

INÍON PHUIMCÍN

SCÉAL





Fáilte chuig Scéalta am Codlata (Welcome to Bedtime Stories)

Foyl-cha qwig Schkale-ta am Cuddle-ta



Iníon Phuimcín

Fáilte, a Chairde!
Foil-cha, a kardya!

Ná bíodh eagla oraibh. Seo Ginie.
Naw beok agla orav. Shu Genie.

Agus tá mé ar ais le scéal faoi chailín eile, Iníon Phuimcín.
Awgus taw may ar ash le schkale fwee coleen ella, Ineen Fwimkeen

Ní thagann sí amach ach ag Oíche Shamhna.
Knee hogan she amok awk egg Eeha Howna.

An bhfuil sibh réidh?
On will shiv ray?



Fadó, fadó, bhí cnag ar an doras.
Fadoh, fadoh, vee cnog air an duras.

'Cnag, cnag, cnag ar an doras,
cnog, cnog, cnog air an duras,

Cé atá ag an doras?
Kay ataw egg on duras?'

Aaargh. Bhí dineasár ag an doras. Bhí gruaig ard agus eireaball fada aige.
Aaargh. Vee deenasoar egg on duras. Vee grewig ord awgus airaball fawda egga.

D'oscail mo Mham an doras. Ní chuireann dineasár eagla uirthi.
Duskal muh Wham on duras. Nee cwerin deenasoar agla urhee.

"Bob nó Bia? Bob nó Bia?" arsa an dineasár.
"Bob nu Beea? Bob nu Beea?" ursa on deenasoar.

Ní itheann dineasár seacláid ach itheann Féilim Rex eed.
Knee ihin deenasoar shockloydge awk ihin Faylim Rex eed.

Rith mé síos an staighre agus thóg mé mo scuab.
Rih may sheis on styra awgus howg may mu scoob.

"Aargh." Léim an dineasár díreach ar a eireaball.
"Aargh." Lame on deensoar deerock air a eraball.

Rinne mé dearmad go raibh mé gléasta mar chailleach.
Rinne may jarmad gu rev may glaceta mar kilock.

Welcome Friends!

Don't be afraid. I am Ginie.

And I am back with a story about another girl,
The Pumpkin's Daughter.

She only comes out at Hallowe'en.

Are you ready?

Long ago there was a knock at the door.

Knock, knock, knock at the door X3

Who is at the door?'

Aaargh. There was a dinosaur at the door. He had high hair and a long tail.

My Mam opened the door. Dinosaurs don't frighten her.

"Trick or Treat? Trick or Treat?" said the dinosaur.

Dinosaurs don't eat chocolates but Féilim Rex does.

I ran down the stairs and took my broom.

"Aargh." The dinosaur jumped directly on his tale.

I forgot I was dressed as a witch.



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!**



"Ná bí eagla ort, a Fhéilim. Seo Ginie," a dúirt mo Mham leis.
"Naw bee agla urt, a Aylim. Shu Geenie," a durt mu wham lesh.

Agus ar aghaidh linn chun Bob nó Bia a dhéanamh.
Awgus ar eye ling kun Bob nu Beea a yaneiv.

'Cnag, cnag, cnag ar an doras,
cnog, cnog, cnog air an duras,

Táimid ag an doras.
Tawemeed egg on duras'.

D'oscail an doras go mall.
Duskill on duras gu mall.

"Meow," arsa Bean Uí Cheallaigh, agus í mar chat.
"Meow," ursa Ban Ee Kyallig, awgus ee mar kot.

Ní raibh bainne againn di ach thug sí milseáin dúinn.
Knee rev banya awginn dee awk hug she millshawm duing.

'Cailleach, cailleach, ag do theach,
Kilock, kilock, egg du heock,

Le hata dubh agus cat don luch,' a chan mé.
Le hota dove awgus cat dun luck,' a kawn may.

Bhain an cat sult as an amhrán agus dhún sí an doras.
Vwin on cat sult as on awrawn awgus gune she on duras.

