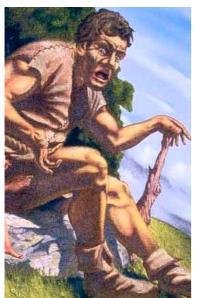
A Folktale mittelschulvorbereitung.ch/englisch T370

Once upon a time there was a giant in Scotland as tall as a mainmast. This Scottish giant heard of Fingal, the famous Irish giant and how he had beaten everybody in a fight, and he said: "Who is Fingal? I'll cross over and see what he is made of."

So he crossed the sea and landed near the place where Fingal lived. When Fingal heard



that this big fellow was coming over, he was in great fear, for he had been told that the Scot was several feet taller than he himself. So he kept a sharp look-out for him, and one fine morning, there he was, indeed, coming up the hill to Fingal's house.

And what a huge fellow he was! Fingal ran into the house and called to his wife: "My dear, be quick, there's that big Scottish fellow coming up the hill. Cover me up with the blankets, and if he asks who is in the bed, tell him it's the child."

So Fingal lay down on the bed, and his wife covered him up with the blankets. When the Scottish giant came in, he thought he stooped low, but he nearly broke his head against the top of the doorway.

"Where's that little fellow Fingal?" he shouted, rubbing his head.
"We'll have a fight, and I want to give him a good beating."

"Hush, hush", cried the wife, "you'll wake the baby, and then he you are talking of will be the death of you when he comes home."

"Is that the baby?" cried the Scot, looking at the "baby", wrapped up in the blankets.

"Sure he is", replied the woman, "and Fingal's baby, too. So don't wake him, or Fingal will be in a terrible fury."

"By Saint Andrew", said the giant, "then it's time for me to be off. For if that's his baby, I think I'd rather not meet the father. Good morning to you."

So the Scottish giant ran out of the house and down the hill and crossed back to Scotland and never felt safe till he was in his own hills again. But Fingal and his wife had a good laugh.

Translate:

1.	Es war einmal ein Riese.
2.	Woraus ist er gemacht?
	Der Schotte war einige Fuss größer als der Ire.
4.	Falls er fragt, wer es ist, sag ihm, es sei das Kind
5.	Das Baby war in die Wolldecken eingewickelt
	Ich möchte seinen Vater lieber nicht antreffen.