



Gòldalogs agus na Trì Mathain
Gowdielokks an the Thrie Bruins
Goldilocks and the Three Bears

aon/ane/one

Bho chionn fhada bha nighean bheag ann, 's bha falt oirre cho buidhe bhàn ri arbhair abaich. B'e Gòldalogs a' chanadh iad rithe. A' cheud char 'sa 'mhadainn bu toil leatha cuairt a' ghabhail anns a'choille a bha mu'n tigh aice.

Ach a'mhadainn a bha seo, chaidh i air chall 's cha b'fhada gus a robh i air iomrall. Cha robh Gòldalogs air feitheamh ri braiceast 's cha b'fhada gus a' robh i acrach agus sgèth. Nuair a'chunnaic i tigh a'measg nan craobhan, rinn i air airson faighinn a' mach cà' robh i agus 's dòcha greimean bidh fhaighinn.

Bha an dorus straoine fosgailte 's cha do fhreagair duine nuair a' ghnog i. Cha robh Gòldalogs idir diùid agus ghabh i stigh dha'n tigh. Cha robh seo ro ghlic thoireadh, co leis a bha an tigh ach le trì mathain a bha a'gabhail ceum a' mach fhads a bha am brochan a'fuarachadh.

Am broinn tigh nan trì mathain bha am bòrd air a sheatadh le trì bùlaichean brochan, 's chuir seo an t- acras mòr air Gòldalogs. Ghabh i spàinn as a'cheud bùla. B'ann le Maighstir Mathan a bha e, 's bha e fada ro theth. Ghabh Gòldalogs spàinn an uairsin as an dàrna bùla, a bha le Mamaidh Mathan, ach bha e fada ro shaille. Mu dheireadh ghabh i spàinn as a' bhùla bheag bhiòdach aig Macan Mathan. Bha e èibhiseach. Ghlob Gòldalogs a h-uile greim dheth.



Aince in a day the wes a lass wi fax the cullour o rype corne. Shae was cryed Gowdielokks. Aire i the mornin shae wes fain o daunnerin out intil the forrest at surrounntit hir hame. Bot this mornin shae tint hir gate an suin kentna whitlik wey ti tirn.

Gowdielokks hadna wytit fur hir brakwast an eftir a wie shae wes anhungirt an dwaible. Whan shae sein a houss ben the tries shae gaed forrit ti seke a kennin o hir whaurabouts, an mibbies a bit mait.

The duir wes ajie an naebuddie wes about whan

shae chappit. Gowdielokks wesna blate an stauppit intil the houss. Thon wesna verra wyce, kiz the houss belangit thrie bruins at hed gane outby ti tak a braith o caller air whyle thair parritch cuiled.

Ben the houss o the thrie bruins the buird wes layed out wi thrie bowlies o parritch at fair kittilt up Gowdielokks' appetite. Shae suppit frae the firsten bowlie. It belangit Paw Bruin, an it wes aye owre het. Than Gowdielokks suppit frae the saicont bowlie, at belangit Maw Bruin. It wes owre sautryfe. Eftir thon shae suppit frae the wie smaw bowlie at belangit the Bruin Bairn. It wes juist richt. Gowdielokks golloped it aw up.

Once upon a time there was a girl with hair the colour of ripe wheat. She was called Goldilocks. Early in the morning she was fond of strolling out into the forest that surrounded her home.

But this morning she missed her way, and soon did not know which direction to turn. Goldilocks had not waited for her breakfast and after a time was hungry and tired.

When Goldilocks saw a house tucked away in the trees she went towards it to find out where she was and perhaps get something to eat.

The door was ajar and nobody answered when she knocked. Goldilocks was not timid and stepped into the house. That was not very sensible because the house belonged to three bears that had gone out to take a breath of fresh air while their porridge cooled.

Inside the house of the three bears the table was laid out with three bowls of porridge. That made Goldilocks very hungry indeed. She tasted the first bowl. It was the Father Bear's and it was still too hot. Then Goldilocks tasted from the second bowl that belonged to Mother Bear and it was too salty. After that she took some porridge from the little bowl that was Baby Bear's.

It was just right. Goldilocks gulped it all down.