Uimhir a haon, a dó, a trí, a ceathair, a cúig, a sé.
Iver a hane, a do, a tree, a kahir, a cuig, a shay.

"Cad é?" arsa Féilim.
Cod ay, ursa Faylim.

Ag geataí na páirce, bhí solas ag damhsa. Ach ní tinte ealaíne a bhí ann.
Egg gatee na parka, vee sullis egg dowsa. awk knee tinta aleena a vee on.

Ritheamar ina dtreo. Bhí puimcín beag ar chrann gan stró.
Rihamar ina drow. Vee pumpkeen beug ina hee gan strow.

"Tá sé ag bogadh," arsa Féilim.

"Don't be afraid, Féilim. This is Ginie," my Mam said to him.

And off we go to do Trick or Treat.

Knock, knock, knock at the door X3

We are at the door.'

The door opened slowly.

"Meow," said Mrs Kelly, and her [dressed] like a cat.

We didn't have milk for her but she gave us sweets.

'Witch, witch, at your house,

With a black hat and a cat for the mouse,' I sang.

The cat enjoyed the song and she closed the door.

Number 1, two, three, four, five, six.

"What is it?" said Féilim.

At the gates of the park a light was dancing. But it wasn't fireworks.

We ran there. There was a small pumpkin [sitting] on a tree, easily.

"It's moving," said Féilim.





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"Taw shay egg buga," ursa Faylim.

An raibh púca ann? Thosaigh ceol agus an puimcín ag canadh le guth binn.
On rev pooka awn? Husig keowl awgus an pumkeen egg cawna le guth binn.

"Sin Iníon Phuimcín," arsa mo Mham.
"Shin Ineen Fwimkeen," ursa mu Wham.

"Ní fhaca mé í riamh ach chuala mé fúithi. Tá sí ina cónaí i bPáirc Réamoinn leis na hialtóga. Tugann sí aire dóibh," a dúirt sí linn.
"Knee oka may ee reeiv owk hoola may fuhee. Taw she ina coneel bark Raymon lesh na heeltoga. Tugin she ara doughiv," a durt she ling.

"Ar mhaith leat teacht abhaile linn?" arsa Féilim don Iníon Phuimcín.
"Air wa lat chockt awalya ling?" ursa Féilim dun Ineen Fwimkeen.

Chuir sé a lúidín díreach os comhair di.
Qwir shay a loodeen deerock os core dee.

"Aaargh, a Fhéilim," arsa mise agus béal an Phuimcín ag oscailt.
"Aaargh, a Aylim," ursa misha awgus bale an Fwimkeen egg uskilt.

D'ith sí cnó as a láimh gan stró.
Dí she kno as a lauue gan strow.

"Aaargh, ceapaim gur bhain éan píosa asam."
"Aaargh, kyapim gur bhwin ayne peesa asim."

Ba bheag nar chaill Féilim a lúidín.
Ba veug nar kyle Faylim a loodeen.

"An fear bocht, tabhair dom do lámh," a dúirt mo Mham leis.
"An far buckt, ture dum du lauue," a durt mu Wham lesh.

Bhí gach méar ann fós. Buíochas le Dia.
Vee gock mare awn fose. Bwaykus le Deea.

"Tá eagla orm," arsa Féilim.
"Taw agla uram," ursa Faylim.

Bhí eagla orainn go léir.
Vee agla urin guh lare.

"Ní raibh mé ach ag magadh faoin Iníon Phuimcín," arsa mo Mham.
"Knee rev may awk egg mawga fween Ineen



Was there a ghost there? Music started with the pumpkin singing in a sweet voice.

"That's the Pumpkin's Daughter," said my Mam.

"I didn't see her before but I heard about her. She lives in Redmond Park with the bats. She looks after them," she told us.



"Would you like to come home with us?" Féilim said to the Pumpkin's Daughter.

He put his baby finger straight in front of her.

"Aaargh, Féilim," I said as the mouth of the Pumpkin opened.



She took a nut from his hand easily.

"Aaargh, I think a bird took a piece out of me."

