

# Story 2

## – Irish version

Seo í an tseanbhean.

"Ó, nach deas é m'fhear sinséir," arsa an tseanbhean.

"Isteach leat san oigheann anois," arsa an tseanbhean leis an fhear sinséir.

"Tá ocras mór orm anois," arsa an tseanbhean. Líonn sí na liobra agus cuimlíonn sí a bolg.

Amach as an oigheann leis an fhear sinséir, amach as an chistin leis an fhear sinséir, amach as an teach leis an fhear sinséir. Léim, léim, léim.

"Cá'l tú ag dul?" arsa an tseanbhean agus chuimil sí a bolg. "Tá ocras mór orm."

"Rith, rith, ní mé atá le hith'.  
Is mise an fear sinséir,  
Tá mé iontach maith ag rith," arsa an Fear Sinséir.

"Cé thusa?" arsa an Fear Sinséir.  
"Is mise Capall," arsa an capall agus thaispeáin sé a chuid fiacra. "Agus tá ocras mór orm."

"Cé thusa?" arsa an Fear Sinséir.  
"Is mise Bó," arsa an bhó agus d'oscail sí a béal, "agus tá ocras mór orm."

"Cé thusa?" arsa an Fear Sinséir.  
"Is mise Madadh Rua," arsa an madadh rua. "Cad é mar atá tú?"  
"Go maith," arsa an Fear Sinséir. "Ach ní thig liom dul trasna na habhann."

"Ar mhaith leat síob?" arsa an Madadh rua.

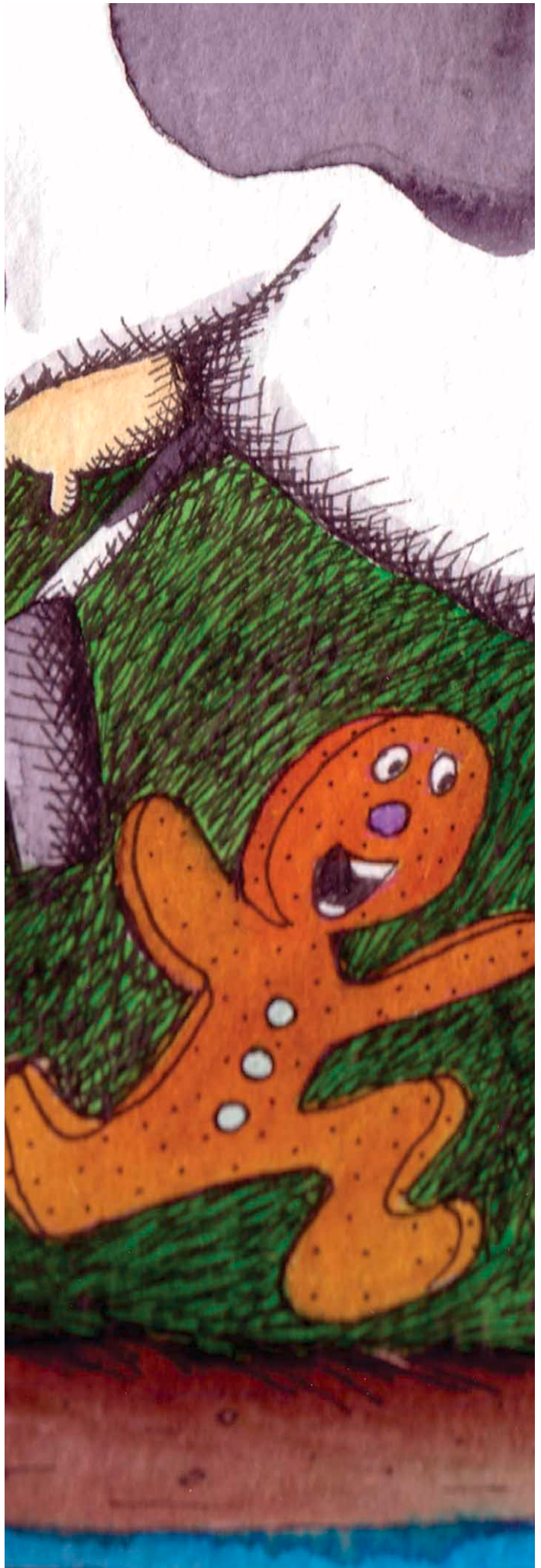
"Ar mhaith leat dul suas ar mo dhroim?" arsa an madadh rua.

"Ar mhaith leat dul suas ar mo cheann?" arsa an madadh rua.

"Ar mhaith leat dul suas ar mo shrón?" arsa an madadh rua.

Snip. Snap. Agus ligh an madadh rua a liobra.

"Slán!" a scairt an madadh rua.





# Story 2

## – English version

This is the old woman.

"O, isn't my gingerbread man lovely" says the old woman.

"Into the oven with you, now," says the old woman to the gingerbread man.

"I am hungry now," says the old woman. She licks her lips and rubs her tummy.

Out of the oven with the gingerbread man,  
out of the kitchen with the gingerbread man,  
out of the house with the gingerbread man.  
Jump, jump, jump.

"Where are you going?" says the old woman rubbing her tummy. "I am very hungry."

"Run, run as fast as you can,"

"You can't catch me ..."

"I'm the gingerbread man," said the gingerbread man.

"Who are you?" said the gingerbread man.

"I am Horse," said the horse showing his teeth, "and I am very hungry."

"Who are you?" said the gingerbread man.

"I am Cow," said the cow opening his big mouth, "and I am very hungry."

"Who are you?" said the gingerbread man.

"I am Fox," said the fox, "and how are you."

"Good," said the gingerbread man. "But I need to cross the river."

"Would you like a lift?" said the fox

"Would you like to get on my back?" said the fox.

"Would you like to get on my head?" said the fox.

"Would you like to get on my nose?" said the fox.

Snip. Snap. And the fox licked his lips.

"Goodbye!" shouted the fox.

