

Negeseuon



1. Dydd Mercher : Gorffennaf 13eg
11.00 o'r gloch y bore

Bore da, Deian.

Dw i'n dechrau meddwl
mod i'n dychmygu pethau
achos bore'ma
bues i'n siarad
gyda'r bobl eraill
sy'n aros yma
a – creded neu beidio –
does neb arall
wedi gweld
y person mewn gwisg gorila!
Well i fi gadw oddi ar
y cwrw Cymreig,
dw i'n meddwl
(er ei fod e'n
hollol ansbaradigaethus,
wrth gwrs).

Hwyl am y tro,

Dilwyn

2. Dydd Mercher : Gorffennaf 13eg
5.00 o'r gloch y prynhawn.

Pnawn da, Deian.

Ar ôl cinio
es i lawr at yr afon
i ymarfer rhwyfo gyda'r cwrwgl.

1. Wednesday : July 13th
11.00 o' clock a.m.

Good morning, Deian.

I'm beginning to think
that I'm imagining things
because this morning
I spoke
with the other people
who are staying here
and – believe it or not -
nobody else
has seen
the person in the gorilla suit!
I'd better keep off
the Welsh beer,
I think
(even though it's
damn fine,
of course).

Bye for now,

Dilwyn

2. Wednesday : July 13th
5.00 o' clock p.m.

Good afternoon, Deian.

After lunch
I went down to the river
to practice rowing with the coracle.

Tries i rwyfo ar draws yr afon
yn y cwrwgl
ond yn anffodus
dechreues i droi
rownd a rownd.

AIechydwrriaeth!
Bues i bron â chael damwain
unwaith eto.
Bues i bron â chwmpo i'r afon
ar ôl i Alis Angharad
golli rheolaeth
a bwrw i mewn i fi gyda'i chanw.

“Byddwch yn ofalus, Alis!”
medde Brychan Ap Llywarch,
y chwaraewr snwcer o Ddinbych Y Pysgod.

“Wps. Mae'n ddrwg 'da fi.”
medde Alis.

“Popeth yn iawn,”
medde fi.
“Dw i ddim wedi boddi.”

Heno
dyn ni'n mynd i gael
barbeciw
ar lan yr afon.

Hwyl am y tro,

Dilwyn.

Nos Fercher : Gorffennaf 13eg
11.00 o'r gloch y nos.

Nodyn brysiog, Deian.

Pwy wyt ti'n meddwl
weles i
wrth i ni fwyta'n barbeciw
ond
y person mewn siwt gorila.

I tried to row across the river
in the coracle
but unfortunately
I started to turn
around and around.

And...Heavens Above!
I almost had an accident
once again.
I almost fell into the river
after Alis Angharad
lost control
and bumped into me with her canoe.

“Be careful, Alis!”
said Brychan Ap Llywarch,
the snooker player from Tenby.

“Oops. I'm sorry,”
said Alis.

“That's O.K.,”
said I.
“I haven't drowned.”

Tonight
we're going to have
a barbeque
on the banks of the river.

Bye for now,

Dilwyn.

Wednesday Night : July 13th
11.00 o' clock p.m.

A hastily (written) note, Deian.

Who do you think
I saw
as we ate our barbeque
but
the person in the gorilla suit.

“Drychwch!”
medde fi.
“Gorila!”

“Ble?” medden nhw.
“Yn fan’na”
medde fi.

Ond **roedd** y gorila **wedi diflannu!**

Nos da,

Dilwyn

“Look!”
I said.
“A gorilla!”

“Where?” they said.
“There”
I said.

But the gorilla **had vanished!**

Good night,

Dilwyn