An uairsin, theab a casan sèith toirt thairis. Shreap i'n toiseach am broinn an t-sèuthar mhòr aig Maighstir Mathan. Bha e fada ro àrd. Shuidh i'n uairsin anns an t-sèuthar aig Mamaidh Mathan. Bha e fada ro leathann. Mu dheireadh shuidh i air an t-seuthar aig Macan Mathan ach mo chreach! Bha e cho meata 'sgun do bhrìst e na mhìle pìods.

Bha Gòdaloggs glè dhuilich gun do bhrìst i an sèuthar, ach bha i fhathast air a claidh, 's dhìrich i an staidhre airson lorg fhaighinn air leabaidh. Laigh i 'n toiseach air a'leabaidh mhòr aig Maighstir Mathan. Bha i fada ro chruaidh. Dh'fheuch i'n ath leabaidh a bhoineadh do Mhamaidh Mathan. Bha i fada ro bhog. Bha an treas leabaidh leis a Mhacan Mathan dìreach èibhiseach 's cha b'fhada gus a'robh i na suain chaidil mar bhèibidh beag.

Leis an sin thill na trì mathain.

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith 'g ithe mo bhrochan" arsa Maighstir Mathan

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith 'g ithe mo bhrochan-sa" arsa Mamaidh Mathan

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith 'g ithe mo bhrochan-sa" arsa Macan Mathan " 's dh'ith iad a h-uile greim!"

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith a'suidhe na mo shèuthar" arsa Maighstir Mathan

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith suidhe na mo shèuthar-sa" arsa Mamaidh Mathan

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith suidhe na mo shèuthar-sa 's bhrìst iad e na bhèideagan!" ràin Macan Mathan.



Than hir weiriet shams telt hir thai note a rist. Firstlins Gowdielokks sklimmit ontill the mukkil cheir at belangit Paw Bruin – it wes owre heich. Than shae sut on Maw Bruin's mid boukit cheir – it wes owre braid. The cheir o the Bruin Bairn wes the lest shae sut on, bot, whit a peitie, it wes owre brukkil an brak intill a hunner bittoks.

Gowdielokks wes geyan sairie at shae hed brukken the cheir, bot wes aye forfochen an thocht ti gang up the sterr ti finnd a bed. Erest shae liggitt on the mukkil bed o Paw Bruin. It wes owre haurd. Gowdielokks ettill at the neist bed at belangit Maw Bruin. It wes owre saft. The thrid bed, thon o the Bruin Bairn wes juist richt an Gowdielokks suin dovered owre an sleipit like a babbie.

Belyve the thrie bruins cam ben.

'Sumbuddie bene suppin ma parritch,' says Paw Bruin.

'Sumbuddie bene suppin ma parritch,' says Maw Bruin.

'Sumbuddie bene suppin ma parritch,' says the Bruin Bairn, 'an ett it aw up!'

'Sumbuddie bene sittin in ma cheir,' says Paw Bruin.

'Sumbuddie bene sittin in ma cheir,' says Maw Bruin.

'Sumbuddie bene sittin in ma cheir an brak it aw ti bittoks!' greittit the Bruin Bairn.

Then her tired legs told her they needed a rest. Firstly Goldilocks climbed into the biggest chair. It was Father Bear's and was too high. Then she sat on the middle-sized chair that belonged to Mother Bear: it was too broad. The chair of Baby Bear, the last that she sat on, was just right but, what a pity, it was too fragile and broke into a hundred bits.

Goldilocks was very sorry that she had broken the chair, but she was still tired and decided to go upstairs to find a bed. First she lay on the great bed of Father Bear. It was too hard. Goldilocks tried the next bed that belonged to Mother Bear. It was too soft. The third bed, that belonged to Baby Bear was just right, and Goldilocks soon dozed and slept like a baby.

Presently the three bears came home.

'Somebody has been eating my porridge,' said Father Bear.

'Somebody has been eating my porridge,' said Mother Bear.

'Somebody has been eating my porridge, and finished it all up,' said Baby Bear.

'Some body has been sitting in my chair,' said Father Bear.

'Somebody has been sitting in my chair,' said Mother Bear.

