens?

Would anyone like to share my dictionary/pasty/fish and chips/Montrachet '78?

Ott nammnygen my a welas logosenn/kevnisenn fest bras/kanker
byghan/neptra gans lost hir ha diw arr warn ugens - ow tiank yn-dann
an amari na!

*I've just seen a mouse/giant spider/small crab/something with a long tail and
twenty-two legs - go under that cupboard!*

Diberthys yw an dornla dhiworth an daras! Otta ni der an nos!

The handle has come off the door! We're here for the night!

Nos dha!

Kosk yn ta!

Na vrattho an teurek an nosweyth ma!

Good night!

Sleep tight!

Hope the bugs don't bite!

Dha weles an seythun a dheu!

See you next week!