

Leabhbh Gortaithe/ A Hurt Child – Script 6

Suíomh: Tá máthair ag suí ag bord na cistine ag léamh an pháipéir. Tá an cúl doras go dtí an gáirdín ar leathadh. Tá na leanaí lasmuigh ag imirt sa gháirdín. Go tobann cloistear béic agus ritheann an mháthair amach go dtí an doras agus tá an leabhbh ag rith isteach ina treo. Síneann sí amach a dá lámh agus tógann sí an cailín beag suas ina baclainn.

Deichtine: A Mham, a Mham, a Mham tá Katie gortaithe! Mom! Mom! *Katie is hurt!*

Mam: Ó **cad a dh'imigh ort a Khatie?** *Oh Katie, what happened darling?*

Leanann Katie uirthi ag gol. Níl aon fhocal ag teacht chuici fós ach tocht ina cuid goil.
Katie continues to cry.

Mam: **Mo ghraidhin tú** a Khatie. Ó mo ghraidhin tú. Seo **téanaim ort** anseo i leith im theannta... Ana chailín, ana-chailín. Anois tar anseo i mo theannta, anois mar sin, féach suigh síos ansan. Taispéain dom anois. Úúú anois a chím cad a dh'imigh ort, caithfidh go bhfuil sé sin ana-thinn a pheata an bhfuil? Ó mhuisse mo ghraidhin tú, mo ghraidhin tú.
Poor Katie. Come over here with me. Good girl, good girl, now then sit down there. Show me now. Oooh now I see what happened to you. It must be very sore pet, is it? You poor thing, poor thing.

Fós níl aon fhocal ó Khatie ach claonann sí a ceann.

Féachann Mam níos cóngaraí ar an rúitín. Tá sé lán do chloig ó leanntóga.

Katie is still nonverbal but she nods her head. Mom looks closer at the ankle. It's full of nettle stings.

Tosnaíonn Katie ag gol go faoich. Anois go bhfuil a fhios ag a máthair cad atá uirthi tá sí ag scaoileadh léi féin fiú níos mó. Katie really lets the crying out now. Now that her mother knows what's wrong she can really let herself go.

Leanann Katie léi an gol ach tá sí ag maoilliú rud beag. Katie is still crying but it is subsiding a little.

Mam: Raidht mar sin anois, **tóg d'anáil...** agus tabhair seans duit fhéinigh teacht chugat fhéinigh.

Right so Katie. Take a breath.... and give yourself a chance to settle yourself down.

Tosnaíonn Katie ag socrú síos.

Mam: Cad a deirimid i gcónaí... **tóg bog é** agus.... *Now so, what do we always say...Take it easy and...*

Freagraíonn Katie agus a deirfiúr idir na deora. Katie answers in between tears.

Katie: Tiofaidh sé bog ort. *It will come easy to you.*

Mam: Sea díreach. An bhfuil sé fós ana-thinn a chroí? *Exactly. Is it still very sore pet?*

Katie: Tá a Mham. **Tá sé im' chéasadh** go fóill. Yes Mom. It's still piercing me.

Mam: Ó ní maith é sin in aon chor. *Ah that's no good.*

Mam: Fan bog anois, cén leigheas atá againn ar dhó ó leanntóg? *Wait a minute, what's the remedy for a nettle sting?*

Tosnaíonn Mam ag rá an rann. Mom begins the rhyme.

Katie: Leanntóg a dhóigh mé..... *I was stung by a nettle.....*

Féachann sí ar Khatie atá fós ina baclann ag fanacht leis an freagra ar an rann. She looks at Katie who is still sitting on her knee waiting for the answer. Freagraíonn Katie go mall. Katie answers slowly.

Katie: Copóg a leigheas mé...*A dock leaf cured me.*

Mam: Sea díreach. Cad a dhéanfaimid mar sin? Exactly. What will we do then?

Cuireann Katie a gualainn suas agus síos ag léiriú nach bhfuil a fhios aici cad a dhéanfaidh siad. Katie raises her shoulders indicating that she doesn't know what they should do.

Mam: Raghaimid amach an gharraí gan dabht agus gheobhaimid copóga agus **bainfidh siad san an phian duit ar an bpointe boise.** *Let's go out to the garden and gather some dock leaves and they'll relieve you immediately.*

Seasann siad suas. Tógann Mom lámh Katie mar nach bhfuil sí ag siúl i gceart. Tá sí ar leath chois. Léimeann sí amach an doras le cabhair Mam. They stand up. Mom takes Katie's hand as she can't walk properly. She's hopping on one leg. She jumps out the door with her mother's help.