'Somebody has been sitting in my chair,' said Baby Bear, 'and broken it into bits.'



Chaidh na trì mathain suas a'staidhre.
"Tha cuideigin air a bhith laighe na mo leabaidh" arsa Maighstir Mathan

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith laighe na mo leabaidh-sa" arsa Mamaidh Mathan.

"Tha cuideigin air a bhith laighe na mo leabaidh-sa" ràin Macan Mathan" 'S tha iad fhathast innte!"

Anns an dearbh mhionaid sin dhùisg Gòldalogs agus thuig i gu robh i ann an cunnart mòr. Leum i as a'leabaidh agus ruith i sìos an straidhre a mach air an doras agus air ais roimhn' a'choille. Bha na trì mathain dìreach gun ghuth gun ghabadh.

Aig a sin, chuala Gòldalogs èubh agus dùdach anns a'choille. Cò bh'ann ach a h-athair. Bha i sàbhailte!

Abair thusa nach deacha Gòldalogs dhan choille leatha fhèin air chabhaig, airson iomadach bliadhna.

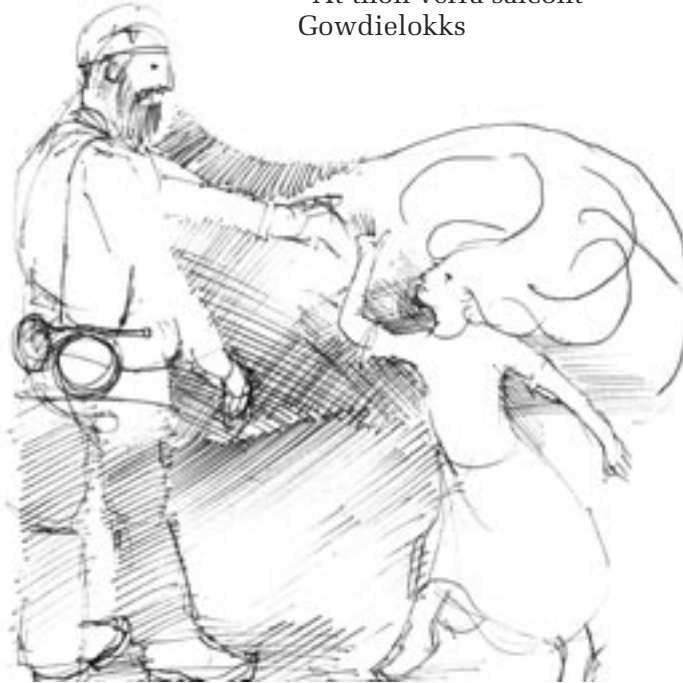
The thrie bruins gaed up the sterr ti thair chaumers.

'Sumbuddie bene sleipin in ma bed,' growffit Paw Bruin.

'Sumbuddie bene sleipin in ma bed,' says Maw Bruin.

'Sumbuddie bene sleipin in ma bed,' yellochs the Bruin Bairn, 'an shae's thair yit!'

At thon verra saicont Gowdielokks



waukent an kent shae wes in sair tribbil. Shae lowpit frae the bed, flang the kivvers awaw an run doun the sterr, out the duir an baklins throu the forrest. The thrie bruins wes that astonist at thair cuid anerlie gant.

Suin Gowdielokks hard a voss cryin out amang the tries an the soun o a horne toutin. It wes hir faither. Shae wes siccar.

Bot Gowdielokks didna gang intil the forrest agane fur monie a lang eir eftir, ye'l can be shuir.

The three bears went upstairs.

'Somebody has been sleeping in my bed,' said Father Bear.

'Somebody has been sleeping in my bed,' said Mother Bear.

'Somebody has been sleeping in my bed and she is still there,' said Baby Bear.

At that very moment Goldilocks wakened and knew she was in great danger. She jumped from the bed, flung the covers away, and ran down the stairs, out of the door and back through the forest. The three bears were so astonished that they could only stare with their mouths open.

Soon Goldilocks heard a voice calling out among the trees and the sound of a horn. It was her father. She was safe.

But Goldilocks did not go into the forest again for many years, you can be sure.