

Seanchas Ìle

HERITAGE ARCHIVE

Story: Oh my dream

EE: Emily Edwards

DM: Donald MacFadyen

EE: It must have been very difficult for your mother to be here [on Islay] at that time unable to speak any Gaelic?

DM: Well, I'll tell you a story that she told quite often.

EE: OK.

DM: When she first came, now, I don't know if you remember horses and carts?

EE: No ... do *I* remember?!

DM: Do you?

EE: No!

DM: No. Look at that, am I not getting old!

EE: *(laughs)*

DM: Well, there used to be a flat board on the front of the cart.

EE: Yes.

DM: And the carter used **[00:30]** to sit at the front with his feet on the rail, on the shaft, so that he wouldn't fall off.

EE: Yes.

DM: And when we were young you were always pleading to get to sit in front opposite the carter, but you had to be big enough and make sure your feet reached the shaft or else you'd fall. You couldn't just sit or else you'd fall down.

EE: Yes.

DM: And this wee lad did fall down between the horse and the shaft **[01:00]** and he was hurt.

EE: Oh. Aye.

DM: And a message was sent to my mother when she had only just come to Islay.

EE: Uh-huh.

DM: And she checked over the wee boy and couldn't find anything wrong with him. He had neither a cut nor a bruise. But all the time he was complaining and complaining and complaining and she returned home to where the woman of his house was. She was the woman from the shop at the time. She wasn't a M----- but she herself was a M----- . And she [my mother] asked could she [the shop keeper] help at all.

"Certainly" **[01:30]** said the shop keeper, "What is it?"

My mother says: "Do you know the wee boy who I was sent for over there? "

"Yes," said the woman of the shop.

"Do you know..." she said "was he OK before he had the accident?"

"Well," says the woman of the shop: "As far as I know" says she, "I've never heard that he had changed. Why are you asking that?"

"Well," said my mother, "when I went to him, ?? I couldn't find anything wrong with him but all the time **[02:00]**. he kept shouting and shouting about a dream he'd had, this terrible dream.

EE: Uh-huh.

DM: He was like someone who was prone to taking fits.

EE: Uh-huh.

DM: Right. And the woman of the shop ?? for a minute,

"Och, excuse me", says the woman of the shop, "The wee lad has hurt his back - the wee lad has hurt his back [in English].

"How do you know that?" says my mother, "You were here and my patient **[02:30]** is in bed at the other end of the village." Before she came to Islay she was in two other places. She was in Fife and somewhere in the north of Lanark, Lanarkshire.

EE: Yes

DM: And she'd heard about... what do you call it? Second sight...

EE: ...Second sight

DM: ... we call it now in English, that the Gaels had.

EE: Yes.

DM: So, she sprang upon the old woman at once to find out if she had it [second sight] too. **[03:00]**. How it was that she knew how the boy was complaining about his back when he was lying in another house in the village.

"Oh well excuse me", says the shop keeper, "the wee lad has hurt his back. It's *mo dhruim* [my back] he's saying, not my dream."

EE: Yes, aye. (*laughing*)

DM: She left. She put on her coat at once and went to where the wee boy was quite all right, as right as could be. He was only trying to tell the nurse that he was hurt and his back was sore! Oh my back! **[03:33]**