Féilim nearly lost his baby finger.

"The poor man, give me your hand," my Mam said to him.

Every finger was still there. Thanks be to God.

"I'm afraid," said Féilim.



We were all afraid.

"I was only joking about the Pumpkin's Daughter," my Mam said.

Fwumkeen," ursa mu Wham.

"Is scéal amaideach é ó fadó, fadó."
"Is shkale amajock ay oh fadoh, fadoh."

Cheap mé go raibh sé in am don dul abhaile agus cluichí a imirt.
Kyap may guh rev shay in am dun dull awalya awgus klehee a imirt.

Agus píosa bairín breac a fháil.
Awgus peesa bawreen brack a oil.

"Cá, cá, cá, cá."
"Caw, caw, caw, caw."

"Gínie, ná bí ag magadh," arsa Féilim.
"Geenie, naw be egg moga," ursa Faylim.

Thosaigh guth an Cailleach arís.
Husig guh on Kilock areesh.



"Cá, cá, cá, cá."
"Caw, caw, caw, caw."

"Gínie!" arsa mo Mham. Ach ní raibh mise ag magadh.
"Geenie!" ursa mu Wham. Awk knee rev misha egg moga.

Bhí mo scuab i mo lámh. Bhí mé réidh chun eitilt.
Vee mu skoob i muh lauue. Vee may ray kun eitilt.

"Déan deifir, déan deifir," a dúirt mé leo.
"Jane jeffer, jane jeffer," a durt may low.

"Suígí síos ar mo scuab!"
"Seeaggee sheeis ar mu scoob!"

Ach ansin, ar aghaidh le hIníon Phuimcín suas sa spéir.
Awk onshin, ar eye le hineen Fwimkeen soois sa spare.

Níl a fhios agam fós an raibh éan i bhfolach sa phuimcín beag.
Kneel a is agum fose on rev ane i vulock sa fwumkeen beug,

Nó an raibh Iníon Phuimcín thart sa pháirc.
Nu an rev Ineen Fwimkeen hart sa fairc.

Ach bhí an eitilt abhaile dúinn go hiontach uilig.
Awk vee an eitilt awalya doing gu heentock ilig.

Leis mo scuab álainn, chomh tapaigh, chomh bhig.
Lesh mo scoob awling, co topee, co vig.

"It's a foolish story from long ago."

I thought it was time to go home and to play games.

And to get a piece of brack.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw."

"Geenie, don't be messing," said Féilim.

The witch's voice started again.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw."

"Geenie!" said my Mam. But I wasn't messing.

My broom was in my hand. I was ready to fly.

"Hurry up, hurry up," I said to them.

"Sit down on my broom!"

But then, off into the air went the Pumpkin's Daughter.

I still don't know if there was a bird hiding in the little pumpkin.

Or that the Pumpkin's Daughter was around the park.

But the flight home was great for us all.

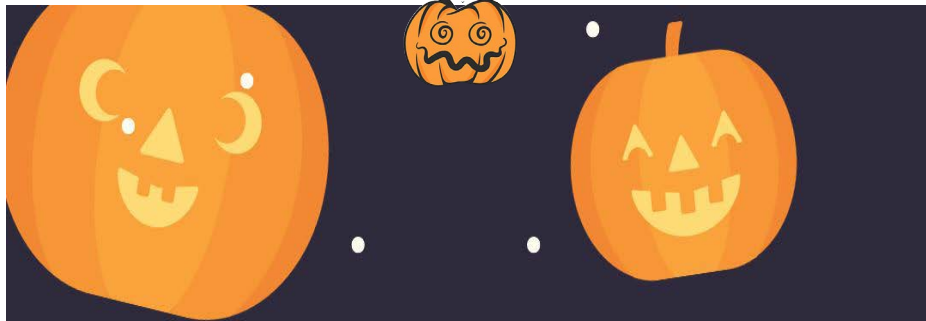
With my lovely broom, so fast, so small.



