

# Story 9

## - Irish version

Lá breithe Pheadair atá ann.

Tá cóisir acu sa teach dó agus tá a chairde uilig ón naíscoil ann.

Tá gach cineál bia acu ar an tábla. Tá sceallóga agus rollóga ispíní.

Tá bonnóga agus brioscaí agus tá uachtar reoite agus liomonáid.

Agus i lár an tábla tá ciste mór milis déanta ag a Mhamáí agus tá ceithre choinneal air.

Seo an ciste is mó riamh, dar leis. Tá sé ag dúil go mór leis an chiste milis ach níl na coinneal lasta go fóill.

Nuair a bhíonn sos sna cluichí tosaíonn siad ag ithe - na sceallóga, na rollóga ispíní, na bonnóga agus na brioscaí.

"Ná hith barraíocht, a Pheadair," arsa Mamaí leis.

"Ach seo mo lá breithe," arsa Peadar agus cuireann sé bonnóg eile ar a phláta.

Bíonn cluiche eile acu ansin.

Téann sé ar ais chuig an tábla agus faigheann sé rollóga ispíní dó féin agus pláta sceallóga.

"Ná hith barraíocht, a Pheadair," arsa Mamaí leis arís. "Fág spás don chiste."

Ach ní éisteann sé léi. Tá sé ag baint suilt as na cluichí agus tá sé ag baint suilt as na bonnóga agus as na brioscaí. Agus thar gach rud tá sé ag dúil go mór leis an chiste mór milis.

Anois tá cluiche eile ann.

Agus cad é a dhéanann sé ansin? Téann sé ar ais chuig an tábla arís agus faigheann sé ceithre bhriosca seacláide agus dhá bhonnóg eile.

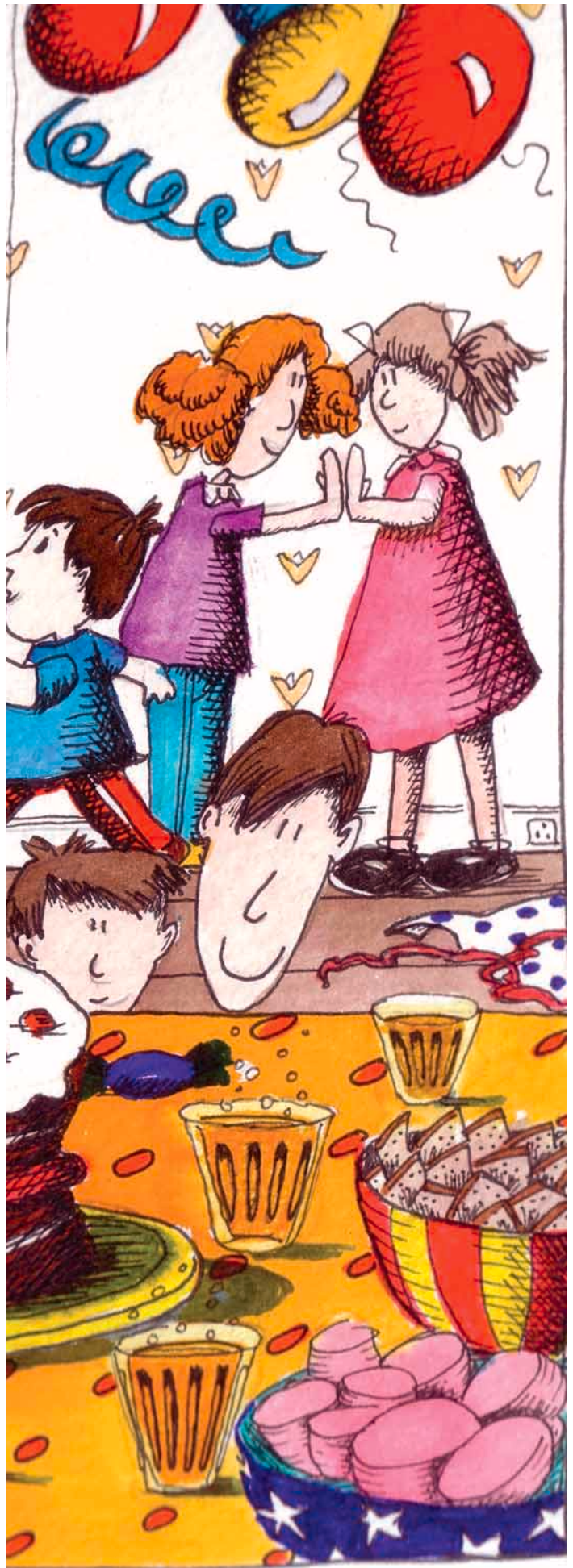
Tá cluiche eile acu agus nuair atá deireadh leis sin itheann sé babhla uachtar reoite.



Go tobann ceolann gach duine:  
Lá breithe sona duit, a Pheadair

Ach níl Peadar sona ná sásta. Tá pian ina  
bholg aige. Tá deora sna súile aige.

Agus nuair a dhéanann Mamaí an císte  
milis a ghearradh agus slisín a thabhairt  
do gach duine, níl sé ábalta cuid ar bith  
de a ithe! Peadar bocht.  
Níl sé ábalta a chiste féin a ithe.



# Story 9

## - English version

It's Peadar's birthday.

They have a party in his house and all his friends from the nursery school are there.

There is every sort of food on the table. There are chips and sausage rolls. There are buns and biscuits, and ice cream and lemonade.

And in the middle of the table there is a big cake that Mammy made, with four candles on it.

The biggest cake ever, he reckons. He is really looking forward to it but the candles aren't lit yet.

When they rest from playing games, they start to eat – the chips, the sausage rolls, the buns and biscuits.

"Don't eat too much, Peadar," says Mammy  
"But it's my birthday," says Peadar, and he puts another bun on his plate.

They play another game.

Then he goes back to the table and he gets himself a sausage roll and a plate of chips.

"Don't eat too much, Peadar," says Mammy to him again. "Leave space for the cake."  
But he doesn't listen to her. He is enjoying the games, and he is enjoying the buns and the biscuits. And he is really looking forward to the big cake.

Now there's another game

Then there is a game of musical chairs. And what does he do then? He goes back to the table and gets four chocolate biscuits and two more buns.

Then they have a game of blind man's buff, and when that's over, he eats a bowl of ice cream. Then suddenly everyone is singing "happy birthday Peadar, happy birthday to you"



But Peadar isn't at all happy. He has a pain in his stomach. He has tears in his eyes.

And when Mammy cuts the cake and gives a slice to everyone – he can't eat a bite! Poor Peadar!  
No space for his birthday cake.