Mam: **Téanig oraibh,** ana mhaith, amach linn. Anois mar sin cá bhfuil na leanntóga san? *Come along now, out we go. Now then, where are those nettles?*

Katie: Thíos ag bun an gháirdín. *Down at the bottom of the garden.*

Féachann Mam timpeall ar an áit a thaispéanann Katie di. Mom looks around to the place where Katie is showing her.

Mam: Ó sea, na cinn a dúirt Daid linn an tseachtain seo caite a bhainfeadh sé, an b-ea!!

Oh yes, the one's that Dad said he'd cut last week!

Katie: Sea, díreach a Mham. Exactly Mom.

Mam: Ó ní maith in aonchor! *Oh dear! That's not good.*

Fan bog mar sin raghaidh mé síos agus féachfad bhfuil aon chopóga ann.

Anois mar sin.

Hold on a minute now, I'll go down and see if there are any dock leaves there, now then.

Katie: Ansan sin iad na leanntóga a dhóigh mé. *There, those are the nettles that stung me.*

Seachain tú fheinigh, seachain agus ná dóigh tú fhéinigh. *Watch out, be careful don't get stung.*

Tógann sí dorn copóga agus isteach léi. *She takes a bunch of dock leaves and they both go back inside.*

Mam: Anois bainfidh siad seo an phian duit ar an bpointe. *Now, this will take the pain away immediately.*

Katie: **Tá súil agam go ndéanfaidh sé seo maitheas dom.** *I hope this will help me.*

Suíonn sí Katie síos agus téann sí chun oibre ar an rúitín.

Katie sits down and Mom goes to work on the ankle.

Mam: Ó déanfaidh cinnte a chroí, fan bog anois, anois tabhair dúinn an choisín anois.

Oh, it absolutely will, pet, hold on a minute, now give us your little leg.

Tar éis tamaillín tá feabhas tagtha ar Katie. *After a little while Katie has improved.*

Mam: Anois a chroí beag. **Aon fheabhas?** *Now my little love. Any improvement?*

Katie: Ó a Mham! **Tá faoiseamh fachta agam!** Tá draíocht sna copóga.

Oh Mom! I've gotten great relief. The dock leaf is magical.

Mam: Cuimhnigh air sin anois! Seo mar sin, ní cás daoibhse dul amach daoibh féin anois ar feadh tamaillín beag ag imirt mar caithfeadsa an suipéar a ullmhú.

Imagine that! Out you go again then. It's time I prepared the supper.

Kate: Is dóigh liom go bhfanfaidh mé siar ón áit atá na leanntóga san.

I think I'll stay well away from where the nettles are.

Mam: Bí cinnte go ndéanann agus táimse siúráilte chun fáil réidh leo san amárach. Bhfuil fhios agaibh cad a dhéanfaimid...déanfaimid anraith astu

Make sure you do! I'm certainly going to get rid of those nettles tomorrow. You know what we'll do, we'll make nettle soup with them.

Kate: Anraith!!!! As leanntóga!!! Uch!!!
Soup!!!! From nettles!!! Yuck!!

Mam: Tá siad ana-mhaith ar fad daoibh. *They're very good for you..*

Kate: Níl siad go maith domsa a Mham!!! *They're not good for me Mom!*

Déanann siad gáire beag. They laugh.

Katie: An sáfá ar an lúascán sinn sula n-ullmhóidh tú an suipéar a Mham?
Will you push us on the swing before you start the supper Mom?

Féachann Mam ar an gclog! Mom looks at the clock!

Mom: Ó fan nóimint beag anois – *Oh wait a moment now.*

Kate agus Deichtne: Más é do thoil é a Mham!!!! *Please Mom!!!!*

Mam: Álráidht mar sin. Raghaimid amach ar feadh deich nóimintí, ach sin a bheidh ann a chailíní. *Téaníg oraibh.*
Alright then. Ten minutes, that's it. Come along.

Amach leis leo go sásta. Out they go happily.

Ráitísí Teangan

Cad a dh'imigh ort?	What happened to you?
Mo ghraidhin tú	Poor thing
Téanaim ort	Come on
Tóg d'anáil.	Catch your breath.
Tóg bog é.	Take it easy.
Capóg a leigheas mé.	A dock leaf cured me.
Tá sé 'im chéasadh.	It's piercing me.
Bainfidh san an phian ar an bpointe boise.	It will take the pain away immediately.
Téaníg oraibh	Come along.
Tá súil agam go ndeanfaidh sé seo maitheas dom.	I hope this will help me.
Aon fheabhas?	Any improvement?
Tá faoiseamh fachta agam.	I feel relief.