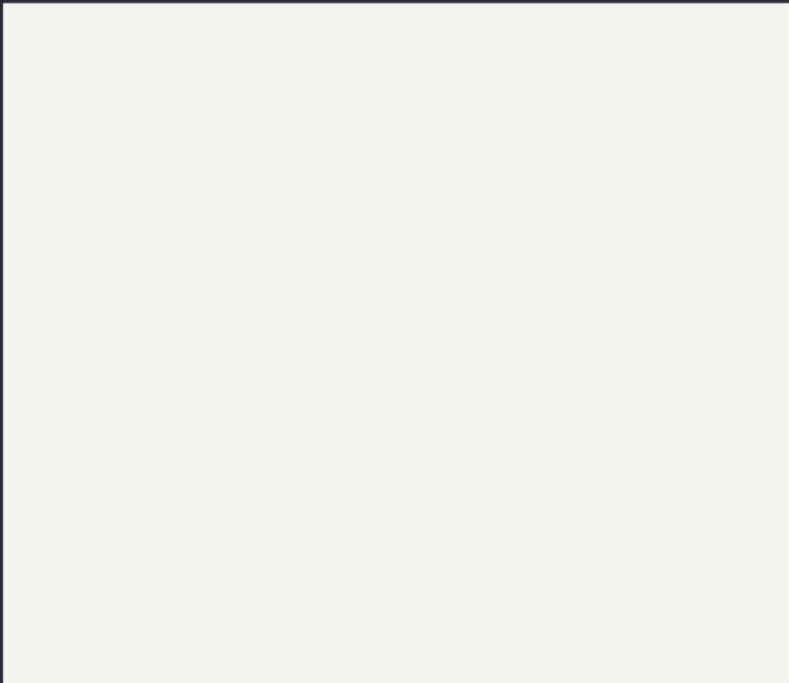


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Tarraing do phuimcín anseo



STÓR FOCAL / VOCABULARY

Oíche Shamhna – **Hallowe'en**

Bob nó Bia – **Trick or Treat**

Puimcín – **Pumpkin**

Cailleach – **Witch**

Ialtóga – **Bats**



Bairín Breac – **Barmbrack**

Cnó – **Nut**

Cluichí – **Games**

Gléasta – **Dressed**

Púca – **Ghost**



Cad a chloiseann
tú sa pháirc?
What do you
hear in the park?



Foireann/Team



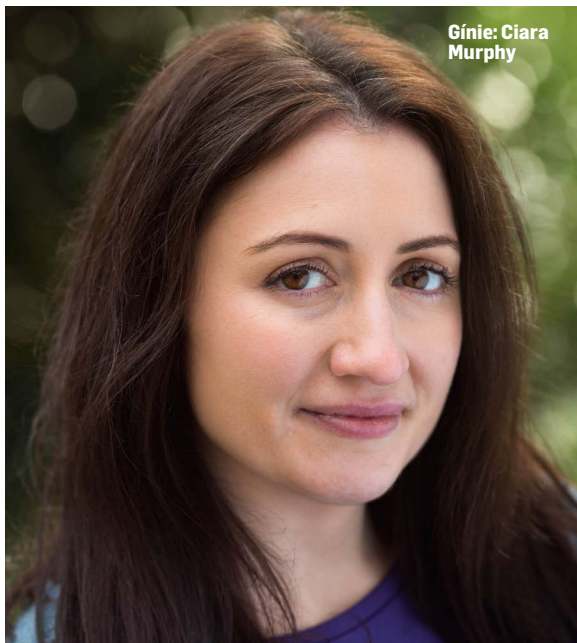
Píobaire Uilleann/Piper: Tigerlily Keoghan
Instagram: @tigerlilykeoghan

Guth/Voice: Ciara Murphy (Ginie)

Fuaim/Sound: Jonathan Weatherill-Hunt (dearadh fuaime agus eagarthóireacht/sound design and editing - <https://soundcloud.com/withheldmusic>).

Fuaimeanna: bbc.co.uk – © copyright [2023]
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Ginie: Ciara
Murphy

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