

Story 5

– Irish version

Seo Conchúr.

Éiríonn Conchúr go brea luath gach lá. Agus an bhfuil a fhios agaibh cad chuige??

Mar is maith leis fáilte a chur roimh an ghrian. "Maidin mhaith", a deir se. "Maidin mhaith."

Agus éiríonn sé níos luaithe gach maidin.

Ach ansin, maidin amháin nuair a mhusclaíonn Conchúr go breá luath níl an ghrian ann. Níl an ghrian le feiceáil in áit ar bith. Tá sé dorch, dubh dorch agus tá sé fuar. Agus tá úafas ar Chonchúr.

Ritheann sé chuig fuinneog eile, ach níl an ghrian ann. Téann se go barr an tí, ach níl an ghrian ann. Tá gach áit fuar agus dorch.

Tá Conchúr buartha. Tá Conchúr iontach buartha ar fad. NÍ thuigeann sé cad é atá cearr. Ní thuigeann sé cad chuige a bhfuil gach áit fuar agus dorch.

Is breá le Conchúr an ghrian. Is breá leis "maidin mhaith" a rá leis an ghrian. Ach inniu ní féidir leis "maidin mhaith" a rá leis an ghrian. Ní thig leis "maidin mhaith" a rá le duine ar bith ach oiread, mar gan ghrian, ní maidin mhaith í.

Téann Conchúr bocht ar ais a luí. Cuireann sé a cheann faoi na pluideanna agus fanann sé tamall. Ansin i ndiaidh tamaill amharcann sé amach arís.

Níl sé dorch a thuilleadh. Agus tá an ghrian ag lonrú fríd an fhuinneog.

Maidin mhaith a ghrian! Maidin atá ann faoi dheireadh. Léimeann Conchúr amach as an leaba agus scairteann sé 'maidin mhaith' amach os ard. Anois, tá gach áit geal agus deas te teolaí.

Maidin mhaith atá ann faoi dheireadh.



Story 5

– English version

This is Conchur.

Conchur gets up bright and early every day. And do you know why?

Because he likes to welcome the sun.

"Good morning" he says, "good morning."

And he gets up earlier every day.

But then one morning when Conchur gets up good and early the sun is nowhere to be seen, nowhere at all. It's dark, pitch dark and it's cold.

Conchur is horrified.

He runs to another window, but the sun isn't there. He goes to the top of the house but there is no sun. Everywhere's cold and dark.

Conchur is worried. He is very worried indeed. He doesn't know what's wrong. He doesn't understand why everywhere is cold and dark.

Conchur loves the sun. He loves saying good morning to the sun. But today he can't say good morning to the sun. He can't say good morning to anyone else either because without the sun it isn't a good morning.

Poor Conchur goes back to bed. He puts his head under the blankets and waits for a while. Then after a while he looks out. It's not dark any more. And the sun is shining through the window

Good morning sun!

Now it really is morning. Conchur jumps out of bed and calls out "good morning" at the top of his voice. Now everywhere is nice and bright and warm.

Good morning! It's a good morning at last.

